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LET IT BURN

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1862.

## A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.

### CHAPTER I.

#### HOW IT COMMENCED.

AT school I never made a friendship. Whether this was the result of a dissimilarity of tastes between my companions and myself, or that my affections were, at that time, slow to develope themselves, I know not; but I left school without much caring to meet any of my comrades again in life. Yet I always liked the *De Amicitia* of Cicero better than any other of my school-books, and had formed my own ideal of a friend. That I should, in actual life, ever meet this problematical personage was a matter of doubt with me; nevertheless, I clung to the hope that our paths in life would one day cross, and the ideal be realized.

If I did not know now, when I look back to that vanished time, how true and real was the feeling I allude to, and how kindly and tenderly regarded in after life, I should feel inclined to stigmatize my state of mind at that period as romantic. But without doing this wrong towards what was perhaps one of the most generous impulses I have ever known, I will proceed to relate how I *did* meet with my friend, and how my life was influenced thereby.

I was about eighteen years of age, when I took it into my head to set off on a walking tour in Shropshire. I had gone down to Shrewsbury by mail, and from thence commenced my wanderings on foot. Warm weather, and the beguiling influence of shady spots

by the road-side, made me a lazy traveller. But when a cloudy evening closed in the second day, I had left many miles between me and my last night's resting-place. I was still on foot, after dark, plodding on towards a town called Bishop—something, which lay before me. The road was solitary enough—fields on each side, with, occasionally, a plantation, and rarely, a farm house to vary them. No one had passed me for some time, and I had gone down one hill side and up the next, in monotonous solitude, for the last hour. Just as the road turned at the bottom of the hill, where a copse on each side rendered the dark night still darker, I saw a figure moving stealthily along in the shadow of the high hedge. I advanced as before, but with a sudden vision of footpads and assassins flitting through my mind. The figure still kept on in the shade, and seemed to be watching my movements, stopping when I slackened my pace, hastening when I quickened it. Suddenly it made a bound, and stood before me in the middle of the road.

'Hallo, there! What is it you want?' cried the dusky phantom. 'Don't try to come the "money or your life" dodge over me. If you're after my purse, you'll find it a light one, but my stick here is uncommonly heavy, I can tell you,' and the figure waved something over-head in the darkness.

The voice of the speaker would have been enough to dispel suspicion, without further evidence as to our mutual mistake. An explanation ensued, and I and my fellow-traveller were soon laughing at the persistence with which we had watched and avoided one another for the last ten minutes, and the unflattering opinions we had each formed of the other's motives. There was no need for further introduction, we were chatting away in friendly fashion ere five minutes. My companion (whose voice told me he was young) was travelling on foot, like myself, and was proceeding to the same destination.

'Our ways being the same, we will continue the journey together, that is, if agreeable to yourself,' added the stalwart figure whose outline only was visible in the dusky night.

It was black as pitch for the next mile, and the heavy clouds were letting fall warning drops, but I think neither I nor my companion felt the way long or wearisome. Whether it was the darkness that favoured my natural shyness, or the novelty of our introduction that at once removed conventional restraint, I do not know, but there we were, talking away as though we had known each other for months.

'You don't get on with that knapsack of yours. Let me ease you of it.'

And ere I could remonstrate, my fellow traveller had tossed it over his shoulder. At times, I glanced at his face, and tried to imagine his features in the dark. At length we beheld the twinkling of distant lights, and saw the glare in the sky that hung over the town whither we were bound. It was a streaming rain when we reached the inn, and a welcome sight was the bright and comfortable room we were shown to. In the full light of the blazing fire, I could now scan the features of the face before me. It was one that at once prepossessed the beholder, and I yet recall how my heart warmed towards its possessor, as he stood by the hearth drying his dripping clothes and

shaking the rain-drops from his hat. We sat down before the cheerful blaze, and, apparently engaged in drying our wet garments, secretly scrutinized each other by the firelight.

'Very like a pair of highwaymen, are we not?' began the stranger, laughingly, as he passed his fingers through his hair, and looked at me with a pair of very open blue eyes. 'I fancy I can see you levelling a pistol at a traveller's head, or rifling a mail-coach. Now I'm going to venture a guess. You are reading for the church, are you not? Thought so. And you are on a walking tour? So am I, or rather have been, my wanderings are about over.'

In addition to my replies to these inquiries, I informed my companion that I had come down from London, and that I lived there with my father, the incumbent of a poor and populous parish at the East-end. In return my fellow-traveller informed me that he, too, came from London; but that was all. His communicative ease seemed to be deserting him. I remarked that he had suddenly grown silent.

'Shall we have supper together?' said I, as I laid my hand on the bell.

'Oh, yes, certainly,' he replied, with an embarrassed, constrained air.

I had given orders to the waiter with that diffidence peculiar to youthful travellers in the presence of those imposing personages whose low estimate of their fellow mortals is keenly felt at eighteen, when the stranger started up, as the door closed, and said,

'Stop! I am a fool! I had no business to come with you to this place. That's all the money I've got.'

With a burning face, he drew out a couple of shillings from his pocket. I looked surprised.

'Why, of course, you would not expect to see a fellow dressed as I am, with an empty purse; it looks suspicious, I know, but I'm not going to bring out a pack of cards, or peas and a thimble'—he spoke



with a half smile—‘though those same articles might perhaps be expected to follow the announcement I’ve just made. Pray don’t look ashamed, I am thoroughly so myself; and being in such a disagreeable plight, the most friendly thing I can do, I think, will be to say good night to you.’

He was preparing to leave the room; I stopped him.

‘Don’t go. You’ve had some accident or other. Of course you are not without resources. Just tell me how it is you are thus fixed.’

‘This is very kind of you’—he seemed to hesitate for a moment—‘I—I don’t know why I should allow my foolish pride to stand in my way—I *will* tell you.’

We sat down again, and, in a few words, he explained to me his position. He had been down into Wales, partly for pleasure, partly to transact some business for his mother, who held property there; and when the business was concluded, he had given way to a wandering impulse that had lead him on from valley to valley, exploring castles, and climbing mountains, until he had exhausted his purse and spent his last guinea.

‘When I fell in with you on the road to-night,’ he continued, ‘I was anxiously calculating how I could possibly make the small sum of two shillings serve my wants till to-morrow. By continuing on foot all night, I should, however, reach Ludlow in the morning, and there I hope to find a remittance from my mother.’

‘Let me be your banker until then.’ I held out my purse to him. Probably I should think twice, nowadays, ere I made such an offer to a stranger, but, at eighteen, one has not learned to be distrustful.

‘I don’t think I should accept this from most strangers,’ replied my fellow traveller, regarding me attentively; ‘but—but I feel that with you I am not incurring an obligation that is disagreeable to me. I accept your offer,’ and warmly grasping my hand, he looked at me with a frank and eloquent face.

Here was an end to all restraint now. We sat down to our cold beef and beer right cheerfully. On comparing notes, I found my companion was about my own age, but he seemed to have more knowledge of the world than I, and to have had far more experience in the ways of men. Till long after the old Dutch clock in the parlour corner had struck twelve, did we sit chatting by the hearth.

‘By the way, I don’t know your name yet!’ was the first remark my fellow traveller made next morning, as we sat at breakfast. ‘It would simplify matters, I think,’ he continued, with a laugh, ‘if we carried our confidences so far as to divulge our respective names. I was rather puzzled how to address you before the waiter a few minutes since, and I fear that my styling you as Mr. What’s-his-name, before you came down-stairs, has not increased that august person’s opinion of you.’

‘Well, my name is Hamilton—Wilbraham Hamilton,’ I replied. ‘And yours?’

‘Oh, mine is something far less euphonious—Robert Rutter. That always takes conceit out of me, do you know. Who ever heard of a Rutter? I sometimes talk of changing it to *de* Rutter, or *de* Ruyter, after the great Dutchman of that name, eh?’

We were off at a tangent, talking of the high seas, Dutch invasions, and twenty other things.

‘You say you are on a pedestrian tour, and wandering where your fancy leads you; now, why not go on with me to Ludlow to-day?’ said my companion, as we rose from the table.

Being master of my own time and movements, I did not require much persuasion to comply. Ere half an hour we were out again on the road, with fine views over hill and dale stretching on either side of us. We were both light-hearted enough, and carried our knapsacks gaily along. The memory of that day clings to me still. I can feel the fresh air blowing in my face, and smell the scent of autumn leaves again, as I sit far away in a

dull street in the heart of a great city. Long years lie between that day and the present hour, but the voice that cheered me then, rings even now in my ears. The very things of which we talked are yet in my memory. The harvest moon was rising before us, round and red, and the evening mists were creeping over the river and valley, when Ludlow Castle came in sight. We were discussing Milton and the *Comus*, suggested by their association with the scene before us.

'I wonder if the night was as fair as this, when the masque was played in the old castle yonder, and the noble lords and ladies heard the young poet's own sweet voice give utterance to his silvery verse,' said my companion, stopping to lean over a gate by the road-side and knock the ashes out of the pipe he was smoking. 'It must have been on such a night as this, that the future secretary\* of my Lord Protector, gazing on the stream, caught in the moonlight the airy figure of

Sabrina fair, under the cool, translucent wave,

eh? I could stay here till cock-crow to see if that gentle nymph is still

In twisted braids of lilies knitting  
The loose train of her amber-dropping hair,

if I didn't feel my gross nature longing for a good beef-steak for supper.'

'Come along,' said I, shouldering my bag again; 'do you see yon ruddy light in advance? A party of gipsies or pedlars cooking their evening meal, I expect. What say you to our sharing pot-luck with them?'

'I have no partiality for roast hedgehog, so I'd rather be excused. What a pretty picture, though, they make yonder, under the high bank, with the firelight gleaming and dancing on their figures, and the dark background of trees throwing out in relief the feathery smoke.'

Approaching nearer, we could see the group more plainly. There were two large yellow caravans

drawn up under the hedge, and three sorry horses, under the guardianship of a child in a spangled coat, feeding amongst the coarse grass at hand. We were not many yards from the encampment, which consisted of about a dozen persons, old and young, when there suddenly rose from out the long grass under the shadows of the hedge, a gigantic figure in nodding plumes, that seemed to me (plumes and all) about twelve feet high. The apparition was attired in a highland kilt, and bonnet, and had a small armoury of knives, dirks, and other offensive weapons stuck in its girdle. I think I was never more surprised in my life than when this formidable and ferocious-looking being put to me in a strong north-country brogue, a mild interrogation as to whether I carried a snuff-box, and would oblige him with a pinch.

'Come, Sandy, don't be botherin' the gintlemen and makin' a fool o' yourself i' that fashion. You've got a mighty big body, but a precious small sowl o' yer own. Lave off, I tell ye, disgrashin yerself, like a big, bare-legged Calthonian as ye are.'

The speaker was the child in the spangled coat—a child (now I came to look at him) with forty years of hard life written in every line of his dirty, wrinkled face.

'His honour don't carry a snuff-box, Sandy, not he,' continued this diminutive person; 'but he carries a nately-lined purse and a ginerous heart, and a odd shillin' in his pocket to give to the poor lad who'd like to drink his honour's health, and who wishes he may never know what it is to stand three foot nothing in his shoes.'

'The Irish Dwarf and the Scotch Giant of the Shropshire fairs, let out to get the air and stretch their legs,' whispered my companion, laughing; and he began a bantering conversation that had the intended effect of drawing out their mutual contempt and antipathy, ending it, however, by bestowing on them a liberal donation borrowed from my purse.

Hitherto, the rest of the group



had not noticed our approach, but at this moment, a tall man who stood by the fire with his back towards us, turned round and called out.

'Now, gentlemen, no poaching on these preserves; trespassers here are punished with the utmost rigour of the law. You can't expect to see giants and dwarfs in private life for nothing. Oblige me by ridding our sylvan retreat of your presence, young gentlemen. Sandy, resume your constitutional. Patrick, keep your eye on the mare.'

It was not the speech (though there was something very striking and unusual in the voice and manner of the tall showman) that surprised me, but it was the effect it produced on my fellow traveller. He was standing in the middle of the road, laughing heartily at the dwarf's efforts to pull the mare from the ditch side; but no sooner did the showman address us, than he started back as though he had been shot, and stood staring at the man before the fire, with a face full of amazement and alarm.

'Come along, let's go from here; we had better be moving.'

Rutter seized me by the arm, and hurried forwards with rapid steps, without casting another glance at the group round the fire. Looking back, I saw the tall man staring after us through the darkness, a ruddy light shining on his face, and his hand raised over his eyes the better to penetrate the gloom. Though he could not have seen our faces very distinctly, we had had a good view of his. It was bearded and handsome, but of a dissolute expression, and marked by a scarred cheek that gave a sinister expression to his features. Rutter offered no explanation, but walked very fast, and in perfect silence, for the next two miles. He did not recover himself until we reached our journey's end. Even then I thought his gaiety not so spontaneous as on the former evening, and more than once I noticed him start when the door opened, as though some apprehension were upon him, and his mind not at ease.

The morrow brought with it the remittance from home expected by my companion. When he had paid a visit to the Shropshire bank and settled accounts, we sat turning over the leaves of the *Post-office Directory* and *Moggs's Road-book*, the only literature at hand, in the idle, desultory frame of mind provoked by a rainy day.

'You are going back to London now, I suppose?' I remarked, after counting up all the people of the name of Robinson on the page before me.

'Well, that was my intention, but——' here Rutter stopped; and, looking up from the road-map he was studying, said, 'What are you going to do?'

'Continue my wanderings, I believe, till I find myself at Gloucester.'

'Humph! Suppose now, as you were obliging enough to accompany me here, I acquit myself of the obligation by offering you in return the advantages of my society for a day or two longer. There's magnanimity for you!'

I scarcely knew from my companion's laugh whether he spoke seriously or not, but I eagerly replied that there was nothing I should like so well.

'The fact is,' he went on, 'my mother—the dearest, most indulgent mother in England—has sent me lots of cash and a letter requesting me not to hasten home, if I am enjoying my tour and in good health. (She should have seen me tackle the salmon trout at breakfast, I say); so I feel rather disinclined to book myself for the London mail at present.'

It was then and there agreed that we should continue our West-country rambles together; and in spite of the rain, we were off on the road in another hour.

If I were to stay to tell the incidents of the next week's wanderings—how we walked over hill and dale, by early sunrise and late moonlight—how we dipped into the sweet valleys of Herefordshire and climbed the Malvern hills—how we peeped into old churches and slept in old roadside inns—ate

brown bread at cottage doors and drank abominable beer and cider sitting on public-house benches,—I might give up the idea of ever reaching the end of this narrative. Suffice it to say that, in seven days' time, we found ourselves, wayworn, dusty, and remarkably shabby about the boots, treading the streets of Gloucester at an hour when all honest citizens were putting out their candles and seeking their beds. We turned into the first hostelry whose doors opened to us, and were soon sleeping as soundly as the most somnolent citizen amongst them.

The next day was to be our last together. We began it by a stroll through the town, and then to the cathedral, where we heard a service that made one feel that music is the one undefiled and spiritual pleasure left us from the first Paradise—the prophecy and warrant of the Paradise that is to come. I returned to the inn to order dinner, and was sitting alone in the little coffee-room, when my attention was attracted to an altercation going on in the passage outside.

'What the devil do I care what *you* think! This is a house of entertainment open to every one who can afford to pay for what he orders. Show me the coffee-room, and bring me a rump-steak and oyster sauce, and look sharp.'

The waiter, who, it appeared, had been demurring at the entrance of some person or persons, was silenced, and opened the door without further delay. Two men, clad in a queer mixture of velveteen and broadcloth that gave them the air of shabby sportsmen or game-keepers out of employ, strode into the room. One of them burst into a laugh as he entered, and flinging down his hat on the table, exclaimed—

"Better try the tap-room," had we? Ah, ah! I like the ingenuous way in which these rogues judge of men. The rank is more than the guinea's stamp, after all. The man isn't the gold, by any means, to a waiter's senses. But what about the African salamander, Jugget? You say he's turned testy

and refuses to swallow any more melted lead under three and ninepence a week extra pay. He'd better take himself off; the red-hot ploughshares are getting stale to the public, and he don't *draw* as he used to do.'

The speaker was the tall man of the night encampment near Ludlow. There he stood, with the deep scar on his lip more visible than ever, staring at me, whom he had only just remarked, and running his hand (which was white, and ornamented with a large ring) through his bushy beard.

'Lay the cloth on the far table,' he called out to the waiter, and the two men seated themselves at the further end of the room.

Scraps of their conversation reached me from time to time. It was of a professional character, and related chiefly to the falling off of country fairs, and the unappreciative state of public taste with regard to giants and dwarfs. There seemed also a question at issue between the tall man and Mr. Jugget of a pecuniary nature, which involved some recrimination; Mr. Jugget declaring, that 'to try to go to swop a dirty African against a pair of lovely rattlesnakes as would lick your face like puppies was out of all reason,' and the other retorting that if Mr. Jugget did not like the bargain he'd better let it alone. Hot brandy and water followed, which seemed to act irritatingly upon Mr. Jugget's constitution, for he grew sarcastic and abusive, and expressed a desire to be informed 'when that ten pound note as was left over from the settling last Shrewsbury Fair,' was to be accounted for, &c. &c.; and the upshot was that the handsome owner of the white hand and scarred lip told Mr. Jugget to hold his tongue or walk off; which Mr. Jugget then and there did, muttering audible threats as he left the room of his intention to obtain his 'rights,' and 'have the law' of his tall friend. The tall friend fell to whistling, finished the brandy and water, and then rang for the bill. In spite of his swaggering, nonchalant airs, I fancied Mr. Jugget's



friend was not altogether at his ease. There was a restlessness in his eye, a nervous twitching movement in his white hands, that was either the result of brandy or a bad conscience. I was inclined to think the latter. He paid the bill in silence; and after taking a lengthened inspection of his handsome face in the glass, quitted the room, without noticing that he had left a stout ash stick on the seat behind him.

'It's an understood thing, then, that you'll pay me a visit on your return home, eh?' inquired my companion as we sat at dinner, shortly after. 'I have told my mother how you played the Good Samaritan towards me on the king's highway, and she's so impressed with a sense of her obligation, that I believe she contemplates presenting you with a piece of plate or an address of thanks on a parchment scroll when you honour us with a visit. Joking apart, Hamilton, you *will* come? You don't know what my mother is yet. You'll just like her.'

I had ere this observed the proud and loving way in which he always spoke of his mother. I gave no reluctant promise to comply with his request.

'Well, then, we'll drink a parting glass of wine together, and then, after a stirrup-cup, I'll mount, not my 'pawing steed,' but the box-seat, and back to London. I say, Hamilton, look how flush I still am. I've got three fives and four sovs.'

He opened his purse as he spoke and counted over its contents; then, holding up his wine-glass to the light with the critical air of a youthful connoisseur, said, 'Your health, Hamilton; this is good wine;' and, putting down the glass again, sat looking thoughtfully out into the street.

'Do you know, I don't much fancy saying good-bye to you,' he broke out suddenly. 'We've had a right pleasant time of it, and I wish it had to come over again, don't you? Somehow or other, I think this isn't a mere chance acquaintance we've made. Were it

to end here, I should feel that I had let the opportunity of making a friend—and I use the word after my own interpretation—slip by me.'

I remember even now the emotion these words stirred within me. But the stammering reply they evoked was arrested by my observing a face staring at us through the upper part of the coffee-room door, which was of glass. It was the owner of the scarred cheek, with his eyes fixed intently on us, and an unpleasant smile upon his face. He walked in very quietly, and, taking up the stick he had left behind him, tapped my companion with it on the shoulder before the latter was aware of his presence in the room.

'Ah, ah!—how d'ye do? Made you start, eh? You didn't expect to see me.' With an air of offensive familiarity, the showman (if such he was) slapped Rutter on the back and sat down at the table.

The look of indignation and disgust that flushed my companion's face was succeeded by one of shame and embarrassment. He started up at first as though he would have struck the speaker for his insolence, but sat down again without uttering a word.

'Don't let me put you young gentlemen about, I beg. Ah, ah! I'm sorry to see you don't extend the hand of friendship, Robert, to one who always did and always will "speak of you as he finds." But perhaps I do an injustice. You may have forgotten me. In that case I may state——'

'No fear of that. I only wish——'

'You could. Now, that's unkind—severe, I may say, for so young a person. I was only about to state, when you interrupted me, that my name is Wilson (is there a more harmless, respectable name known amongst men?), and that, at the present time, I am a public exhibitor of armadilloes and boa constrictors, and the happy possessor of a lady without arms, who hems her own pocket handkerchiefs, and a gentleman whose taste for raw flesh is the wonder and admiration of thousands. Robert, you don't

press the wine, I observe. Hospitality, recollect, is a virtue that is not restricted to bishops. Pass me the port, my dear fellow.'

The stranger poured out a bumper, tossed it off, and (after a parenthetic remark that the wine was 'corked,') resumed—

'Now, without wishing to pry into the private affairs of any parties present, may I be allowed to ask where my young friends are wending their way, when I find them here taking their ease in their hotel within the walls of Gloucester city?'

'I'm off in a quarter of an hour, by coach. Of my friend's movements it is not your business to make inquiries.'

Rutter glared angrily across the table as he spoke, and bent, until he almost broke, the fork he was sticking in the cloth.

'The friend will pardon the apparent indiscretion,' remarked the man, glancing impertinently in my direction. 'Off in a quarter of an hour, you say? Well, in that case, Bob, I must make good use of my time. Sorry to appear exacting, but if you could step out into the gateway at hand, or just take a turn in the nearest unfrequented thoroughfare, we might avoid further personalities, and transact the little business that has to come off ere we part.'

To my surprise Rutter consented immediately, and they rose and left the room at once. In ten minutes' time Rutter returned, looking excessively red and embarrassed, but evidently relieved by the stranger's departure. There was no time for explanation, had he felt inclined to offer any. The coach had already been five minutes at the door, and the boots was calling loudly for the gentleman booked for the box seat.

There was a hurrying search for bag and wraps, a rush into the street, and then a warm grasp of the hands, a hearty 'good-bye,' and Rutter swung himself into his seat. I stood and watched the last wave of his cap, and then, as the coach turned the street corner, returned drearily to the coffee-room.

Little did I then know how both our lives were to be influenced by this chance encounter on a Shropshire highway.

'The little business' that Mr. Wilson and Rutter had gone out together to transact, had not, I feared, been at all profitable to the latter. I remarked that my companion's purse, when he drew it out to pay the servants, was considerably diminished in bulk, and the three five-pound notes had disappeared.

## CHAPTER II.

### ELMFIELDS.

My tour had ended, and I had returned home to the murky, autumnal atmosphere of town, and my father's quiet house in the quiet street at the East-end. It was a wet and windy Saturday night. My father was writing his sermon for the morrow, whilst I sat with Hind's *Algebra* before me, listening to the strong west wind wrestling with the ragged elms in our old-fashioned city garden.

We lived alone together—my father and I—in that close and peculiar union that exists only between the parent and child who have no other ties. I was destined to follow his career in life; and whatever wayward inclinations I may at times have felt for other callings, ought not to have wanted a higher object of ambition, with his life of usefulness before my eyes. To-night, however, I was not emulating the example of industry before me. Whilst my father's pen was hard at work, I was dreaming over my equation paper, and musing on the events of the day past. The quiet routine of our life had been broken in upon to-day by a visit from my Shropshire travelling-companion. I was wondering what sort of impression he had made on my father, and recalling his gay and entertaining conversation, his winning manners, and, above all, his undisguised pleasure at our meeting again.

'Is that the way you study mathematics, Will?' My father

suddenly placed his hand on the book before me, which was wrong side upwards, and looked at me with a smile. 'Were you working out a problem in your head?'

'No, father; I was thinking that I should like to know your opinion of Rutter, and recalling the dark night when we first met.'

'Speaking of your first meeting, Will, how did you know that Mr. Rutter was not some plausible young sharper practising on your credulity, when you volunteered that loan to him, on your travels, eh? Was it a belief in physiognomy that did it?'

'Should you have doubted him yourself?' I asked.

'Well, I confess there are worse guides to character than the face; and his is not a deceitful one. Whatever faults he has, cunning and duplicity are not amongst the number.'

I thought my father spoke seriously.

'You don't like him,' I began, and stopped.

'Yes, my boy, I do. I already feel strongly interested in him, and shall put no obstacle in the way of your intimacy. Your characters are widely different, I think; but these very differences I observe may, in some sort, be mutually useful.'

'I am glad to hear you say this, father. You know, I—I don't make friends quickly; indeed, there are few people, I think, who would care to make my friendship; but with Rutter it has been otherwise. I feel a strong desire to know him better, and I think he feels the same towards me.'

My father was looking at me thoughtfully as I spoke. He sighed and laid down his pen.

'What you say does not surprise me, Will. My grey hairs don't make me forget that I was once your age. I have often wondered, my lad, that you have never made any friends of your own age. Your nature is a warm, enthusiastic one; and I know what a friendship would be in your case. Let me warn you, then—not how you enter upon it—not how you fulfil its re-

quirements (of these things we have often talked together)—but let me warn you against unreasonable expectations from it. This kills more friendships than treachery. We give much, but we expect more in return. Our very love renders us exacting; and then disappointment, weakened confidence, and, in the end, estrangement, is the result. Against this—the bane of many a real and warm friendship—I would guard you. Now, as to this invitation to your friend's: of course, you wish to accept it?'

It was then and there arranged that I should do so; and after a few further words of advice, delivered with the affectionate earnestness peculiar to him, my father bade me leave him to his work. I retired to my room pondering on his words.

A few days later, and the time appointed for my visit to Rutter had arrived. He resided in a pleasant suburban village, whose beauties one would fear to extol for fear of being accused of falling into raptures over a Cockney paradise. And yet, that bright November afternoon, when I saw it for the first time, there was beauty enough around to have won the admiration of the most orthodox taste. When I arrived at Elmfields—the name of the house of which I was in search—I was somewhat startled to find there was a lodge at the gate, and a fine avenue of trees before me. In the distance, I caught a perspective glimpse of hot-houses and shrubberies. I walked up the broad gravel path, carrying my bag, and looking in amazement at the lawns and flower-beds stretching around. Of Rutter's family or position I knew nothing, except that he had no father living, and was an only son. I felt as if I had made some blunder, when a tall footman ushered me into a handsome library, and relieved me of my carpet-bag, with an air of impressive respect. But when the door soon opened, and a lady entered, and shook me warmly by the hand, I felt at ease again.

'How glad I am to see you, Mr.



Hamilton. I have been longing to make your acquaintance. My son will regret that he was not here to receive you; however, he will be home shortly, and, in his absence, I can assure you that you are welcome.'

In its musical fulness and distinctness, the voice of the speaker was unlike any I had ever heard; added to the warm and pleasant manners of the beautiful woman before me, it won my heart at once.

I could only stammer forth my awkward thanks. However, I did not feel it necessary to talk much, for the lady chatted away, and seemed quite unconscious of my embarrassment. Shortly after, I was shown to my room. It was all delicate green and warm crimson, with a beautiful garden-view set in the deep window-frame. There were two or three pictures on the walls; and I was gazing earnestly at one of them, which greatly attracted me, when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and the next moment my hand was clasped in that of my friend. His greeting was as warm as I could have desired; his eyes welcomed me with their deep blue earnest gaze, and his mouth smiled as his only could. It was not a feminine mouth, by the way, but one of that rare beauty which adds tenderness to a man's face, without detracting from its force of expression.

'Well, I have got you down here at last, Hamilton. I'm so glad to see you. Seen my mother and sister, of course?'

I informed him that the latter pleasure was still to come.

'Make haste, then, and let's go down and finish the introductions. Kate's all anxiety to see you, I expect, for I have been exciting her curiosity about you for weeks. Come along.'

My eyes had again wandered to the picture which engaged my attention at the moment when Rutter entered. I felt impelled to ask some questions about it. It was a fine engraving representing some heroine of tragedy—*Desdemona*, I believe, in all her purity and woe

standing like a saintly queen in noble sorrow. But it was something in the face that arrested me. There, before me, were the very features of my hostess—the same fine brow and dark hair, the same earnest eyes and beautiful lips. I turned to Rutter, and, hovering over his face, caught the self-same look. It was mother and son; I could not doubt it.

'Now, have you solved the mystery, Hamilton? I see, though, by your looks that you have. Yes, stare at it well; it is a face that will bear inspection. That lady is my mother—a stage-player a few years back. You there see her as she is, or rather was, known to the British public. You have just now seen her, as Mrs. Jacob Rutter, the wife of a man who made a handsome fortune by trade, and esteemed himself happy in sharing his wealth with such a woman. Are you much shocked? You did not suppose, I should think, that you were making the acquaintance of a play-actress's family?'

'I am surprised,' I replied.

'You don't like what I have told you,' said Rutter, colouring. 'Your father is a clergyman; and you probably have been taught to regard a play-house as a pest-house. I might have known as much. I suppose I ought to have told you of this before. Be candid, now, Hamilton, and tell me whether you really regard my mother as a sort of moral leper—a person that good folks ought to shun.'

There was warmth hidden under this air of irony, I could see.

'I hope I have learned a little more charity from my father's teaching than your words imply,' I answered. 'What you tell me seems strange, I confess; but let me know your mother, Rutter, and I have no doubt I shall respect and admire her as much as even you would desire.'

'Forgive me, Hamilton, if I spoke hastily; but I have been taken aback before now by finding certain curious results follow from the above disclosures. At school, I fought my own way well enough. It was only once that a fellow

dared to ask me how "Lady Macbeth" was. Any other allusion to my mother was never uttered again in my presence. But it has been since then that I have found people looking shyly at me on learning my parentage. You know, we are under a double disadvantage here. My father made his money by soap-boiling in Lambeth; and so folks who don't care about our theatrical antecedents will often take umbrage at the paternal ancestry. They may be vulgar-minded people, for the most part, I'll allow; but it's galling, nevertheless; and darts thrown by such hands wound thin-skinned mortals, I can tell you.'

'Remember, you were ready to misconstrue my look of surprise just now. Perhaps you carry your sensitiveness on this score to an exaggerated degree. Though I can understand certain prejudices against your mother's profession, yet I don't see how any liberal or charitably-minded person——'

'Not a word more; I know all you would say, Hamilton. The discovery you have made does not offend you as it does some folks; nor, if I had thought it would, should I have ever asked you to my mother's house. Let's go downstairs.'

We descended to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Rutter and her daughter awaited us. For the first moment my eyes were dazzled on entering. There were several lamps disposed about on tables and stands, and their soft radiance was reflected in the mirrors on the walls. The air of light and warmth, and the odour of fresh flowers that pervaded the room, were as a pleasant greeting on opening the door. At the further end of the apartment was a conservatory, also well-lighted, and I could see the figure of my hostess and her daughter amongst the plants. Mrs. Rutter had heard us enter, and came forward, looking more beautiful, I thought, than any woman I had ever seen. Her dress was some dark and lustrous silk, and in her hair were woven green glossy leaves.

'Let me introduce you to my

daughter, Mr. Hamilton, and then come and tell me what must be done with this oleander. Do you understand gardening?'

I was conscious of the presence of a goddess draped in cloudy muslin, to whom I bowed awkwardly on entering the conservatory, but I was too bashful to take a closer inspection, and sought refuge in the friendly oleander and botany at once. Ere long, I grew bold enough to scan this airy being more closely, and found there a nearer resemblance to humanity than I had supposed. It was no goddess, but a simple pleasant-looking girl, who was hovering about her brother and the flowers, and scolding Rupert, the old wolfhound, for upsetting her geraniums.

'Ought, now, a great clumsy old fellow like you to poke his nose into a lady's greenhouse? How dare you, sir, come amongst my flowers! Oh, look; he knows I'm scolding, Rob. See, the tears are coming into his big eyes—the hypocrite!' and the young girl bent over the shaggy old dog, and patted his head, while she scolded him in very pretty fashion.

The dinner-bell rang, and we proceeded to the dining-room. By the end of the first course I was chatting away with my new friends with a pleasant freedom that would have astonished me, I suppose, could I have been a spectator of myself.

There was an air of union and affection between Mrs. Rutter and her children very pleasant to behold. She seemed youthful enough in character to associate herself with their tastes and pursuits, without losing anything of maternal influence or dignity thereby. I, who had never known more than a father's love, looked on them with a strange interest, and a new unknown yearning at my heart. There was music when we returned to the drawing-room. Mrs. Rutter possessed a fine voice, and both she and her daughter played and sang admirably. We were soon deep in Thalberg and Rossini, and a happy evening glided swiftly away. My

sleep that night was brightened by my dreams.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE RUTTERS AT HOME.

How pleasantly time sped on during the first week I passed at Elmfields, I need not stay to relate.

The mutual attraction Rutter and I had felt on our first meeting was a true instinct. There was a warmth and openness in his nature that quickly endeared him to me; and with all our sympathy of tastes and opinions, that diversity of character that gives zest to a friendship and is essential to its perfection was not wanting to ours. From the conversation between us the afternoon of my arrival, and from certain remarks that fell from my hostess during my visit, I could perceive that the family stood socially in a somewhat anomalous position. The humble origin of Mr. Rutter (who had been the sole architect of his fortune), and his wife's former connexion with the stage, operated as disadvantages which neither education nor natural refinement could entirely remove. The effect of these things was to create in Rutter a certain bitter and petulant spirit at times; and I could see that his pride, or perhaps his self-respect, would not allow him to accept as a concession from society, or upon unequal terms, the privileges he regarded as their right.

But it was not until I had paid more than one visit to Elmfields that I discovered these and other things concerning my friends.

First, let me say a word as to the society of the neighbourhood in which my friends lived, or rather the society that I met in their house. The people who frequented Elmfields might for the most part be classed under two heads—namely, those who came to fawn and flatter, and those who came to patronize Mrs. Rutter and her family. In number they were pretty equally divided; and it is only giving due justice to state that each party played its respec-

tive rôle with vigour and consistency. I have seen Rutter's lips as tightly compressed, his cheek as flushed, under the insolent politeness of the one as under the unblushing sycophancy of the others. He would sometimes burst out with a speech that made his mother's visitors stare at him with unfeigned amazement, creating thereby an impression that he was either 'delightfully satirical' or 'decidedly impertinent,' according to which of the two above-mentioned classes the visitors belonged. More than once I have seen him get up and leave the room, unable to tolerate some ill-bred guest; and though Mrs. Rutter would give no signs of her disquiet, but continue to talk with her usual ease, her glance would follow her son to the door and her thoughts beyond it. How this sort of antagonism towards society chafed and wounded his proud and sensitive nature I readily divined.

Amongst the visitors at Elmfields was a Mr. Pierpoint—a stately personage, who resided in a fine mansion near, and drove over to Mrs. Rutter's occasionally in his carriage. He always came unaccompanied by his wife or daughters, for the families were not on visiting terms. Mr. Pierpoint had resided in Italy, and was a connoisseur of paintings. He was a collector of coins, and a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society; moreover, he talked a great deal about the 'claims of genius' and the true position of 'the artist,' professing a liberality of judgment and an appreciativeness of taste greatly in advance of his age in general. This gentleman was an especial aversion of Rutter's, for not all his (Mr. Pierpoint's) fine-sounding speeches and simulated enthusiasm could hide from him the fact that he looked down upon them all, and only condescended to enter their house because it contained some of the best water-colour drawings in the neighbourhood.

'I say, mother, why do you let that fellow come here and turn over the portfolios, and pass his criticisms on our books and pictures in



this way ? said Rutter, one morning, as soon as the hall-door had closed on Mr. Pierpoint. 'What does he mean by coming here without his wife or daughters, I'd like to know ? Does he think that you and Kate are not fit associates for them, that he always comes alone ? I swear I'll go over to his place and examine his drawing-room through an eye-glass, as though it were a museum, and pass comments on his chairs and tables before his wife and daughters, whom I'll politely ignore, if he ever shows himself here again ;' and Rutter, who had worked himself into a heat, glared savagely at Mr. Pierpoint's handsome carriage and pair of bays as it passed the window.

'I rather think Mr. Pierpoint fancies he confers an immense obligation upon us by appearing here at all,' remarked Kate, looking up demurely from her work. 'I am sure it is very kind of such a clever gentleman, and related to so many of the nobility too as he is, to call here and instruct us on art and foreign galleries. If he hints rather too broadly that he would like to purchase all the prettiest things in our house, it's only because his taste is so highly cultivated, I suppose, and he is such a lover of art he can't help it, I dare say.'

'He's a great humbug, and I know you think so, Kate ; but he is not worth discussing, so let's change the subject. Now, what about the dinner-party for Thursday—are the people all coming ?'

'They have accepted,' replied Mrs. Rutter. 'I hope you will prevail upon your friend Mr. Hamilton to remain over Thursday with us. We shall have some young people in the evening, and as Kate has set her heart on a dance, we shall want cavaliers.'

'Of course you will stay now, Mr. Hamilton ?' said Miss Rutter. 'You could not do otherwise,' and of course I replied that I was of a like opinion.

I was dressing for dinner on the Thursday evening, when, hearing a sound of wheels on the carriage-drive, I looked out, and

espied a shabby one-horse fly driving up to the door. Some one alighted therefrom who could scarcely be a guest, for he wore a morning-dress and a white sporting-looking hat. He entered the house, and I heard a servant summon Mrs. Rutter immediately. Shortly after Rutter knocked hastily at my door to ask for a bottle of eau de Cologne that was on the mantelpiece in my room.

'My mother has fainted ; don't name it to Kate when you come down ; she will be better presently.'

He spoke in a quick nervous way, and looked excited, but said no more.

When I descended to the drawing-room, the guests were nearly all assembled, and a buzz of conversation filled the room. Mrs. Rutter, looking very handsome, but unusually pale, was doing the honours of her house with her customary ease and self-possession. Rutter was sitting alone in the shadow of the window-curtains at the further end of the room.

'What's the matter ?' said I, going up to him. 'A pretty sort of a host you are. I suppose I must introduce myself to your guests.'

'There is one yonder who requires no introduction. You have seen that *gentleman* before, I think.'

As Rutter spoke, the servant ushered into the room a tall, handsome man, dressed in a morning coat and shepherd's plaid trousers. It did not require a moment's inspection to recognise in him the mysterious traveller of our last year's tour who had introduced himself to us at Gloucester under the name of Wilson.

'We had not calculated, you see, on this addition to our party to-day. It's an honour I find too much for me. If I behave like a bear, don't get savage, Hamilton. My temper will probably be tried, and I'm not a saint, you know. I ought not to be trusted with a carving-knife at dinner ; keep an eye on me, I say.'

Though Rutter tried to laugh off his disquiet, it was evident that he was very ill at ease ; but he joined the party at the other end of the

room, and set himself at work to entertain without saying more.

If I had been surprised at the appearance of Mr. Wilson in Mrs. Rutter's drawing-room, I was not less so at his manners and conversation. With perfect good breeding he apologized for his dress, explaining that through an accident his luggage had not arrived, and stating that he could not have ventured to make his appearance but for the amiable persistency of his hostess, who would not hear of his dining in the library. I thought a look of momentary disdain flashed out of Mrs. Rutter's dark eyes as he spoke, but she merely bowed and continued her conversation with her neighbour. Mr. Wilson quietly seated himself on a sofa and took up a book. Certainly he was not a person to compromise his friends. Nothing could be more perfectly polite and unassuming than his manner. There was not the least trace of the itinerant showman of the Shropshire lanes about him, and I could with difficulty reconcile that character with the man before me. When we repaired to the dining-room, he took his part in the conversation with unobtrusiveness. Gradually he grew brighter, talked with more ability and wit, and before the dessert appeared was amusing the whole table by his lively sallies and pungent remarks; this, too, without any effort or any apparent desire to lead the conversation. Kate seemed delighted with the entertaining stranger; and even Rutter, though he never addressed Mr. Wilson, regained his cheerfulness on beholding how agreeable he made himself to his mother's guests. Mrs. Rutter was the only one whose face looked clouded. It was the same when we returned to the drawing-room and the other guests arrived. Mr. Wilson offered to play quadrilles and waltzes (which he did very brilliantly) for the young ones to dance to. Then he volunteered to accompany the singers, and sang also himself in a fine mellow bass voice. He was decidedly the most popular person

in the room both with young and old.

'I can't think who this visitor of mamma's is, Mr. Hamilton,' said Kate, as we stood by the conservatory-door in the pause of a waltz. 'Robert makes a mystery of him, and won't tell me. I seem to have some recollection of his face, but I have not the least idea when or where I have seen him before. I don't know whether I like him or not, though he is very agreeable. See, he is taking mamma to the piano. Let us go nearer, I never tire of listening to her.'

The stranger seated himself at the piano, and after playing a few brilliant chords, commenced the accompaniment to the song, which, after a little hesitation and tremulousness at the commencement, Mrs. Rutter sang with wonderful power and expression. We stood close by; and when the song was concluded and the room filled with a murmur of applause, I could hear Mr. Wilson say, 'You have not lost your voice, Ann, I find. Tell me where I can speak to you alone.' I did not hear Mrs. Rutter's reply, but I saw her face reflected in a mirror opposite; it had a troubled look.

It was after midnight when the guests took their leave. I was standing in the hall witnessing the last departures, when it was discovered that a lady had lost her cloak.

'Will you see if it is in the conservatory, Mr. Hamilton?' said Kate, who was taking leave of her friend.

I returned to the drawing-room, and entering the conservatory found the cloak on a seat near the door.

'Lewis, you have no right to ask this of me. I have already made sacrifices enough.'

'Very well, my dear Ann; as you like. You know the consequences of a refusal as well as I do.'

The words were uttered before I had time to discover that, on the other side of a clump of rhododendrons in the centre of the conservatory, stood Mrs. Rutter and Mr. Wilson. I snatched up the



cloak, and hastened away. The look of fatigue on Mrs. Rutter's face as she joined us soon after in the library, caused her daughter to inquire anxiously if she felt ill, and wrung an angry exclamation from her son.

Before the family were up next morning, Mr. Wilson had taken his departure. I saw him strolling leisurely down the drive, with a cigar in his mouth, soon after sunrise. I had heard Mrs. Rutter go down from her room an hour before, and I heard her return as soon as the hall-door had closed upon her guest.

## CHAPTER IV.

### VACATION DAYS.

It was an agreeable incident in my university life when Rutter wrote to me, at the end of my second year at Cambridge, to say that he was coming down to spend ten days with me, in accordance with an old promise. He took rooms at an hotel, and on several occasions entertained me and some of my college friends there in very liberal style. I am about to recall one evening which remains indelibly stamped on my memory, and which, from events that followed afterwards, has a strange significance now.

We had been out on the river all the afternoon, and Rutter, whose strength and skill in rowing equalled that of the best oarsmen in the University, had tired us all out. We had gone back to the hotel to dine, and were sitting over wine after dinner in the twilight. The windows were opened, and the summer breeze waved the white curtains gently to and fro as it stole into the room. From the height of gaiety and good spirits, Rutter had suddenly sunk into silence. The change was so marked that my friends rallied him on being 'knocked up' with his exertions on the river. As I knew that his strength was not so easily exhausted, I was sure there was some other cause, and talked away to cover his taciturnity. Ere long he

flung himself on the sofa, bidding me 'pass the bottle, and take his chair. He was ashamed to own it, but he was confoundedly sleepy.' I complied, and we agreed we would allow him a twenty minutes' nap by the clock on the mantelpiece.

'Time's just up,' cried Manwood, one of the two other fellows, as the clock struck nine. 'Had your doze out?'

There was no reply. Rutter was breathing heavily, and we decided to leave him alone till we had finished the bottle before us.

We were deep in a discussion as to the merits of the last prize poem (for which one out of the three critics present had been an unsuccessful competitor), when a low moan from the sofa startled us all. Rutter was lying with his eyes half open, muttering to himself in a thick and broken voice. I went up to the sofa and shook him. He made no reply, but continued muttering to himself as before.

'Is he ill? What's the matter?' asked my companions.

I made no answer. There was an unnatural look on his face, and his hands were rigid and cold. I shall never forget the terror that seized me when suddenly he sat up, thrust me away, and putting out his arms, cried in a choking voice, with his eyes strained on the window, '*Là—là! derrière les rideaux, ne la voyez-vous pas? Elle ne me réponds pas, elle a peur de moi! Elle se cache! Elle s'en va! Oh Dieu, aie pitié de moi! Je meurs! je meurs!*' and fell back on the sofa, as though stricken by a fit.

'He spoke French, Hamilton,' said Manwood, starting up. 'Is he dreaming or delirious?'

'Give me some water,' I cried, and I loosened his neckcloth and sprinkled his face. 'Ring for some brandy, Carruthers.'

We dragged the sofa to the window to give him air. He was still moaning, with his eyes half open, and muttering to himself.

'Look, look,' he whispered, with his gaze fixed on the window curtains waving in the twilight;

'there, she is beckoning to me. She is beautiful as an angel. What is that shadow dogging her steps? Did Hamilton speak?'

'Yes, yes,' I replied. 'You are ill, Rutter; you are dreaming. Here are Manwood and Carruthers standing by. Rouse yourself, for God's sake.'

He took no notice of my words, but went on talking incoherently, sometimes in French, sometimes in English. As I knew that Mrs. Rutter and her children had spent three or four years in France, I was not so much surprised to hear him speaking a foreign tongue. We were all three too much agitated, however, to make any comments upon it at the time; our efforts were directed to rousing him from the singular trance-like stupor into which he had fallen. For some minutes longer it lasted. His limbs were rigid, his breathing stertorous, and his eyes, though half closed, were dilated and fixed. From the broken exclamations that escaped him, he was evidently undergoing immense mental suffering, and at times conjured some one not to desert him, with passionate appeals.

The paroxysm, trance, or whatever it might be, passed away as quickly as it had come on. His breathing suddenly grew calmer, his eyes regained their natural expression, and before my companions, who had rushed off—the one for brandy, the other for a doctor—had time to return, Rutter was sitting up and looking drowsily about him, like one just aroused from sleep.

'Is my twenty minutes up?' he inquired, turning to Manwood. 'I am a shocking host to-night, I'm afraid;' and rising from the sofa with a dreamy air, he yawned, stretched himself, and poured out a glass of Seltzer water.

To our utter amazement, he seemed unconscious of what had occurred. Neither then nor afterwards did he make any allusion to it. My friends took their departure almost immediately (the evening was of course spoiled); and they arranged, in an aside from me,

to countermand the doctor's visit. I had heard Rutter frequently boast that he had never had an hour's illness in his life. Of what nature was the attack I have described, whether a physical or a psychological phenomenon, I have been unable to decide to this day. I only know that the next morning, and even before I quitted him that night, Rutter was quite himself, and never, at any time, betrayed any knowledge of what had transpired.

Six months later, Christmas had come, and I was in town again for the vacation. It had been arranged that I was to spend the greater part of it at Elmfields; and, one snowy winter's afternoon, I was toiling along up the well-known hill that led to the house in a post-chaise that had brought me from town. Just as we had passed through the lodge-gate, a snowball flung through the carriage window and a hearty laugh announced to me the presence of Rutter and his sister.

'How do you do? We have been looking out for you this hour, Hamilton.'

Hands were thrust through the window and warmly shaken.

'Come, get out and stretch yourself with a walk. Here's Kate offering to run or jump me for any sum I like to name, she's so exhilarated by the weather.'

'Now, Bobus, how can you talk such nonsense?' said Miss Rutter, who was muffled up in furs, and looking remarkably pretty and blooming with the cold. 'I *can* run and jump very well, I know; but I am not going to put myself in competition with folks who leap five-barred gates and race their own horses on foot. How did you leave your friends, Mr. Hamilton?'

'My father is quite well, thank you; but very busy, of course. I rather think I have acted shabbily to leave him just now. These cold winters bring with them an immense accession of work in poor parishes. Speaking of that, Rutter, I have to thank you all for your very liberal donations to our local charities. But my father has made



me the bearer of a letter which will convey his thanks better than I can. What a winter it is for the poor.'

'Yes; that is the only thing which embitters one's enjoyment of this glorious weather,' replied Miss Rutter. 'Do you know that we found yesterday a poor woman, with a sick husband and four children, without fire, and almost without food, in one of the cottages near the heath? I'm sure I could scarcely eat my dinner last night. Salmon and grapes seemed quite wicked after the sight of that small loaf and empty cupboard we had seen.'

'The poor creatures will not be without warmth or food for some time to come, that's one comfort, Kate,' said Rutter. 'I believe those miserable children thought you and my mother two angels from heaven who had doffed their wings and put on petticoats to come down to their relief.'

I had before this discovered that if the Rutters were not very popular amongst the magnates of the neighbourhood, and were looked at shyly by the Pierpoints and their set, they had at least made friends amongst their poorer brethren, and were hailed with a welcome in their homes. For the rest of our walk we discussed the subject we had started, and talked of local distress, of soup kitchens, and coal-funds. Rutter was generous and open-handed enough where money was concerned. He had a very liberal allowance from his mother, who had been left sole guardian and trustee of her children under her husband's will, and at three and twenty (the age his father had appointed for his coming into possession of his property) he would inherit a handsome fortune. It was one of his hobbies to talk of what he should do when that time arrived, and build castles in the air about it. We got off in that vein now, and Rutter was planning an ideal estate, covered with model cottages peopled with model tenants, when the loud baying of a dog and the sight of Rupert tumbling and leaping through the

snow warned us of our approach to the house, whose windows gleamed out brightly through the falling night.

'Well, when that day comes, mind you make me rector of your parish,' said I; 'that village will just suit me.'

'And recollect that the Sunday-schools and the old women are to be under my control. That's a promise, Rob, isn't it?' rejoined Kate.

'Certainly! With two such zealous co-operators our success will be certain. Now *you* are both making a joke of it, but *I* am speaking seriously. Why, with a good will, a long purse, and a little patience, should not all this be practicable? You think me an enthusiast, Hamilton, and here's common-sense Kate laughing at me in her sleeve; but one day I'll show you matter-of-fact folks what poor enthusiasm can do, much as you disparage her crotchets, and flighty and unpractical as you think her.'

It *was* enthusiasm, and I knew it at the time, but I loved him for it none the less. Rutter's nature never showed to greater advantage than when some generous idea stirred it. At such times there was a persuasiveness in his voice, a plausibility in his arguments, that fascinated if it did not convince the judgment. It was so now, whilst he seriously followed up the subject, and tried to prove to us that the Utopia he pictured was not so impossible as we thought. It was not the first or the last bright delusion that possessed him.

'I thought you must have all lost your way in the snow. I was just meditating despatching a messenger with a lantern, in proper Christmas fashion,' said Mrs. Rutter with a smile, as we entered. 'The dinner-bell will ring directly: make haste and dress, gentlemen.'

In a few minutes we were all seated at the dinner-table, in high spirits. I have reason to recollect the evening well, for it was the last thoroughly cheerful one I ever spent at Elmfields. Though I knew it not then, I was paying my last visit under that hospitable roof.

The next day was Sunday. It rose bright and fine, with a pleasant sound of bells in the frosty air. I was standing at the window with Miss Rutter after breakfast, admiring the untrodden sheet of snow before us, when our attention was directed by Rutter to some curious footmarks just under the window.

'How in the world could they come there?' he exclaimed. 'Has any one been tampering with our windows in the night? Look, here are traces of footmarks all round; and, by Jove! there's something dropped in the snow, below.'

He opened the window and stepped out. The something in the snow was a cigar case made of ebony, with steel ornaments. There was plain evidence that some one had been roaming round the house in the night.

'How very odd,' said Rutter, examining the case narrowly. 'I could have sworn that I have seen this in my father's hands, years ago. It was kept in my mother's dressing-case after his death, I recollect.'

'Well, really, this is very singular,' remarked Kate, as her brother returned to the window. 'Had we not better tell mamma? You know the strong-box is kept in this room. I am always so terrified about thieves: I lie awake expecting them every night, and I am sure I shall hear them coming up the stairs twenty times a night now.'

'I don't see that you need,' replied Rutter. 'There's nothing very alarming in the discovery we have made; but still, I would not name it to my mother,' he continued, after a little hesitation, 'it would only fidget her, perhaps, and do no good.'

Rutter looked meditatively out upon the snowy distance as he spoke, and closed the window again. Kate declared that with two such gallant defenders as her brother and myself, she ought not to feel frightened, she supposed; but with all deference to our valour, she really and truly did.

'Who have we here, I wonder,' exclaimed Miss Rutter, shortly after,

as the figure of a small boy in corduroys appeared toiling up the drive, through the deep snow; 'one of mamma's pensioners, I suppose, coming to cook for "granny's soup." What is it, little man?'

Miss Rutter threw open the window and beckoned the small boy to approach.

'A letter for the lady, from the White Ram,' replied the lad, almost dislocating his neck in his attempts to make a becoming bow.

Who can mamma's correspondent at the White Ram be, I wonder? What an odd seal! It looks like the impression of a shilling.'

Miss Rutter ran away to take the letter up to her mamma's room. When she returned, shortly after, ready for church, she informed us that Mrs. Rutter complained of a headache, and would remain at home this morning.

'I shall do the same,' remarked Rutter; 'I want to read the *Athenæum*,' and he took up the journal with something like a frown on his face.

'Why, Robert, how's this? Am I and Mr. Hamilton to make our appearance in that great pew alone, and be stared at by all the parish for two hours, as we shall be if you don't accompany us?'

'If you will go to church, I don't see anything else for you, Kate. My absence won't be missed by any of Mr. Prideaux's flock, I'm sure; or if so, it will only be remarked that one of the black members of the fold is absent.'

Miss Rutter looked wistfully, sadly at her brother for a moment, and then took up her prayer-book, and we set off without another word. I had not known Rutter the last two years without discovering ere this that he had small love or reverence for Mr. Prideaux and his ministrations.

'It is a great pity that my brother allows his keen perception of inconsistency and false profession to influence him as it does,' remarked Miss Rutter, after we had walked on in silence for some distance. 'Our rector's faults do not excuse the shortcomings of his parishioners. I wish—I wish—'

Miss Rutter was silent again. 'Robert has taken to reading strange books lately, Mr. Hamilton—German metaphysics and queer volumes that he wont allow me to look into. I fear they do him no good. Women, and especially young ones, may be poor judges on such subjects; but this I know, that Rob has lately ceased to take any interest in my Sunday-school class, rarely attends church—and, worse than all, plainly hints to me at times his declining belief in things which he has still too much reverence for and right feeling to jest upon. Have you not remarked this?'

I replied that I had; that moreover I had held discussions with Rutter many times, both orally and by letter, and that I knew that he was no happier for the opinions he had lately formed.

'He is too sincere to adopt a faith as one adopts a fashion, or to take his religion simply as an inheritance from those that have gone before him,' I continued. 'If there were more earnest doubters amongst us, there would be more earnest believers, my father often says. Let us hope that these are not permanent convictions. I believe there is a period of spiritual doubt and difficulty known to almost all men of earnest minds in early life. At least I have heard wise and good men affirm it, and my own experience (though that perhaps is not worth mentioning) does not contradict it.'

That evening I and Rutter sat alone in the dining-room discussing the subject that had formed the theme of my morning's conversation with his sister.

'Do you think, Hamilton, that I hold these views, then, from preference, or that I dissent from received notions merely because I am unwilling to receive them?' broke out Rutter, suddenly. 'You orthodox, college-bred folks seem to have an idea that we who do not pin our faith on Butler and Paley, take up our views either from low and selfish motives, or because we wont give ourselves the trouble to think on these questions. I tell

you I *have* thought—yes, and to the best of my ability, too. With what result, you know.'

'I don't doubt it, Rutter, and I don't presume to condemn any man who, having made earnest search after truth, arrives at different conclusions to my own. But speaking of church-going and church-goers (the point we started from), you will allow that there is a good deal of humbug amongst those advanced philosophers of the present day, who, whilst they sneer at the hollowness and formality of Church services, the insincerity of preachers, and the worldliness of congregations, prate about "natural piety" and "worshipping God in the fields" under the canopy of heaven. Such people talk edifyingly enough about the sins of church-goers—their inconsistencies, their criticisms of bonnets and fashions, their worldly gossip as soon as they leave the house of God; but it often strikes me that there is as much humbug in the sentimental sort of religion these teachers profess, as in that of the most inconsistent stickler for orthodoxy. People *don't* go into the fields to worship God. They go for air, for exercise, for a pleasant Sunday walk—to gather primroses when there are any—to wipe the dust of cities off their feet, and taste those pure natural pleasures which are instincts with man. John Bunyan perhaps, or the meditative Cowper, might pray out in the fields: saints and martyrs may have done it scores of times, but our nineteenth-century philosophers don't do it; and they would be much surprised, I think, if they caught the working man (their favourite disciple) saying his prayers anywhere about Hampstead or Blackheath. No, it requires more spirituality of mind than we most of us possess, to worship God amidst such surroundings. We ought to, and I dare say often do for a moment, feel our thoughts elevated to the Great Giver of all things at the sight of sunshine and green leaves and wayside flowers; but we can scarcely dignify such transient emotions—mere impulses wrought



by the influences of the hour—with the title of worship.'

'All this *à propos* of my remark to Kate this morning, eh?' said Rutter, with a smile. 'Didn't you two abuse me on your way to church! Let's lay aside our polemics, old fellow. If anybody could make a convert of me, it would be you, Will, I believe; but I am afraid the "leaven of malice" within me is too strong to be got rid of in a hurry. It will require powerful correctives, I fear. Don't look savage. I may talk lightly, but I don't feel so. Hark!—what's that?'

It was the hall-bell, which was rung in haste.

'A late hour for visitors,' remarked Rutter, 'and such a night! It was snowing fast an hour ago.'

'I wish I possessed the argumentative power of some men,' I continued, pursuing the train of thought passing through my mind. 'However clear my convictions may be, I find it dangerous to argue where there are so many difficulties presenting themselves, and such new and unthought-of objections brought to bear against one. My own armoury may contain the right weapons, but I want the skill to use them, and the practice that gives confidence in them, I fear. When next you come to town, Rutter——'

'Tell your mistress it's of no use putting me off. I *must* and *will* see her. Bid her come to me at once. I have no time to lose.'

The words, uttered in a loud and angry voice, came from the hall. Rutter started up, and turned white as he heard them. The next moment, the door was flung open, and a tall man enveloped in a riding-coat strode in.

'Where is your mother? I shall take no denial at the hands of her servants. I have lost time enough already.'

With a scowling glance at us both, the intruder flung down his riding-whip on the table, and began to shake off the snow from his hat and coat.

'Pray, what right have you to utter my mother's name in this

tone?' cried Rutter, trembling with anger.

'Now, come, my good lad, no heroics, if *you* please. I have come here to see your mother on business, and don't mean to go away till we have settled it. As to my "tone," I can't pretend to adapt that to young gentlemen's fancies. If it don't suit you, so much the worse for your delicate susceptibility, that's all I can say.'

Mr. Wilson (of course it was no other) gave a coarse laugh, and stared defiantly across the table.

'Have a care, sir, or you may try my patience too far,' said Rutter, drawing himself up, and gazing at the man he addressed with a pale but determined face.

'Ha! ha! ha! It must be as good as a play for your friend there to see us always at the old game, Rob. So mysterious, too, isn't it! Shall we enlighten him a little? You cut up rough to-night; suppose I do the same. Two can play at this game, my boy.'

The speaker's tone suddenly became fierce; and, as he advanced nearer to us, the scar on his cheek grew livid.

'Say what you like. I'll stand no more of this bullying. I have endured it long enough. If you don't respect my mother's name, perhaps you will have more regard for my fist. Walk out of the house, sir, or we'll see who is the better man of the two.'

With a clenched hand and sparkling eye, Rutter stepped forward and uttered the words in a resolute voice. They were no sooner spoken than Wilson snatched up his whip from the table, and said—

'Lay but a finger on me, and you shall repent it to the last day of your life, Robert Rutter.'

Standing thus, glaring at each other with a fury I have but seldom seen in the eyes of man, an arm was interposed between them.

'Lewis! Robert! Hush, for Heaven's sake! Put down that whip, I say! How dare you lift it against my son?'

There stood Mrs. Rutter, with terror in her voice and looks, gazing from one to the other in dismay.

'Mother, leave me to rid you of this persecution. We have borne it long enough. Now, sir, again I request you to leave the house.'

'Not at your orders, youngster. Do you bid me go, Ann? Better not be rash: no knowing what a desperate man will do when driven into a corner. Tell the young gentlemen to retire, Mrs. Rutter. Young people are impulsive, and they may get themselves into trouble.'

The irritating mockery of the tone made Rutter's lips quiver with suppressed rage; but his mother laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said, gently—

'Leave us, Robert. My mind is made up as to the course I shall in future pursue. It is well, perhaps,

that things have come to this pass, and my patience at an end. Are you aware that you left traces behind you of your midnight rambles round my house last night?'

As she spoke, Mrs. Rutter held out the ebony cigar-case to Mr. Wilson, who gave a slight start as he beheld it. I did not hear his reply; for, at a sign from Mrs. Rutter, I took hold of her son's arm, and urged him from the room. Ten minutes later, the dining-room door opened again; and after a few words in a high key, we heard Mr. Wilson cross the hall, and say—

'Take the consequences, then, Mrs. Rutter. We are both firm: we'll see who gives in first;' and then the hall-door was closed with a bang that shook the house.

## UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN THE UNITED STATES, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY A WHITE REPUBLICAN.

THE Civil War which has now been raging in the United States for nearly fifteen months with ever-increasing fierceness and fury, is a calamity so enormous and so threatening, that all the thinking world may well be occupied with its causes and its cure. It is not a war between rival nations; not a conflict between different races and religions; nor a contest between superior and inferior civilization. It is simply and literally a family quarrel, a fratricidal fight, proverbially the worst and wickedest of all. The readers of *Fraser* have been told by eminent authority that the great struggle now going on in America is simply a strife between freedom and slavery; the spirit of good contending with the spirit of evil; and that the seceded States of the South are fighting for the profits of the slave-trade; for the extension of slavery, and for 'the privilege of burning human beings alive!' Surely, if this were true, it would be the duty of all Christian nations to take active part with the North in subjugating, or even

annihilating, so barbarous a people. The same writer asserts that the South ostentatiously proclaims its purpose to be that of slavery propagandism; but does not state when, or where, or by what authority such a purpose was proclaimed; while he omits to mention that one of the very first acts of the Confederate Legislature *abolished for ever the African slave trade*. It is true, the South claimed equal rights with the North in the common territories of the United States; and had this claim, so long urged and so logically established, been granted and guarded by a law of Congress, there is no doubt but the war would have been avoided, or at least postponed. Such, we happen to know, is the opinion of the late leading Southern senators at Washington, who are now leaders of the 'Great Rebellion' in the field. Vice-President Breckenridge, Senators Mason, Benjamin, Slidell, and Jefferson Davis, demanded nothing more than this simple Federal guarantee of 'Equal rights in the Territories.' The North refused what it considered a concession

(although there can be no concession in a case of abstract right), and a hundred thousand human lives have already been sacrificed to its inexorable decision. We do not stop to count the cost in dollars and cents, nor to consider the wide-spreading disaster consequent upon the destruction of the equilibrium of the whole commercial world. Was the North wise—was it *right* in refusing these demands of the South? Upon this question hangs the whole merit of the controversy, and all the justice and equity of the conflict. In order to judge more intelligently and correctly as to the rights and wrongs involved in the strife, we must first consider who and what constituted the authority of these war-making Powers. To this end let us look a little analytically into the Federal Congress at Washington; and see of what material the ‘assembled wisdom of the nation’ is composed. And here we come at once to the root of all the evil, or rather to the result of the great underlying evil, *Unrestricted Suffrage*, which has rent the American Union asunder, and threatens to topple ‘the Model Republic’ into a hopeless heap of ruins. Was this war the will of the people? And is the voice of the people the will of God?

To both of these questions we give a most emphatic denial. The war was the work of demagogues, and Universal Suffrage the instrument they used to bring it about. Had the question of equal rights in the territories been submitted to the unbiassed judgment of the native-born male citizens of the United States over twenty-one years of age, who could read the Constitution of the United States, there can be no doubt but an overwhelming vote would have been given in favour of the South. And yet a majority of the so-called representatives of the people, in their legislative capacity, vote adversely to the claims and interests of the South, and secession, resistance, and open war are the logical and inevitable consequences. The Government of the country fails to embody and express the wisdom of

the country, or even to enact the will of the people. We therefore venture the assertion that a Government based upon unrestricted suffrage can never be permanent; and that absolute or unlimited Democracy is a failure. The experiment has been often tried, and always with the same disastrous results. The Athenians tried it; the Romans tried it; the French tried it; and the last and grandest attempt of all is likely to prove the most signal failure of all. Democracy, or self-government, is very beautiful in theory; but it does not work well in practice. It starts upon the fundamental fallacy that ‘the voice of the people is the voice of God;’ that a majority of numbers, without regard to brains, have a divine right to rule. No dogma is more dangerous, not to say absurd. Does any one believe that the populace of London to-day, if absolute free choice were given it, would elect its wisest and best citizen to be its chief magistrate? In the United States free suffrage has failed to elevate the nation’s greatest and best men to be the nation’s rulers. Clay and Webster fell short of the White House; and there is no better epitaph for the tomb of the former than his own proud words: ‘I would rather be right than be President.’

Of all the causes which have been named as leading to the civil war in America, the ballot-box is the most radical and powerful. In the city of New York, for instance, where in the year 1857 no less than 183,000 emigrants were landed from all parts of Europe, consisting largely of that miscellaneous class of vagabonds, paupers, and culprits, ‘who leave their country for their country’s good,’ the annual access of what is called the ‘foreign vote,’ is sufficient to turn the scale in favour of the party that wins it either by purchase or palaver. It is true that a residence of five years is required to make an ‘adopted citizen;’ but the political wire-pullers of New York, in the heat of party excitement, do not stick at any little informalities of the



law that stand in the way of success; and where there is no system of registration, there is little difficulty in stuffing the ballot-boxes and deciding the elections with the illegal votes of these ignorant aliens. And thus Democracy is demoralized, and all the most sacred rights of citizenship trifled with and trampled on. In the empire city of New York, the vote of Mr. Astor, the richest man in America (worth 40,000,000 dollars *before* the war, probably 20,000,000 dollars to-day,) is nullified by some raw and ragged emigrant who cannot even speak the American language, whose 'politics' are bought for a glass of rum, and who does not know or care whether he is voting for General Jackson or the Fourth of July! In the Athenian city of Boston, the vote of Mr. Everett, who is not only a citizen of wealth, but who represents the learning, the refinement, and the legislative wisdom of New England, is also neutralized by a ballot cast by some newly-arrived fugitive from justice, escaped convict, parish pauper, or Italian organ-grinder, who knows little more of the questions at issue than the diminutive mute that dances to his music.

It is not strange that the better class of citizens at the North have become so disgusted with the scenes at the polls—the crowding, screaming, bullying, and fighting—that a majority of gentlemen avoid altogether the noise and confusion of 'election day,' letting the mob, or rather the demagogues who control it, have their own way in all municipal, state, and national affairs. There is shameful truth, as well as scathing satire, in the familiar injunctions of the partisan press, repeated in large letters on the morning of the election, 'Vote early and vote often!' It is no uncommon thing for squads of 'roughs' to go from poll to poll, particularly in 'the Bloody Sixth Ward' of New York, and boast at night of the number of illegal ballots they have cast. Of the 125,000 voters in the 'Empire City,' not one-fifth are owners of real estate; and of the entire body of aldermen

and councilmen, not one in five pays taxes. And these are the Solons who make laws for the city, levying and disbursing a revenue of some 20,000,000 dollars a year. Can we wonder that, under such a system, or rather no system, the lowest pettifoggers are elected judges, and convicted criminals to offices of the highest honour and emolument! American congresses and American chief magistrates are the legitimate fruits of free suffrage. The result is war instead of peace, folly instead of wisdom. No one conversant with the history of the United States can deny the fact, that the character of its public men has rapidly deteriorated from the days of Washington down to the present. In the Federal Congress we look in vain for men like Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Wright; while the governors of States are far inferior in talent, education, and social standing to their 'Excellencies' of yore. Governor Morgan, of New York, is a successful grocer; Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, a wealthy cotton-spinner; and Governor Andrew, of Boston, an 'active politician.' Men who truckle to the masses ride into power on some popular hobby of the moment: now it is Abolitionism, now Teetotalism, and now Radicalism under some of its Protean forms; politicians become 'plenty as blackberries,' while statesmen are rarer than diamonds: 'wealth accumulates and men decay,' loyalty is lost in lust for power; and even party organizations—to quote the words of a famous partisan leader of the North—are only held together by 'the cohesive power of public plunder.' When the United States grew to be an incoherent congeries of thirty-four 'independent sovereignties,' with their thirty-four independent legislatures, all the creatures of free suffrage, with a Federal Congress composed of politicians of the same calibre, it is not surprising that discord, disagreement, and disruption should follow, especially when we consider the incompatibility of interests and

institutions between the Northern and the Southern States.

It is always easier to trace the causes of evil than to point out the remedy; but the lesson of all history is quite conclusive in regard to the utter impracticability of unrestricted suffrage. If the wisdom, the intelligence, and the benevolence of the State are entitled to rule the State, surely we shall not find them in the popular voice of the masses. Ten righteous men, we are told, might have saved from destruction the 'cities of the plain;' and we believe that ten of the wisest men of the United States would have saved the Union, had their counsels been heeded a year and a half ago; spared all the fraternal blood that has been wasted in this unholy war; and so conciliated and pacificated the people, that the opposing sections of the Republic might have lived on in harmony through a millennium of prosperity and peace. But 'madness ruled the hour,' and the golden opportunity was lost for ever. The 'Resolutions' introduced by Mr. Crittenden, the Nestor of the Senate, who pleaded with eloquent tears that the olive-branch instead of the sword should be used in bringing back an offended and rebellious people; and whose white hairs should have been respected like a sacred flag of truce by the rampant passions of angry and belligerent sections—the 'Crittenden Resolutions,' which would have satisfied the demands of the South without compromising the honour or the interests of the North, were given to the winds, and 'the last argument of tyrants' was adopted. The thoughtful and reasonable men of the nation suggested a Convention 'fresh from the people,' composed of two or more citizens of each State, to devise measures of harmony and reconciliation. But they were unheeded.

As an evidence that the Conservative men of the North were strongly in favour of conciliation, of saving the Union without coercing the South, a single fact is worth more than volumes of mere assertion. When these resolutions were

pending before Congress, and while the voluntary Peace Convention was being held in Washington, there happened to be at the same time, in the same city, a national meeting of railroad officers and directors. The Hon. Mr. Corning, M.C. of Albany, a man of large wealth, and a leading democratic politician, was chosen chairman of this meeting. In order to ascertain more thoroughly the feeling of the class of people throughout the country whose material interests were then under special consideration, Mr. Corning telegraphed to the president of every railroad company in the United States for his vote on the Crittenden Resolutions; and from this large number of responsible and intelligent men, whose various incorporations extended over an aggregated distance of 32,000 miles of railroad, representing a capital of 1,000,000,000 dollars, only two votes were cast against Mr. Crittenden's proposition for a peaceful and bloodless settlement of the great sectional, social, and political controversy. Could the votes of the judges, the lawyers, the clergy, the presidents of colleges, have been similarly taken at that moment, there would doubtless have been an overwhelming voice for peace. Even the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, we are assured, had decided on withdrawing the Federal troops from Fort Sumter, in the harbour of Charleston, after the formal secession of South Carolina, in the hope that negotiation might follow, resulting in an amicable restoration of the Union. The masses, however, who had nothing at stake, and the demagogues and speculators who had everything to make by the war, proved too strong for the calmer counsels of the Senate, or the more prudent policy of the Government. The Commissioners of the South were refused a hearing at the White House, Fort Sumter was taken, and the greatest and most disastrous civil war the world has ever witnessed was begun. When and how it will end, it is not our present purpose to predict; that it might and would have been avoided



under a system of limited suffrage, is the great fact we would now impress upon the framers of republics and the advocates of democratic institutions. When the cry went through the North that 'the stars and stripes had been insulted,' and that volunteers were wanted to protect the capital, 50,000 idle boys, unemployed men, and vagabond 'voters' in the city of New York (that great reservoir of the refuse of nations), rushed to the recruiting office, clamorous for war and—'rations.' Wiser men remonstrated against this sudden madness, recommending the Federal Administration to take an attitude of patient firmness, softened by paternal forbearance; to do anything in reason, or what, in the excitement of the moment might seem unreason, to prevent the shedding of fraternal blood.

Again the 'still small voice' of wisdom was utterly lost in the storm. A vindictive feeling was aroused; the policy of coercion was inaugurated; while 600,000 men were ordered to the field to contend with a host of equal numbers that had sprung spontaneously to arms in defence of their soil, their families, and their firesides; or, in the historical language of the patriots of the revolution, to consecrate to the cause 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour.' This Northern army, we have high authority for stating, is composed of forty-one per cent. of Irish and Germans, to say nothing of other alien nationalities; while the ranks of the Southern army are almost entirely filled with citizens 'to the manor born.' It is free suffrage that has demoralized the Government; involved the nation in domestic war; and, if it be not greatly restricted, the days of the American Republic will be soon numbered. How can this great family of States, with opposing interests, dwell together in unity, when a Massachusetts cotton manufacturer, by the aid of his employes, may counterbalance the votes of a whole township of Mississippi planters—the former voting for

high tariffs, and the latter for free-trade?

The question then arises, whether the people, under any circumstances, are capable of self-government; in other words, whether Republics are possible. Making a proper distinction between the people and the masses, between the citizens and the populace, we answer decidedly in the affirmative. Under a wise system of restricted suffrage, guarded by careful registration laws, a Republican form of government, resting upon the consent of the governed, is not a mere Utopian dream born of Platonic optimism, but a pleasant and practical reality. It is a fundamental dogma of Democracy that all power springs from the people; and that the power to govern implies the right to govern. The great error consists in confounding the people with the mob; the citizen who has an interest in the State, with the individual who merely inhabits it. The former only has a right to take part in the Government, either in framing or in executing the public laws. All other persons should be treated as minors. Let the right of suffrage be limited to men worthy of so sacred a trust; and let no man have a vote in the State who cannot read and write the language of the State; and who has not some pecuniary interest in the public welfare. With these two qualifications of property and education, a people may be safely trusted to govern themselves. A native-born American does not inherit the right of franchise until he attains his majority, at the age of twenty-one years; and long before that time he may be a soldier in the army, a graduate of the university, a member of the bar, or a preacher of the Gospel. The unnaturalized foreigner should at least remain long enough on probation to learn the language of the country, and to acquire some interest in the State, some knowledge of its institutions, before being permitted, by right of suffrage, to dispose of the property and the liberty of the country that protects and supports him.

In the earlier days of the American Republic, when land was plenty and hands were scarce; when the virgin soil of the New World was yearning to be tilled, and primeval forests were waiting to be felled, the broad arms of the United States were opened wide to welcome to its capacious bosom refugees and emigrants from all quarters of the globe. The tree of American liberty, in the figurative language of the aborigines, filled the heavens and sheltered the earth; while under its protecting branches inexhaustible Nature spread her bounteous feast in this new and magnificent 'asylum for the oppressed.' Political restraints were little needed to keep a contented people in order; and unlimited suffrage was considered essential to the dream of universal freedom and social equality. Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine inaugurated the *Age of Reason* and radicalism by inculcating the fallacious doctrine—the cornerstone of the 'Declaration of Independence'—that 'all men are born free and equal;' and this, too, while recognising property in slaves, and reckoning them as a basis of representation! Why the framers of the Constitution were not sufficiently logical to allow a man to cast a vote on an equal amount of property invested in horses, oxen, or other beasts of burden, has never been satisfactorily explained by the Democratic doctors; and it is a question which may try their logical acumen to answer.

It is a fact never to be lost sight of, that the citizens of the Southern States, while nominally democratic, have always been more conservative politically, and more aristocratic socially, than the people of the North. In their congressional representation, for instance, which under the Federal constitution is based upon population merely, the South counts out of its census two-fifths of its negroes; while in the North every coloured person, as well as every individual belonging to the *genus homo*, is counted as part of the population, or Congressional constituency. In other

words, a negro at the North rates as one; at the South as only three-fifths of one. This, of course, gives to the former section a certain advantage of numerical strength, represented in the popular or lower branch of the National Legislature. The Senate, or Upper House of Congress, representing the States rather than the masses (each State, large or small, sending two), has hitherto held in check this surplus subterranean power; and so long as there existed an equal number of Free and Slave States, the balance of legislation was so equitably adjusted as to keep the peace and preserve the Union. The centripetal force of the Federal Government being equal to the centrifugal tendencies of the States, the whole system continued to revolve in comparative harmony. But when the first star 'shot madly from its sphere,' the equilibrium was lost, and the whole machinery of the Republic became discordant and dislocated. When the North, from political rather than moral reasons, resolved to admit no more slave states into the Union, the South took the alarm. With sixteen States against fifteen, thirty-two senators against thirty, they could no longer contend successfully against the Tariff policy of New England. This was the beginning of the fight, and Kansas was the first battle-field. It was not so much the question of slavery as the balance of power in the Senate that imparted such interest and such bitterness to that memorable contest. The Hon. Robert J. Walker, the great champion of free trade, who was appointed by President Buchanan as governor of Kansas, cared not so much for the extension of slavery as for the triumph of his favourite theory. He wanted the two senatorial votes of the incoming State to be cast with the South in favour of free trade, his infallible panacea for all domestic ills and international misunderstandings. The Democratic party of the North, professedly an anti-tariff party, and friendly to Southern agricultural interests, deserted its banners in the hour of trial, and



voted for protection to every local interest; the New England democrat, for discrimination in favour of his manufactures; the Pennsylvanian, in favour of his iron works. With a radical split in the National Presidential Convention, the democrats were defeated in the election; although there was a popular majority against Lincoln, thrown away on Douglas and Breckenridge, of more than one million of votes! another conclusive evidence that the will of the people was not expressed in the inauguration of the Republican President. And yet no one can deny the constitutionality of his election; or that individual opposition to his executive authority on the part of a citizen of the United States is anything less than rebellion, or even treason. The opposition of 'sovereign and independent States' to the decrees of the Federal Government is quite another question; but whether this resistance, open or secret, armed or unarmed, on the part of the State, is rebellion, revolution, treason, or simply the exercise of a 'reserved right,' we do not now propose to inquire. The great body of the people of the South have evidently been educated to believe in the right, even in the *duty* of secession; and it must be confessed they are fighting heroically in vindication of their faith. Mr. Calhoun, the great logician of South Carolina, during his long career in the Federal Senate, seldom made a speech or a motion in which he did not strongly inculcate the doctrine of State rights; and Mr. Calhoun was not only the political leader of the statesmen of the South: he was the instructor and the authority of the people. He taught allegiance to the State as the first of political duties; and his pupils in the Senate of 1861 could only retire from their seats on learning that the States from which they had received their commissions were no longer members of the Union.

To return to our theme; let us glance a little more closely at the operations of the unlimited suffrage system, on the broad field of a

'presidential campaign,' formerly the great political Olympiad, now the quadrennial Saturnalia of the United States. In the local elections of towns, districts, and States, we find the elements of this all-pervading evil at work, but on comparatively a limited scale. In the grand race for the White House behold the political 'Derby day' of the 'Great Republic!' All the passions of the mob are let loose; freedom runs into lawlessness, and liberty riots in licentiousness. Every partisan black-leg bets his 'pile' upon his favourite; and every political prostitute has something to win or lose on the result. The stakes are large, the struggle desperate, and the cheating reckless. The winning party not only has four years in the White House, clothed with supreme executive authority, and 25,000 dollars a-year; he has also the making of his cabinet, the appointment of his foreign ministers, and the distribution of one hundred thousand salaried offices; to say nothing of the patronage of 100,000,000 dollars a-year in time of peace; and 1,000,000,000 in time of war! And every four years, or twenty times since the formation of the American Government, has this whirlwind of passion, like a tropical tornado, swept over the land, its momentum increasing with the tide of population, until the rocking of thirty millions of excited people, like Atlantic waves lashed into madness by the fury of opposing winds, threatens to upheave the very foundations of the Republic.

A Presidential canvas in the United States—who that has witnessed its orgies, from the noisy and sulphurous announcement of the candidate's nomination, to the drunken huzzas that hail his election, can need any further illustration of the degrading and dangerous effects of universal suffrage; or fail to foresee in these riotous and gambling elections, not only the instability of republican institutions, but the utter impossibility of their permanent duration? Poor-house paupers and bar-room loafers sell

their votes for money, for grog, for the promise of a place, or a contract under Government; and thus the masses become debauched, while unprincipled demagogues, through bribery and corruption, rise, scum-like, to the surface, there to float and sparkle awhile, like rotten mackerel, upon the dirty current of 'popular favour.'

In the new Confederate Constitution, the superior conservatism of the South has signally shown itself by extending the Presidential term to six years, and by making the chief magistrate ineligible to re-election. The latter provision especially is an improvement of the most vital importance. With either of these literally saving clauses in the Federal Constitution, the disrupted Union might have been maintained half a century longer, even against the undermining and debasing influence of free suffrage. In illustration of the re-election evil, let us look, for example, at the administration of Mr. Buchanan, to be known in history as the last completed administration of the united and unsevered States. 'Old Buck,' as his partisans delighted to call him (there must always be a low nickname for a successful candidate, to tickle 'the ears of the groundlings'—such as 'Old Hickory,' 'Old Rough and Ready,' 'Old Abe,' &c. &c.), was a professional politician from his boyhood, who had his eye on the Presidential chair for at least a quarter of a century before he filled it. During all this period of public life, in the senate, in the cabinet, and as minister to foreign courts, it is no injustice to charge him, in the technical language of his party, with 'pulling wires,' and 'laying pipes' for the Presidency. We will not stop to explain the process of these political manipulations, which our American readers will so readily understand, beyond stating the fact that the chief end and aim of the aspirant to that high honour is to secure votes, or strength, as it is called, by becoming popular with the masses. And how is this to be done? By taking a high tone

in morals and in politics? By wearing clean linen and cultivating good manners? By no means. This is not the way to reach the hearts of the 'unwashed democracy,' nor to win the 'sweet voices' of the dear people. The demagogue must stoop very low to conquer. He must dive deep in order to fly high. The vote of the drunken beggar is worth just as much as that of the respectable millionaire, and is much easier to be had. Soiled shirt bosoms, cheap rum, 'quids' of tobacco, and vulgar language, will win more partisans at the poll than the most gentlemanly appearance, the most courteous behaviour, or the most beautiful 'platform of principles.' With no intention of casting any reflection upon the honesty or ability of President Lincoln, we will hazard the assertion, in illustration of our subject, that his reputation for 'rail-splitting' and flat-boating, with the 'electioneering anecdotes' of his coarse habits and vulgar familiarity, did more to promote his election than all the newspaper praise of his 'honesty.'

To return to Mr. Buchanan. In an evil hour for the Republic, the dream of his life was realized. Managing to secure the nomination of his party in the National Convention at Cincinnati, he triumphed over Fremont in 1856, and became President of the United States on the 4th of March, 1857. We will not look into the antecedents of Mr. Buchanan's personal or political life, except to observe the fact, that while representing his Government as Minister to England, the notorious Daniel E. Sickles was his chosen secretary and bosom friend. Mr. Buchanan was a conspicuous advocate of the Democratic South, without whose vote he never could have been President. He not only countenanced and connived at, but encouraged Secession; and Sickles was his faithful satellite and reflector. But now, while 'Old Buck' retires in sad obscurity to the solitary shades of Wheatland, the Young Buck, as a Lincoln brigadier, is seeking to atone for the errors



of the past by covering himself with gold lace and glory in a war of subjugation against the South. There is an old saying, that as one murder makes an assassin, a thousand murders may make a hero.

Having introduced Mr. Buchanan to illustrate the evils of re-election, let us return to him as the world saw him on the morning of his inauguration, with the solemn oath of the Chief Magistracy of the United States solemnly administered by the venerable Chief Justice Taney, in the portico of the Capitol, before a countless multitude of living witnesses; and, more impressive still, in the majestic and monitory presence of the marble faces of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe—the fathers and founders of the Republic; inspired by all the sacred souvenirs of the past; enhaloed by all the brilliant promise of the future. The Man thus honoured with the highest position, the most responsible trust in the gift of a great people, stands upon the topmost round of the political ladder, upon the very summit of his personal ambition. He can climb no more, as there is nothing now to reach between him and the stars; nothing material left to sigh for; nothing but glory, honour, and fame to achieve in the everlasting praise of a grateful nation. Had the Constitution wisely closed his official hopes with the end of his official term, no one can doubt that Mr. Buchanan would have proved a better President, left his office with a better name, and to his country and his successor a better heritage. Scheming for re-election ruined his administration, destroyed his party, dissevered the Union. He selected his Cabinet, not so much for the fitness of the men nominated as Secretaries, as to reward sections of country that had done most for him in the past, and promised to do still more for him in the future. All the appointments were made, from the highest to the lowest, and all the enormous patronage of the Government was distributed, with a single eye, not merely to a continuance of his

party in power, but to the continuance of the Administration—the re-election of Mr. Buchanan; and every office-holder in the United States was conspiring with his Chief to accomplish this object, and thus retain his place. This single fact explains why so many pothouse politicians, instead of true and honest men, are appointed to offices of honour and emolument, both at home and abroad. A New York rowdy who can influence a large number of votes, no matter by what means, must be conciliated and secured for future services, as well as indemnified for the past. Penny-a-liners, too, who puff every act of the Administration *ad nauseam*, must also have their mess of pottage; and thus it is that we find Secretaries at Foreign Courts, not to say Ministers, who are not only unable to speak the language of the country to which they are accredited, but who, from lack of good breeding and the frequenting of good society at home, neither speak the language nor exhibit the manners of gentlemen. The better class of Americans in Europe often blush at the facts we are stating. It is said that no less than seven employes of the *New York Tribune* have received appointments under Lincoln, because the editor of that journal takes the credit of making Mr. Lincoln President. Mr. Greeley having had a private quarrel with his old ‘guide, philosopher, and friend,’ Seward, defeats him in the Convention at Chicago, and nominates the ‘Illinois Rail-splitter’ instead of the New York statesman! If it be true, as some have declared, that the election of Mr. Seward would have saved the country from war, then we fear the famous bran-bread, non-resistance editor of the *Tribune* must have something disagreeable on his hands, which ‘all great Neptune’s flood’ cannot wash off. We envy no man his dreams who has had any hand, direct or indirect, in bringing about this most horrible and unholy war.

Another saving clause in the more conservative constitution of the Confederacy, provides against

the removal of office-holders under the government, 'except for cause.' This puts an effectual stop to the general scramble for place at every new election of President, and enforces a better performance of official duties. At the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, when a change of parties in power as well as Presidents took place, it is estimated that there were not less than a million of applicants for the hundred thousand civil offices to be disposed of,—ten seekers for each place; and out of this swarm of hungry cormorants, for every appointment there must follow at least nine disappointments. The summoning of half a million, possibly a whole million of men, to arms, placed in the hands of the President a military patronage far greater than that of the civil list. There were epaulettes to be conferred, and captains, majors, colonels, and generals to be created by thousands. There were also 'fat contracts' to be given out, and Government jobs of such vast magnitude, affording such rare opportunities for large profits and 'stealings,' as to tempt even the cupidity of the parsons, who had long ago lost the sense of their 'high calling' by preaching party politics rather than the Christianity of Christ, to come down into the ring of competition, put in their bids, and, when successful, sell out at enormous gains. Contractors, speculators, jobbers, and sutlers swarmed like locusts, literally 'devouring the substance of the land.' We have seen some of these Government swindlers and 'shoddy' contractors in Europe, frightened away from home, perhaps, by the investigating committee of Congress, with their pockets full of money, and their mouths full of cursing and bitterness against the South, the very South which has enabled them to get suddenly rich on the 'spoils of war.' These speculators in death and destruction are the most noisy and strenuous advocates of the 'crushing out' policy; and the 'vigorous prosecution of the war.' They seem to regard human beings on the other side of 'Mason and

Dixon's line' as noxious insects, and talk coolly of brushing them into the Gulf of Mexico, or drowning them out, as General Watson Webb recommended, 'like rats in a sinking ship, by cutting the levees of the Mississippi!' While widows and orphans are multiplying like the drops of the morning; while a ghastly dew, oozing from human hearts, crimson the green valleys of the sunny South, these conscienceless contractors are as gay and expansive as undertakers thriving on the ravages of the plague. They are ready to die (of a plethora of ill-gotten gains) for the glorious Union, and cling to the 'ship of State' with the same sort of abdominal devotion that a ravenous shark follows an ill-fated vessel freighted with the sick and dying. Several of these patriots are now running over Europe, clamouring against intervention or mediation, or any other humane and Christian measure that might lead to peace, and put an end to this deluge of fraternal blood. These men are always champions of free suffrage, opposers of a registry law, the professed friends and flatterers of the masses; and they will swear by any party, and 'stand by' any Government as long as it continues to feed and fatten them.

Of the ruinous consequences of free suffrage little more remains to be said. Behold the legitimate fruits, as foretold by the far-seeing Webster, 'in the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union—in States dismembered, discordant, belligerent—in a land rent with civil feud and drenched in fraternal blood.' Behold them in the unprecedented outrage of the brutal Butler, whose infamous proclamation against the ladies of New Orleans, licensing his ruffianly soldiers to treat them as harlots for no other offence than the indignant glow of insulted patriotism upon their cheeks, impossible to conceal, which has excited the contempt, the hate, and the shame of all Europe. Federal officers intrude themselves upon certain ladies at their devotion in church,

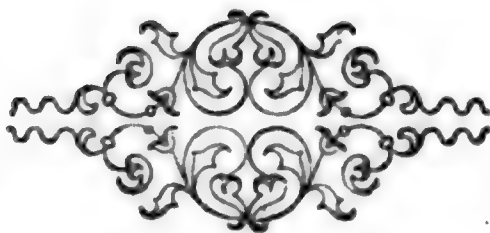


who immediately rise and leave their pews; and this is Butler's justification of his savage edict! Haynau, whose name is damned to eternal infamy, only flogged his female prisoners—Benjamin Franklin Butler, of the city of Lowell, Massachusetts—more refined in cruelty, violates the virtue of the women in his power, and robs them of 'the immediate jewel of their soul.'

In the nameless graves of innumerable victims, in thousands of maimed and wounded soldiers, in the long procession of widows and orphans, in desolate homes and in bleeding hearts, we behold a painful harvest of the fruits of the suffrage as it exists in America. All these calamities, with an endless vista of coming woes, have been brought upon a people who, but a few short months ago, were the most free, the most prosperous, and the most lightly taxed people on earth; and all this comes from trifling with their liberties through the license of the ballot-box, by placing power in the hands of a monster mob—that hydra of democracy, whose 'tender mercies are cruelty,' and whose reign is always a reign of terror and of blood, be-

ginning by repudiating the sacred right of *habeas corpus*, suppressing the freedom of speech and the press, and ending by plunging the nation into hopeless bankruptcy—into fathomless realms of 'Chaos and old Night.'

But the fatal consequences of this 'unbridled liberty' and gross abuse of the ballot-box do not end, nor even culminate, in the wholesale carnage now raging in the United States, where 1,200,000 men in battle array stand face to face upon the field of death. These soldiers of the Union on one side, and of Independence on the other, who survive the conflict of the war, will become the tools of their leaders at the ballot-box as they have been their followers in the fight; and a military despotism is the logical consequence of a dis-severed Union and dilapidated Republic. Such is the history of the past; and such, it requires no prophet to foresee, must be the future destiny of the United States, unless the people instead of the populace—the citizens and not the mob—are restored to power through a restricted and purified system of suffrage.



## EDITORS, AND NEWSPAPER AND PERIODICAL WRITERS OF THE LAST GENERATION.

BY AN OLD APPRENTICE OF THE LAW.

### THIRD AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

IT is now my turn to speak of a man who, beginning life as a reporter and contributor to a newspaper, rose from that comparatively humble position to the highest legal offices in the State, both in England and Ireland. He was Solicitor-General in 1832, twice Attorney-General—first in 1834, and secondly in 1835; he was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and created Lord Campbell in 1841 (having antecedently obtained the barony of Stratheden for his wife, Lady Campbell); in 1850 he was made Chief Justice of England; and in 1859 he received the crowning and much-coveted honour of his life in being appointed Lord High Chancellor of England, an office which he held till death removed him in June of the past year from a world in which he had been so eminently prosperous and successful. History, in calmly and dispassionately examining the wonderful rise of Lord Campbell, will probably come to the conclusion, that in nothing but steadiness, perseverance, knowledge of law, and what is called in the profession, 'a legal mind,' and worldly tact, did he surpass those early humble colleagues of the press with whom in his younger career he associated on a footing of equality. Assuredly, the plain John Campbell of 1800, 1810, 1820, or even of 1830, did not possess the alertness, mental vigour, and power of expression of Finnerty—he had not the scholarship of Barnes—he had not the taste, or flexibility of style, or general learning of his countryman, James Murray—he had not the ready

humour, dry wit, and store of recondite lore of various kinds possessed by his brother Scot, Robert Spankie\*—he had not the companionable, social qualities and manly frankness of style of Robert Cutler Fergusson; and it would not be proper in any respect (excepting always in knowledge of law) to compare him to the highly-gifted and all-accomplished Mackintosh, a man whose mind was stored with the treasures of ancient and modern literature. Yet, by steadily confining himself to one single pursuit, and by allowing nothing to divert him from the practice of it, this student, of respectable talents, without any great natural qualifications for the bar, but a hard head, strong sense, sound judgment, a retentive memory, unwearied perseverance, and inordinate coolness, collectedness, and self-esteem, confronted and overcame difficulties which would have appalled and vanquished a man of genius, and perhaps impeded a person of nobler and larger faculties, of more polished understanding, and more sensitive disposition.

There is a difference of opinion as to the year of John Campbell's birth. His early Scotch contemporaries used to say, and he himself in his humbler days did not deny, that he was born in 1777; but at the period when he was promoted to the Chancellorship of Ireland, three years were at once subtracted from his age by the genealogists; and he was set down in the peerages and Parliamentary companions as born in 1780 and in 1781. He was the son of one of

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\* We regret to learn that a statement we gave on the authority of a Highland gentleman relative to the late Mr. Sergeant Spankie is incorrect. It appears that the father and grandfather of Robert Spankie were Presbyterian ministers, and that the former was tutor to the Duke of Athol. Robert Spankie was for a considerable time a student of St. Andrew's; and that he was a man of the keenest sense of honour, and of a refined and dignified bearing, all his contemporaries allow, and none more readily than the writer of the article in *Fraser*.

the ill-paid and hardly-worked clergy of the Kirk of Scotland. He was himself, I have heard, intended for the Ministry of the Kirk, and with that view, after receiving moderate instruction from his father at home, was sent to the University of St. Andrew's. But while sojourning within the walls of that university, a desire to emigrate southwards seized possession of him; and he resolved to try his fortune in the great mart of the needy and enterprising of all nations, and of none more than the Scotch, London. Hardy in constitution, strongly knit in frame, frugal, industrious, and persevering, with few wants, and long accustomed to self-denial, he arrived in the metropolis in his nineteenth or twentieth year, somewhere at the close of 1797, or the beginning of 1798. The world was then 'all before him where to choose;' and with the ready instinct of a North Briton, furnished with an introduction, he first knocked at the door of his deservedly-successful countryman, James Perry, then proprietor and editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. The office of that newspaper was then at 143, Strand, nearly opposite Catherine-street, where it continued, I believe, till the death of Perry, or, at all events, till Mr. Clement, the new proprietor, who purchased the paper afterwards, removed it to No. 170 in the same street, a house a couple of doors removed from Norfolk-street.

James Perry was in many respects a remarkable man. He, too, was a native of Scotland, an alumnus, like Campbell, of the University of Aberdeen, and had by patient labour, by persevering industry, and by highly honourable and upright conduct, risen not only to affluence, but to credit and distinction. At the close of the last century, Perry lived not merely in the confidence, but in familiar intimacy with the Bedfords and Fitzwilliams, the Foxes and Greys, the Lauderdales and Erskines, of the past generation. He had the *entrée* at all times and hours to the Whig coteries, and was received at their

houses on the most friendly and familiar footing. He was the trusted depository of all the party secrets, of all the intended moves of the Opposition; and he proved himself in every way worthy of this confidence. Without being reserved or mysterious, he was discreet and guarded. He betrayed no trust. He violated no confidence. He was, moreover, a man of genial manners and fine social habitudes; unlike Campbell, uncompanionable and unbending. He entertained at his private residence, then in Adelphi-terrace, ultimately Tavistock-house, the men whose political cause he so ardently subserved; and occasionally brought his best writers into friendly contact with the foremost leaders of the Whig party. This secured him a willing co-operation from all under him, and gave him a deserved supremacy in journalism. Sixty-four years ago the *Morning Chronicle* was as unlike as possible to the print which for the last ten years, and till the period of its death a few months ago, had borne the old and once honoured name. It was in 1798 and 1800 the recognised and well-accredited organ of the great Whig party, a party distinguished by high rank, great wealth, much Parliamentary influence, and still greater Parliamentary talent.

The 'secrets of the prison-house'—the intended movements and skirmishes of the party—were early communicated to the Whig editor by Jekyll, Erskine, Adair, Brande, Whitbread, Calcraft, Abercromby, and Creevy, often by Fox himself, or by his secretaries, Sir Francis Vincent or the late Lord Kensington. There were also good writers then connected with the *Chronicle*—Mackintosh, Fergusson, Porson (Perry's brother-in-law), Parr and Edward Dubois, contributed to its columns, as well as Wishaw and Scarlett. Some of these were volunteers impelled by an ardent party zeal. Perry himself was no mean writer and no contemptible scholar. Nominally called to the bar, he never practised the profession, but dedicated himself heart and soul to politics.



The consequence was, the *Chronicle* was, taken all in all, the first paper of the day. Its circulation was then considered immense, its expenditure large, and its profits proportionate. For twenty years before his death, I have heard that Perry made over £12,000 a year by his paper, and this, sixty years ago, was a much larger sum than it would be considered now. There were several Scotchmen writers on the *Chronicle*, and many Scotchmen among the reporters. Young Campbell found little difficulty in obtaining an engagement, and entered the gallery of the House of Commons at the close of the session of 1798 or the beginning of the session of 1799. I have heard from several of his contemporaries that his personal appearance at this period was not prepossessing. Uncourtly in manner, speaking the broadest Scotch, without fluency, and having little *usage du monde*, the young North Briton excited the occasional wonder and amusement of his brother stenographers. But plain Jock, as he was called, impassible and unheeding, went on with his work, and after a session or two made, I have been informed, a fair reporter in point of accuracy, though a mediocre one in style. His style—if style it could be called—was stiff, crabbed, and *décousu*. Perry, seeing this, advised Campbell to read a treatise on rhetoric, and for a while occupied him on other work, sending him to the theatres to criticise the drama, and occasionally giving him books and pamphlets to review. But his rather rugged and unpolished sentences appeared but little corrected in this new department confided to him. He again resumed his place in the gallery of the House, and after a twelvemonth had made considerable progress in writing better and more readable English. But at intervals, like the other reporters (with the exception of the very superior ones), he was employed in multifarious work. Sometimes they sent him to public meetings, sometimes to political dinners, then greatly in vogue, sometimes to the Old Bailey ses-

sions, and sometimes to the courts of law in Westminster Hall. In courts of law, criminal and civil, he seemed to apprehend all the points and to carry away the facts better than in Parliament, and Perry now began to imagine that his young reporter, so homespun in most respects, possessed a legal mind and apprehension. As in the gallery of the House of Commons, he was conspicuous for industry, frugality, attention to business, and general good conduct and judgment, Perry, to whom Campbell had communicated his intention of entering an Inn of Court with a view to become a barrister, strongly advised him to do so. At the close of 1800 or the beginning of 1801 he was accordingly entered of Lincoln's Inn, and within eighteen months afterwards, at the request and by the introduction and assistance of Perry, became a pupil of Mr. Tidd, one of the most famous pleaders of the day, and the compiler of a work called *Tidd's Practice*, long a manual in courts of common law. There was in the gallery in the same year a fellow-reporter of Campbell's, to whom, with equal kindness and good-nature, a similar proposition was, as he told me, made by the kind-hearted and generous Perry. But Finnerty (for it is to him I allude, and from his lips I heard the fact), who possessed a masculine mind, a fluent tongue, and great readiness, at once declined the offer. Whether his refusal arose from a mistaken feeling of independence, from fitfulness, caprice, or waywardness, I have no means of knowing. Certain, however, it is that Finnerty had some peculiar qualifications for the bar which Campbell lacked. He possessed fluency, readiness, and concentrated power of expression, though he wanted that laborious plodding industry, that steadiness, that spirit of order, that prudent, cautious self-control, which Burns calls 'wisdom's root.' For five or six years Campbell continued a parliamentary reporter, performing his duty with exemplary industry.

Some idea of his laborious habits

of application may be formed when it is stated that during the two years he remained pupil at Tidd's, he was almost uniformly the first at chambers in the morning and the last to leave in the afternoon. When he left in the evening, it was not to indulge 'in toys, in lusts, or wine,' to use the words of Otway, but to go to his duty in the House of Lords or Commons, as the case might be. In this course of conduct, he exemplified the qualities necessary to eminent success in life. It is not so much conspicuous talent, it is not great genius, it is not the highest mental endowments, that oftenest secure conspicuous success in the law, or in any other profession or calling, but invincible steadiness, laborious perseverance, and that unity and directness of purpose towards one engrossing and wholly absorbing pursuit. To succeed in his profession, Campbell learned to

Scorn delights and live laborious days.

He found himself most wanting in early life in fluency of speech and power of expression, and to acquire readiness and flow of language, attended some of the principal debating societies of the metropolis; among others, the Forensic, and the Eccentrics. At this last place of resort, Finnerty, Power, Brownly, Harry Clifford of O. P. notoriety, and a barrister named Lovett, and a law student named Price, used to attack and banter Campbell without stint or mercy, and, according to the rules of the club, bringing the most absurd charges against him night after night. But 'plain John,' impassible, undisturbed, and cool headed, went on making progress in fluency and self-possession, and learned to eschew some error, provincialism, or mispronunciation of the previous evening. So true is the saying of Publius Syrus, 'Discipulus est prioris, posterior dies.' Campbell had, as a Parliamentary reporter, the great advantage of hearing Pitt and Fox, Windham and Sheridan, and Lords Grenville, Grey, and Wellesley; and as a legal reporter, he had the further advan-

tage of having often heard Erskine and Law, Garrow and Gibbs, Dallas and Romilly, when at the bar; and among the judges, Eldon, Sir William Grant, Lord Stowell, and Lord Ellenborough. But notwithstanding these experiences of the utterances of able men, he never to his last day became a very fluent or a ready speaker, and he had no pretensions at any period of his life to be an elegant or eloquent speaker. Eloquence could not be in him, for he had neither genius, imagination, nor highly strung feeling.

Many years ago, I searched in a work called *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, and which contained remarkable articles that had appeared from 1799 to 1814 or 1815, for any papers written by Campbell, but none worthy of special commentation were to be found. In the files of the *Morning Chronicle* between 1800 and 1806, paragraphs, criticisms, and reports written and reported by him were long ago pointed out to me. But having read them over and examined them carefully, I must say that they were not models of elegant composition.

The late Mr. Curwood, who travelled both the Home and the Oxford Circuits with Campbell, told me he rarely heard him make an observation or a remark that was worth remembering, except on some question of law or practice; and the late Thomas Jervis (father of Lord Chief Justice Jervis), the late Mr. Pearson, Advocate-General of Bengal, and the late George Price, who reported so long in the Exchequer, and who was scarcely more than seven years the junior of Campbell, and saw much of him when himself a student, used to echo a similar opinion.

I believe the late Lord Campbell was called to the bar in 1806. The best, indeed the only first-rate book he ever produced, was commenced in Hilary Term, 1807. This was his reports, extending to four vols. of cases argued and tried at Nisi Prius, in the King's Bench and Common Pleas. They were continued to the sittings before Easter, 1811, inclusive, and were



distinguished by clearness, conciseness, accuracy of statement, and correct legal knowledge. As statements of fact and argument, they are indeed models to future generations of clear and succinct statement, and will be for ever incorporated with the legal literature of England. In writing of the lawyers, advocates, and judges of five-and-thirty years ago, I shall perhaps have an opportunity of speaking of Mr., Sir John, and Lord Campbell. Till then I reserve my remarks on his forensic career. I may, however, be permitted to say now, that though neither a profound scholar nor a good advocate, he was as sound a lawyer and as distinguished a judge, both in law and equity, as has appeared in our generation. When I first became acquainted with Lord, then Mr. Campbell, in 1827, he had just received a silk gown. I met him twice in society in that year, but much more frequently in 1828. He spoke little in general society, unless when professional topics or questions of practice were mooted, and then guardedly, but with the fullest knowledge of his subject. His manner was cold, almost frigid: there was a want of flow and geniality about it which gave an appearance of constraint. His general carriage was stiff, and wanted pliancy at a dinner table, and was rendered more remarkable by a staidness and gravity of manner unsuited to the place and the occasion. Yet it was not difficult to perceive that when the lawyer occasionally unbent his rigidity, he wished to be considered a man of good society, a light and graceful scholar, and an accomplished member of the fashionable world. In matters not connected with his own individuality, the entity called Mr., Sir John, and Lord Campbell, was somewhat vain personally, and vain, too, not of his best and strongest points. He did not thank you for saying he was a great lawyer and a great judge. He wished to be considered rather a great and eloquent advocate, a Murray, an Erskine, a Curran, a Copley, a Brougham, or to be com-

plimented as a distinguished man of letters or learning. As an advocate, though he managed a cause discreetly, and with great judgment and good sense and knowledge, he had no pretension to eloquence, or even to the praise of lucid statement and arrangement. As a writer of biography, his style was stiff, crabbed, and unpolished. He availed himself without acknowledgment of the labours and thoughts of others, gaining thereby a credit to which he was not justly entitled. But though his future biographer must admit this, and allow that his cold nature left him with few attached personal friends or admirers, yet it must be admitted that he was a useful legislator, a considerable law reformer, a first-rate common law, and a great equity judge, with an immense capacity for labour, and a marvellous power of getting through business. So massive was his mind, too, and so strong his common sense, that notwithstanding his defects of manner and bearing, he contrived to produce an impression in questions of import elevated beyond the level of mere party politics. As a man he was not loved, but as a legislator and a judge he was respected, and his decisions will be cited with as much respect as those of Hardwicke, Eldon, Cottenham, Mansfield, or Ellenborough.

I will now speak of a man very different in all respects from Lord Campbell. It was either in March or April, 1827, I first became acquainted with a gentleman who had at that period, and for some three years previously, excited a good deal of public attention. This was the late Mr. James Silk Buckingham, then and for some time previously the proprietor and editor of the *Oriental Herald*, a magazine or review chiefly devoted to Indian affairs. In addition to this miscellany, Mr. Buckingham had at the close of 1826 or the beginning of 1827 started a literary work, published weekly, called the *Athenæum*, which still survives in a flourishing condition, and a weekly political journal called the



*Sphinx*, long since gone to the 'tomb of all the Capulets.' He also speedily meditated the publication of a daily morning journal, to be called, if I remember rightly, the *Argus*, for which he was then making preparations. These circumstances, as well as his contests with the East India Company, gave to the name of Mr. Buckingham a certain vogue, if not notoriety; but I probably should never have made his acquaintance, had I not been staying in a country-house a short time previously, where the late Douglas Kinnaird, the brother of Lord Kinnaird, was, like myself, a visitor. Douglas was not only a polished and fashionable man of the world, but a person of highly cultured mind, and excellent business habits. Few men of his day possessed more shrewdness; and when he said, 'Buckingham is a man in whom I take an interest, whom you ought to know, and with whom I will take an early opportunity of making you acquainted,' I at once acquiesced in the proposition. It chanced, however, that being suddenly called to the Continent towards Christmas, 1826, and not returning to town till the spring of 1827, my introduction really took place through a person somewhat less distinguished for rank and fashion than the aristocratic banker, though nevertheless an accomplished member for a western county. I found Mr. Buckingham to be a well-dressed and affable sort of person, apparently about fifty years of age, of rather elaborate and ceremonious manners. His bearing might be called courtly indeed, if there were not a certain laboured pomposity and want of ease about it. His conversation was fluent, and chiefly ran on his personal treatment by the East India Company, and his travels in various parts of the world. But though exceedingly voluble, and clear enough in his language, there appeared to me little of strength or solidity, and not a particle of originality, in his talk. There were no classical or historical allusions, no pungent remarks, no *abandon*; there was

neither causticity, conciseness, nor wit apparent. I remarked this on leaving the room to my friend the County member, who allowed that my observations were just. 'Yet,' said he, 'Buckingham is a man of considerable merit, and of great perseverance and address, as you must admit when I tell you his history. He was born about seven or eight-and-forty years ago, in a small town in Cornwall, where his father was a printer, bookseller, and stationer. His schooling was of the scantiest, when he was put to work at case as a mere child, as apprentice to a printer. In this position he, like Franklin, taught himself grammar, geography, and the rudiments of French. In his twelfth year, impelled by a love of adventure, he went to sea in a merchant vessel, remaining in that service for many years, and rising by degrees from cabin-boy, apprentice, able seaman, and mate, to the command of a ship. Like Collingwood, he meanwhile sedulously improved himself in all that related to navigation and nautical affairs; and being engaged in the Levant trade, obtained a slight acquaintance with the Italian and Spanish languages, and a considerable knowledge of Arabic. At length he was appointed to the command of a ship in the service of the Imam of Muscat. Having visited as mariner and commander parts of Egypt, Persia, Syria, and the Holy Land, he ultimately settled at Calcutta, where he set up a newspaper. This paper, conducted at a small expense, and filled for the most part with voluntary contributions written by the civil and military servants of the East India Company, had for a time an unexampled success. The proprietor and editor made a deal of money. But the freedom of its strictures soon excited the anger of the Government, and at length Mr. Adam, the acting Governor-General, sent Mr. Buckingham home to England, thus ruining his newspaper property and prospects.

From that day commenced his war against the East India Company, a war which he continued with great perseverance, if not with

great vigour or ability, for several years, in the *Oriental Herald*, the *Sphinx*, and the daily paper of which I have spoken. Nor were the efforts of Buckingham confined to the pen merely. He travelled through England, Ireland, and Scotland, lecturing to large audiences in the towns, against the monopoly of the East India Company, in the years 1828 and 1829. In 1829 and 1830 he delivered a similar course of lectures in the metropolis, which had a considerable effect in stimulating public opinion. These public utterances it was that gave Mr. Buckingham a footing in Sheffield, and introduced him to the representation of that borough after the passing of the Reform Bill. In 1832, being the chosen member of that important constituency, he established the *Parliamentary Review*, a weekly magazine, chiefly dedicated to politics and legislation, and to colonial and Oriental subjects. The work extended to several volumes, and attained a fair circulation; but as it ultimately devoted an undue portion of space to Mr. Buckingham's own notions and speeches on the East India Company and charter, on flogging in the army, the impressment of seamen, the practicability of reducing the National Debt by its conversion into terminable annuities, and to curious crotchets connected with systems of total abstinence, and a plan for universal education, the work sank in popularity, and was ultimately abandoned.

Soon after, Mr. Buckingham resigned his seat in Parliament, and undertook a tour in America. The result of his peregrinations was published by subscription in a work in two volumes in 1840; but these ponderous tomes had as little success as the *Travels in Syria, Arabia, Mesopotamia, &c.* The fact that Mr. Buckingham's writings were distinguished by a wordiness and verbosity, without vigour, strongly militated against them. In this respect they were worse than the productions of Sir Archibald Alison, the wordiest writer of our age and generation. In shal-

lowness and absence of sound learning Mr. Buckingham transcended the Scotchman. It cannot be denied that there often appeared in the *Athenæum*, the *Sphinx*, and the *Parliamentary Review* very creditable articles; but these were not written by the editor, but by contributors some of whom were afterwards distinguished in the Church or at the Bar. Buckingham has been more than once charged with claiming the credit of articles which passed through his hands merely, and were not his production. A famous imaginary debate was given in the specimen number of his daily paper published in 1827, to which I antecedently made reference, in which Cobbett, Black, O'Connell, Hunt, and the Thunderer of the *Times* were introduced (none of whom were in Parliament at that epoch), and their respective styles well imitated. The travesty was done with liveliness and vigour; and in one of his addresses Mr. Buckingham alluded to this *jeu d'esprit* as his own, though his only merit in the case was the selection and adoption of the article as editor. There was in truth something of the quack and much of the tradesman in the man, though in the main he was a person of good intentions. He certainly exaggerated his pecuniary and personal losses in India, gave them an undue prominence, and repeated the tale with a pertinacity which was almost nauseating, and offensive to good taste. But considering that he had to begin the world anew at forty-five, much allowance ought to be made for a man more than half ruined. Though a fluent speaker, and with gentlemanly manners and address, Silk Buckingham could never secure a willing hearing in St. Stephen's. It is true that he was not a man of depth or research, that he was without classical learning, without imagination, originality, genius, or eloquence, and that he possessed no variety of style or manner; but nevertheless men of less merit and more dulness than the member for Sheffield were listened to, because



they had the good taste not to pertinaciously thrust themselves into notoriety. Mr. Buckingham's articles in his newspapers and reviews for the most part resembled his speeches; they were too wordy, were wanting in nerve and sinew, and were without that compression and compactness necessary to good periodical writing. His classical allusions were derived from Lempriere's *Dictionary*, but even these attempts at erudition leisurely got up might have passed muster, had he not set on foot a plan for circumnavigating the globe by subscription, in a ship commanded by himself. So specious and plausible was the individual, however, that there were not wanting men of high rank and considerable political and literary standing, who gave their five, ten, and twenty guineas to the accomplishment of this voyage, paying their money into the bank of Ransom and Co. in Pall Mall East. But the voyage never took place, though a parliamentary lecturing tour was undertaken in lieu of it during the years 1833, 1834, and 1835.

The last project of Mr. Buckingham was the getting up of a kind of hotel club, library, and news-room, of which he was the manager, in George-street, Hanover-square. This, after a short existence, went in the way of all his projects, and at the twelfth hour this showy specious man of many literary, mercantile, and marine projects obtained a pension from the East India Company. He did not enjoy it very long, being called to the other world soon after, while writing his autobiography. It may be urged that I have said too much of Mr. Buckingham; but when it is remembered that he founded three or four journals or periodicals, kept himself prominently before the public for twenty years, and succeeded in satisfying a constituency which is now represented by so accomplished and able a man as Mr. Roebuck, I do not conceive that he has been accorded undue prominence.

When in my twentieth year, in 1824, I was a great frequenter of

theatres, more especially of Drury Lane, where Sheridan's best comedies were then frequently and admirably played to fashionable houses. A galaxy of first-rate comedians then shone out resplendently in the theatrical hemisphere. There were Elliston, Dowton, Mathews, Munden, Knight, Jack Johnstone, Wrench, Harley *e tutti quanti*. I used frequently to observe in a box near me a dark-looking man wearing spectacles, with strong unmistakable Jewish features, apparently between fifty and sixty years of age. He was uniformly accompanied by an interesting, lady-like, and pretty woman, with nothing Jewish in feature, physiognomy, or manner. Inquiring of a friend who knew the town well who this Hebrew was, 'That,' said he, 'is the notorious Lewis Goldsmith, the proprietor and editor of the *Anti-Gallican Monitor*. In virtue of his being a member of the press, or rather the editor of a weekly journal, he is free of the house, and appears here almost every evening.' And who, I asked, is that interesting and pretty young woman of three or four and twenty, who sits by his side and pays him such attention? 'Some there are,' he replied, 'who say she is the daughter, and some the niece of Goldsmith, though there is, as you observe, nothing Jewish in her cast of countenance; while others say she is his wife or daughter. All I know is, that she may be daily seen walking with him in many places of public resort.' Be this, however, as it may have been, the *Anti-Gallican Monitor* was a journal then of some standing, commenced, I believe, at the close of 1809 or the beginning of 1810. It appeared once a week, and was published in Catherine-street, Strand, just near to Drury Lane Theatre. At first, I have heard, the paper had a considerable circulation, as Lewis Goldsmith had lived long abroad, and was believed to know a good deal about foreign cabinets and politics, then but little understood in England; but the improbability and extravagance of some



of the statements in his paper appeared to readers so great, that they did not continue to purchase it for any length of time. I do not believe I had read more than a number or two of the *Monitor*, and then by hap-hazard, before I first laid eyes on the editor; but after hearing a good deal of his history from a friend, the man and his journal excited some interest in me, and I looked at a few numbers before its demise, which occurred shortly afterwards. Possessing a good deal of information as to the characters and views of French politicians, this special knowledge of Goldsmith was neutralized by a spirit of exaggeration and personality. Soon after Lewis was missed from his accustomed box at Drury Lane. He had again settled in Lutetia in the autumn of 1824, a city which he left in 1809 or 1810. Passing through Paris in the autumn of 1824, I again saw his remarkable face at the *Variétés* and afterwards in the Rue de Rivoli, with his fair friend leaning on his arm; but it was not till the following year of 1825 that I met him visiting in a house in the Rue de la Paix, where I was making a morning call. In this house, and at others, we occasionally met afterwards between 1825 and 1830, and I within that period learned a good deal of a journalist and pamphleteer who was pretty notorious at three different epochs as connected with newspapers both in London and Paris.

Lewis Goldsmith, whatever may have been the fact with respect to his father, was born in London, of Jewish parents, in 1775 or 1776. He himself always professed the religion of his family; and in early life removed with them to Berlin. In 1797, he was a student of the university of that capital, but soon left Prussia for Paris, where he became enamoured of the doctrines of the Revolution. In 1799 or 1800 he re-visited England; and at the close of the latter year published a thick pamphlet, called the *Crimes of Cabinets*, or a review of the plans and aggressions of the coalesced Powers of Europe to annihilate

what he was pleased to call the liberties of France, and to dismember her territory. Such were the extreme opinions expressed in this work, that the bookseller who had agreed to bring it out refused to publish it; and the consequence was that Goldsmith sold it himself at No. 5, Thavies-inn, Holborn, where he had commenced the business of a notary public. Being, however, threatened with a public prosecution by the Attorney-General, he returned to Paris by the circuitous route of the Hague, furnished with a letter from M. Otto to M. de Sémonville, Ambassador of France in Holland. Sémonville provided Goldsmith with a passport for Paris, where, after a short interval, he issued the prospectus of a journal called *The Argus*, or *Londres revu à Paris*, intended to be published in the English language. On issuing this prospectus, Goldsmith, in his *Secret History of the Cabinet of Bonaparte*, tells us that Talleyrand sent for him, and offered, on the part of the Government, to take three hundred copies on certain conditions. 'Il me parla (says the Israelite) de cet objet en termes éloignés. Je le compris : je répondis.' 'Je ne loue pas et je ne vends pas ma plume pour de l'argent.' To this Talleyrand replied, 'Vous êtes un niais, au reste écrivez comme vous voudrez; vous n'aurez pas de censeur; vous ne serez pas soumis aux restrictions de la police.' The simple Hebrew, if we are to credit his own account, believed in the assurances of the ex-Bishop of Autun, that he should be left full liberty, and not forced to insert articles of which he disapproved. But it soon became apparent to him that Talleyrand, to use his own French, 'eut le dessein d'enlacer un Anglois trop confiant.' Within four days after the appearance of his newspaper sheet, it was apparent to Goldsmith that he was under the censorship of a person calling himself André, who also went by the name of D'Arbelle, whom he describes as 'Un des espions de Talleyrand ou pour parler plus correctement son ame damnée.' Nor only was the

too-confiding Lewis under the censorship, but the ex-Bishop sent the poor deceived Israelite batches of articles, some attacking the British Government, some attacking the Opposition. 'Tant que je le pris (says he), je resistai.' But like 'le moineau pris à la glu,' in the fable, Goldsmith was smeared with the French official birdlime, and could not fly back to Thavies-inn, Holborn. Every day he wrote to Talleyrand or M. Hauteville (whose work on the state of France he translated into English), complaining of André, and of the want of good faith with which he was treated. He wished, he said, to establish an impartial journal; but instead of this he was daily forced to insert in the *Argus* the most disgusting flatteries of the First Consul, and the grossest abuse of the King and Royal Family of Great Britain. The patience of this virtuousman was at length exhausted, and the independent fellow, in an excess of agony, declared, 'Qu'il aimeroit mieux rédiger un journal à Alger qu'à Paris, qu'il aimeroit mieux briser ses presses que de souffrir l'insertion d'articles aussi abominables.'

The next day he received a letter from one Ragot, signing himself Propriétaire Editeur of the *Argus*, and announcing to him that he was no longer editor. This was the way in which matters connected with the press were managed some sixty years ago in France; and it is, we very much regret to say, not very unlike the manner in which they are managed now, in this year of grace 1862. Goldsmith, however, speedily sought an interview with his successor, who coolly told him, 'Dorénavant vous pourrez vous dispenser de paroître au bureau.' This intimation was anything but palatable to him; but when the ex-editor was informed that if he did not comply he would be arrested, he discreetly yielded, and no longer darkened the doors of the office with his forbidden presence. He had already had a hard time of it for four weary months, and notwithstanding his compliances, was now sent adrift. He thus

naïvely describes his pitiable position:—'Je me trouvais dans la situation dans laquelle Voltaire peint Zadig. J'étois accusé par des personnes d'un côté de la Manche d'être partisan de la France, et par celles de l'autre côté d'être dans les intérêts de l'Angleterre. Je n'étois ni l'un ni l'autre; je voulais être impartial: j'étois cosmopolite.' This fine world-citizenship may do vastly well for Israelites who have no country; but it will not go down with downright Christian Englishmen, who are suspicious of and mistrust it. The truth, according to contemporary testimony, is, that Goldsmith, after his connexion with the *Argus* had ceased, was sent on several secret missions into Germany; one of which had for its object to watch the agents of the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.; the other to obtain information as to the course likely to be pursued by the English Cabinet. While executing these secret services he was on the best terms with the French Government. He had commenced a translation of *Blackstone* into French, which was to be dedicated by permission to Cambacères. The prospectus was printed, and advertisements inserted in the *Moniteur*; but a few days after the Jew's return from one of his secret trips to Germany, Fouché sent him word that if he attempted to go on with the translation of *Blackstone*, he should be sent to the Hôpital de Fous, the French St. Luke's, at Charenton. It is probable the Minister of Police suspected the fidelity of his, or rather of Bonaparte's, agent; for as Pourceaugnac, in Molière, says, 'Entre nous autres fourbes de la première classe nous ne faisons que nous jouer.'

Be this, however, as it may, the clever cosmopolite was forced, after some *pour parler*, to leave Paris again for London, at the close of 1809. Here he made preparations to commence the *Anti-Gallican*. After some little difficulty, and some revelations made to the authorities, he was permitted by our Government to go on with the journal, and he simultaneously prepared his *Secret History of the*



*Cabinet of Napoleon*, and a number of pamphlets. The history is a most curious book. There is undoubtedly a great deal of truth in it, which could only be arrived at by personal intercourse with the parties; truth, spiced occasionally with palpable falsehoods and misstatements. No dispassionate inquirer doubts that Bonaparte was a faithless, perfidious, and unprincipled man, of inconceivable pettiness of mind and despicable paltriness, governed by intense selfishness and insatiable ambition. That he was deterred by no scruple in the commission of crimes which he deemed necessary to his success, appears from his whole history, but most especially from the murder of the Duke d'Enghien.

I am not one of those, therefore, who would stand up for Bonaparte's honour, his principle, his morality, or his respect for human life, in cases where he believed individuals were dangerous rivals to his pretensions or to his power. But with all his vehemence, villainess, and malignity of disposition, I do not believe that Bonaparte would take away human life needlessly or gratuitously. Yet if we are to believe Lewis Goldsmith, he poisoned his first love when at the school of Brienne. He caused Admiral Villeneuve to be strangled at Rennes, Cardinal Caprera to be poisoned at Fontainebleau; he assassinated Kleber, he caused Desaix to be poniarded between the shoulders, and shot at from behind, after he had rendered him a signal service on the field of battle. He also attempted, it is stated, by a secret agent named Guillet, to poison Louis XVIII. If we are to believe the *Histoire Secrète*, one of the aides-de-camp of Desaix was an accomplice in this murder. Here are Goldsmith's words:—"Aussitôt après ce meurtre, Savany et Rapp furent nommés aides-de-camp de Buonaparte, "Je n'ai jamais entendu affirmer que Rapp, ait en part à cet assassinat."

Nor was it only generals, according to Lewis Goldsmith, who were thus got rid of, for he alleges that Admiral Bruix was also poisoned

by the Emperor, the tyrant never having forgiven the old seaman for drawing his sword when Bonaparte struck him. The Napoleon receipt for causing arsenic to be effective without leaving any traces, is even set forth at length in the *Histoire Secrète*; charges are also made against Napoleon of having kicked and cuffed his brother Lewis, of having repeatedly struck his Grand Judge and Minister of Justice, Regnier; of having insulted and struck women; and of having flung a candlestick at Perrecaux the banker, an indignity which ultimately caused his death. These brutal violences may all be, and probably are, true, for it is well known that the Emperor was a man of ungovernable temper, of very bad manners, and no respecter of sex or persons. But when Goldsmith proceeds to state that Bonaparte ordered the servant of Georges to be tortured, and caused the most frightful tortures to be inflicted on Captain Wright, of the English navy, such as the thumb-screw, and the application of a hot iron to his larded feet, directing a hand and an arm of the victim to be successively cut off when the Englishman refused to reveal anything connected with the British Government, and ultimately causing the brave sailor to be strangled, one, for the honour of human nature, must refuse credence to such revolting, monstrous, and seemingly incredible statements. Yet, apart from the details touching Bonaparte himself, whom Goldsmith calls 'aventurier misérable,' 'obscur vagabond,' 'vagabond étranger,' it must be admitted that in most of the statements as to the court, family, and brothers of the Emperor, his marshals and ministers, the author is singularly correct. This has been made clear since the *Histoire Secrète* was published, from the verbal revelations of Talleyrand, the memoirs of Ségur, of Bourrienne, of de Baussez, of Madame d'Abrantès, of Mademoiselle Cochelet, and a multitude of others not necessary to name here. Goldsmith, it is evident, must have seen a good deal of Bonaparte per-



sonally, and he states that for a period of four months he conversed with Talleyrand every day.

With Fouché, also, and d'Hauteville (whose pamphlet, *Etat de la France à la fin de l'An VIII.*, he translated into English), he had much intercourse; and it should be further stated that as a practising notary, and as sworn interpreter of the French Courts of Justice, and of the *Conseil des Prises*, he had opportunities of acquiring information possessed by no Englishman of his day. As, therefore, he does not misstate facts, or romance when speaking of the court and camp, of the ministers and generals of Bonaparte, there are some who would infer that he does not exaggerate or libel the First Consul or Emperor himself; but my answer is, that there appears in every line of the *Histoire Secrète* a blind and reckless hatred of Napoleon, aptly described in the *Amphitruon* of Molière—

Un courroux inflexible,  
Un vif ressentement, un dépit invincible.

I do not, therefore, conclude that *all* he urges is false, but I wholly disbelieve in the motiveless murders and causeless crimes which he attributes to Bonaparte.

I have said that Goldsmith returned to Paris in 1824. He soon insinuated himself into the good graces of the able and politic Villèle, who gave him facilities for obtaining authentic information for his *Statistics of France*, published by Hatchard, in Piccadilly, in 1832. This work, undertaken under the auspices of the minister Villèle, was also dedicated to him. It was a useful compilation, and might have been profitably referred to on many subjects, till the Revolution of 1848. I have the work before me now, but although almost every page was annotated for me by a minister of Charles X., and one of the ablest administrators of France, much of the information is now obsolete.

When I became a little better acquainted with Goldsmith in the course of the years 1825 and 1826, he informed me that he had con-

vinced Lord Whitworth that he had not written the articles in the *Argus*, addressed to the seamen of the British navy, exciting them to mutiny and revolt, and that he exhibited, both to Lord Whitworth and Mr. Mandeville, an attaché of the British mission in Paris, whom I well knew, the MS. of these articles, written in the Bureau des Affaires Etrangères.

It is within my knowledge that, from 1825 to 1833, Lewis Goldsmith was on a friendly footing at the English embassy at Paris, while he also enjoyed from 1825 to 1830 the acquaintance and countenance of men so considerable as Villèle, Martignac, La Bourdonnaye, and Polignac. From 1829 to 1840, and probably even antecedently, he was on friendly terms with Tom Barnes, editor of the *Times*, at whose house I met him so late as 1840. That he frequently communicated foreign information and news to the *Times*, I have no manner of doubt. I do not, however, affirm that he ever wrote in that journal unless as a foreign correspondent. Goldsmith was a person thoroughly well acquainted with the politicians, diplomatists, generals, secret agents, and spies of the Consulate, the Empire, and a portion of the Restoration; and he also well enough knew the writers and contributors of the Continental, and more especially of the French and North German press. But apart from this specialty, in which he excelled, he was not distinguished. He wrote and spoke German and French as well as English, with fluency and correctness; and these, in the era in which he lived, were and would still be considered no mean accomplishments. But he was not a man of high intellect or a subtle dialectician, or the master of an eloquent or vigorous style, though he might have been useful in discovering or sounding public opinion, and finding out the intentions and policy of foreign Ministers. He died, I have heard, in Paris, a very short while before the fall of Louis Philippe, in his eighty-second or eighty-third year—in that Paris in

which he had spent, as he used to say, some of the happiest years of his existence. At the period of his death he was, I believe, the only Hebrew connected with English journalism, though there were several of that faith connected with German journals. Now, however, we have not only Hebrew editors, reporters, and writers, but Hebrew doctors, attorneys, and barristers.

In the early spring of 1828 a French friend in Paris requested me to make a proposition on his behalf to Mr. Thwaites, then proprietor and editor of the *Morning Herald* newspaper, a journal at the period in question second only in circulation to the *Times*. I had heard a great deal of this Mr. Thwaites a few months before in London, and of the efforts which he was making to raise the circulation of a paper of the copyright of which he had recently become possessed. Thwaites had not been bred to journalism, and had no pretensions to literature of any kind. He was a native of, and I have heard a shopkeeper in, Manchester; and having made some money there as a draper or haberdasher, resolved to embark in the career of journalism. He purchased the *Morning Herald* for a small sum, I believe, and forthwith assumed the editor's chair. He had peculiar notions on currency, trade, and politics, and deemed it his especial mission to daily ventilate his views and put his crotchets, commercial and financial, forward. Never before or since were such leaders written, as by this enterprising but conceited little man. It was not merely that they were inconsequential and illogical, but penned in the strangest dialect—a kind of Lancashire English, in which Priscian's head was broken in every sentence, in which there were breaches of concord, solecisms, and barbarisms without number. One advantage the articles certainly had, and one only. They were exceedingly short, seldom extending beyond half a column. But albeit such hash was made of the leaders, other portions

of the paper were greatly improved by the Manchester haberdasher. For instance, the Parliamentary reports were abridged, and the spirit and substance given, rather than long repetitions. Then the police reports were rendered a most attractive feature of the paper. They were given in a truly graphic and dramatic form, and were the most amusing reading of the day. A Mr. Waite, I believe, introduced this system of police reporting at Bow-street Office, and at once raised the circulation of the *Herald* several thousands. Dramatic criticisms, too, were written at the suggestion of Mr. Thwaites, in a more pithy and pungent style than heretofore adopted, and criminal trials at home and abroad were reported more graphically and at much greater length than in any other London morning paper. A more extensive and anecdotic correspondence from some of the principal capitals of Europe also appeared; and all these new features gave a fillip to the journal, which was daily rising in circulation. Several of the contributors were foreigners, and among others the Paris correspondent, one Don Andres Borrejo, a Spaniard, who has since become somewhat notorious as a journalist at Madrid.

My French friend was desirous of corresponding with Mr. Thwaites, and, as he was an advocate, of furnishing him accounts of extraordinary trials occurring at the Cour d'Assises. I wrote to the important man on a Thursday, stating the facts as I have jotted them down; and on the Friday afternoon received a reply, giving me rendezvous for twelve o'clock on Saturday at the *Morning Herald* office in Shoe-lane. I was ushered into a back-room either on the ground or the first-floor, in which there was a stand-up desk and some office-stools, from one of which a self-important, pompous little man, of about five feet seven inches, descended, bowing to me with grotesque formality. Soon I got '*in medias res*,' and made the proposition suggested by the Frenchman. After inquiring into the character



and attainments of my friend, the editor and proprietor said, 'Let him give us a "touch of his quality;" and if the first few articles are published, he may go on on a scale to be agreed on hereafter.' To this proposition I assented; and Mr. Thwaites then launched into the subject of general newspaper management, which I could see was a favourite theme with him. 'An Englishman,' said he, 'acquainted with commercial pursuits ought to be at the head of a daily London newspaper as editor and manager; but for critics, for parliamentary reporters, for men of all work, give me Irishmen and Scotchmen. These fellows, many of them bred up for Romish priests and Scottish pastors, have great alertness and flexibility; more especially is this the case with the Irish; and neither of them have had too much beef and beer in early life, like Englishmen of the same social status. Their heads are, therefore, clearer than those of Englishmen; they do not run to fat; they can get through more work in a given time; and they do not stand so much on dignity or punctilio.' As I somewhat laughed at this theory, Mr. Thwaites proceeded to detail his own experiences. 'Look you,' said he, 'I have here under me a dozen or more reporters, five of whom are Irish, four Scotch, and only three British, and of the three British, only one is to compare with the Irish or Scotch for readiness and handiness.' This last was the very word he used. 'All the articles,' said he, 'in the London papers, with the exception of the *Herald*, are too long by half, and they deal too much in man-worship—man-worship, literary and political. Nothing here goes down in literature (he continued) but Walter Scott and the *Waverley Novels*, as nothing went down in politics a year ago but Canningism. Now, I wish to see an end of this; for there's a deal of nonsense in these *Waverley Novels*; they are, in fact, sad trash; and there's a deal of nonsense in Canningism, too, which I have done my best to write down. But the writing in the London news-

papers, sir, is too fine and flowing, and too lengthy and farfetched for men in business. A leader, sir,' said he, 'should be short, pithy, and business-like, just written in the style of the circular of a Liverpool commercial house, like Ewart, Myers, and Co.'s productions. There are no leaders worth reading, sir, in any daily journal but the *Herald*, excepting those written on agriculture in the *Chronicle*, and those are written by a man who was a farmer of note.' This was said with great apparent earnestness and sincerity, though in indifferent English. About three weeks after this, I again saw Thwaites on the affair of my French friend. His personal conceit and sense of self-importance appeared still greater than on the first occasion; but it was a conceit largely saturated with shrewdness and business tact. Somehow or other, however, under his management and editorship the *Herald*, though as to leaders ridiculously written, prospered in a pecuniary sense, and shot a-head of the *Chronicle* in circulation. But Thwaites had not an idea of grammar or rhetoric, and probably had never read any books in his life but the Bible, Shakspeare, and his own ledger and cash books. He saw the necessity of having a priority of news, and also of making his journal light, various, and amusing in its general matter and contents. He also saw the advantage of professing an orthodox Pittism and Protestantism, articles of great gain in 1827 and 1828; indeed, till the passing of the Reform Bill, an event which Mr. Thwaites did not long survive. After his death the proprietors of the *Herald* did not pull harmoniously together, and the result was a Chancery suit detrimental to the interests of a paper which Mr. Thwaites, though not a scholar or a literary man, raised very much in general circulation.

Another writer of newspapers with whom I became acquainted in 1827, was the late Horace Twiss. I was first introduced to him in March, 1827, in a committee-room of the House of Commons, of which



he was then a member, by the late Richard Martin, member for Galway county, of facetious memory, and within a week of that period had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner at the house of a common friend, a brother barrister. Though Twiss did not rank very high in the estimation of his own profession as a man of sound learning or accurate scholarship, yet he always appeared to me to merit a far higher position than he attained either in the courts of law or even in the House of Commons, where he ranked higher than on his circuit or in the Court of Chancery.

But the truth was, that in early life he had to contend with narrow circumstances, and being connected with a family of authors and actors (his father was Fras. Twiss, the author of an unhappy tour in Ireland, much ridiculed, and he was nephew of the Kembles), he was looked on with some disfavour by his professional brethren. When Twiss became a student of the Inner Temple, in 1806, he had been for a couple of years antecedently a newspaper reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons, and men connected with the press were not then looked on favourably by benchers or leaders of circuits. Irrespective of these considerations, Twiss was a person of versatile powers, who was at everything in the ring. He wrote for the stage, he wrote pamphlets, political and literary, he wrote prologues, epilogues, satires and songs, and made enemies of the envious and jealous-minded, who allow no merit to men of varied powers. He was also a *bon vivant*, a diner-out and a storyteller, and a man of convivial habits, and of an eminently social and clubbable turn. It is often erroneously concluded that such men cannot by any possibility be learned or skilled in professional lore; for, as Hume says in his philosophical works, an ancient prejudice is propagated by dunces in all countries, that a man of genius cannot be profound, and is unfit for business. Now, though Twiss was not a man of genius, yet he was a person of quick faculties, of

varied attainments, fluent, ready-witted, and prompt at repartee, with faculties far above the average. These qualities excite more ill-will than admiration in a profession so highly competitive as the Bar, and when Horace Twiss joined the Oxford Circuit and the Hereford Sessions in 1811, he was not popular with the leaders, nor with such juniors as Taunton, Campbell, and Ludlow. But men like Pearson, Maule, and Henry Shepherd (the son of Lord Chief Baron Shepherd), though quizzing him occasionally, were for giving him fair play and a fair start. The consequence was that he took a respectable place at the Hereford Sessions, was one of the leaders of sessions, and led it when he left the circuit in 1824 or 1825. Though Horace never gained general business at the Equity bar, yet there were many men practising at it making considerable incomes who had not a tithe of his ability or half his power of clear statement. It was said by attorneys and solicitors, 'Mr. Twiss is undoubtedly a clever man—a very clever man—but then he writes so much for newspapers and periodicals, he composes so many pamphlets and books, and attends so constantly in the House of Commons, that he cannot be a good working practical lawyer.' Though not, certainly, profound as a lawyer, he was much more competent than many who had ten times his professional success. In the House of Commons, before he became an official, Horace Twiss always spoke clearly and collectedly; and I remember hearing him make a very ingenious and a purely legal speech on the Roman Catholic question in 1825 or 1826. Soon after Twiss had become Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, I remember meeting him a good deal in general society in Paris, in November and December, 1828. He was not a particle changed by this promotion, and was the same chatty, agreeable, good-humoured, anecdotal man I found him in the year previously, when living in Serle-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. His sojourn in office was, unfortunately for

himself, very short ; but when his political friends left the Treasury, he returned to the bar as good-humouredly and unpretendingly as though he had never been an Under Secretary of State for the Colonies. His performances in this latter capacity were very creditable indeed. I have heard old stagers in the House of Commons who were not partial to Twiss, and who were not of his party, say that, with the exception of Viscount Palmerston, who was Secretary at War for twenty years, and Wilson Croker, who was Secretary of the Admiralty for nearly as long a period, no man in their remembrance did his business better. Indeed, his manner, style, and tone were far better than those of Croker, who, though a sharp and clever man, was generally pert, presumptuous, and underbred. Twiss, though not wanting in 'modest assurance,' and a proper power of self-assertion, was not an over-forward or presuming man, or injudiciously or impudently demonstrative. He was not like Croker, *né malin*, and essentially ill-natured ; on the contrary, when in office he was not ashamed of the friends of his humbler youth, and would do an old Parliamentary reporter, an old editor, or a brother barrister, a good and friendly turn if in his power. The Reform Bill, it need hardly be said, put an end in a great degree to Twiss's political career, though he represented Bridport in the session of 1836. Not very long afterwards he lost his seat, and again more eagerly sought business in Chancery, and more especially in the Bankruptcy Court, in which there was undoubtedly an opening for a man of his quickness. But somehow or other he was not so successful as he deserved to be. Attorneys and solicitors were wont to say—'He is still occupied about politics, he gives himself up to writing the Life of Eldon ; and you may daily see him loitering about the lobby of the House of Commons.'

It was true Twiss was for several years engaged in writing the Life of Eldon—a very creditable per-

formance, by the way, though somewhat too diffuse ; but it should be remembered that a great deal of the matter in Lord Eldon's *Life* was connected with law, and with the regulation and administration of the Court of Chancery. As to his loitering about the House of Commons, he was there in the performance of a most laborious duty confided to him by the proprietors, editors, and manager of the *Times* newspaper—a duty he executed with zeal and eminent ability. More than five-and-thirty years antecedent to the time of which I am speaking, Twiss had been a parliamentary reporter, one of the regular staff of the *Times* ; and when he applied at an age on the shady side of fifty to give a summary of the debate in the Lower House, they at once, and it is greatly to their credit, acceded to his wishes. He performed the task ably, and continued to perform it till his death in, I think, the year 1848 or 1849. The death-stroke fell upon him in an awfully sudden manner. He was preparing to go to a board meeting of a life assurance company, of which he was a director, and fell down in a fit of apoplexy in proceeding up the stairs to enter the board-room. He was a man of rather full habit, a large eater, one of those described by Sallust as prone '*ventri obediencia*.' I have heard men say who lived in daily habits of familiarity with Twiss, which I never did, that he was the largest feeder in the House of Commons, with the exception of the late Sir Robert Peel, and the largest feeder in England, with the exception of the late Lord Cottenham and Stephen Price, the Yankee patentee of Drury Lane Theatre. I once made myself a short sea excursion with Twiss and Stephen Price, who were sworn friends. I well remember that on this occasion the pair enjoyed for lunch a small chicken turbot, with lobster sauce, and a small shoulder of lamb, with dressed salad, at half-past one, and that both dined sumptuously afterwards, at seven, on turtle and venison. It is true we had been



seven or eight hours at sea; but making all due allowance for invigorating and appetizing breezes, the performance of these remarkable diners-out was a wondrous feat in what Rabelais or Montaigne, I forget which, calls '*la science de la gueule*,' or, as a pedant would say, in gulosity. I believe that Twiss wrote a good deal in the *Quarterly*, when under the editorship of Gifford and subsequently of Serjeant, afterwards Justice Coleridge. He also wrote in the *John Bull* occasionally, and, I have heard and believe, in the *Times*, on legal and parliamentary subjects. Moore, in his *Journal*, speaks disparagingly of Twiss, though he enjoyed his hospitality, and affects to sneer at Serle-street dinners. This is really too insufferable. At these Serle-street dinners vilipended by the parvenu poet, the toady and obsequious follower of every human entity or nonentity with a title, Castlereagh, Canning, Lords Eldon and Stowell, Lords Dudley and Ward, Dr. Copleston, Sir Walter Scott, and other celebrated men in the world of politics and literature, used to congregate, and none of them were so ill-bred or so ill-natured as to depreciate their *Amphitryon* as Moore has done, or to sneer at the household and fare.

A year previously to 1829—i.e., in the summer of 1828—I knew for the first time the late Mr. W. F. A. Delane. He was then serving his terms at an inn of court, and reporting law for the *Times*, in town and on the circuits. It was in a circuit court in a cathedral town I first saw him, on the first circuit I ever travelled. He sat at the further end of a seat two places removed from me in the back row of a criminal court. He was assiduously taking notes of a trial for murder, and had sketched a most accurate likeness of the murderer. Struck by his cheerful look of ruddy health and pleasant, laughing manner, I after a while entered into conversation with him, and learned that he was reporting the circuit for the great journal,—a most laborious office. 'How do you

manage,' said I, 'with such constant confinement in the close and noisome atmosphere of a crowded court, to wear so jocund and healthful a look? From your high health and green cut-away coat, with brass buttons, I should take you to be a gentleman farmer or a sportsman who has come to while away an hour in listening to the trial of a poacher murderer, and not a law student working at law reporting for the *Times*.' 'Appearances,' said he, 'are deceptive; but as you look delicate and suffering, I will give you my recipe for what you call high health. I am up every morning between five and six, and ride the circuit from one town to another, taking as much exercise in the open air as I can on horseback, in drags, and on foot. Thus,' he observed, 'I am fit for work; as what with commission days and the distance between circuit towns, I have only four days of confinement in court, against which I set two days in the saddle in the open air. Then,' said he, 'I escape judges' and bar dinners, which you do not, and live as simply as I can.' When the circuit was over, the shattered state of my health obliged me to go abroad to a more genial clime. On my return to England, the place of Mr. Delane was occupied by Mr. Godson, a barrister, subsequently M.P. for Kidderminster; and I learned that the excellent business habits and high character of my new acquaintance had secured to him the general management and conduct of the *Times* paper,—a position of great trust, and even though divided between two, of immense responsibility. Some time afterwards, it was my fate to come again into contact with Mr. Delane, and I can aver that a more intelligent, active, pleasant, and friendly man it never has been my good fortune to meet. Placed in a most difficult and invidious position, he knew how to conciliate the interests of the proprietors of the great journal with those of the writers and contributors, and I believe he fully satisfied both. I had myself experience of his tact,



honourable feeling, and ability, and I am bound to render justice. A great deal of the prestige and power of the *Times* is due to his masterly organization of a quarter of a century ago, to his choice of agents and instruments, to his

judicious selection of writers and contributors. To have achieved these objects, a man must have had no ordinary sagacity and tact; should I not rather say, must have had high talent and rare power of discrimination?

### THE LATE JOHN ADOLPHUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'FRASER'S MAGAZINE.'

May, 1862.

SIR,—In your number for this month I find an article ('Editors, and Newspaper and Periodical Writers of the Last Generation, by an Old Apprentice of the Law') containing a biographical notice of my father, the late John Adolphus, very ably written, and, upon the whole, with great candour and kindness. I cannot trace the hand from which it proceeds, but guess it to be the same which, also in *Fraser* (No. clxxxviii. p. 170), bestowed a short but handsome eulogium on my father in 1845, the year of his death.

In your present article I must ask permission to correct a few inaccuracies. The subjects to which they relate may not be of very general concern, but that which is worth publishing is worth setting right; and every one conversant with historical and biographical discussion knows how often traditions seemingly trivial, which have passed unchallenged in their earlier day, are pressed into services where they acquire an importance, collaterally and incidentally, which at first no one would have ascribed to them. I proceed, therefore, to my list of errors.

My father was born, not in 1765 or 1766, but in 1768, August 7th. His grandfather, not his father, was domestic physician, not surgeon, to Frederic the Great. The subject of your correspondent's memoir might have said to you, with Prince Prettyman in *The Rehearsal*,

'Ah, you just Gods, rob me not of a father!'

The family domicile of the physician was at Cleeves. He wrote an indifferent satirical romance in French, of which I possess two copies, called *Histoire des Diables Modernes*, dated à Londres, 1763. In Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica* (Edinburgh, 1824), it is erroneously attributed to my father. The author of the *Diables* dedicates it to the King of Prussia, and protests that, on a near examination of 'Scipio, Cæsar, Augustus, Cato, Epaminondas, Frederic the Great Elector of Brandenburg, Louis XIV., Marshal Turenne, the Duke of Marlborough, and

Prince Maurice of Saxony,' he cannot find among all of them 'la grande âme et les traits sublimes' of the present Frederic. In courtliness, certainly, the doctor's family has degenerated since his day.

His son, the only male of twenty-three children, came to England very young, on the decease of the doctor. By the indulgence of a wealthy uncle residing in Sackville-street, then a very fashionable quarter, and afterwards in Cleveland-court, St. James's, he enjoyed the unfortunate privilege of living as 'a gentleman about town,' for which he was well qualified by a handsome person and a readiness in acquiring outward accomplishments: and he never qualified himself for any profession. The fortune of his generous relative became impaired in his latter days, partly by the extinction of a life interest, and partly, I fear, by want of thrift. Some coolness arose between him and my grandfather; and the history of that gentleman was at last the too common one, a joyous youth and a straitened old age. My father owed his early education (not a complete one, but made precious by the energy and talents of the pupil), and his first outset in professional life, to the liberality of his great-uncle.

In 1793, my father married Miss Leycester—not Leicester, as your correspondent has it. Those who are curious on such points will find both names duly traced in Ormerod's *History of Chester*, vol. i. pp. 384, 456. She is described by your contributor as 'of White-place, Berks, a lady of some family and fortune.' It would have been more accurate to say, of good family and little fortune. Readers may think that the latter mistake might well enough have remained uncorrected; but it is material, as a biographical truth, that the rugged paths which my father climbed so resolutely in his early professional day were not smoothed by the wealth of his wife, though his toils were always lightened by her courage, good sense and affection.

Your correspondent intimates often,

and in various forms, that my father, before and during the period of his keeping terms for the bar, and even down to 1817 or 1818, was an habitual writer for the newspapers. From whom this information was derived, I know not, but I am certain that it is unfounded. He has said in his family, as I am told, that he never published a newspaper article in his life. This large denial may or may not have been grounded upon a strictly accurate remembrance; but there is no shadow of recollection in the minds of those nearest to him who now survive, nor, as far as I have known, is there any trace among his papers, of his having had any engagement or connexion with a public journal. In a small family, as ours was, living in the greatest confidence, the habits of a professional journalist could not have been veiled in mystery. During several of the years next preceding his call to the bar, I was the companion of his walks and the witness of his studies. My recollections, though of a boyish period, are strong; and I am confident that, during that time, his labours were not for the newspaper press. That he should have undertaken, or continued, the occupation of a public journalist after his call to the bar, will, I am sure, be pronounced impossible by all who lived in his intimacy: and if he had persevered in it down to 1817 or 1818, I have good reason for thinking that he would not in those years have left it off.

Neither, as I am fully convinced, did my father ever frequent the green-rooms, or write 'occasional criticisms on the performances,' though he had a tolerably large acquaintance among the actors, from John Kemble downwards; and his experience of the stage, beginning soon after the time of Garrick, was much older, not perhaps than his friend Jemmy Boaden's, but certainly than Hazlitt's or Leigh Hunt's. His knowledge of the drama generally was, I believe, more scholarlike and masterly by far than that of Hunt, Hazlitt, or Boaden, with whom (and with Stephen Jones, of whom I can say nothing), your correspondent compares him.

Your memoir is again not very correct when it states that, during some period expressed by the word 'meanwhile,' my father 'exercised' 'his tongue at the principal debating societies of the metropolis.' I have heard him say, doubtless bearing in mind the early rhetorical exercises of Erskine and Garrow, that a determined student of oratory should hazard himself freely in debating societies, and not be too nice as to the arena: but I do not think this ever became his own

custom. By frequenting the law courts in the island of St. Kitt's, he came to the conclusion that to be an eminent barrister was the height of mortal felicity. He returned to England (in 1785) with a strong desire to excel in oratory. Once, at the celebrated Coachmakers' Hall, he 'assayed to speak,' and once he went, charged with an oration, to the Mitre in Fleet-street. Each time his intention was baffled. In 1790 he delivered a maiden speech at the King's Arms in the Poultry, and with good success: but in a memorandum, now before me, in which he records these adventures, it appears that he 'for eight years afterwards never spoke again.' And he says, 'I consider myself fortunate in not having followed my inclination, and become identified with the members of these societies: they were degenerate in ability and manners; and when minds had caught a frenzy from the revolution in France, they became 'an intolerable nuisance.' 'Clamour and ill behaviour, thumping of sticks, clattering of benches, and cries of *ça ira*,' were the common accompaniment of their debates. It must have been about the latter end of the century that my father joined the better-reputed society of the Athenians, a private club, meeting in Fleet-street, and generally attended by large audiences of invited visitors. Here he from time to time practised debate for many years.

The members were men of literature and of business. I remember seeing there, among others, Horace Twiss, who was pointed out (ironically by the ill-natured) as a rising star of literature and oratory; fluent, florid, and a Liberal (but that party name had not then been adopted in England); the late Lord Truro, if I remember rightly; Waithman, a sorry performer, and not yet a 'man of the people;' Kenny the dramatist, a speaker of few words but apt ones; Dubois, then a Temple student, a scholar and a true wit, but speechless in a debating-room; and Brownley (mentioned by your correspondent), a man of great though unmaturing talents, and a victim to gross excess: in his happier flights of eloquence he might have been described as a coarse copy of George Canning. A lesson of wisdom which he lavished on me as a schoolboy, was: 'Do not waste your strength in late reading: the midnight lamp kills more than the bottle.' He himself, poor man, succumbed to the weaker enemy.

Another club which my father often visited in and before his days of preparation for the bar, was the Eccentrics, an assemblage of humorists from every

class of 'men upon town.' They met in May's Buildings, and had, I believe, no plan but to take their refreshment and enjoy the whim of the hour under a kind of droll misrule: but their repute was such that a candidate for Westminster, as I have heard, never ventured in those days to finish his canvas without being made free of the Eccentrics. My father could not have acquired much oratory in this school, but he gained there one of his first, and not least brilliant, forensic triumphs. It was the practice that members who offended against the known, or unknown, laws of the society, were accused before an extempore tribunal, and mulcted according to the crime. One night, a very little attorney, named Freame, was observed supping on a very large fish, and was impeached for the enormity under a law probably invented for the occasion. My father pleaded his cause; and 'the defence lies,' he said, 'in a dozen words. Mr. Freame has done no more than realize the legend known to every school-boy,

I saw a pismire swallow up a whale.'

But it was not in the mere fencing-schools of debate that my father matured himself as a speaker, and acquired the reputation which opened for him a short road to success at the bar. There are many scenes of business where a man conversant with affairs, ready, courageous, and naturally eloquent, may render eminent service without bearing any professional character. In employments of this kind my father was much engaged, and attained a good deal of celebrity. In the great contests for the representation of Middlesex, between Byng, Burdett, and Mainwaring in 1802, and Mainwaring the younger and Burdett in 1804, he was the confidential adviser of the Mainwarings, father and son, and one of their most effective supporters at the hustings. Inhabiting for many years a tempestuous metropolitan parish, one of those which I have heard Sir James Scarlett compare to the turbulent little Italian republics of the middle ages, he was (what every one now is according to his own understanding of terms) a good Conservative and a friend of steady progress; and he sustained those characters in many a contest not wholly obscure at the time, though to dwell on such things now would be like calling up again the *certamina tanta* of Virgil's bees. The churchmen who in my father's day held the uneasy pre-eminence of Vicar of St. Pancras always found in him a warm friend and a sound adviser. One of these was Dr. Moore, famous in his earlier days as a Foundling-

hospital preacher; another, Dr. Middleton, predecessor of Moore, and afterward the first Bishop of Calcutta, my father's dear friend, an eminent scholar, of quiet and simple habits, and one of the most warm-hearted and single-minded men I ever had the happiness to know.

I do not believe that my father at any time exercised himself much in 'pamphleteering,' as your correspondent imagines. His manuscript catalogue of the large pamphlet collection in his library is made up with minute exactness, and I find in it only three tracts recognised as his own—*Reflections on the Causes of the present Rupture with France*, 1803; *A Letter to Robert Ward, Esq., M.P., occasioned by his Pamphlet, intituled, A View of the relative Situations of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington*, 1804 (anonymous, defending Addington, but not hostile to Pitt); and a treatise, 1824, on the then recent *Vagrant Act* and on the powers of justices of the peace. He wrote historical chapters in several volumes of Rivington's *Annual Register*, and was a not unfrequent contributor to the *British Critic*, while that review was edited by Dr. Nares, and, for a short time, by Dr. Middleton. He furnished some few papers to the *Monthly Mirror*, edited by his friend Dubois, and contributed to a highly respectable but short-lived magazine of the old school, the *British Magazine*, 1800. He took part, I believe, in establishing a light literary paper called the *Pic-nic*, which soon broke up, the public not bringing their quota to the entertainment. His latest essays in periodical literature were biographical sketches of Barons Garrow and Gurney, published in the *Law Magazine*.

As to his larger works, your correspondent states not quite correctly that he wrote 'biographical memoirs, not merely of the French Revolution, but also of the British Cabinet.' The contents of the *British Cabinet* were engraved portraits of eminent English men and women, selected without regard to historical connexion, and to which my father added biographical notices. It was published (in folio) by Harding, Pall Mall, in 1799. The *Biographical Memoirs* were lives (2 vols. 8vo, Cadell, 1799) of the persons who had borne principal parts in the French Revolution. Mr. Croker (and there could not be a better informed judge) characterizes it as 'the best English work—indeed, we may say the best work—on the subject.' (*Quarterly Review*, September, 1835; article reprinted in *Essays on the early Period of the French Revolution*, Murray, 1857, page 348, note.)



That my father should, at the age of seventy, undertake a new and carefully revised edition of his *History of the Reign of George III. down to 1783*, and a continuation (of which four volumes appeared), was a remarkable instance of resolution, more especially as his health was now much broken. It had been precarious, even from the year of his call to the bar; and in 1834 he had undergone, within one fortnight, operations for cataract in both eyes. His family endeavoured vainly to dissuade him from the new literary labour. But he cannot claim the credit your contributor gives him of being 'nothing daunted' by the supposed failure of his *Life of Bannister*. The preface to that book shows that, while writing the *Life*, he had been some time busied with the *History*. The *Life* was a tribute of affection to an old theatrical favourite and a dear friend and neighbour. It is no extravagance to say that 'Jack Bannister' was beloved both on and off the stage. Kind and joyous in himself, he inspired joy and kindness wherever he went. Some of his acting was of the highest class; and it was said that those who saw his 'Walter' in the 'Children in the Wood' (a happiness I have more than once enjoyed) saw a masterpiece of the school of Garrick.

I would give much that your correspondent were accurate in saying that an eighth volume of my father's *History* had been published since his decease. He did prepare several chapters and detached passages for it, and had made many notes. The pen was in his hand on the very night of his unlooked-for death. Since that time I have myself, after vainly endeavouring to obtain a continuation by some better qualified and more disengaged hand, announced that I would carry the work on, and I have done not a little towards redeeming this pledge; but the increased rather than, as I once hoped it might be, diminished pressure of other unavoidable labours, the immense accretion of new materials from year to year, the diminished power of dispensing with some intervals of relaxation, and the certainty—now too clear—that the *History of George III.* could not be completed in an eighth volume, have removed farther and farther off the hope of a termination. Yet I do not allow myself to despair of completing, if not the whole, at least so much of the intended work as may embody what my father left finished.

Enough, however, of myself, and

enough, you will perhaps say, of the whole discussion. But I must still ask room for one or two more comments. Your contributor tells that my father was consulted by Government on the State prosecutions against O'Connell and others, and gave useful advice to the Irish Attorney-General. It was for, not against, O'Connell that my father was professionally called upon to advise upon the indictment, the expected evidence, and the case generally—a strong testimony to his eminence as a criminal lawyer, for no two subjects of this realm could have had less sympathy with each other, except as counsel and client, than O'Connell and my father. The abstruse point on which ultimately O'Connell eluded his sentence did not and could not arise till after the verdict and judgment. My father's comments and advice were elaborate and voluminous, occupying thirteen folio pages. It is worth notice, though, to the honour of our bar, the case is not singular, that his most anxious consideration and his best efforts of oratory were, on several remarkable occasions, bestowed upon causes to which his own political prepossessions would most strongly have disinclined him. He conducted the defence, for instance, in one of the prosecutions in the King's Bench against Hart and White, the publishers of a wretched print called the *Independent Whig*, for a libel on the administration of justice in a trial for murder at sea.\* Never did he speak with more energy, or bear up more firmly against the Court; and I remember that he was completely, as the bar used to call it, inoculated with his cause. On the defence of Thistlewood and his comrades it is unnecessary to dwell. Nearly the whole responsibility of that painful case rested on my father's shoulders, for it may be said without ceremony that Curwood was quite unequal to the occasion. The only favourable point in the case was that it was so utterly bad. A sympathy was felt involuntarily for men who appeared as if already on the scaffold, especially for Thistlewood, now on his second treason trial. I remember him well; a man of decent presence and bearing, and who sat in the corner of the prisoners' dock, contemplating the course of the trial with a steadiness equally removed from fear and from effrontery. The incident mentioned by your contributor, that my father employed himself during part of these trials in reading French pamphlets, might seem to

\* There was a second case of the same kind tried a few days afterwards, in which, as your correspondent has noticed, Mr. Clifford was counsel for the same defendants. In neither had they a chance of acquittal.

betoken insensibility; but it must be remembered that the separate trials of five prisoners occupied several days, in which the course of proof ran repeatedly over nearly the same grounds.

I do not know, except in one instance, whether your correspondent's list of my father's early acquaintance among the refugee French be correct or not. On this, as on some other heads, his information is more particular than my own; and I do not pretend either to question or to confirm it. My father formed much acquaintance of this kind at the circulating library of a younger Hookham, at 100, New Bond-street; an establishment of some pretension, making a show of rivalry, but unsuccessfully, to the elder Hookham's, which keeps its ground still in Old Bond-street. At No. 100, in a pleasant, light-some rotunda behind the principal library, many emigrants habitually assembled to read, gossip, and discuss their complaints and their hopes. But Dumouriez was not known to my father till 1819 or 1820, when they were introduced to each other by Lieutenant-General Stevenson, at his house in Surrey. I remember the hero of Jemappe, a robust, vivacious old man, with burning brown eyes, a soldier's manner, not of the best school, and something of insolence in his address, which did not please ladies. The observations I heard on this subject agreed curiously with the testimony given on the same point by Madame Roland, many years before.\*

A still more remarkable French acquaintance made by my father, in 1820, was with Garat, who, as minister of justice, in 1793, delivered the sentence of death to Louis XVI. I met Garat at dinner at my father's; a bland, gentlemanly old man, accompanied by his daughter: pleased with the English, and enjoying London, which was new to him, with the innocence of a young boy. It was like a wild dream to see one who had acted such scenes in the revolutionary tragedy, still wearing his head, cheerful, simple, and agreeable in converse, and the guest of such a pure Royalist as the author of the *Biographical Memoirs*.

I have confessed that in some things I could not dispute, though I might not be prepared to adopt, your correspondent's information. The dialogue which he reports on the authority of Mr. Walesby is of this class. Perhaps Walesby may have heard it long before from some less trust-

worthy informant, and imagined that it passed in his own hearing. I cannot but doubt that the impertinent question was ever asked by any one, or that the vapid answer was returned by my father. Your correspondent, with the liberality which runs through his communication, surmises that Mr. Charles Phillips cannot have been correct in imputing to my father a certain offensive gesture directed towards him in court. Phillips was not the worst of men, but his assertions were sometimes loose, his conception of things now and then flighty. The feelings between him and my father might often be acrimonious, but they generally relapsed into kindness, as indeed was the case in most other instances where my father had bickerings with his contemporaries. But I cannot think that in any moment of impatience he permitted himself what your contributor justly terms a 'monstrosity.' There was, indeed, in the last generation a practice (but never going to this length) of plying the jury with a sort of by-play, stares, shrugs, laughs (I have even heard of winks), while the adverse counsel was addressing them. Chaste practitioners condemned, though few altogether refrained from it. But in some schools of practice it was so far recognised that, on one occasion, as I have heard, a grave elder of the Midland circuit, observing as he spoke that a youngster near him was giggling towards the jury, exclaimed, with a snarl of reproof, 'What occasion have you to laugh, sir? You are not in the cause.'

My father's library was removed from Percy-street, not immediately to Gower-street, but to a house in Bedford-square, which he purchased out of the small inheritance derived from his great-uncle and father. The greater part of this library, not indeed a first-rate collection, but stocked with something more than French history and tracts, pamphlets and facetiæ, is now in my hands. Your correspondent says, with a frankness which a little amused me, 'I have often been surprised that it has not been brought to the hammer.' No man should be over-confident of the future: my intention is to keep these books from the hammer while I live; but, should fortune deny me that satisfaction, your friendly and able correspondent shall have one of the first catalogues.—Believe me, sir, very faithfully yours,

JOHN LEYCESTER ADOLPHUS.

\* Not having the *Appeal* of Madame Roland at my hand, I can only refer, for her remark, to the *Biographical Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 423, article 'Dumouriez.'

## NOTES FROM NUMIDIA.—THE SAHARA.

WHEN Mr. Tristram, the enterprising explorer of the Great Sahara, describes El Kantara as a 'magnificent semi-alpine, semi-tropical scene,'\* he does no more than justice to its grandeur and beauty, at the same time he hits off the precise phrase to give the best idea of the features of this wonderful spot. Up above the palm-trees of the oasis, screening them from the north and west, rises a giant wall of limestone nearly eight hundred feet high, and over this tower the distant heights of the Djebel Mitili. Right and left this wall runs for miles, a line of grey precipices without a break, except the deeply-cut jagged notch where the Wed el Kantara, the 'Stream of the Bridge,' like a youth impatient of home restraint, bursts its way through the barrier, and sets out to see the world and find a sandy grave in the thirsty plains of the Sahara. At his first entrance into life the palms cluster round him like fair Dalilahs, bending their graceful heads over him, dipping their long tresses in his waters, as he winds among them, whispering softly to him, shading him tenderly from the noon-day sun, and then, as soon as they have had all they want of him, they leave him to wander alone over the barren plain and to die of premature absorption in a bibulous soil. From the high bank behind the Caravanserai, you look out over a sea of dark glossy green, flecked with the lighter tints of the fig and pomegranate, and, in autumn, with gleams of gold from the clusters of ripe dates that hang beneath the feathery branches. Through long colonnades of slender stems, you catch glimpses of a tangled wilderness of Arab gardens strewed with melons, gourds, pumpkins, and cucumbers; and here and there, peering through the plummy tops of the palm trees, rise the whitewashed domes of the marabouts, and the square brown watch-towers of the hidden town.

Down through the middle of this fair garden flows the Wed el Kantara, lolling lazily upon its bed, stretching itself out into scores of rivulets, taking every opportunity of loitering on its way, as if loth to leave those pleasant shades. Once it was my fortune to see it in a different mood. All day long the heat had been excessive, even for the Sahara. What little breeze there was, came like a blast fresh from a finishing academy of furnaces, and a hot yellow haze hung overhead, as if the sky was charged with curry powder. I had strolled out into the plain to a spot where I had seen some gazelles a day or two before, but there was something in the air that made me indifferent to the chance of sport at the certain cost of exertion. I do not think I should have had energy enough to attempt a stalk if a gazelle had appeared within two hundred yards of me. I tried a bath in a favourite pool in the river, but the water was almost tepid. There was nothing for it but to turn in and lie down. The caravanserai generally had yielded to the influences of the day. The 'humans,' as American writers call them, had all gone to sleep; the horses and mules had lost their appetites, and stood meditating over their fodder with drooping heads and pendulous ears; the cocks and hens, persuaded that some great tribulation was coming on the earth, had suddenly grown serious, and were preparing themselves for another world in one of the sheds; the only creature that gave any signs of animation was a fatuous old goat, tethered in the corner of the yard, who evidently thought that the temperature was meant as a personal affront to him, and stamped, and shook his head, and bleated petulantly, as if he could not and would not stand it. As I lay on my bed reading for about the tenth time how d'Artagnan and the Trois Mousquetaires rode out

\* *The Great Sahara: Wanderings South of the Atlas Mountains.* By H. B. Tristram.



of Paris, there came from outside a cry of 'ai, ai,' followed by a low roaring sound quite indescribable. There was a general turn out to the bank behind the caravanserai, where we found half the population of El Kantara already assembled. It was a wonderful scene that met our eyes. In our own immediate neighbourhood all was as before, dry, hot, and glaring, but high up on the distant mountain-tops there was wild work going on. All along the ridges of the Mitlili and over the Auress, great masses of indigo-coloured clouds were rolling about furiously, darting out streams of steel-blue lightning, and pouring down curtains of rain that chased each other along the sides of the ravines. But it was not the distant thunderstorm that had produced the panic; it was the river. At our feet it flowed along in its usual feeble, placid way, but up towards the bridge there was what seemed to be a dark wall stretching across from bank to bank, and bearing down on us with a low sullen roar. On it came, a huge wave crowned with muddy foam and followed by a mad jumble of uprooted trees, bushes, beams of timber, pieces of mud wall, among which spun and whirled pumpkins and melons, and quite a marketfull of garden produce; and as it passed, the palm trees, shaken by some current of air, bowed their heads, as if deprecating its anger. A pair of unlucky mules who had gone down into the bed of the river for shade and refreshment, lost all presence of mind when the flood came roaring at them round a corner of the bank. They made frantic efforts to get out of its way, but it sprang on them, and rolled them over, and hurried them away at a rate of ten miles an hour. Every minute fresh news came in—that Ali ben Something's goat had been drowned—that Omar ben Something Else had lost his donkey—that two young men had been carried off; and if these things happened at El Kantara, it was hard to say what would not happen at Biskara, which place, allowance being made for the wind-

ings of the river, the flood would probably reach about midnight. Biskara, we afterwards learned, escaped with very trifling damage, and the story about the two young men turned out to be false. This of course was very pleasant to hear, but I think, at the same time, it produced a feeling of disappointment in the flood, and made us regard it very much as if it had been an impostor who had got a great deal of sincere respect out of us on false pretences.

The Algerian caravanserai is a thing *sui generis*, and that at El Kantara is a good specimen. It is simply a large quadrangle, with small rooms opening on to it on one or two sides, which serve for the *salle à manger*, and sleeping rooms of the guests and lodgings of the 'gardien.' The other sides are taken up with sheds for horses and mules, and for storing fuel and fodder. It is built not merely to serve as a refuge for travellers in time of peace, but also as a fort, where in time of war a few men could easily hold out as long as supplies lasted, against an enemy unprovided with artillery. All the windows look on to the court. The only entrance is through an archway, closed by a substantial gate. The walls are about twelve feet high, and very thick, with projecting towers at two opposite angles, so as to command all four sides. They are pierced with loopholes all round; and as you lie in bed, it is a great comfort to think that in case of an attack you might keep up a galling fire upon the enemy with perfect impunity from the top of the dressing-table.

Being a Government institution, it is as a general rule kept scrupulously clean, and board and lodging are paid for according to a fixed tariff. There is perhaps a monotony in the diet. Man is not strictly a gallinivorous animal, and has a tendency to tire of perpetual poultry. But on the whole, caravanserai quarters are positively luxurious to a traveller at all accustomed to roughing it, and by far the most comfortable he will find in Algeria, except in such

places as Algiers and Constantina, where there are hotels as good as any in Europe. I little thought when reading Mr. Tristram's delightful book a year or two ago, that the 'stout old Breton soldier and his bustling matron,' whom he mentions as receiving him at El Kantara, were to become to me esteemed friends, of whose hospitalities I shall always have a grateful recollection. To Madame Fouquet I owe more than this; for I am conscious of having done her gross injustice at first. When I first saw her, she had the diligence breakfast on her mind, the passengers were hungry and clamorous, and, in a word, Madame Fouquet was 'put out,' and exhibited that briskness of manner which is considered to be a characteristic of the 'tartar.' It is always a prudent precaution, in home as well as foreign travel, to conciliate the womankind and the dogs the first thing on coming into a strange house. Omit this, and it is impossible for you to feel thoroughly at home afterwards. I therefore proceeded after breakfast to humble myself in Madame Fouquet's sight, to explain to her that I was not, as those others, a seeker after unattainable luxuries, a grumbler at present comforts, but in all things submissive to her authority, and ready to accept thankfully any benefits it might be her pleasure to bestow. But it was quite unnecessary: the source of irritation had been removed, and Madame Fouquet appeared the kind, good-humoured soul nature had made, and diligence breakfasts could only temporarily ruffle. This worthy couple, together with the garçon of the establishment, constitute the whole European population, which is to the *indigène* in the proportion of one to a thousand. But by the simple force of *bonhomie*, M. Fouquet has obtained an influence over the Arabs of El Kantara greater than if he was a colonel commandant, with a garrison of five hundred men. Besides being a general referee and counsellor, he is a kind of sheik without a portfolio, *cadi* without office, and *hakim* in ordi-

nary to the town. The latter office seemed to be a sufficiently troublesome one. Ophthalmia is very prevalent at El Kantara, as it is in most towns of the Sahara, and every evening towards sundown a troop of Arabs, chiefly women and children, came up to the gate of the caravanserai, where M. Fouquet sat waiting for them, with a strip of carpet and a bottle of sulphate of zinc. It was a group worthy of Carl Haag; the Arab women, lean, and brown, and weird-looking, with their kohl-stained eyelids and henna-tipped fingers, and profusion of uncouth, tawdry ornaments; the poor little patients squatting in rows, bandaged as to the eyes, as if for a dreary game of blindman's buff, and displaying all that redundancy of stomach and attenuation of limb for which Arab childhood is remarkable; and in the middle, the jolly, rosy face and burly figure of the doctor. One by one the patients lay down on the carpet, and while M. Fouquet dropped the zinc solution into the eye, the women, with a heroic disregard of the pain they did not feel themselves, and no doubt fancying that the greater the suffering the greater the chance of cure, rubbed the eyelids together vigorously, amid the yells and struggles of the little wretch under operation. There was one little chap that made a great impression on me. As far as I could see his face, it had a most comic expression, and he sat waiting for his turn cross-legged, bolt upright, with his hands on his knees, more like a Hindoo idol than I had thought it possible for a human being to look. When his turn came, instead of being dragged like the others, he skipped nimbly to the carpet and lay down, clenching his little fists and locking his toes together, determined not to shout, come what might. While the biting lotion ran all over his poor raw, inflamed eyelids, and the harridan who had him in charge chafed them, he made no sign beyond a twitching of the mouth and a working of the toes; and when all was over, like the gallant Tom Sayers, he was carried



to his corner smiling. I know it is a weakness, and that it is wrong, to make untutored virtue an object for pecuniary reward; but I warmed to that quaint and plucky small boy, and not having any other means of expressing my affection for him, I slipped certain coins into his hand when nobody was looking. At first, he clearly did not know what to make of them; but presently a suspicion of the truth flashed across him. As his eyes could give him no help, he furtively tasted and smelt the money, looking humiliatingly like a monkey while he did so; and then, satisfied with the genuineness of the donation, he turned in what he supposed to be the direction of the donor, and grinned a grin that showed a mouthful of ivory a chimneysweep might have been proud of. The act was perhaps unphilosophical, and contrary to the true principles of political economy, but I hope it did something towards mitigating the smart of the sulphate of zinc.

The town of El Kantara is a collection of huts built of sun-dried brick, and distributed in clusters over the upper part of the oasis. They are of the regular Saharan type, with flat roofs of palm-stems plastered over with mud, and little windows, or rather air-holes, of fantastic patterns. The first room is generally a kind of vestibule, with mud benches round it, on which the master of the house carries on his trade, whatever it may be; and beyond this, you catch glimpses of an open court, and of one or two other rooms, where the women sit weaving haiks or grinding corn for tomorrow's kouskous. They, as far as I could see, constitute the working classes of El Kantara. The men occasionally do a little light gardening, and some few of them are smiths and shoemakers; but the branch of industry which flourishes most in the city is lying at full length on the benches above-mentioned and meditating. The capacity an Arab has for this occupation is astonishing. He never seems to tire of it, never demands

any relaxation. He has a way, too, of following the calling in odd and, for the rest of the world, inconvenient situations, such as the middle of a road or across a doorway. I had a narrow escape myself one dark night coming out of a native *café*, the threshold of which was blocked up by an obstruction of this sort. A French gentleman who was following me was less lucky, for he fell over the body of the musing Mahometan, and pitched on his head into a cesspool that lay conveniently in front of the door, in the depths of which he was heard consigning the 'pigs of Arabs' to eternal punishment.

Of the public buildings of El Kantara I cannot say much. They consist of tall square watch-towers, built for the protection of the palm-gardens in the date season, which at a distance are not unpicturesque, and of marabouts, edifices which bear about the same relation to the regular mosques that a low-church chapel does to a parish church. There is this difference, that in the case of the marabout, the attraction is not a living popular preacher, but the fame of some deceased leader of the evangelical party among the Moslems, who has in some way invested the building with an odour of sanctity: an odour which, after some slight experience, I am compelled to describe as musty. About well-to-do marabouts there is always a tendency to commit excesses in whitewash, and an assumption of cheerful piety which reminds one rather of the Clapham School of Architecture; but the poor ones have a look of shabby methodism, and give one the idea of Dissenting dirt-pies.

As a guide was absolutely necessary for the sort of excursion I contemplated making, I was glad to get one on the recommendation of one of the sheiks of the town, and in this way made the acquaintance of my excellent friend Amar ben Moussa. Unlike his race generally, who are for the most part tall and spare, and sinewy rather than muscular, he was somewhat under the middle height, with brawny



shoulders, powerful arms, and the best pair of legs I ever saw under an Arab, who, as a general rule, is miserably spindle-shanked, and, instead of a calf, has a kind of swelling like a small cocoa-nut a little below the back of his knee. His chief recommendations were that he was the greatest hunter and best mountaineer in the place, and also that he spoke a little French. That he had another I did not know till afterwards, when a chance comer to El Kantara hinted mysteriously something about his having been in trouble with the authorities, and having undergone certain terms of *travaux forcés* in consequence of an uncontrollable proclivity towards homicide. What amount of truth there may have been in the story I cannot say, and I must admit it was so far confirmed that Amar himself had spoken frequently of having '*travaillé bezzef*'—worked a great deal—at Lambessa. But at the time I heard it, Amar and I had become fast friends. We had eaten out of the same wallet and drunk out of the same cup. We had climbed many a mountain-side, enjoyed many a siesta under the shade of the rocks, looked on many a wild and beautiful scene together; in short, there existed between us a strong mountaineering fellowship not easily to be broken down, and I don't think it would have shaken my feeling of confidence in the worthy fellow if he had been proved to have been steeped in blood up to the elbows. In the case of an Arab, an infirmity of this sort argues nothing the general qualities of the man. It is perhaps a thing to be deplored, as a slight tendency to drink might be in the case of a European; but it does not prevent him from being a most estimable character generally; and if he serves you in any capacity, all you have to do is to take care, for your own sake as well as for his, not to tempt him to err. I think even the French, with all their anxiety to engraft European ideas on the Arab mind, are convinced of this, and visit all offences of this sort, short of actual deliberate murder, with as light sentences as

are consistent with the preservation of order. When I think of Amar's broad good-humoured face, I feel that if he was a homicide—and I must say I can't bring myself to believe it—it was simply the effect of early bad example, and of coming of a race that sets a low value on human life, not because of any natural bias in the man.

The expedition on which I had set my heart was an exploration of the Djebel Mitlili, the great mountain of the El Kantara district, which, from the glimpse I had got of it, seemed to promise well for wild scenery. The idea, however, met with strong opposition from Amar. He represented the difficulties as enormous, and the precipices to be scaled as something terrific. He even took me down into the town, and there mentioned the scheme to a council of grave old sachems, who all received it with derision. One of them, taking the wall of the house in front of which they sat as an illustration, asked if I could walk up that, adding that the sides of the Mitlili were '*kifkif*'—just that sort of thing. I replied by pointing out a low wall close by, from which there ran another a little higher, from which latter the top of the house in question might be easily reached, and intimated that I should probably find some corresponding way to the top of the mountain. They seemed to think there might be something in that, but on the whole adhered to the original proposition, that the footing on the Mitlili was '*makash bono*'—not at all good. I may here observe that this word—strictly '*makansh*,' but pronounced '*makash*'—is one of the words which no gentleman's vocabulary in Algeria should be without. Besides its everyday use as a simple negative, it serves, according to intonation, for Gammon! Stuff! Nonsense! Not a bit of it, You never made a greater mistake in your life, Dear me, Bless my heart, You don't mean to say so, You needn't try to humbug me, I'm not such a fool as I look, &c. &c. With this and '*kifkif*' (to be employed in all cases where a com-

parison of any sort is to be instituted), and about a dozen more, the wanderer among the Arabs will be like Miss Pratt of Milby, 'competent to conduct a conversation on any topic whatever.'

I confess the arguments advanced against exploring the Mitlili had an effect the opposite of that intended, and strengthened my determination to have a look at these tremendous cliffs before I left. But as I had plenty of time before me, I allowed myself to be put down for the present, and adopted Amar's amendment, that we should have a day or two on the range at the opposite side of the plain, one of the last spurs of the Auress running out into the Sahara. There, he said, we should find just as fine scenery, and, what he evidently considered much better, plenty of Feshtall. The Feshtall is the maned moufflon of the Atlas, the tragelaphus of the old writers, and the 'Aoudad' of modern naturalists. The latter is always said to be its Arab name, but I never once found that it was recognised by the Arabs, who invariably called the animal by the name I have given. He is a magnificent wild sheep, in size far exceeding the Sardinian moufflon, and approaching more nearly to the Bighorn of the Rocky Mountains. In an old male the horns are sometimes of enormous dimensions. I have seen some that must have been more than two feet in length, following the curve, and were thicker at the base than a man's arm. But his distinguishing feature is the thick flowing mane of light yellow hair, which begins just under the jaws, and extends along the front of the neck and chest to the knees, sometimes in a well-grown specimen actually sweeping the ground. Those who have seen the noble beast in the gardens in the Regent's-park will admit that he is game any sportsman might be proud to hunt; but they can form but a faint idea of the figure he makes in his native mountains as he stands on some lofty crag, his long mane waving in the breeze, and his head proudly thrown back as he snuffs the tainted

air that tells of the neighbourhood of man, the hereditary enemy of mutton. Still less can they imagine the agility with which, when once he has satisfied himself of the quarter from which the enemy approaches, he carries that stout carcass of his up rocks that the boldest cragsman would at least look twice at before he attempted them, or the marvellous speed with which he dashes along ledges affording barely a handsbreadth of footing. I shall never forget the first time I fairly 'viewed' a feshtall in the El Kantara mountains. We were crawling along one of the steep smooth slopes of limestone peculiar to this part of the Atlas, and for my part I confess I was thinking more of the chances of finding water in the next ravine than of either scenery or sport, when Amar suddenly came to a point as perfect as the best broke dog in England could have made, and whispered excitedly, 'Feshtall!' There was nothing whatever to be seen under his nose, to my unpractised optics at least, except a little patch of gravel lying on a ledge of rock, but confident in his breeding and training I patted him on, and presently we came upon a bit of clay which bore the distinct impress of a hoof. At this, I must admit I became as excited as he was, and on we went, up hill, down dale, scrambling along shelves of rock, diving down gorges, clambering the opposite sides, crouching in that painful attitude which gives its special ache to each vertebra of the back, picking our steps painfully, lest a loose stone should give warning of our approach, Amar sometimes losing the trail and being forced to make a cast, but always with his miraculous powers of vision recovering it; until at last, as we were creeping over a ridge, he dropped as if he had been shot, and told me to look. For a long time I could see nothing but the opposite side of the ravine at the edge of which we were; but at last, helped by my guide, I made out the quarry. There he stood, screening himself from the sun, and evidently meditating a noonday nap under the



friendly shade of the rocks, now and then jerking his head in an uncouth way, like an ovine Doctor Johnson, as if he was dissatisfied with himself and things in general. Retreating behind the brow, we consulted as to what was to be done. I proposed waiting until he lay down; but Amar, who knew the habits of the animal, was of opinion that the feshtall, like the weasel, was not to be caught asleep. He threw a pinch of dust into the air, but it floated back on us. There was no use, therefore, in attempting a stalk. We might by a détour of a couple of miles get round the head of the ravine; but then he would have the wind of us, and would be over the hills and far away long before we had completed the circuit. There was nothing for it, in fact, but to try the chance of a long shot—a chance about which my friend was obviously far from sanguine, and we crept back to our first position. Making a rough guess at the distance across the ravine, I estimated it at something between three and four hundred yards, and putting up the highest sight of the rifle, fired as if for the top of his shoulder. A practised target shot well up in the Hythe position, and confident in his power of making 'centres' at three hundred yards, will perhaps laugh at the notion of missing an animal whose body is nearly as big as two centres; but every one who has tried it will know that shooting across a ravine of uncertain width, with nothing to help the eye with a hint as to the distance, the object being a dun-coloured animal backed by dun-coloured rocks; is a very different sort of thing from shooting at a clean white target over an accurately measured ground, where you have nothing to do but to put up the sight to the requisite height and hold the iron straight. A little puff of dust that rose into the air just below his fore-feet showed that, perhaps deceived by the clearness of the atmosphere, I had underrated the distance between us. But the hint was enough for the feshtall: with a spring that no one could have expected from so

heavily built an animal, he reached the top of the rock under which he had been standing; and as he went bounding up the mountain side like an india-rubber ball, I gave him a parting shot with the other barrel that knocked splinters out of the rock just in front of his nose.

Though I did not get another chance of pulling a trigger, I saw many more, and I feel pretty sure that a hunter who was willing to give himself up to the sport, and had patience enough to carry him through frequent disappointments, would in the long run succeed in bagging feshtall. He will, however, have his work cut out for him. The chamois, wary as he is, is a fool to the feshtall, who far surpasses him in nose and in cunning, while he is at least his equal in speed and climbing powers. So well do the Arabs know the difficulty of getting within shot, that they rarely attempt a stalk; the few that are killed by them are in general killed from an ambush built near some favourite drinking place. Nor is the chase of the feshtall less trying work than chamois-hunting. It is true there are no glaciers to be crossed, and the height of these mountains is inconsiderable when compared with that of the Alps. But the steep smooth slopes of limestone of the Southern Atlas afford quite as severe rock-climbing as anything in the Oberland; and besides, have to be climbed under a blazing sun.

I learned at least one useful lesson from these excursions. It was that the sturdy, hob-nailed, double-soled Balmoral is not the chaussure for African mountaineering. My first ramble was a series of disasters. I had no more foothold on those polished rocks than a cab-horse on a piece of wood pavement after a shower, and 'came down' so often that Amar's soul was filled with triumph. 'Barlez Mitlili! Makash!' he said in his patois, with a bitter emphasis; 'you talk of the Mitlili. Stuff and nonsense!' The next time I went out I took a pair of sabats, or common yellow Arab slippers, which I put on at the foot



of the mountain, slinging my boots over my shoulder, and in these performed sufficiently well to make Amar withdraw his opposition. I took a mean and spiteful revenge, however, for his obstinacy. He was rather footsore after our long tramp, and the plain we had to cross was very rough and stony; so I kept up a good brisk pace across it, till he was compelled to protest, saying it was all very well for me; with my thick boots I was '*kifkif cheval*'—just like a horse—over ground of this sort, but that, with his bare feet, he did not like it.

I am afraid the Arabs, including my friend Amar, lied freely in the account of the Mitlili. At least, I saw none of those hideous precipices they described, and encountered no greater difficulty than some tolerably stiff climbing in getting to the top. Happening to hint as much to Amar, he, I suspect, conceived the design of re-establishing his own character and that of the mountain. There was a sharp rocky peak near us which, though not the highest point, was, he said, the best for a view, and he proposed to climb it. We did succeed, but it was after a hard scramble, and I rather think he would have been just as well pleased had we failed; for whenever we came to a particularly *mauvais pas*—and there were one or two of that pleasant kind which obliges you to put your leg round a corner in blind faith, and feel for a footing—he used to turn and grin, as much as to say, 'There, how do you like that?' and then watch me in that provokingly expectant way in which the well-mounted man, after clearing his fence, turns to see if the man on the screw is 'coming to grief.' Once on the top, the view I had longed for was before me. There lay the Sahara, a vast tawny plain, dotted with black spots, a huge leopard skin, to quote the old similitude, stretching away southwards an unbroken flat on to the dim blue line where the sky came down and met it. There, in fact, lay the beginning of the desert

and the end of Respectability. Absorbed in this tremendous thought I could have sat gazing due south a stricken hour at least; the more willingly as the wine bottle still held out, and a grateful breeze played round the summit of the peak. But Amar, whose religious principles were too sound to allow the wine to tempt him, and whose tastes inclined rather to sport than to philosophy, saw, or affirmed he saw, the slot of a feshtall below, and proposed a hunt instead of what he considered an objectless lounge on the top of a mountain. It came to nothing; we never even ran the game into view, but the trail led us into such wild gorges and wonderful ravines, walled in by tall grey rocks, and rich with semitropical vegetation, that I felt the expedition had at least paid its expenses.

Though I had pretty well exhausted the attractions of El Kantara, when the day came round for the diligence to Biscara, I felt sorry to leave that friendly spot where I had spent so many pleasant hours. About half way between El Kantara and Biscara is one of the '*remarkables*,' as the old travellers quaintly call them, of Algeria, the great salt mountain of El Outaia. This is no mere hill with lumps of salt cropping out of it, but an honest bona-fide mountain, probably at least four or five miles in circumference, and seven or eight hundred feet high, with peaks, precipices, valleys, grottoes, and all things proper to a mountain, entirely composed of pure rock-salt. There can be no doubt that this is one of the series of salt-hills which Herodotus mentions as standing at intervals of ten days' journey all along 'the ridge of sand stretching from Thebes to the pillars of Hercules.' Whether it is the last of the five he enumerates is another matter. The information of Herodotus was in all probability derived from travellers' accounts of the regular caravan route along the north of Africa; we cannot, therefore, expect much accuracy as to distances; but it is pretty certain that the fifth hill was at no very

great distance from this spot. The descriptive touches he gives are a much safer clue to identification ; and we find that this fifth hill was near a mountain called Atlas, which was said to be so lofty that its tops could never be seen, 'for the clouds never leave them, summer or winter.' There are other hills of salt to the south-east, but none so situated that a lofty cloud-capped mountain, or any mountain at all, forms a part of the landscape in which they are placed ; while close behind the salt mountain of El Outaia rises the great mass of the Auress, whose ridges and plateaus, as I have often remarked, seem to have a special aptitude, from their extent and elevation, for condensing any moisture there may be in the winds that blow over them from the Sahara. It is true the Auress cannot be in strictness described as a mountain, being rather an assemblage of mountains closely wedged together, but then the old caravan traveller was not likely to have an intimate acquaintance with its details, and most likely only conveyed the impression which a very distant view left on his mind. If this be so, the Auress is a region of superior classicality, containing the garden of the Hesperides and the Pillar of Heaven, and entering largely into the histories of Perseus and Hercules.

A few miles beyond El Outaia you cross a low ridge and descend on the great plain. No more mountains now until you reach—who knows what?—perhaps the chain where M. du Chaillu hunted the gorilla ; perhaps the snow range above the lake Nyanza. As you proceed things become more and more desert-like. The caravans, which among the upper plains and in the Tell consisted of five or six camels and as many men, are here troops of sixty or eighty, accompanied by a whole tribe. First come the sheik and the chief men on horseback, each with a long gun at his back, and generally a greyhound or two following him, then follows a string of camels, carrying things that look at a distance like big blue band-

boxes, but are in reality travelling harems, containing the women of the party. Then come camels with the tents and tent-poles, and more camels carrying large fat brown sacks of grain, with clusters of small, lean, brown children perched on the top of them, aloft in mid-air. Then follow the tag-rag and bobtail and dogs, and then more camels, and so on for perhaps half a mile. Moving in a parallel line out on the plain, are the flocks of the tribe 'ring-straked, speckled, and spotted' like those of Jacob, and we may be sure just such a train as this was it that met the eyes of Esau as he rode out from Seir.

The gait of the camel is admirably described by that queer old traveller, William Lithgow: 'He hath a most slow and lazy pace, removing the one foot from the other as though he were weighing his feet in a balance.' He moves along in a deliberate saunter, with his long, grave face poked forward, and turning neither to the right nor to the left. 'Eothen' speaks of 'the gentle womanish ways' of the camel ; but there is one trait in its character to which he does not allude, and which is certainly not gentle, though ill-natured people may feel inclined to call it womanish. The camel is about the most unreasonable animal in the world. There is no satisfying it. It complains just as loudly against lying down as against rising up—just as bitterly against being relieved of its burden as against being loaded ; and when passing an Arab camp, you hear it making night hideous with its peevish roar, you may be sure its master is doing all he can to make it comfortable. It has just one beautiful feature—the great soft full eye, with its drooping lid and long black lashes, and half-closed look of patient suffering, as if from an aching brow. This redeems the picturesque but positive ugliness of the camel, and makes you forget his uncouth head and lean carcase and graceless splay-footed legs. As Charles Lamb said of the Jews, he is 'a piece of stubborn antiquity.' As you look



at him, you feel that he belongs to an old world. He is alone among the animals of this latter earth. He has no congeners, no country cousins, no wild relatives to show that at any period, however remote, he was other than he is now—a 'hereditary bondsman.' Go back as far as you can, and you always find him in the company of the nomad, always 'moving on' at the command of necessity—the great original policeman. True to the traditions of a vagabond ancestry, he refuses to fraternize with progress. In Egypt the railway fills him with disgust, and here in Algeria, when the diligence meets him, he turns his solemn face away and sidles out into the plain to avoid the loathed object. If it comes on him unexpectedly, he is paralysed. I remember on this very journey to Biskara, we came suddenly upon a caravan in the evening after the lamps of the diligence had been lit. As we bore down upon him, the leading camel gave a grunt of dismay and dropped incontinent on his knees in the middle of the road, sending the Arab who rode him nearly under the noses of our horses. The sight of those two glaring eyes coming down on him out of the darkness was too much for him. Civilization was all very well, but when it came in such a questionable shape the patriarchal old beast could not comprehend it, and knelt to entreat its forbearance.

Biskara is the advanced post of the province of Constantina on the south, though the French generally have soldiers at Tuggurt, and their authority is recognised as far as Waregla. It consists of a French town and an Arab town; the former compact and regular, with low white houses and wide streets, the latter straggling away in every direction under the palm-trees of the oasis. For an Algerian town, there is some life and activity at Biskara. It is, in fact, the capital of this part of the Sahara, and if properly managed might become to the Great Desert very much what Marseilles is to the Mediterranean. Even as it is, nowhere,

not even at Algiers, is there a greater mixture of the races of northern Africa. There are traders from Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco; sleek quiet-looking Beni M'zabites from the archipelago of oases south of El Aghouat; haggard bony men from the far depths of the Great Desert—staring at civilization with wild eyes, like sailors cast upon a strange coast, and here and there perhaps a sturdily built Kabyle from the mountains, or a genuine unadulterated negro from Timbuctoo. But, as everywhere else in French Africa, it is the soldier that is the leading man at Biskara. It is for him those neat white streets have been built. It is his custom the vermuth and absinthe merchant seeks, and his recreation and refreshment that are considered at the *café* where the billiard-balls are clicking all day long. For even here, under the palm-trees, they have billiards; more than this, they have a theatre, and a theatre worthy of the Sahara. It is simply one of the native houses with the flat roof removed; and when, between the acts, you look up, instead of a cut-glass chandelier, you have the stars hanging (as they always seem to be in these latitudes) from the dark blue vault overhead, and instead of gilding or stucco, festoons of palm branches for the decoration of the walls and stage. The actors are all *militaires*, chiefly, I believe, non-commissioned officers of the *zouaves*, and a more generally efficient company I have seldom seen. The comic man in particular would have brought down any house in Paris or London. The plot of the piece I saw depended, as well as I recollect, on the involvement consequent on the fact that every one except her grandmother is in love with the gentle and lovely Celeste (a strapping young corporal with a deep bass voice, blue chin, and remarkably broad shoulders). Plunged into despair by her coldness, they all enlist, except the comic man, whose tastes are not military, and who sings a comic song instead. Everybody fights, or is on the point of fighting, a duel with everybody else (except, of



course, the comic man, who is kicked), when mutual explanations take place, and everybody embraces everybody else. Who it is that ultimately gets Celeste is not made very clear, but as every one of the enlisted is promoted to the rank of sous-lieutenant (for some act of gallantry not mentioned), no one has any right to complain, except the comic man, who relieves the audience from any anxiety on his account by singing a song expressive of his satisfaction with things in general. For the comfort of those persons who dread these formidable warriors, and believe that they are always athirst for glory and ready to go to war for an idea, I may add that the great hit of the evening was the popular song of 'L'Amour et Bacchus,' the burden of which is, that fighting is a bore and that glory is 'bosh,' and that man's most sensible occupation is the cultivation of the above-named divinities. There were one or two Arabs present, but I am afraid they hardly understood the jokes of the piece, and perhaps the reflection that theory is one thing and practice another prevented them from being carried away by the sentiment of the song.

Their own entertainments are of a very different character. Biskara is full of Arab *cafés*. As you go down one of the streets at night you see a blaze of light issuing from an open door ahead of you, and catch notes as of a bagpipe gone melancholy mad. This is Arab music. If you look in at the door, you see a number of grave, silent men, sitting cross-legged or lying on benches all round the room. At one end, behind a small illumination of wax-lights, are the musicians, one of them belabouring a tom-tom, another tootling furiously at a kind of dwarf clarionet, perhaps a third with something not unlike the banjo, the national instrument of the neighbouring kingdom of Ethiopia. Presently out of a bundle of drapery in one corner there

rises a female figure, that begins to revolve slowly about the floor, precisely after the manner of the little figures on the top of the old-fashioned barrel organs, all the while holding out her long muslin headgear at arm's length. This is Arab dancing. And sometimes one of the musicians will lift up his voice, and cry 'nya ya ya' through his nose for a quarter of an hour together: and this is Arab singing. A strong faith in Orientalism will perhaps help the European to find grace and harmony in an Arab *café*; but it must be very strong to induce him to imitate those grave, silent men, who will sit for hours under this kind of entertainment.

At one time I had an idea of going on as far as Tuggurt, but I could find no party starting southwards, and did not altogether relish the notion of a solitary journey of five or six days through the Sahara. Besides, the days were shortening, and I wished to spend some time in the country of the Kabyles. As a substitute, however, I took a mule, and rode out one day through the Arab town and the palm groves, on into the great plain south of the oasis. I strolled along for miles, sometimes over hillocks of soft sand, sometimes over flats of hard gravel, through which small stunted prickly shrubs forced their way, until the palm-trees of Biskara had become little more than a dark streak on the plain behind me. On the right was a second streak, which represented the oasis of Oumash; on the left a third, behind which lay the ancient town of Sidi Ocba. Between these two last, the plain stretched away southwards until it cut against the sky in a sharp black line. That way lay the great track to the south, in fact the road to Timbuctoo; but as I was not going to Timbuctoo, and as the evening was closing in, I returned to Biskara, and next morning was *en route* for La Grande Kabylie.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

WHEN, in November last, we spoke in summary terms of the Royal Academy Exhibition of the preceding season, we named a decided advance in style as the most prominent merit of that exhibition, and as a merit of paramount importance in itself. We addressed ourselves to showing that style in art is only another term for the method of representing objects, facts, or conceptions in art; that a fine style is the same thing as a fine representation, and therefore the same thing as *excellent art*—neither more nor less; mere accuracy being comprehended in right style, and the conception of subjects being a thing apart, not properly *per se* an element of fine art. It is, however, a concomitant in the greatest works, and we may add, the only adequate basis whereon to build up the highest developments of art.

This point of view, if a true one, is sure to be a convenient one as well from which to regard the subject of art as a whole; and we think it may be found serviceable in enabling people to 'clear their mind of cant,' notably in one direction. Not a little embarrassment has been introduced into the estimate of fine art, both critical and popular, by a confusion between the provinces of thought, or conception, and of art (or style, or embodied perception, as we may call it), in the works of fine art. On the one hand, we have critics upholding what they term High Art, or the choice and conception of great subjects; and we have a half-hearted, yet unresisting and cowed, acquiescence in this view of the matter by the public. On the other hand, we have the real popular sympathy engaged by level, matter-of-fact, and often puny conceptions and treatment, such as form the staple of domestic art. If we apply the test of style, we shall come to a determinate, and it may be hoped a true, conclusion upon both subjects. We shall find that a work of so-called High Art is not properly such in virtue of its

subject and conception, but only of the co-equal excellence of its representation. If there is a great conception, and a corresponding greatness of representation, the work is a work both of mind and of art,—the greatest possible. If there is only a great conception, without the representation to correspond, it is not a work of excellent art at all, but only the indication of a capacious or ambitious mind. Similarly, the domestic picture, or other transcript of fact, may be a work of truly fine art, if the style is fine; while, failing this, it will sink at best into the class of simple accuracy of treatment, or may even lack that, and only amuse the popular eye because it is something with whose subject-matter the spectator is familiar and sympathetic. We may thus free ourselves finally from any admiration or toleration of so-called High Art practised by small artists, and from any depreciation of Low Art practised by able artists; at the same time that we shall in no wise confound the real and large distinction which exists between the forms of art, but shall recognise that the greatly choosing, conceiving, and representing artist is a man of essentially higher calibre than the one who makes a small choice, and conceives and represents his subject with even the utmost excellence of which it is susceptible.

The advocate of High Art may answer, 'I admit all that, as far as it goes; but I adhere to my opinion that a work of High Art, though but imperfectly realized, is a better thing than a successful work of Low Art. I maintain the dignity of mind; and, if you do not agree with me, you degrade mind below handiwork.' Here we join issue with the advocate of High Art. We acknowledge with him that the mind is nobler than the hand; but we assert that the choice of a great subject, without the power of representing it greatly, is not only a failure in result, but is an attempt having no relation to



fine art ; for, according to our definition, the style or mode of representation is the very art of the work. A man who chooses as his subject (suppose) the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, has assuredly made a noble choice, and is almost certain (in these enlightened days, at least) to conceive his subject with some degree of adequacy. He cannot well help conceiving John as earnest, impassioned, and austere ; a great and dramatic variety of character and emotion in the auditors,—some convinced, penitent, and humiliated, some obdurate or actively hostile in inertness or pride of soul. And he may carry his subject suggestively forward, as by introducing Christ in the distance, or in some way indicating the preparation for superseding a religion of types and forms by a fulfilled and spiritual religion. But all this is mere thought : it carries with it no tittle of art, which resides solely in the power of realizing. The representation may be accurate, and so far right ; or noble, and so consummately true and great. In default of this, the conceiver of the subject may have in him the faculty of a thinker, writer, or preacher, but he has given no evidence of the faculty of an artist. On the other hand, the painter might even have conceived his subject ignobly ; he might have made John a sulky savage, and the hearers so many beards, turbans, and cloaks ; and yet, if he had realized these baser elements of the subject with real insight into their opportunities and admirable power of representation, his picture would be fine, and might even be great, art. Instances from Rembrandt, among other men, might be cited in support of this position ; or let the questioner see, in the Louvre, how Titian treats a conclave as the back view of so many bishops' mitres, and what sort of art he makes of that.

We would understand and accept in this sense the axiom laid down by Mr. Ruskin in his first volume, that the greatest artist is he who conveys the greatest number of the greatest ideas. Yes, who con-

veys ; not who merely possesses or attempts to express them. And we would add—so despotic is the art in the work of art—that the greatest ideas for the artist's purpose are not those which would be greatest for the theorist, the religionist, or the historian, but ideas of beauty, character, and expression ; beauty of form, colour, and action, the material beauty which lies open to perception. He must see, and live in, and interpret this ; must see rather than think, though we shall be grateful to him for thinking as well, when it is once certain beyond dispute that he sees. Phidias, Giorgione, Titian, Veronese, Velasquez, saw and invented within the domain of perception : if they *thought* otherwise, it makes on the whole little appearance in their works, and counts for not much in our estimate of it. The same may be said, somewhat less strongly, of such men as Giotto, Tintoret, Masaccio, and Turner.

The test of style may help us to solve another continually vexed question. The debate is always on and off whether the artist or the public is the true appraiser of works of art, by whose verdict we must walk. The question of popularity, though not of enduring repute, is of course settled by the public, and need not occupy us. The further question has two sides ; that of general intellectual power in works of art, and that of ultimate artistic excellence. The former may be determined quite as readily by the public, and with some greater freedom from bias, as they are so little swayed by the bearings of the latter question. The latter belongs almost solely to the artists (among whom we would for the immediate purpose include the small number of men who, without being artists in practice, are such in the study of works of art, and of nature with a view to art). They alone know the ultimate artistic excellence of the work, because they alone are conscious of the things needed to be done in art and the means of doing them. In other words, they have a practi-



cal knowledge of style, which is art; and therefore they must inevitably appraise art, as such, with incomparably more knowledge and judgment than the public can. We cannot certainly say that every artist will decide better than any outsider: some artists are bad ones, others prejudiced, capricious, or disingenuous; but, in the long run, the verdict of their body will carry it. And we may thus be well assured that in any collection, such as our National Gallery, which is mainly a museum wherein the examples of art can be studied for their own sake (as specimens of zoölogy, minerals, and so on, elsewhere), an artist, and not a 'nobleman or gentleman,' is the right director.

It is not given to the critic to find variety of aim and character between exhibition and exhibition whenever he might be glad to do so. In the collection now open at the Royal Academy, the prevalent feature, as in last year's collection, is the development and advance of style; and we have therefore, not through choice but the prompting of fact, recurred to and further set forth the question of style, and its intrinsic relations in fine art. To attempt to define good style is no part of our intention; to succeed in doing so, greatly beyond our expectation. It is one of the intangible things which one recognises by a combination of instinct, knowledge, and habit, and which appear the less easily definable the readier one grows at discerning them. To say that it comprises force, breadth, delicacy, &c., is no definition, but only a catalogue of qualities at which one might go on to one's heart's content. Good style is practically the quality which makes good pictures, sculptures, and so on, out of whatever subjects the artist chooses to treat. Most persons, though not all, can, with attention and experience, recognise style in this sense: in any more precise or theoretic one we, at any rate, confess our inability to expound it. As Dante says in the *Vita Nova*, 'It may be that a more subtle person

would find for this thing a reason of greater subtlety; but such is the reason that I find, and that liketh me best.'

Begging the reader to bear in mind that style, as we here use the term, does not mean anything which could be identified with what is named 'manner,' but means, broadly speaking, the form which the objects represented assume in the work of art, we shall now proceed to speak of the most noteworthy works in the present Academy Exhibition. We first select, though not with any aim at exhaustiveness, a batch of pictures which seem well adapted to illustrate the question of style.

Mr. Millais possesses, beyond all his British contemporaries, the power of representation and of painting. Whatever he aims at doing he does with consummate mastery, though he sometimes aims at too little, and often sets to work without largeness or solidity of thought to work upon. On the present occasion, his chief picture, 'The Ransom,' seems qualified, by fine choice of subject, and admirable power of realization, to produce a greater effect than we feel in it: somehow it falls a little flat. The want of mobility in the figures is probably the chief cause of this, though the arrangement is well calculated for telling the story. A knight, of the latest age of chivalry, has come to an enemy's castle to pay the ransom fixed for his two young daughters, who have been detained as hostages or prisoners. The enemy refuses to accept jewels in part payment, instead of the literal money of the contract. All the points of the composition bear suitably upon the suspense of this moment. Actuality of representation, force and richness of colouring, are present in large measure: the picture, however, has less value as a work of colour, in the distinctive sense of the term, than several others by Mr. Millais. The smaller picture, 'Trust me,' is much more of an unmixed success; and though its total value is somewhat reduced, its artistic triumph is enhanced, by the slightness of the subject. A

country gentleman, ready dressed for hunting, has come down to breakfast with his daughter; she has anticipated him, and already possessed herself of a letter to her brought in the postbag—a love-letter, one may readily guess. The father, without harshness or suspiciousness, has asked after it; the daughter, not perhaps with any particular reason for suppression, declines to produce it, and holds it with meeting hands behind her back. Some amount of irritation and of pain at this want of confidence mingles with the habitual kindness of the father's face: the daughter's is impassive—so impassive that it might be transferred without impropriety to a portrait-subject, and yet so *capable* of expression, and so apt in completing the whole action of the figure, that it deserves rather to be considered as giving the exactly right, only half traceable, shade of emotion which the occasion demands. This simple, refined, matter of fact, yet not wholly unsuggestive subject could not have been more excellently treated by any painter of any time or school than by Mr. Millais: the art and importance he gives to it are just enough and no hair's breadth beyond. He succeeds in making this the finest picture of the year. A third work, the 'Parable of the Woman seeking for a piece of Money,' deserves much the same praise, if only the bearing of the subject as a parable could be overlooked: it is a comely figure, in a rich and unlaboured candle-light effect, tempered and beautified by contrast with a lovely glimpse of moonlit sky. But the thought of the parable spoils one's satisfaction, by implying that something more ought to have been done for the subject, without one's being able to say what that something could well be.

Another master of pictorial style is Mr. Hook, who feels how entirely dependent for their success the subjects which he treats must be upon freshness, vividness, the look of nature, and above all, colour. He is specially gifted in the use of green for landscape—a point of

constant importance and no small difficulty. Strong in his resources of style, he cares little to cast about for subjects: and yet his subjects have a genuine human character which saves them from any charge of inadequacy. In 'The Trawlers' there is the true fisher-life, the real occupation of the men, the real medley of their haul; in 'the Acre by the Sea,' the reaper, and his wife and baby, and even the Welsh funeral train in the remote field, make the truth of the subject as much as green headland and blue sea; in the 'Sea Air,' the *character* of the whole scene, particularly simple in its materials, is given by the cart, with the rustic Welsh mother, who brings her weakly child down for the bracing of the beach.

Mr. Poole, not to be compared with Mr. Hook as a master of the art of painting, has a style more complicated in its relations. He aims at total impressions, compounded of the subject and the treatment together, and dependent upon a careful harmonizing of the two. Careful we may call it as far as the artistic conception goes: the realization invariably falls short in one degree or another, and yet not so short as to numb our interest in the work, or nip the warmth of our feeling for the painter's capacity. We regret a failure, and often a perverse failure, on his part: but are still content to take him and value him as he stands. In the present year he neither fails nor succeeds so downrightly as usual: there is more of a sedulous manner of work, and less of a dominant enforcement of the thing as a whole. He has taken an admirable though atrocious subject—the 'Trial of a Sorceress, Ordeal by Water.' The indication of an impending rescue in the background is contrary to the general tone of Mr. Poole's mind, and appears to be an expedient for making the affair less horrid, and so conciliating the public.

Mr. Faed has hitherto been a professor of one of the worst possible styles—the style of dexterity or 'smart writing' with brush and



pigment; which, as we endeavoured to show on a previous occasion, must be more noxious in art than in literature, as it consists in making the objects themselves, not merely the terms in which they are expressed, smart and natty. It is as destructive of beauty as of common sense, and vitiates the whole range of an artist's perception. It is the one bad quality for which it would be scarcely possible to cite a precedent from the older masters. Last year Mr. Faed made a considerable advance towards better things; and there are passages in his principal work of this year—'New Wars to an Old Soldier'—which confirm the promise; as the head of the veteran, and the figure of the lapdog. Mr. Faed's attainments as a painter are clearly such as to enable him to throw off the blemish altogether, if he chooses. But natural tendency confirmed by habit, and the popularity of his present style, may prevent his doing so.

A remarkable work by a new man, 'Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath,' by Mr. Bedford, aims at giving the utmost actuality and positiveness to a sacred subject; it repudiates all vagueness of 'high art,' and relies upon the direct facts of the case, treated in the same spirit as they would be in any other subject, for its effect. We have a manly Elijah, with an air of ascetic passion and command; the widow, blear-eyed with weeping, smiles now in transport as her dead boy stretches in her arms, and wakes again into life, open-eyed and at once. The painting, notably in the casting and modelling of the draperies, is extremely real and direct—with a tendency, indeed, to almost over-illusive relief. This work is much superior to the other by Mr. Bedford, 'Enid hears of Geraint's Love,' though that also evidently aims at the same qualities. In this connexion we may name another sacred picture, the 'Flight into Egypt,' by Mr. Stanhope. Here the style is less realistic, more impressional; the execution, in some points faulty, has nevertheless a breadth

and a general result of depth which seem to qualify Mr. Stanhope rather for treating religious art from a symbolic or typical point of view, yet not divorced from true natural perception.

Mr. Hodgson has a fine subject in the 'Return of Francis Drake to Plymouth, with his prisoners and prize, after the naval expedition to Cadiz, in 1587,' and represents it with uncommon accuracy of eye for truth, expression, and unforced arrangement. He does not attempt to startle, or to go far in the way of dramatizing; but he sees his subject with quiet acuteness, and realizes it with a great deal of steady completion, never quite rising to the fervent life and impulsiveness of the actual event, but satisfying us extremely well as a whole, if we are willing to be satisfied with any of the parts. Mr. Hodgson's main object seems to be to give a picture of Elizabethan historical and social life, with individual truth in the groups and actions, but no extreme intensifying of any one part of the subject more than another. He would convey 'the look of the thing' in its unfamiliar familiarity, life going on then as now, so unlike, and yet so like: an aim partly analogous to that of the great Belgian painter Leys, whom Mr. Hodgson seems to have adopted as his model, rather than any one else, in the general distribution and style of his work. This is by far the most important and the best production of a painter who had never hitherto made much impression, though showing, for three or four years past, unobtrusive merit of no commonplace order. In Mr. Marks's picture also, 'The Jester's Text,' we seem to trace a certain influence from M. Leys, mingling with the semi-Præ-raffaelite tendency which the painter has heretofore trifled with. Whatever the cause, the result is a work of very marked excellence; able and pleasant in painting, spontaneous, quaint, and not caricatured, in humour. It places Mr. Marks on quite a new level; and we trust we may now have seen the last red nose, and the last



beery watchman or rheumy dotard, from his hand. The same principle according to which those yahooisms are degrading in art, leads us to think the jester's face of artificial, assumed comicality a blot upon the present picture; it is, however, correct in point of character, and in carrying out the subject.

Mr. Goodall's large picture, 'The Return of a Pilgrim from Mecca, his Purse-bearer distributing alms to the poor of Cairo,' shows a great advance in style, in the faculty of seeing and representing things pictorially, not merely prettily, although that weakness of feeling and perception still claims a large part of Mr. Goodall. It is a fatal weakness in art, more damnatory by far than even the tendency to ungainliness, which—as in Rembrandt, for instance—may be consistent with very high powers of art, though a direct perversion of its true aim of beauty. In many cases ungainliness is only an early stage of truth, or a failing effort after strength and character; whereas prettiness is a practical confession of artistic incapacity, of the habit of feeling and perception which cannot rise out of the level of what everybody sees, into what the artist is specially commissioned to see and to express. Half the failure of modern, as compared with the great elder schools of art, and half its vices of style and motive, depend upon this pigmy pleasure in prettiness, which the artist shares with his public, to their mutual content and emasculation. Mr. Goodall's case seemed almost hopeless a few years ago; the alarming symptom of a long course of popularity, with no effort to raise himself and his admirers a step higher, boded the worst results. He has, however, rallied to some real purpose, and his future fate is in his own hands. The same remarks will apply in a general way to Mr. Elmore. His picture of 'The Invention of the Combing Machine,'—the projector getting a hint for perfecting his as yet faulty project, by noticing his daughter's action in combing her hair—is a work of substantial

merit as well as great general attractiveness. We are able to trace in it, and that in a very agreeable manner, as much of the story as can well be represented by art. It is not over prettified; the daughter is no nicer looking a girl than the father is a long-headed mechanician. We should think the painter of this picture must devoutly wish, in the interests of his future reputation, that all his works painted up to within a few years ago could fade from their canvases; he must be ready to run away from himself when he sees such a specimen of his past as the 'Beppo,' which reappeared in April last in Messrs. Christie's sale-room. But Mr. Elmore is only one instance among many of the change wrought upon the artistic professors of 'How not to do it,' by the innovators who seemed their most truculent assailants, and have proved their truest friends. This year even Mr. Hart appears to have had a notion of painting with some degree of force and of natural pitch of colour. He may still, however, vaunt himself a consistent friend of fallacy; the notion, if consciously entertained, has resulted only in failure.

Having picked out these few works as specimens more especially of style under various phases—though several others might have been selected with equal aptness—we now pass to consider other works under the more ordinary classification, according to subject-matter. Many productions of decided merit will necessarily be missed in such a review as this. As examples of sacred art, only three of the remaining pictures can be cited; and, singularly enough, two of these are by women. The late Mrs. Wells is represented by a single small picture of a child-angel which she terms 'A Bird of God' (the quaint and beautiful phrase being originally Dante's). It may be long before another woman arises so richly gifted for art as Mrs. Wells; she was a master of those qualities which, while they fully realize things to the outward eye, reach

deeper by their subtle analogy to poetry of feeling and expression. The little picture now exhibited goes straight to its mark with extreme delicacy and charm. The second of our two ladies is Mrs. Hay, whose picture of 'The Prodigal's Return' is carefully and determinately studied, and painted with an amount of force and warm brilliancy very unusual in a woman's work. The Prodigal's face is concealed; but his whole action of appealing, self-aborrent humiliation, with outstretched quivering arm and clenched hand, leaves no further means of expression needful. This is considerably the best figure in the group; a fact which speaks highly to the capacity of the painter. The minor meanings of the picture might be analysed with more credit to the artist's ingenuity of intention than advantage to the main action. The third picture which we have to mention here is 'The Star of Bethlehem,' by Mr. Leighton. It represents one of the wise men of the East who, quitting a revel in his palace garden, has ascended to the terrace, whence he descries the mysterious flood of radiance from the star of the Nativity, and stands contemplating it with discrowned brow and many an upheaval of divining thought. The idea—which we apprehend to be wholly original—is what we rate highest in this picture; we do not think the conception—the mode in which the idea takes shape to the artist's mental eye—quite equal to the idea itself, although the figure is a regal and stately one. He stands his full height fronting the wondrous effulgence: he makes no act of outward obeisance, but his soul bows down, and in that presence he cannot retain his diadem. This, too, is fine; yet we think that an artist less self-conscious than Mr. Leighton might have expressed his thought, if more tritely and obviously, in some form which would have appealed more directly to the general sympathy.

We must here interrupt for a moment the course of our review to dispose of the other contri-

butions of Mr. Leighton, five in number. They show a more than common versatility of aim, and an equal power of throwing himself into various classes of subject. He is primarily an artist, and having thus worthily applied to a sacred subject, takes up with equal readiness historic anecdote in the 'Michael Angelo nursing his Dying Servant,' luxury of beauty in the 'Odalisque' and the 'Sea Echoes,' or the idyllic style in the 'Duett,' or the 'Sisters,' the latter being in a literal sense a portrait-group, raised by the treatment into a more inventive and poetical type of art. We should in strictness except the 'Duett' from the same comprehensiveness of encomium, as we consider it the reverse of successful. It fails, however, not by missing the fit point of view, but by executive mediocrity, and mainly by dingy colour. The 'Michael Angelo' has great strength and consistency of expression; the 'Odalisque' and 'Sea Echoes' are just things for the eyes to dwell upon with delight, as the ear upon a sweet strain of music; the 'Sisters' is remarkable for the adolescent purity of its forms and expression, and the charm of its composition.

With the 'Odalisque' we may class Mr. Watts's 'Sir Galahad,' and Mr. Archer's 'King Arthur and Excalibur,' as the only works pertaining to the poetical class. There is fine style in 'Sir Galahad,' and the character of the Pure Knight who has engaged in the adventure of the Holy Grail is expressed as far as it goes; yet Mr. Watts's tendency to idealism interferes, to our judgment, with his success in subjects of this kind, where an ideal of character has to be presented in the person of an individual man. We would ask for more of the individual and less of the impersonal ideal, for an unity of impression *underlying* the treatment, not constituting it. It may sound paradoxical to say that an ideal painter is better adapted to actual than to ideal subjects. We think, nevertheless, that the affirmative might be maintained in



several instances; and, in that of Mr. Watts, his great mastery over beauty and feeling in portraiture seems to us to be a case in point. In portraiture he is still ideal, as far as the form of art allows him to be so; but this controls the tendency, and prevents it from passing into vagueness. Ideal tendency in ideal subject is always in danger of losing itself, 'as water does in water.' Mr. Archer's theme is where the damsel has directed Arthur to row himself and Merlin up to the mysterious arm 'in white samite' which holds out Excalibur midway in the lake. The seer-like head of Merlin, and the pitch of feeling throughout the picture generally, are in harmony with the subject; the painting, though not worked up to any special point, is of good quality. Mr. Archer is one of the few men of our day who show a little ambition and some measure of preparedness in this line of art. The paucity of such painters is a serious drawback to the prospects of our school.

The conspicuous historic pictures are no more numerous than the poetic. Even by stretching the limits of the class, we can barely eke out a triad of them. 'After the Battle,' by Mr. Calderon, is well thought of and invented, and tells its story at once—the story of a squad of Marlborough's soldiers, who, flushed with blood and plunder, burst into an almost deserted cottage, and relent again into good-natured Englishmen at finding a little, shy, quick-witted boy its sole tenant. The expressions are easy and direct, the painting equally so. There are very few better pictures in the Exhibition. The same merits of ease and directness, with a peculiar simplicity of arrangement recalling an excellent class of French pictures, distinguish Mr. Calderon's second contribution, 'Katharine of Arragon and her Women at Work.' The author of these pictures will never, it may be hoped, relapse into the author of 'Broken Vows.' Mr. Prinsep has painted 'How Bianca Capello sought to poison her Brother-in-law, the Cardinal de' Medici;' and

so broad and solid a treatment by an almost entirely new man, of so ambitious a subject, justifies some surprise and great hopes for the future. The Cardinal, warned by his opal ring, declines the poisoned tarts; the Grand Duke, his brother, husband of Bianca, is about to take them, and she, as the story proceeds, has also to eat and die. There is a very manly character about this picture; a largeness of style and embodiment altogether mature in aim, though some immaturities in the matter-of-fact practice might be cited here and there. With something of Præ-raffaelite definition of accessory, this has no Præ-raffaelite minuteness of handling; it points to another stage that our school is rapidly nearing—that of breadth founded upon distinctness and a clear conception of real facts, not, as of old, upon vagueness of hand or supercilious torpor of observation.

The ordinary incident pictures and the domestic pictures form a large and miscellaneous group, linked together by a class of works which has grown into prominence of late years, consisting of domestic or modern life under conditions of crisis or casualty. Mr. Yeames's 'Rescued,' and Mr. Barwell's 'Un-accredited Heroes,' are the chief works of this subdivision. 'Un-accredited Heroes' is a popular lecturer's name for pitmen risking their lives in the rescue of other pitmen; a sort of deed invariably acknowledged as heroic at the present day quite as promptly as a deed of arms. This was amply proved by the Hartley Colliery accident; a tragedy upon whose deep public interest Mr. Barwell might seem to be trading in this work, were it not evident that he must have commenced it a good while earlier. These chances may somewhat indispose one to the picture, but must not be allowed to chill our praise of its sustained purpose of truthfulness, and in many respects—especially the painting of the scene as a whole, apart from the figures taken individually—its decided pictorial ability. Such sub-



jects, with the prevalent character of their treatment, are an outcome of Præ-raffaelitism, exemplified with more unqualified success in the smaller but completely realized work of Mr. Yeames, wherein a boy who has fallen off a jetty is 'rescued' from drowning. In the strictly domestic line we have the negro 'Toy-seller' of Mr. Mulready, a modified enlargement, not quite finished, of his picture in the Vernon Gallery, worthy of his long-matured powers, though not to be classed with his finest works; Mr. Cope's 'Mothers,' the good one and the neglectful one, a bit of school-boy morality efficiently painted; Mr. Hughes's 'Bed-time,' a work of exquisite childish expression and much beautiful painting, brought down to a somewhat lower level by a touch of over-sentimentalism; and Mr. Carrick's 'Nightly Care,' a mother and child painted with equal grace, analogous sentiment, and less sentimentalism. The 'Old Eyes and Young Eyes' of Mr. Webster, 'Brought before his Betters,' by Mr. Opie, and 'The Mask,' by Mr. A. H. Burr, may also be specified, each of them expressing its point by subdued quietness in the first instance, easy knack in the second, and lively spontaneity in the third. The general incident painting, almost rising into the poetical class, brings us back to Mr. Hughes, whose picture of a lady brooding over her love by a pool side in a sun-chequered forest, shows a higher character of face-painting than any of his previous exhibited works. The countenance is touchingly sweet and plaintive, and more individually real than any before produced by its author, always delicate of mind and hand. Mr. Phillip, forcible and off-hand, with little to tell and a loud self-satisfaction in the telling of it, has never perhaps shown off to better advantage such valuable gifts as he possesses than in two of the four subjects from his Spanish repertory—'Doubtful Fortune' and 'Dolores.'

Portraiture, the art in which England stood so high with her Reynolds and Gainsborough, is the

one which has now sunk almost to the dullest stagnation. For years past it has received no vivifying impulse; has not turned round upon itself, like other classes of art, and, scared at its own unsightliness, its purblind blinking, its loose, shambling jog-trot, its 'decreasing leg and increasing belly,' candidly admitted its own un-presentableness, and determined that a new order of things shall begin, even by taking a lower starting-point, if need be. It might, indeed, have received a fresh impulse from Mr. Watts, whose portrait-art, always of a high and most refined order, has been already alluded to above, and is excellently, though not so fortunately as in some other instances, exemplified in the present exhibition by the 'Lady Margaret Beaumont and Daughter.' But probably Mr. Watts is too advanced and finished an artist for the purpose; his qualities are such as other men, not 'to the manner born,' cannot be shamed into emulating, as, in other walks of art, they can be and have been shamed into working up to their *quondam* hissing and reproach, Præ-raffaelitism. For Præ-raffaelitism can assert downright that it represents so and so accurately and completely, while other men scarcely brush its surface, and both they and the public are compelled in the long run to confess the fact, and do open penance; whereas Mr. Watts fronts his inferiors in portraiture with finer thought, feeling, and art, a real master among masters in their own eyes, but not an avowed oppositionist, or a demonstrator of the effeteness of one system and the new birth of another. Amid its various defects of commonplace flattery, walking-gentlemanhood, shirking of strong character in the sitter, and slurred, perfunctory execution, the portraiture of our day chiefly fails in art. It shows but the dimmest perception that a portrait must be a work of art, like any other, not a mere imitation (now come to be a quasi-imitation) of a bipedal object of sight having a Christian name and a surname.

Here, as elsewhere, it is the art, the right *style*, which we need above all. Titian and Velasquez often dispensed with detail, Reynolds (it is asserted) with likeness, all the great portrait-painters with the mere getting their productions to 'look nice,' apart from the quality of pictorial beauty; but none of them dispensed with art. Failing a positive manifestation of this faculty, we cannot highly value, though we in no way deny or depreciate, the unstilted social ease of Mr. Grant, the life-likeness of Mr. Knight, the educated refinement of Mr. Richmond. In Sir Watson Gordon there is more of a strenuous grasp of character, and of a painter-like perception, while he vies in ease with the most gifted of his colleagues: some one point or other of excellence developed a little more thoroughly might have ranked him permanently high in portraiture. Mr. Phillips can discern thought in a face; and Mr. Dickinson looks honestly to see what his sitter is like, and paints honestly to transfer the facts to canvas. Mr. Wells, the miniature-painter, has practised oils on a large scale both this year and the last; and the definiteness, and aim at complete realization throughout, which he displays, united with thorough executive training and mastery, come nearer than anything else we can name to introducing into portraiture a nucleus of renovation, corresponding to what Præ-raffaelitism has effected in other quarters. The spice of eccentricity which accompanied the great 'go' of the leaders of that movement, and which undoubtedly conduced to their eventual success, is indeed wanting to Mr. Wells, but he cannot be censured for this. His group of family 'Portraits, including a Portrait of the late Mrs. H. T. Wells,' the admirable and unreplaceable lady-painter whom we have named above, must count as next to Mr. Watts's 'Lady Margaret Beaumont,' among the things really achieved this year in portraiture. The remarkable amateur work of Sir Coutts Lindsay, 'Mrs. Lindsay,' evidently based upon study of Mr.

Watts, also stands high upon the list. Along with the portraits proper we may name the 'Study of a Capri Girl's Head,' by Mr. J. C. Moore, a work of fine style in drawing and design, pure in artistic quality, and reaching high in a certain ideal realism of national character.

Of Landscape there is not much new to be said; so powerfully has Præ-raffaelitism fixed its fate for several years past, and probably for more to come. We must pass over with bare mention minor works of this class; even one so tender in feeling and refined in drawing as Mr. Hayward's, so true and unhackneyed as Mr. C. E. Johnson's, so sweet and natural as Mr. Davis's, so notable for exact actuality at all points, without pragmatic self-assertion, as Mr. Mote's. Mr. A. W. Hunt appears with a work of more than usual importance and much subtle sweetness and delicacy, tending, however, to pass into tenuity and superfineness: this is 'Debateable Ground,' an oil-picture of the same landscape as his water-colour now on view in the Old Society's Gallery. In some respects, a like tendency affects the very important 'Rainbow,' by Mr. Whaite; but it is scarcely to be censured here, as it bears every look of being a stage in onward progress, rather than a point reached and settled down upon, which is the danger, at any rate, if not actually the case, with Mr. Hunt. Mr. Whaite's picture is really an extraordinary one, approaching, on the whole, nearer than any other oil-picture we know to the manner of Turner's culminating work (more especially in water-colour); and this not in an imitative way, as a mere point of artistic method, but in the true spirit of a student of nature, who finds that the multiplicity and colour-brilliance of the scene before him are most nearly expressible upon these terms. If we rightly estimate Mr. Whaite as still a resolute student, rather than a painter who considers himself 'in the right box,' once and for all, we know not where his advance need



stop. Mr. Brett, in his 'Champéry,' and in a water-colour of lake and mountain villages, realizes the scenes with a greater perfection of detail than perhaps in even his best works of former years; while at the same time he reaches much more forcibly and fully to the general impression of the views, with exquisite passages of light and surface. Along with the breadth and skill of the veteran Roberts, in a very different class of painting, we must also praise the almost classic choiceness, mingled with great natural freedom and spirit, of Mr. Mason; and the massive sketching, combining the sturdy and the sensitive, of Mr. Whistler.

The most striking achievements, however, in the landscape department, are the two green Cornish seas of Mr. Inchbold, and the intense vigour of tone and body of colour, with charming pastoral feeling, of Mr. W. Linnell's large work, 'The Gleaner's Return.' Mr. Inchbold shows splendid power in the sea of 'King Arthur's Island'—the liquid heaving surface seen comparatively level from a great height, the foam-whirls bluish and vitreous; a power not fitful or got forth by any sleight-of-hand, but resolutely worked for by study, and worked out with strenuous, deliberate pertinacity. In the smaller picture, 'The Cornish Coast,' a greener green of sea is given with fully the same strength; the clots of white foam scattered afar over its level, arrowy streaks of a darker green flashing in and out. Of the details of Mr. Linnell's picture, we need hardly say more than has been above indicated; save for the purpose of adding that the figures, much larger in scale than in the generality of landscapes, are designed with real appropriateness, so as to bear their full share in the sentiment of the whole work, and that very few pictures of any school could be at all cited as precedents for the intensity of tone and colour to be found here. We are not insensible to some blemishes of the work—the colour approaches violence, and the forms of the hills

are too lumpish: but such nice distinctions affect to only a very limited degree the strong impression producible by the picture. It is neither Præ-raffaelite, Linnellish, nor of any other single style, but will not fail to have a following of its own.

We have now finished our review, so far as our limits enable us to carry it, of the oil-pictures. We cannot dwell at any length upon the minor divisions of the Gallery—such as its uninteresting architecture, its decadent miniature-art, against which the fiat of photography has gone forth, its etchings, in which Mr. Whistler already leads a small school, and its water-colours and drawings, though distinguished by choice specimens of Mr. Lewis, and a very striking large pen-and-ink design by Mr. Sandys. The small space which remains to us will be devoted to the Sculpture.

A small space will indeed suffice, for there is not a single statue or ideal work of any kind which appears to us to claim notice, upon the scale of this summary. Except a series of Indian bas-reliefs by Mr. Armstead, forming 'portions of a shield now being executed in silver by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell for Sir James Outram,' and which have considerable spirit and skill, the busts will be our only theme. To such a pass has it come with the majestic Muse of Sculpture, fettered by precedent, divorced from architecture, patronized by committees, and browbeaten by Grecian and Roman ghosts, or by evil spirits in their form conjured up by Conventionalism. On this subject we had our say more than a year ago, and cannot here return to it at any length.

The busts are on the whole well up to the mark of former years, and perhaps a little beyond it. There is certainly no want of lifelikeness, in an obvious sort of way, in this branch of the art. Its weak point is that it has come to much the same condition as painted portraiture; the works being like enough, and readily done, with the quantum of skill here, spirit and naturalness there, but very seldom



carried to any true point of executive perfection—the point where we can say that mere copyism and practical knack are well passed and over, or more properly absorbed into the developed faculty of a real artist. The man who conforms to the principles of his art, and fills them out to the utmost of his power, is very different from the one who just obtains a resemblance and a fair outside, and satisfies an ordinary patron: it is all the difference between working for the art's sake, one more step upwards, and working for the commission's sake, the more the merrier. Foremost among the practisers of the more arduous and less paying form of the art is Mr. Woolner, whose bust of 'William Fairbairn, Esq.,' seen here only in plaster, is a remarkable piece of solid and delicate elaboration, with an expression of thought and personal weight which could not be given in the same degree by any rough and ready *expedient* of execution. With a bust so done, it would turn out just as with a real face having a *faux air* of profundity: after a while we should detect the fact that these are not the lines of mind and character, but only well-designed contours moulded over pomposity or emptiness.

Baron Marochetti lays himself but too open to this criticism. His busts have a marked air, an individuality; he perceives character acutely, as a physiognomist might; sets to work with a very distinct idea of what he means to express, and embodies this in a direct, salient form. Nothing could be more intelligible than the busts of the Duke of Malakoff and Earl of Cardigan. The main impression is strong, and no doubt true; but, when we come to look for the *shades* of character, the items which

make up the total, we do not find them. We can get out of the heads by inspection only what we see in them at once, which is not the true fact about character. The heads are like inconvertible paper-money, for which we cannot obtain so many pounds, shillings, and pence, constituting its nominal value. This is due to the want of finish—not, we think, to any want of true perception on the sculptor's part. The same may be said of a bust by Mr. Munro, of Mr. Hunt, of the Old Water-Colour Society. It is, however, extremely like the powerful, vivid look of the admirable old man, and conveys accurately the air of his being small in stature; but the surface of the flesh, being little worked into, looks hard. The head of Joan of Arc, by the same sculptor, is from a model of extraordinary beauty and regularity of feature: the expression, aided by the turn of the head, tends rather to love or sentiment than to the exalted devotion of the heroine. There is good taste in the bust of Mrs. Lachlan M. Rate, by Mr. Jackson, the features being simple and of a fine clear type, and the terminal form of the bust elegant. And we might specify several other portraits of no inconsiderable merit in one way or another, were not our opening remarks on the subject sufficient to indicate the view which we take of their general calibre.

We conclude our notice of the Exhibition by observing that, though not one of conspicuous popular or individual interest, it amply confirms the evidence which last year supplied of increasing power, and clearness of views of art, in our school, and must, in the eyes of artists themselves, hold a position of very high comparative value.

W. M. ROSSETTI.



## PUBLIC WORKS IN INDIA.

## THE NAVIGATION OF THE GODAVERY RIVER, ETC.

THE transfer of India from the hands of an Administration based upon commercial principles, and swayed by class interests, to the Imperial Government of England, appears to have been overruled, at a critical moment, when nothing but a complete change of system would have averted some signal calamity.

The increasing elasticity in the revenue, the marvellous extension of commerce, the sudden rise in the price of labour and provisions, the unusual thirst for knowledge, the newly-discovered love of locomotion, and last, but not least, the fierce mutiny and rebellion of 1857, are clear indications that an intellectual and moral revolution has begun amongst the nations of India, which, if it be full of promise, is also full of danger.

It will require the utmost efforts of statesmanship to guide the vessel of the State through the shoals and quicksands by which it is surrounded. But it is not in any spirit of distrust that we venture to point out some of the difficulties attending the present administration of Indian affairs. It may be assumed that the Government could not be placed in safer hands than in those of the wise and experienced Ministers who rule the destinies of the greatest nation in the world; but it cannot be denied that these statesmen, with respect to India, are entirely dependent upon external sources both for information and advice; and that at the present moment the Administration, both at home and in India, is exposed to the influence of the party views—firstly, of the European capitalists, who regard India merely as a field for commercial speculation, and eagerly demand special laws and exclusive privileges; secondly, of the old civilian, whose judgment is warped by antiquated notions, and whose energy is repressed by the indolence and apathy of hereditary office; and thirdly, of the new school of

physical improvement, who have faith only in the spade, who firmly believe that India is only to be saved by digging and delving, and to whose projects more than four millions sterling, drawn from the poverty of the people, have been appropriated out of this year's revenue. The views of all these parties have their respective uses and abuses; but it must be recollected, that not one of these fairly represents in the councils of India the native inhabitants, the party most deeply concerned; and we cannot but think that the opinion of one who is wholly unconnected with any party interest, and who has had large experience in the wants and feelings of the people, may not be wholly without value under present circumstances.

The past history of India, as known to all the world, might have suggested to our rulers a line of policy which would frequently have prevented many grievous errors. The Moghul dynasty, like the English, was an alien and intrusive government; but for many generations it ruled that extensive country with eminent success, and appears to have won and deserved the love and confidence of the inhabitants, both Hindoo and Mahomedan. In the lapse of time, the Moghul Empire fell into pieces by its own weight; and as the Government was broken up, there is no doubt that the integrity of its original institutions was disturbed, and abuses of all kinds were introduced; but this does not affect the main fact that the Moghul Government did contrive to win the affections, sympathies, and willing obedience of the people; to institute suitable and popular laws, and to develop the physical resources of the country to an extent which produced general prosperity and contentment.

In succeeding to a government which, at no distant time, and under precisely similar circumstances, had successfully overcome

the inherent difficulties of its position, it would have been well had we studied, with care and candour, the vestiges left by our predecessors in power—whether recorded in writing, or surviving in the traditions and customs of the people, or in actual existence in the material shape of durable works of utility; and that we should have adopted and adapted those beneficial rules and works which had come down to us under the sanction of practical experience.

Unfortunately, the Anglo-Indian Government—particularly within the last thirty or forty years—has turned with contempt from the lessons of past experience, and have preferred a system of quackery; following too easily and too implicitly the extreme views, and new ideas, and visionary schemes of enthusiastic theorists.

Now it happens that men, and very able and useful men too, are sometimes born with one idea in their heads; or circumstances develop one idea, which, like the young cuckoo bird, takes possession of the whole nest to the exclusion of the more legitimate progeny; and then such men falling into influential positions, force this one idea upon a government which, abstractedly, is not well acquainted with the diversified wants and interests of the nations committed to its charge. For a time, the prevailing idea carries everything before it. All doubts are held to be heterodox, all hesitation a proof of incapacity and obstinacy; and unless executive officers in their several stations carry out with all their hearts, and against their better judgment, the particular whim then in vogue, they are put down as impracticable, and a cross entered against their names.

As an instance pregnant with proof and instruction, we may notice the endless controversies, abortive experiments, and grievous and mischievous errors which have attended all our fiscal regulations

in India. The Government has successively changed its views three times in regard to Land Revenue settlement, following to extremity the extreme opinions of particular leaders; and regardless of the real fact that a system much more sound, embodying all that was good and avoiding all that was evil in the imperfect schemes under trial, was lying unnoticed in their own archives.

The Government has now slowly awakened to the truth, that the only foundation for a fair and equal land assessment must rest upon a careful survey and appraisal of the culturable land; such as was completed by the Emperors of Delhi;\* but this point once admitted has not secured the Government from crotchety controversy, and at the present moment Calcutta has a firm faith in one kind of revenue survey, and Bombay in another, and as both cannot be right, a great loss of time and expenditure must result, in one of the Presidencies, before the question is decided.

The last whim, not to mention others—for in the sense it comes before the public it is a whim, and an extravagant one—is that which is known under the generic term of 'Public Works.' Undoubtedly public works as well as private works, if judiciously devised and carefully and economically executed, might be highly useful, and would probably contribute to the profit and convenience of the people, or in a political and military sense to the advantage and safety of the Government. The Romans never considered a new country conquered or fairly annexed, until a straight solid road was laid down from the chief military station to the most remote angle of a new territory. There was practical wisdom in this idea; and the want of direct and permanent communications in all India, whether for military or commercial purposes, undoubtedly

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\* Mr. Elphinstone, in his history, speaks of the revenue survey of India, completed by the Emperors of Delhi, as the most admirable work that was ever executed by any government.



denotes judicial blindness on our part; and is a blot, which being hit, is an obvious blot. But all this being admitted, it is not the less true that the mania for public works got up by Colonel Cotton and his school, in its excesses and crudeness, does in effect change an originally true and sound idea into a mischievous crotchet.

All India is now being taxed at the rate of one per cent. on income, and the Imperial treasury is otherwise being used up, in the name of public works, while there is not one public work in progress which deserves public confidence or support. The whole face of the country is covered with an expensive establishment of executive officers, who have neither the means nor the workmen to effect any useful improvement; and who for the most part are in themselves wholly incompetent to plan or to execute any work which might not be better done by a native mason. As a rule, indeed, the Executive officers are entirely in the hands of the native operatives, and kindly relieve them of all official responsibility, but nothing more.

The result is, that this new branch of Government establishment is fast becoming, if it has not become, a sink of wasteful extravagance, and, we fear, of fraud. The unsuitable expenditure and the large fortunes suddenly acquired by underlings in this branch of the service have already attracted a good deal of attention; while nothing is more notorious in every district, than that the work done bears no proportion to the heavy costs of the fixed establishments.

Colonel Cotton, a most able, amiable, and perfectly sincere enthusiast, is mainly responsible for this new idea. As an engineer he, perhaps naturally, believes that there is nothing outside of his own profession which deserves consideration. He says, and he says truly, that water is the most plentiful and valuable natural product of India, and he adds that it is the cheapest; and he infers that reservoirs to hold water, and canals

to distribute it, are the chief wants of India.

Any one who has gone through a heavy monsoon in any part of India, but particularly on the Western Ghauts, might be inclined to admit that water is plentiful and cheap enough abstractedly; but the question is, whether water would be cheap on the terms proposed by Colonel Cotton in his irrigation and navigation schemes. We believe that not only would the purchase be dear, but for the most part it would be impracticable.

Tanks are good and profitable works, and canals not less so, upon one condition—that they are placed in suitable localities. Tanks for irrigational purposes are not useful everywhere, but would prove absolutely detrimental in many parts of India. Canals also are useful, provided that there is traffic on their banks to support their cost, and water to fill them; but if tanks are made where they are not wanted, and canals run where there is no traffic and no natural supply of water to fill them, they become unproductive works, and all money and labour expended upon them are mere waste.

Colonel Cotton projected an anicut across the river Godavery at the head of a delta of alluvial soil. An anicut is a strong wall, or embankment, which intersects a river, and, according to its height, raises the water above its natural basin. It is perfectly evident that in such a locality, with a large stretch of level and fertile soil extending in a wide sheet to the mouth of the river, the application of a perennial supply of water, as fed by a large stream, must be easy; and that whether for canals or for irrigational aqueducts, engineering work in such a locality was promising and favourable.

Whether the profits of this scheme are at all equal to what they have been represented to be, in perfect good faith, I have no doubt, by Colonel Cotton, may reasonably be questioned. The collector of the district published a pamphlet of statistics to prove

that the data given in Colonel Cotton's report on the anicut are wrong throughout; and that the works do not pay interest on the capital expended upon them. Colonel Cotton, on the contrary, shows a profit of cent. per cent., and, we believe, more. Probably, as is generally the case, the truth lies about midway. We must observe, however, that there is a main fallacy in Colonel Cotton's column of revenue results, which is liable to mislead the public.

In 1832-3, Guntoor, Rajahmundry, and all that part of the country lying under and around the present site of the anicut, was completely desolated by famine. The population of Guntoor was reduced from 500,000 to 250,000; and the revenue fell suddenly fifty per cent.; but, as always happens under similar circumstances, the gradual rise of revenue to its ordinary level commences from the year of such calamity. Families for the time-being are broken up and dispersed; they wander into distant lands in search of food and labour; their cattle die; and their small domestic stock of silver ornaments and brass utensils are pledged or sold for the means of present subsistence. But the drought and dearth pass away, the floodgates of heaven are again opened, hope revives, and the surviving inhabitants again congregate on their old hearths. Cultivation is recommenced, and the land revenue, which is the main source of income and the chief test of prosperity, begins to increase. Colonel Cotton has taken the year after the great famine as his starting-point; and he claims all increase from that year as the fair result of his anicut.

It is quite possible that a portion of the improved rates may be fairly attributed to his irrigation works; but it is morally certain that from the year 1834 until the present time, under ordinary circumstances, and without any anicut whatever, the land revenue of the district would have recovered, or nearly recovered, its original level. Indeed, a careful study of Colonel Cotton's own statement of annual revenue

would show that the increase of revenue had commenced, and was progressively as rapid, before the anicut was advanced into a state of useful application, as since; and that there has been an equal rise of revenue in neighbouring districts altogether beyond the reach of the irrigation canals.

All such comparative statistics are, to the ordinary reader, merely blind guides. They may be prepared in perfect good faith, and we feel sure Colonel Cotton would put forth no statement in which he had not full confidence; but this does not alter the fact, as a fact, that such returns are for the most part untrustworthy, and only show one side of the case.

Nevertheless, we are willing to admit that the anicut across the Godavery, from its locality, is a work which promised well, if practicable. It rests upon no solid foundation, and, like the railway over Chatworth moss, is suspended over a quicksand; and Sir Henry Pottinger, the Governor of Madras, predicted that it would one day be dislodged. This is an engineering question into which we do not enter. We incline trustfully to the opinion of a scientific man on a scientific point; and we heartily hope that the anicut of the Godavery may hold fast, and neither sink into the bottomless gulf beneath, nor swim off towards the sea; and that its canals and aqueducts may prove as profitable as its sanguine projector could desire. But the mistake is to suppose that because a delta, lying towards the mouth of a large river, may be improved by irrigation and navigable canals, the same result could be attained on high and dry lands, where there are no large rivers and little alluvial soil, and where the whole surface of an arid country is broken up into hills and valleys, where water is intractable.

Colonel Cotton, not content with an anicut across rivers in favourable vicinities, would have canals everywhere, with or without the help of nature. We are assured he wishes for a canal commencing at Ahmudnuggur, in the Bombay



Presidency, about seventeen hundred feet above the sea, which is to meander across the country on the top of the Deccan tableland, and finally to reach Ellore on the Coromandel coast on the east, as also to cross the Ghauts into Malabar on the west. How such a canal would be supplied with water, Colonel Cotton only knows; but in the same way, wherever two rivers happen to run in parallel lines across the map, Colonel Cotton, regardless of moors and mountains and the transitory characters of the rivers, would join them by navigable canals; and deludes himself and others into the hope and belief that boats would bring supplies and luxuries to the door of every ryot.

The truth is, that a perpetual mirage seems to float before Colonel Cotton's mental vision; and a phantasmagoria of large lakes and abounding rivers, trees and gardens and green fields, turreted castles and palaces, fill up a vista, where, in melancholy truth, nothing really exists but barren lands and dry channels and dilapidated huts; but Colonel Cotton believes that his vision is prophetic, if not real, and that water would make it good.

Preisnitz said that water was a specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to, and Dr. Gully and his brother physicians at Malvern and elsewhere are transmuting water into gold at a rate which might justify its claim of affinity to the real elixir. But Colonel Cotton goes further than Preisnitz in his belief of the salutary effects of water, or than Dr. Gully in respect to its productive powers; for he boldly, expressly, and in a few modest words affirms and declares, that by the mere conservation and application of his universal solvent, four hundred millions of human beings, besides cattle and other concomitants, would be created and sustained in all comfort in India alone; and to complete the calculation, and reduce it to a money profit, for the satisfaction of a perplexed Minister of Finance,

he places a capitation value on each person at the rate of ten roopees; and thus proves by figures, that water, properly manipulated, may first be turned into human life, and then converted into Sycee silver; giving a clear annual income of six hundred millions sterling!

Lest it should be supposed that we exaggerate Colonel Cotton's estimate of the latent value of waste water, we will allow him to speak for himself:—

India is like the field after an Indian battle—there is but one cry, 'Water, water.' All that is wanted is water, and this want supplied, everything else will almost follow of course. Water for irrigation and water for transit will provide for everything else. Water is the universal solvent, and can solve that which has puzzled all the Indian wise men, from Lord Cornwallis downward to the present time, viz., the Revenue settlement.—p. 213.\*

And he proceeds to show how, on the same page—

The total amount of treasure in the country, in the shape of water, may be thus calculated. If we allow on an average two feet of rain to run off the face of the country annually, then, after allowing for evaporation, there will be two millions of cubic yards available per square mile; besides what falls on ground under cultivation, of which, of course, the profit is not lost. Thus the water that flows off every square mile is worth at the rate of 500 cubic yards per roopee (2s.), roopees 4000 (400l.) a year. The present population of India averages about 100 per square mile; but if the whole of the water that falls were made use of, no doubt the country would have at least 400 to the square mile. The water then, turned to account, would be worth ten roopees (1l.) per head per annum; and as there would be 600 millions of people, the total value of the water would be 60 thousand lacs a year, or 600 millions sterling!

In sad and sober earnestness, we would ask whether it is fair and reasonable to tax the poor and needy of all India to carry out works which are based on such visionary calculations as these? But not to follow Colonel Cotton any further in his wild specu-

\* *Vide Public Works in India*, by Colonel A. Cotton.



lations upon imaginary results, we would wish to call attention to one of his more practical schemes, for which large sums have already been sanctioned, and much larger are in contemplation—and this is, his plan of making the river Godavery navigable. Colonel Cotton has, we fear, persuaded the authorities, both at home and in Calcutta, that this undertaking is easy and profitable; and that the long neglect of such an obvious physical improvement shows criminal supineness on the part of all past administrations.

The extraordinary importance which has been given to this project, both in India and at home, seems to justify and demand an extended notice of the subject. The scheme has been nursed and fostered towards maturity by governors, and governor-generals, and ministers of state, and capitalists; and it may now be a difficult task to satisfy all the authorities that it is essentially delusive. The late Governor of Madras, Sir Charles Trevelyan, when deeply engaged in administrative labours which required his whole care and attention, was content to set all aside, and undertake a journey, to and fro, of more than eight hundred miles, to ascertain by personal inspection the probable advantage of making the river Godavery navigable; but, we believe, he turned back at the anicut. His successor, Sir W. Dennison, has visited the same locality for the same purpose, but wisely did not choose to penetrate the recesses of the Paloonchah jungles, with their malarious atmosphere. The Governor-General himself had projected a voyage of discovery up the Godavery, as a final labour before withdrawing from his vice-royalty; and Sir Charles Wood, in his place in Parliament, in the full conviction of its advisability, has taken credit to himself that he had always favoured and supported so hopeful a scheme. In the Indian financial budget, the works on the Godavery are estimated at £360,000; and it seems to be accepted as a proved fact that the navigation of the

Godavery, by artificial appliances, is a feasible operation, and likely to prove highly remunerative.

This sanguine view of the question has not been confined to the authorities; the capitalists appear willing to share in the speculation. We have now before us a prospectus of a company calling itself 'The Oriental Cotton and Transit and Trade Association, Godavery division. First capital, £250,000, with power to increase;' which proposes to open up 'to the great free-labour cotton-fields, and corn-fields, and coal-fields of Berar, certain portions of the great Godavery river,' by establishing 'a system of inland steam navigation upon this the Mississippi of the eastern coast.' A map of India accompanies this prospectus, in which the words, 'THE GREAT COTTON-FIELD,' in large red letters, are printed across the area occupied by the river Godavery, where no cotton is grown; while the words, 'THE GREAT CORN-FIELD,' are in like manner entered across Berar, the real cotton-field of central India, which is distant from the basin of the Godavery more than one hundred miles, the space being occupied by hills and another river.

Now, we should be sorry to say one word that might seem to discourage mercantile enterprise and the introduction of European capital into the rich and productive country of Berar. A very extended experience of the wants and facilities of that part of India warrants us in saying, that there are abundant room and opportunity for the profitable employment of foreign capital, and that the native inhabitants would equally benefit by being brought into immediate communication with money agencies who might be willing to deal with them on more liberal and catholic principles than Marwaree money-lenders; but we should wish to warn the public, whether in its ruling or commercial capacity, that *the basin of the Godavery is not Berar*, and that the river is not and never will become the best medium of transporting the pro-

ducts of Berar to the sea-board; and with this view we have thought it right to examine the scheme as it has come before us in the engineer's published works.\*

But before entering into the discussion, we should wish to premise that inasmuch as Colonel, now Sir Arthur, Cotton has become, by his skill as an engineer, his untiring zeal and self-devotion, and his great and varied ability, the chief authority on all public works in India, and particularly on this subject of the Godavery, it is not possible to avoid the frequent use of his name when quoting from his published reports, or referring to works which he has carried out or suggested; but we hope it will be fully understood, that we differ in opinion about his projects, without feeling or intending the slightest personal disrespect towards himself, or with any wish to derogate from the high claims he has established upon public estimation.

A few explanatory observations upon the length, position, and general course of the Godavery river may be useful for the English reader. The Godavery rises in the vicinity of Nassick, N.E. of Bombay, in about  $20^{\circ}$  N. Lat., by  $74^{\circ}$  E. Long., and it runs for about 500 miles in an easterly direction, trending to the south, passing by Pyctun, Gungakheir, Nandair, and Chinnoor. At the junction of the Pranheetta in Lat.  $18^{\circ}$  N., the river turns nearly due south, with some westing, and finally disembogues itself into the Bay of Bengal by several mouths, at and south of Coringah, in about  $16^{\circ}40'$  N. Lat., by  $82^{\circ}30'$  E. Long.

Ascending inland from the mouth of the river, there is a delta of alluvial soil, at the head of which, at Rajahmundry, is the anicut to which allusion has been made, about 50 miles from the coast; and at a further distance of 200 miles is the junction of the Pranheetta. This river extends perhaps 100 miles in a N.N.W.

direction, where it loses its name in two rivers—the Paimunga, which extends nearly due west, and the Wurdah, which descends from the north. Chandah, the town hereafter noticed as the point to which it is expected the river navigation may be extended, is about 50 miles above the junction of the Wurdah with the Paimunga.

It will thus be seen, and it must be borne in mind, that Chandah is connected with the Godavery by about 50 miles of the Wurdah, and 100 miles of the Pranheetta, both rivers keeping nearly a southerly course down stream, and that the total distance of Chandah from the sea, in round numbers, may be 400 miles; and that from the junction of the Pranheetta with the Godavery, the course of the Godavery lies east and west, and for the most part runs between  $18$  and  $19$  degrees of north latitude. Any good map will show the exact course and position of all these places and rivers.

It never seems to have occurred, in the way of doubt, to any one, that navigable rivers all over the world, and in the most barbarous nations, are constantly used as a means of transport; and more especially when the land communication is difficult—that India has been for ages in the occupation of civilized nations, which had most successfully developed its physical resources—that both the Ganges and Indus, indeed all other practicable rivers, were from time immemorial largely employed for inland traffic; and that the mere fact that neither at present, nor within the memory of man, nor, as far as we know, the tradition of the country, has the Godavery ever supported a boat traffic—and the same observation applies to many other rivers of a similar character—might suggest a doubt whether there may not be other drawbacks and difficulties to overcome in this scheme besides that which is sug-

\* Vide *Public Works in India; their Importance, &c.* By Lieut.-Colonel A. Cotton. (Revised Edition.) Originally published in London by William H. Allen and Co., 7, Leadenhall-street. 1854.



gested as the sufficing cause—viz., that the zemindars on the banks exact river dues.

Colonel Cotton cannot be ignorant that transit dues, both on roads and rivers, under native governments, have been demanded from time immemorial in all parts of India, and have never proved prohibitory. They were vexatious, no doubt, but are more popular than our own municipal and income taxes; and morally less objectionable than that abomination of iniquity, the tax for revenue purposes on liquor and opium; the consumption of which poisons, under our fostering care, increases much more rapidly than conversion to Christianity, which is placed in ugly association with the other practice. The Godavery chiefly flows through the Nizam's country, and there is a road runs parallel with the river from Rajahmundry to Chandah; and Colonel Cotton knows that every bullock carrying salt has to pay transit dues at every chief town, to the same zemindars as those who would demand river dues if the traffic was transferred to the water; but the road traffic is not stopped, although the tax is heavier and more vexatious on land than it would be on the river. There were always dues taken on the Indus and Ganges, but the trade went on, and without impediment, because the amount of the tax was added to the price of the goods.

There never was any traffic on the Godavery within the memory of man. First, because the river from Rajahmundry to Nandair, far beyond the confluence of the Wurdah, flows through a belt of dense jungle extending far and near on both sides. This jungle for a considerable part of the year is impracticable from malaria, particularly along the course of the river. The sparse population are physically weakly, and subject to annual visitations of ague and fever; and they grow little to export, and have no means to purchase imports; there is, therefore, nothing on the river to support boat navigation.

Secondly, because there are fre-

quent obstructions on the river, which Colonel Cotton believes to be six in number; but on more careful survey it is probable these obstructions would be found to increase and multiply. Colonel Cotton trusts to the report of one Captain Fenwick; but we happen to know that Captain Fenwick is not a trustworthy authority. However, these obstructions are very serious, and form dangerous rapids. One of Colonel Cotton's engineers attempted to descend one of these rapids, and, like Icarus, was drowned for his pains; and this, I think, is the last experiment that has been made. Colonel Cotton of course leaps over such trifling impediments, and purposes, like Hannibal on the Alps, to melt them down; or like Napoleon, to turn them. But the natives of India, not having equal faith, have not been able to remove mountains, and have probably not sufficient enthusiasm to be drowned in experimental navigation, and therefore have preferred to travel by the road.

Thirdly, because the Godavery, during the monsoon, is a rushing flood, and in dry weather is a shallow stream; and although it is possible that at uncertain intervals in each year, boat navigation might be practicable, yet nothing like permanent water-way could be expected or ever occurs; and there was nothing to encourage a trade which was liable to such interruption both in regard to time and distance.

As far as we know, the only chance of useful or permanent water-way on any river in India, is where the source of the river happens to lie in the bosom of hills which are capped with snow, or are in some way in communication with the line of perpetual congelation. Such rivers as the Ganges, the Jumna, the five rivers of the Punjab, and the Boorhampooter, which descend from the Himalayas, have two sources of supply—the monsoon rains, and the melting of the snow, and therefore remain full during the whole year; but the rivers of Central and Southern



India, the Nurbuddah, the Taptee, the Godavery, the Kistnah, and the Cauveri, take their rise on lower hills, where snow never rests. Such rivers become broad torrents during the rainy season, but they fall rapidly after the rains terminate, and cease to become navigable from want of depth; and Colonel Cotton, with all his engineering skill, would not be able to overcome the inherent defect of these rivers, or to compensate for a want for which nature has not provided.

But apart from this inherent, and, as we believe, insurmountable obstacle, on which opinions may differ, surely the Government is bound, before it adopts the speculative views of an admitted water enthusiast, albeit a most able and honourable man, to consider and to test the value of the statistics upon which Colonel Cotton's calculations of profits ostensibly rest. It was surely the duty of Government to ascertain from the best and nearest sources whether the amount of traffic, present or prospective, does, or ever would, approach what is assumed by Colonel Cotton, provided his schemes were adopted; that is to say, canals made, gigantic reservoirs constructed, masses of rocks removed, and untold expenditure incurred; and we make bold to submit, that such investigation of simple matters of fact ought to have been a preliminary precaution, before a grant of more than thirty lacs of rupees had been sanctioned from an exhausted treasury.

Now, we know perfectly well, that although Berar, the supposed area of Colonel Cotton's import and export trade, has been under the civil control of the English for more than eight years, Lord Canning and his council have never taken the trouble to call for any returns from any of the officers in civil charge of those fertile districts; either to ascertain the amount of traffic, or its direction

in relation to the Godavery. It is possible that the Political Resident at Hyderabad, distant from Berar three hundred miles, may have been required to offer his opinion. It was one of Earl Canning's weak points to believe that his personal representative in any part of India is gifted with all knowledge and wisdom. And it was further his lordship's imperious pleasure to expect that every such representative should re-echo the views of Government, whatever they might be. We think it quite possible that there may have been some official correspondence between Hyderabad and Calcutta, about the Godavery and its navigable capabilities, and the trade on its banks. We think so the rather that, in 1860 a new treaty was forced upon his Highness the Nizam, our long-suffering victim and faithful ally, in special acknowledgment of her Majesty's gratitude for his fidelity during the mutiny, whereby he was required and compelled to cede, in perpetuity, his right and title to all land lying on the left bank of the Godavery, through its whole length, from the junction of the Wurdah downwards; and furthermore, to commute for value not received, his own right and that of his lieges to demand any river dues.

We infer from these pregnant facts that the Governor-General has, or supposes he has, the authority of the Resident at Hyderabad for adopting the calculations of Colonel Cotton as a correct return of river traffic now and hereafter.\*

But if the Government had been really anxious to obtain correct data, and not predetermined to give way to a popular delusion, information would have been called for, not from the Political Resident, who really has no information to give, as he possesses none, but from the Commissioner and his assistants in charge of Berar. These officials, residing on the spot, fully possessed of all statistics, and

\* We observe by the debate in the House of Commons on the 19th of June, that the Resident at Hyderabad, Colonel Davidson, had expressed an opinion unfavourable to the Navigation scheme, and had received a hint that he was to hold his tongue.

in constant communication with people of all classes, might on some reasonable ground have confirmed the estimates of Colonel Cotton, or refuted them. But assuredly, up to the end of the year 1860—that is, for some time after the new Treaty had been signed, and the grant allowed—no such information had ever been required or supplied.

Let us, then, examine Colonel Cotton's trade statistics as they are given in the revised edition of his published work; and if possible ascertain, in the first place, the direction of the traffic to which he refers. It will be seen at once that the basis on which he builds his airy castle is a pure illusion, and that his calculations do not, in fact, rest upon any stable foundation. He assumes that a certain depth of water (about three feet) may be calculated upon from Chandah on the Wurdah to the sea, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, for six months in the year. At page 90, the depth at many places is shown to be only a few inches, and we do not believe that a continuous depth of three feet would remain for three months in each year. But never mind—let it be three feet. How does this apply to his argument of the probable traffic? Here are his own words (page 194):—‘The traffic from the upper part of the basin of the Godavery, towards Bombay and the Ganges, appears, from the statements given by the railway engineers, to be at least 100,000 tons a year of goods merely seeking the cheapest access to a port, and which would consequently be all carried by the Godavery, if the navigation were open;’ and this traffic goes on increasing at a ratio faster than Falstaff's men in buckram, for he adds—‘in such a case as this, however, it is evident that the present amount of traffic cannot in the remotest degree indicate the amount of traffic there would be on the river if easily navigated;’ and, *more suo*, Colonel Cotton assumes that the import trade would immediately increase to 500,000 tons; but he cautions his reader not to be content with this

moderate estimate, as he should consider one million tons to be nearer the mark. And this again Colonel Cotton contrives, by a process peculiar to himself, but which is not intelligible to us, to convert into a cash profit; and he shows how untold treasures would flow into the Government chest, if only the Godavery was made navigable from Chandah to the sea.

Now we must submit that from the first there is a radical error in these figures. The postulate is wrong, and the deduction necessarily falls to the ground. The traffic estimated by the railway engineers at 100,000 tons, and which Colonel Cotton claims for *the basin of the Godavery*, and thereupon multiplies, first by five and then by ten, and then leaves to be filled up by more ambitious figures at some future time, does not lie within *the basin of the Godavery*, and does not approach within 120 miles of the course of that river.

The line of traffic indicated by the railway engineers lies east and west, extending from Nagpoore to Bombay, and passes through the fertile valley of Berar, the cotton country, and the Province of Khandeish. A railway is now in progress on this line, in Lat. 21 and 20, and its general progress through Nagpoore, Oomraottee, Akolah, and Nassick may be traced on any map. The upper basin of the Godavery, the only part of the river where population and cultivation exist, runs parallel with this line, but it will be observed, at a distance of some 120 miles, and it only turns northward and approaches the line of traffic in the neighbourhood of Nassuck, where the river rises. But we presume that even Colonel Cotton, with all his water mania, would not pretend that the river Godavery is navigable above Gungukheir; nor does his argument, as it stands in his book, apply to any part of the river above its confluence with the Wurdah and Pranheetta. Therefore, when Colonel Cotton claims the line of traffic of Berar, Khandeish, and Nagpoore as the natural supply belonging to the basin of the Goda-



very, he is bringing two things into conjunction which nature has separated by hills, and dales, and long distance.

It is quite true, and the map shows, that the Wurdah at Chandah, which flows north and south, and falls into the Godavery, does impinge at one point, not on the line of railway traffic, but on one corner of the country which collaterally supplies the line; and if Colonel Cotton had claimed for this tributary stream a section of the traffic corresponding with its real value, his argument would have held good as far as it goes; but in his eagerness to maintain large speculative profits, Colonel Cotton was not content with a logical inference, but is misled by his sanguine temperament into grasping at the whole traffic of a totally different line of territory, and leads the Government and the public to understand that the export trade he describes is the produce of the basin of the Godavery, and would necessarily flow towards the river on either hand through its whole course.

And that this was the meaning he wished to convey is evident, as in his calculation of the comparative cost of transport by the railway and the river he observes (page 194), 'we must add an average of thirty miles of land carriage, which would take in a great range of country.' Well, we will allow Colonel Cotton thirty miles of country from Chandah on the Wurdah towards the railway line, and assume that this amount of traffic would go down the Godavery to Coringah, and how stands the calculation of profits?

Chandah stands on the Nagpoore side of the Wurdah, and approaches the extreme south-easterly corner of the valley of Berar. The river at that point might command, on a sanguine calculation, an export trade of about one thousand tons yearly, and this, be it observed, is all that Colonel Cotton has any right to claim for his river navigation, on his own average of thirty miles for land carriage out of the whole traffic of a hundred thousand

tons, as estimated by the railway engineers. The rest of the Godavery traffic must come from the banks of the river, the real basin of the Godavery, from Chandah downwards; but we have already stated that this river, as does also the lower part of the Wurdah, runs through a wide belt of dense jungle as far as Rajahmundry, and there is neither population nor produce to maintain an import trade, even if there were water.

Colonel Cotton knew this perfectly well; but blinded by his water crotchet, he has contrived to mystify himself and the authorities by assuming that the line of traffic from Nagpoore to Bombay lies along the basin of the Godavery.

If Colonel Cotton wishes to claim the traffic which he has placed at the head of his calculation, for the use and benefit of the Godavery, he must be content to add to other costs of transport any amount of land carriage that may be necessary to transport the goods from Khandeish, Berar, and all Nagpoore to Chandah. In some instances this would far exceed the whole of the land carriage to Bombay, where merchandize could at once be shipped for England and China at a magnificent port, and from an emporium of commerce; instead of being thrown down at a wretched town four hundred miles inland, in an unhealthy jungle, on the bank of an impracticable river leading to a bad harbour, with a bar across its mouth.

Colonel Cotton, writing in 1854, in drawing a pleasant comparison between his own project of river navigation and the railway, indulged in a little vaticination which was fated to be fulfilled, but in an opposite sense. Were it not, he says, 'for those plaguy ghauts,' the railway 'might reach the Wurdah in forty years;' while as regards the Godavery he ventures to predict that 'at the end of five years, when the railway would not yet have reached up half way to Berar (even allowing it to proceed three times as fast as hitherto), the Godavery would have been a line of immense traffic for four







advantage, be exported or exchanged for rice or any other edible commodity.

The real basin of the Godavery, above the confluence of the Pranhetta, produces large quantities of wheat and other common grains, and supplies Hyderabad, Aurungabad, and other cities in the Deccan; but there is no trade to the coast, east or west; and we have already shown that from Chandah to Rajahmundry there is nothing but dense jungle, where no trade, either import or export, could be expected; until war had been made upon the forest, and people had taken the place of trees, under the creative influence of Colonel Cotton's universal solvent, water.

But besides the want of traffic, there is another want, which is a very serious impediment to river navigation, and this is the want of water. Colonel Cotton's plan is to store water in large reservoirs during the monsoon, and then to feed the river with a perennial supply during the dry season. Here are his own words, referring to the Mississippi (page 188):—

Water stored in lakes or reservoirs is discharged at certain fixed intervals into the streams, so as to give a flush for a few days, which is taken advantage of by the boats, which have previously been collecting in the line of navigation; and this is precisely the plan I would propose, excepting that the supply should be made constant.

Colonel Cotton's calculation is that three-thousand million cubic yards of water would increase the assumed average depth of three feet, to a navigable depth of six feet; and the work is to be paid for out of the profits, which are put down in magnificent figures, with that happy facility which distinguishes all Colonel Cotton's calculations of water profit.

Colonel Cotton does not trouble us with particulars as to where these reservoirs are to be placed; indeed, he says it is not of much consequence; nor does he condescend to describe how such enormous works are to be constructed. All that he is good enough to communicate is, that he requires

3,000,000,000 cubic yards of water for his purpose.

We think there would be difficulty in locality and construction; but let this be. We will assume that the water—it takes our breath away to repeat the quantity—is stored. Engineers do not tolerate the word impossible; and as we know that once upon a time the Pyramids were built, we suppose mounds of earth to any amount may be raised; and that the Godavery, when full, has the water to spare; but all this allowed, we are not free from some scruples of doubt about the water-way. We doubt, from actual observation, whether, in its normal state, the river during the dry season has a continuous depth of three feet; and we have the authority of Colonel Cotton's book to reduce the three feet to a few inches; and we doubt still more vehemently whether the actual depth could by any quantity of stored water be increased to six feet, as he believes.

We know the river Godavery right well, and have crossed it and recrossed it in all parts. We have been encamped for weeks at the spot named by Colonel Cotton, even Budrachellum, and we have travelled up and down the banks, although we have never attempted its navigation, seeing nothing to encourage the experiment; and our firm impression is, that a depth of six feet throughout its whole course could not possibly be maintained by any artificial means whatever.

The Godavery during the rains, that is, after each fresh, pours down towards the sea in a broad and rapid torrent, probably varying from one to one and a half mile in width; but during eight months of the year it subsides into a narrow stream in the middle of its natural bed, and then it exposes an immensely wide channel some thirty feet below the level of the country, the bed itself being nearly level from bank to bank.

Colonel Cotton estimates the mean fall of the river from Chandah downwards at a foot and a quarter per mile, with a current of three miles per hour. Oomraottee is, by



measurement, eleven hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the sea; and Chandah, in its neighbourhood, judging by the general sweep of the country, cannot be less than a thousand feet. The distance thence to the sea is scarcely four hundred miles, which gives a mean fall of two feet and a half, nearly double the estimate of Colonel Cotton; and the current must be rapid in proportion.

Now, one foot of increased depth would widen the stream probably one hundred yards; two feet would cover half of the whole bed; and three feet would probably extend the water from bank to bank, particularly if we assume, with Colonel Cotton, that the natural stream is three feet; and it is easy to imagine what quantity of water would be required to feed a tolerably rapid current with three feet of water, over a width of nearly one mile, and four hundred miles in length.

We do not believe that any reservoirs Colonel Cotton could construct would furnish the necessary supply for two weeks; and we would entreat the Government, before it throws away another grant of thirty lacs, to be sunk irrecoverably in the quicksands of the Godavery, to ascertain more particularly how Colonel Cotton proposes to construct these enormous waterworks, about which point his book is remarkably obscure.

And while the Government pauses to investigate this main point, let it also question those who are really in a position to give sound information as to the actual and prospective traffic on the banks of the Godavery.

It must be recollected that this is a counter-project. It is not merely an expensive undertaking in itself, but it is meant and intended as a check to the railway now rapidly advancing from Bombay to Nagpoore. The Berar cotton will never go down to Coringah, and it would not if the Godavery were made navigable to-morrow; but this may be a matter of opinion. What, however, is a

matter of fact is, that the 100,000 tons of present traffic, which Colonel Cotton claims for the 'basin of the Godavery,' is not within reach of that river at all.

The line of railway from Bombay to Nagpoore, on the contrary, intersects longitudinally the populous districts of Nagpoore, Berar, and Khandeish; and throughout its whole length it passes through countries teeming with population and luxuriant with fertility. Its staple products for export, cotton and linseed, are sold for ready money before they are grown; and on either hand the character of the country defines and limits and prescribes the line of traffic towards Bombay. The river Wurdah and the Godavery run at right angles, and may or may not create and maintain a traffic of their own; but we repeat again and again, that it is not that traffic which Colonel Cotton claims for the river, and upon which he has based his whole scheme.

If there were a navigable river running east and west, parallel with the railway, it might be quite true that canal navigation would be a better mode of transport for cheap and heavy merchandize than the railroad; but since the Poornah and the Taptee do not happen to be navigable, there is no remedy but to adopt the next best method, be it a common road or a railway.

But although we differ *toto cælo* with Colonel Cotton in his Godavery project, and think, generally, that his plans of improvement, like those of Brunel, are too magnificent to be practically useful or profitable, yet we give him full credit for having earnestly and persistently called attention to the great neglect of material improvement. His method may not always be good, but the principle is sound. The face of the country is covered with broken tanks and dilapidated ruins. India does not wear the appearance of a country which for more than one hundred years has been ruled by a civilized and energetic government. It looks more like the estate of a spendthrift, which is being rack-rented by its insolvent and

reckless proprietor; and this too nearly represents the truth. England is so greedy of present gain, and is so intent upon making India a milch cow for England's necessities, that the ultimate advantage of both nations is sacrificed. We kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Colonel Cotton, indeed, thinks that in governing India we should abandon all Indian ideas and trust to the heaven-born legislation of young England. We believe this to be a fundamental error in any branch of administration; but on his own principle of physical appliances, and particularly of water, Colonel Cotton should be the last man in the world to turn from the wisdom of ancient India as denoted by her public works. If Colonel Cotton were only to strike inland from the right bank of his favourite river, he would discover a system of tanks such as would come nearer to fulfil his own dreams of improvement than any he has yet devised. He would see the Pykal tank, six miles broad by some forty long, and filled with water which never fails; and over the whole surface of the former kingdom of Wurungel and Elgundel he would see one tank succeeding another with such skill in selection and construction, that not a drop of water could have escaped unprofitably to the sea. He might also gather from the experience of past ages the importance of applying irrigation only where the chemical properties of the soil denoted the advantage of water—a secret which is not understood in the present day.

But everywhere India bears upon its surface the vestiges of a population numerous, thriving, industrious, wealthy, and intelligent, who had fully developed the physical resources of the whole country.

They did not waste their strength in attempting to feed large rivers with water beyond the intention of nature; but they navigated the rivers where navigation was practicable, they made tanks where tanks were useful, and they cultivated their fields with skill and success. So far from turning with

contempt from the footsteps of those who have gone before us, the Government would do well, before undertaking any new or expensive work in strange places, to search out and repair or renew those works of material improvement which had been sanctioned by the selection and labour of the old inhabitants. But if we try to be wiser than our predecessors we shall in most instances fail. We doubt, for instance, whether irrigational works would succeed anywhere in India, where there are not any remains of similar works in the site or in the vicinity. It has never happened to us to see a tank laid down and completed for irrigational purposes on a new site that has not proved a practical failure; and the hint is useful not only as it concerns works of physical improvement, but also in regard to fiscal rules and administrative regulations generally. The first step to sound legislation is a careful study of the past history of a nation, and a dispassionate review of its old laws, traditions, and public works.

But all this will not be understood until the English shall be content to govern India, not for the money profit of Manchester and Liverpool, but in the honest discharge of its real duties towards the nations of India. We make roads and laws not to benefit India but to promote English commerce and increase the revenue; and for anything beyond this the Government has had neither ears to hear nor eyes to see. The result is undeniable—that one hundred years' occupation, with unlimited power for good or for evil, has left the country as a whole unimproved, and the people separated from us in feeling and sympathy by a gulf that grows wider and more impassable every day.

We have not room, on the present occasion, to show on what principles English capital might be employed in India with mutual advantage to both countries. We do not believe that money and enterprise could be embarked anywhere with better promise than in India—a country subject to our

political authority, and pre-eminently enriched with every natural product that is coveted or required by the whole world. More rapid fortunes may be made in the irregular trade in opium with China; but the money thus gained is tarnished with iniquity to an extent which never can be washed out; and in the nature of things this smuggling trade must soon terminate. In India, on the contrary, there is a wide field for regular commerce, which, rightly followed out, would prove of equal advantage to the people of India and our own capitalists. We hope, therefore, that in combating misconception, we have not said anything that should be misconstrued into an argument against trade based on sound calculation, or public works of real utility.

Before closing our remarks, we may be permitted to offer briefly an opinion upon a question which possesses at the present time surpassing interest—the cotton famine. Let us review this important subject through the retrospect of past events. In 1821, the United States supplied England with 93,470,745 pounds of cotton, against 8,827,107 pounds imported from India; in 1841, the import from America was 358,240,964 pounds, and from India 97,388,153 pounds; in 1860, the supply from America was 1,115,890,608 pounds, and from India 204,141,168 pounds. Thus it will be seen that from both countries the supply has followed the demand in about an equal ratio; that the production of and trade in cotton have been gradually developed; that it has taken forty years to bring up the quantity required from either country to its present amount; and that India has never supplied more than one-sixth of the aggregate demand. In 1861 a blockade is established on the coast of America, which suddenly stops the

American supply, and the manufacturers of England, in their distress, call upon India with something like angry impatience, to fill up the vacuum, and seem disposed to blame the Government because the urgent want is not immediately supplied.

We believe, from our knowledge of cotton cultivation—and we happen to have considerable experience in cotton districts—that India is fully capable of contributing a much larger supply of cotton than it now does, but that this increased supply depends upon causes which require time for development. New ground may be broken up, and cotton sown without much difficulty, but increased population is required to gather the cotton in season, and the want of labour—that is, of women's and children's labour—limits any great increase of quantity more than any other cause; and is a practical difficulty which is not to be suddenly overcome. So long as the whole population of India is clothed from head to foot with cloths, chiefly the product of hand-loom in each village, and China is supplied from India, the supply to England could not be more than doubled; and as a permanent export, year by year, even this quantity could not be provided under a period of ten years.

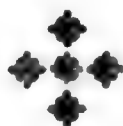
If, then, it be asked—Can India prevent or materially relieve the cotton famine as it now exists? we are bound to say, that in our opinion it cannot. We think it is a delusive idea; and although, as an old Indian, our interest and prejudices are towards that country, it seems to us that the hopes and efforts of Manchester and Liverpool ought to be directed towards some other means by which the trade with America may be thrown open, even though the fratricidal war is doomed to go on with all its melancholy results.



## THE SHORE.

**S**UBTLE distinctions, qualified assents,  
 Classifications not to be transgressed,  
 Theories of science and disputed facts,  
 Religious squabbles, philosophic schools,  
 Historic ages, periods of geology,  
 Artistic jargon, progress of the species,  
 Classic and Gothic—endless oppositions,  
 Wherein the memory faints, the reason reels,  
 The imagination frets—I put them all  
 Behind me; for I stand upon the shore,  
 And they are of the land—the man-marred land—  
 Not of the sea. The waters know them not,  
 But draw their level leagues against the sky,  
 And heaving ceaselessly through formless forms  
 Their ever-changeful, never-changing bulk,  
 Come dancing, flashing, rolling to my feet.  
 Their murmurous speech I cannot coin in words,  
 Nor grasp the meaning of that doubtful smile:  
 Of Christian moral or of Pagan creed  
 They make no mention, but ignore mankind,  
 And disregard with even countenance  
 Plesiosaurus or excursion train;  
 Awful in every mood—a molten mass  
 Of boiling chaos, as a week ago,  
 Green monsters lighted by the flying storm,  
 Or creeping, as they crept but yesterday,  
 Raggedly bannered by the coiling mist,  
 With dull and leaden cadence to the shore.  
 To-day the azure canopy above  
 Is mirrored azure in the brine below;  
 The breeze that clears the brightness overhead  
 Just wakes the ‘countless laughter’ of the deep.  
 Surely to-day God’s Spirit visibly  
 Moves, as of yore, upon the waters’ face;  
 Man’s spirit feels the kindred presence stir  
 Within, and straightway rends the bandages  
 Of custom, logic, sense, that swathe him up;  
 Fares forth in widening circles, till he greet  
 The dim horizon, lifted to the life  
 Of harmony with nature and with God.

T. E. H.



## A MODEL AND A WIFE.

In Three Chapters.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'AGNES TREMORNE.'

## CHAPTER I.

THE studio of John Herbert was *perhaps* the dirtiest, *certainly* the most uncomfortable, in Rome. I may be accused of exaggeration, but calmly and deliberately I repeat the assertion.

John Herbert was a genius; moreover, he had that capacity for work, hard work, which is so rarely combined with genius; but, alas! he was also the most absent-minded, untidy, and careless of men.

He would stand at his easel for hours, regardless of time and appetite, with his studio one litter from floor to ceiling, of sketches, cast-aside palettes, bottles, brushes, rags, bits of costume, books, manuscripts, and other heterogeneous articles, of which I could make a catalogue as long as an auctioneer's, and sublimely unconscious that over his most valuable and elaborate studies, a thick glutinous stream of turpentine was producing a most fitful varnish, and that the purple and silver brocade which hung from his lay figure was resting in a pool of oil.

One afternoon, while he was conquering with great skill and patience a refractory portion of the foreground of his most ambitious picture, he heard a knock at the door. Herbert hated interruptions,

and his 'Come in' was uttered in a very peevish and uninviting tone.

The door opened, and on the threshold stood a middle-aged man with a ludicrous expression of disgust, amazement, and perplexity on his face. Herbert was not aware of it. He had gone on with his painting, having instantly forgotten the interruption.

'How long am I to wait here, Herbert?'

'You? Why, I thought I had said come in an hour ago.'

'It is easy to say come in: *how* to come in is the question.'

Herbert looked round, and shrugged his shoulders. He did not understand the difficulties. He rose, however, with the intention of clearing a narrow path through the obstructions for the intruder.

'No, no; I would rather not, thank you. I am contented to stay here, if you will only listen to me. First, how are you getting on?'

'Not at all.'

'Humph. What is the matter?'

'My dear Elton, I feel inclined to break up my studio, burn my canvas, destroy my brushes, and go to New Zealand.'

'Nonsense. What is it?'

'I have been trying to realize an idea suggested by Tennyson. You know the verses—

A leaning and upbearing parasite,  
Clothing the stem, which else had fallen quite,  
With clustered flower-bells and ambrosial orbs  
Of rich fruit bunches leaning on each other  
Shadow forth thee: the world hath not another,  
Though all her fairest forms are types of thee,  
And thou of God, in the great chastity  
Of such a finished chastened purity.'

'Well?'

'The picture is not getting on badly in all its accessories; but the principal figure is a failure.'

'How?'

'I call the picture "Notre Dame de bon Secours," but I do not want

a Catholic Madonna, that type has been done to death; but a woman in whose face one could read a steadfast and heroic purpose, united to the most loving sweetness. Every model in Rome has sat to me.' Elton whistled. 'I have made

sketches from them, but not one approaches the idea I seek to represent.'

'Explain.'

'The fact is, these Italian faces, beautiful as they are in form and colour, are, if I may so express myself, too easily read. If they are pleased, grieved, vexed, amused, it is on the surface at once. They are too broadly expressed. There is a want of self-control and discipline on their faces.'

'You raved about them once.'

'So I do now in a certain sense ; but for this particular picture I wish I could obtain the soft, veiled look which is so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon countenance, combined with the beauty of form of an Italian face.'

'That is not likely.'

'No; and rather than fail, I will give it up; but it is a bitter disappointment.'

'You have seen all the models?'

'All!'

'Annunziata?'

'Yes; she has a mild saintly look, but it is the mildness of a *bon naturel*, and nothing more. There is nothing deep or self-restrained in it. Leonardo's intellectual-looking Madonnas have something of the look I mean.'

'Yes. How much power and refinement we see in the faces of his Maries.'

'Exactly. You remember those large full eyes and round temples, and the delicate, almost thin cheek?'

'Yes. By-the-bye, I have a notion——'

'What?'

'I have seen—I know a face that would do.'

'You?'

'Yes. I will see about it.'

'What on earth do you mean?'

'Oh, sometimes in this dull old anachronism of a town in which I have no vocation, I ramble about and use my eyes.'

'But, then, have you only seen some model whom you think will do? Do you not know whether she will be contented to sit to me or not?'

'I will ascertain all that. But

now enough of this. Do wash your hands, smooth that door-mat called by courtesy a head of hair, change your blouse, and come along. My aunt and my cousins have arrived.'

'I am not fit to dine out,' interrupted Herbert, in a most piteous tone.

'What are your disqualifications?'

'I have so much to do.'

'No, no; come along. Besides, there is Nellie.'

'Nellie? Oh! I remember——'

'Do you mean to say you had forgotten? The question was asked in a tone of indignation.'

'I had not forgotten little Nellie,' answered Herbert, mildly; 'but I did not at the moment connect your family with her. You must acknowledge the name is a common one.'

'To me, there is but one Nellie in all the world.' Herbert looked inquiringly at Elton, but was silent.

He then put by his painting, threaded his way through the maze, and disappeared through a side door, from which he emerged ten minutes afterwards with some appearance of having attempted a toilette.

As they made their way through the Corso, Elton observed how curiously Herbert peered into every face, still intent on his search for the lineaments of 'Notre Dame de bon Secours.'

'How your whole soul is absorbed in that picture,' said Elton, impatiently.

'Of course it is.'

'I have no patience with you.'

'My dear Elton, one cannot serve two masters: I belong wholly and irrevocably to art. Why should I shake off my allegiance the moment I am out of the studio?'

'Do you mean to say you have no affections, feelings, desires, which are not those of an artist?'

'None, I hope,' answered Herbert, quietly.

'Then you are a f—, humph. I mean I do not believe you.'

'My dear fellow, I know I seem a fool to you, and to most men; but I have made my choice. My studio is my home, my art is my mistress, wife, child—the object to



which I devote myself body and soul.'

'That will do, till the proper person appears.'

'I tell you seriously I shall never marry; the jealous divinity I serve admits of no divided affections. Where would be my concentration of thought on my picture if, while painting it, I should be depressed or delighted by circumstances which had nothing to do with it?'

'Pshaw!'

'Fancy me a slave to all the requirements of domestic felicity. "My dear, return at one to luncheon; it is our Dick's birthday, so you must see him at dinner. Remember to be home early this evening, for we dine at Mrs. Hum's. Recollect that to-morrow is Mrs. Prim's ball; be sure you have your hair cut, and try to look a little more like other people. Pray do not go to the studio to-day; Charlie has the measles, and I am so anxious." And then confinements and monthly nurses and wet-nurses and dry-nurses and cooks and milliners and dressmakers, and all the lilliputian fetters of all kinds which pin you to earth, when you wish to be most freed from it—then jealousies and bickerings and contentions—'

'Stuff; cannot you imagine a woman really loving you enough to study your comfort and save you all this torment?'

A softer expression passed over Herbert's face.

'No woman whom I could love could herself love such a creature as I am—a dirty, ill-conditioned, careless dog, with nothing to attract whatever, absent and pre-occupied in manner, unkempt and unbrushed in person. Individually, who could love John Herbert the man, and the artist has as yet achieved nothing which could bestow a reflected glory on him. I am never happy but in my studio; ordinary conversation bores me to death, and then women, say what you like, are so exacting; if you fail in *petits soins*, they are so unforgiving. With the best intentions, I should be always sinning. You know the pithy account the young midship-

man wrote of some South Sea islanders he had been ordered to visit and send a report of, "Manners, none; customs, beastly." Most women would *think* in much the same way of me. Sometimes I rise at four, sometimes I crawl out of bed to dinner; there are nights when I do not go to bed at all; there are days when, if I was put to the torture, I could not tell you whether I had dined or not.'

'And the consequence of this fooling away of health and strength is, that John Herbert, at thirty, looks forty, and that a naturally fine constitution is nearly destroyed. You stoop, you cough, and you are about half the weight you were four years ago.'

'I know it, Elton. I trust, however, I shall live long enough to fulfil one of my ambitions—that is, paint a first-class picture. There have been times, however, when I feared I must not expect even that.'

'You are the most provoking fellow; what nonsense.'

'Dear Jim,' said Herbert, in a soft caressing tone, 'truth is best. I know my health is gone, why should I shrink from telling you; but after all, life survives health, and while I live I can work.'

Elton sighed. He looked at Herbert, and saw there was truth in what he feared.

Herbert was not only thin, but attenuated; the features were sharpened, and the complexion was of a flushed sallowness, which spoke ill as to the general health. The cough was not frequent, but there were inflammatory symptoms about it. In short, John Herbert was in that state when a little care would set the creaking machine in order, but a little more neglect and injudicious usage would break it up.

Elton felt sad and anxious. He loved the young artist with a half protecting, half admiring love. The only romance of his honest matter-of-fact nature was connected with him. This romance was of course connected with a woman—Elton's first and only love, Herbert's no love.

They arrived in Via Gregoriana; Mrs. Elton, Elton's aunt, lived there.

They were late, and the precise old lady looked somewhat reproachful.

'Where is Nell?' was Elton's first whispered question.

'Upstairs; she is so tired, she is not coming down again. She has been to the Protestant cemetery for hours to-day.'

Elton disappeared for a few minutes; when he returned, he found his aunt leaning back with a puzzled and somewhat offended air, and his two sisters were whispering together over their crochet.

Herbert had vanished.

'Where is John?' he asked.

Mrs. Elton pointed in silence to the terrace, which opened from the farthest drawing-room. Elton there found Herbert sketching a peculiar-looking carved and twisted pediment of a column, from which its capital had long been broken, but round which a passion-flower had twisted itself in great luxuriance and beauty. Mrs. Elton's conversation had not had power to fix Herbert's thoughts, and his eyes had been attracted by the effect of this lovely bit of green leaf and starry flower on the luminous marble, till the temptation had been irresistible, and after mumbling some excuses he had escaped to make a sketch of it.

Elton went to him, and after a little persuasion and some reproof, induced him to return to his hostess; but the column was sketched, and certain cabalistic signs scratched on the paper explained to the artist where the colours should be placed and what they were.

Enriched with this sketch, he bore in smiling patience all the tediousness of a formal dinner, and did not attempt to get away before Elton himself rose and bade his relatives good night.

'Now remember, Jim,' said Herbert, 'you must not tempt me out again. I must work hard to make up for this fulfilment of social duties.'

'And Nellie?'

'I told Mrs. Elton I hoped they would all come and see me at my studio in a month or so. I shall be less pressed for time then, and she can bring Nell with her. Good night.'

## CHAPTER II.

The next morning, in an upper room of the same house where they had dined, Elton might have been seen in earnest conversation with a young lady. She was seated on a low stool in an attitude too free and careless for any English woman 'pur sang' to take. The muscles of the British female are of a stronger consistency, and do not permit that willowy and flexible grace.

Her abundant hair was of the darkest brown where it was folded in a mass at the back of her head, but of a warmer tint in the little wavy rings about the forehead. Her eyes were black, her nose small, with fine nostrils, cut as clearly as a statue's; her mouth, which smiled rarely, wore in its abiding expression something tender, yet sad. Had it not been for the eyes, the mouth would have been almost pathetic in its gentleness; had it not been for the mouth, the eyes would have been too keen and purely intellectual; as it was, the face was full of meaning, but one not to be defined immediately. It suggested more than it expressed. At times it was grand and passionless as a Minerva's, at others it was arch and almost mischievous. At the very moment that the beholder had fitted some story or some judgment of character to its prevailing expression, some sudden shadow or some fleeting brightness would belie his verdict.

'I saw him, Jim; I tell you, I looked down accidentally from that window, and saw him sketching that column. He is more altered than I thought possible. I can see that he is very ill.'

'I know it; but what can be done? I only wish he could find a model, and finish that cursed picture; we might then get him to change the air.'

'Why can't he find one?'

'He wants such a contradictory, inconceivable, as the *Saturday Review* would say.'

'Could I do, cousin?'

'You—well, on my word, let me look at you, I begin to think you would.'

Sly Elton. He had resolved on this very way of serving Herbert and Nelly at the same time, but he was determined to let it appear the work of chance, and not his own arrangement, and therefore he would not make the proposition himself.

'But how?' and the young lady was on her feet in an instant. 'I know,' she said; 'tell him you have found an Italian model.'

'Lie the first.'

'I will take Annina with me, and you can say I am rather in a better class of life, or that I have a jealous husband—'

'Lie the second.'

'And that he must speak to me as little as possible.'

'At the cost of three white lies, then; no, no—let him take your picture, that is plain and straightforward. I told my aunt, who wishes you to have your portrait painted while you are in Rome, that I would recommend you a good artist; I know of none better than Herbert. I will manage him, and she will surely make no objection.'

'Oh no, I have so tutored my tutoress, that she never *does* make inconvenient objections.'

'What a Turk you are; my poor aunt has had a difficult task with you.'

'No, we are the best friends in the world, but she does not quite understand me, and we should have come into constant collision if I had not found out at once that an armed peace was our best position. There are so many things which I wish to know and to do, which are gall and wormwood to her. She is one of those persons who consider it right to visit the poor in cottages in the country, but not in lodgings in London. She thinks it the height of bad taste to wish to study art as an artist, and not as an amateur; and to seek work with those who now in every part of England are helping the poor, raising the fallen, nursing the sick, and who so nobly assert a woman's right to be and to do, as well as to suffer, she pronounces unfeminine and irreligious. I was

therefore early obliged to assert the independence which would otherwise have been so irksome to me. "It is only Nellie's way," is now her invariable answer to any one who would expostulate with her about me.'

'What would she say to the present project which fills that pretty little heart of yours?'

'What?' said Nellie, blushing.

'Wishing to act the part of Providence to that perverse individual, John Herbert.'

'To prove my gratitude to him for his kindness to me, a miserable little orphan, in India; to repay him for having paid out of his own small cadet's pay for my voyage to England, and nursing me through a long illness on board. A lad of twenty, acting the part of mother to a puny, wretched little girl of ten. Can I, ought I to forget?'

'Nay, don't cry, Nell, or look so fierce.'

'If my money, that money which never would have been mine but for him, can be of use to him, it shall be so; though he shall never know that he owes Nell anything; *he* has forgotten *me*,' and Nellie's face looked very sad.

'How to serve him is the question; he will die at his easel, I tell you; paint, paint, paint, there is nothing can take him away.'

'I will alter that.'

'I defy you, Nell.'

'We shall see.'

The next day Elton went to Herbert, and told him he had seen a lady who wished to have her picture taken.

'You know I never paint portraits.'

'When you have seen her, you will speak differently. She is, I would bet a hundred to one, the very model you want.'

'I doubt it: a model is as difficult to find as a wife. By the way, fancy that monkey, Nell, being too tired to come down last night.'

'Do you remember Nell?' asked Elton, who felt convinced that Herbert had forgotten the lapse of time, and thought of Nell just as he had left her ten years previously.



'Of course I do ; a little black-eyed girl, with no good feature but her eyes ; thin and dark, and as sharp as a needle.'

'She is very much altered, then.'

'Ah ! she has probably rounded off into an indolent Oriental style ; those thin children often do. By the way, when I was sketching that column at Mrs. Elton's, I caught sight of a hand holding back a curtain, and a pair of dark eyes, which I liked the look of.'

'To what kind of face did those eyes belong ?'

'Unmistakeably Italian.'

'That is the very person ; she lives in the same house as my aunt.'

'And wishes me to paint her portrait ! That will do. Hers is a face I should like to paint.'

'Can you speak Italian, John ?'

'After a fashion—yes.'

The next day Elton escorted Nellie to Herbert's studio.

She spoke Italian, and arrangements were made for a sitting. Nellie's affectionate heart was touched by the confusion and discomfort of the studio, and by Herbert's evident air of ill health. Herbert was enchanted with her face and figure.

'Eureka !' he said to his friend ; 'though the type of the face is Italian, there is something in its expression which is precisely what I need. Enthusiasm yet reticence, ardour yet timidity, passion and yet repose.'

But the lady, in fixing the day and hour of her first sitting, said, in a gentle but decided tone, that the first few sittings must be in her own house.

Herbert was aghast.

'Anch'io son pittore,' she said, with a deepening colour and deprecating look ; 'and you shall have all the light and as much of the shade as you like.'

Herbert was about to decline painting the picture on such conditions, but he caught the tender flitting blush of the oval cheek, the yearning in the eyes, and he was conquered.

'At all events,' added the lady, 'I will sit as long as you like in

my own house, and this will make up for giving you the trouble of coming to me.'

He assented, and so it was arranged.

Elton was present during the sittings. His aunt and sisters very rarely at any time invaded Nellie's own rooms ; and now they were absorbed in the duties of sight-seeing, Jim took care of Nellie ; and that was enough. They knew she was sitting for her portrait, but knew not to whom. Elton was amused, and perhaps even more touched, at the utter unconsciousness of Herbert. Nellie's colour went and came as she met his eyes exploring with calm critical observation her features and the contour of her face ; but he evidently had no suspicion that he had ever looked on them before.

Jim had managed the affair, and Herbert was quite satisfied. 'An Italian who lived in Via Gregoriana' was all he knew of his sitter.

They all spoke Italian ; and though Nellie spoke it with far more fluency than the two gentlemen, there was a want of ease and spirit in the conversation which effectually placed a barrier between them. This aided the deception. Had Nellie spoken English, Herbert would have probably recognised something of the voice and manner of his former *protégée* ; but nothing disguises the voice more effectually than the use of another language. The different accents and inflections seem entirely to change the intonation. Besides this, ten years, from ten to twenty, alter a human being wholly. After that the progress of time may be traced, but the features remain unchanged, and the expression is not materially altered.

Nellie Spencer had worshipped as a child the generous youth who had proved himself such a friend to her. She was an orphan ; her mother had died in giving her birth, and her father, a poor subaltern officer, had kept her with him in India. At his death the colonel of the regiment sent her to Calcutta, but what was to become of her afterwards he neither knew nor

cared. Herbert was returning to England: he knew her father well—was, in fact, a distant relative of his. He knew that if the child could be sent to England, she had relatives there who would take charge of her. He had sold out of the army, finding the climate and the mode of life insupportable; and having resolved to devote himself to the profession of an artist, for which he had a great love and some talent, and abandon that of a military man, for which he had an invincible repugnance, he had sold his commission well, and was in possession of a tolerable sum of money for the furtherance of his artistic studies. He very generously made use of part of this sum to pay for Nell's journey to England. John Herbert's heart was as kind as his exterior was rough.

During the voyage the child was taken ill, and he had nursed her with the tenderest care and assiduity. It was not extraordinary that the poor little orphan, brotherless and sisterless, clung to her only friend. Her heart was almost broken when they parted. He consigned her to a great-aunt, who acknowledged her claims on her when she was brought in person before her, but who would never have dreamed of making any inquiries about her had she not seen her. She repaid the debt to Herbert, and was kind to Nellie. Herbert then set off for Italy, where he had remained ever since.

A year or two after her arrival in England, Nellie had been adopted by a rich old bachelor relation, who was also connected with Herbert. This old man resolved she should be his heiress.

Nellie had, however, spoken so enthusiastically of the debt of gratitude she owed Herbert, and the claims he had on all who professed to love her, that Mr. Spencer, previously to the final arrangement of his testamentary affairs, had written to him. He declared his intention of leaving all he possessed to Nellie, and at the same time rather coarsely proposed to Herbert that he should marry her and take the name of Spencer. If he consented,

though the landed property was strictly entailed on the offspring of the marriage, a large sum of money was divided between Nellie and Herbert, into two independent shares; if he refused, the whole fortune was Nellie's, with the exception of a small annuity which was settled on Herbert, and which at his death was merged again in the property. Herbert was thus poor but independent.

Nellie did not see the letter; indeed, she was ignorant of the proposition till Herbert's refusal of it came. His answer was not shown to her, but she was told its purport, and Mr. Spencer did not conceal his annoyance at its haughty and resentful tone. Herbert had been deeply offended. He wrote as if he felt he had been mortally insulted. To his chivalric, romantic nature, the bare idea of such a marriage was odious; and coupled as it was with the notion of a pecuniary reward for what had been such a labour of love (the service he had rendered Nellie), his indignation could not be controlled. He expressed a wish never more to hold any communication with Mr. or Miss Spencer.

Poor Nellie only indistinctly heard that Herbert had preferred beggary, so Mr. Spencer termed it, to the possession of an enormous fortune shared with her. Her vanity was not mortified, she possessed very little of that irritable *noli me tangere* thistle in her composition, but her heart was wounded. She felt that somehow she stood in Herbert's place. Had she never come to England, Mr. Spencer, in default of any other heir, *must* have done justice to Herbert. Herbert's goodness in bringing her to England had brought about this bitter result. But how to atone was the difficulty, for during his life-time Mr. Spencer prevented all further communication with Herbert.

At his death she was left to the care of Mrs. Elton, and to the guardianship of James Elton. She was of age at eighteen, but she was to reside with them, if unmarried, till the age of twenty-one.

James Elton fell in love as desperately and irretrievably as only a middle-aged bachelor can with Nellie, but before he had committed himself, he had discovered Nellie's deep interest in, and grateful affection for Herbert. It was not yet love, but Elton, who had long known the wayward, careless, but thoroughly loveable Herbert, could well believe that a girl thus prepared by gratitude and affectionate interest, only required a personal knowledge of the man who thus filled her whole thoughts, to give him her whole heart.

Nellie had admirers — what heiress has not? Nellie had lovers — what girl of spirit and beauty is without them? but she was as callous and indifferent to the homage she received, as if she had been eighty instead of eighteen. Her one absorbing dream was to serve Herbert, and compensate to him for the injustice done him by Mr. Spencer.

She consulted James. She would have purchased every picture Herbert had painted, she would have given him commissions for a future series of pictures which would have occupied a life-time to complete, and she would have insisted on paying all in advance. But this was impossible; John Herbert would not sell his sketches or undertake commissions. One or two of his pictures he had been compelled to sell, but it was ludicrous to observe the hardship it was to him to part with them. Stern necessity had, however, imperiously demanded the sacrifice, but he had been known to refuse a large sum from persons who had disgusted him by want of knowledge of art, and he would part for a mere trifle with his most cherished performance to some true connoisseur or acute critic.

After all, the value of money is but relative, and there was not much it could do for Herbert. His indifference to it was absolute.

When Nellie was twenty she begged Mrs. Elton to go abroad. James had been in Rome the whole winter, his aunt, sisters, and Miss Spencer arrived there in April.

The first two sittings passed off in the most harmonious manner, and Nellie's incognito was strictly kept. At the end of the second she petitioned for two more in her own house. Herbert hesitated, but finally complied.

'The fact is,' he said, apologizing for having hesitated, as he entered the room for the fourth sitting, 'I am in a state of perfect bewilderment. During these three sittings during which I have been absent, and during that afternoon when I accompanied you to the Ludovisi, my landlord has been making the most astonishing and unheard of revolutions in my apartment and studio. Carpet and matting have been put down, curtains have been put up, he has hung tapestry on the walls, absolutely good and tastefully chosen, and I think if I do not remain immovable in my studio, it will take only a few days more to transform it into a palace. Cinderella's godmother was a goose compared to my miracle-working padrone. You would no longer laugh at my disorderly den, Elton, now; and I am in terror if I am absent much longer, that he will actually invade the studio itself and put it in order.'

Nellie and Elton both laughed at this climax; but Nellie was delighted to find how totally unsuspecting Herbert was of the cause of these changes. She had confided her wishes to her maid Annina, with *carte blanche* as to expense, and with the strictest commands to be secret. How Annina had persuaded the landlord, she knew not, but she herself had chosen, and Annina had made the curtains, carpets, &c., which were to change a cold unhealthy apartment into a comfortable one. The padrone had mended windows, closed two unnecessary doors, and opened an additional one. The large loggia which ran in front of the bed-room and sitting-room had been decorated with a gay matting—the vine which grew in rich profusion over it had been pruned and cut till it admitted air and light, and the whole parapet of the loggia was now covered with red Etruscan-



shaped terra-cotta vases filled with the spike-leaved cactuses and aloes which are so characteristic of Rome. Even though the studio itself had not been touched, the window had been cleaned, a new curtain hung before it, and the ground had been carefully and elaborately scoured, there were more chairs in it, and a large 'armoire,' in which some of the heterogeneous articles had been deposited.

Annina had simply told the padrone that these alterations were commanded by a relative of Herbert's, but that Herbert was so eccentric it must be done without his knowledge, and the padrone must take the merit or blame on himself. He was only too willing to do so at the rate he was paid for everything, and with the knowledge, that come what would, the articles would remain in his house. For the rest, he was quite willing to gratify any whim of those 'pazzi, gl' Inglesi.'

The morning before the first sitting which was to be in his own house, Herbert had breakfasted at the Caffé Grèco. He breakfasted there when he breakfasted at all. There was, as usual, a plentiful assemblage of artists; bearded and moustached men of all ages and countries; spruce Englishmen, neat even at that hour, and looking as if they had never left the small and symmetrical domestic parlours of their native land, though years and years had passed in this lawless wandering life; long-haired Danes, burly, reckless-looking Frenchmen, drinking wine instead of coffee; self-willed and pugnacious Americans, with surreptitious tobacco swelling in their cheeks, but all with an air of life, individuality, and self-reliance, if also of self-assertion, which gave them incontestibly the palm over the assemblages in the Caffé Nuovo or any other in which languid and wearied travellers or effete Pontificals assembled.

The great English sculptor, who has never missed his morning cup of coffee at the Caffé Grèco for more years than one likes to remember, when one also considers

of what value is that life to art, was there, delivering as usual some of his terse and pithy axioms with his decided yet simple manner. The forcible enunciation of a man who has sought for Truth patiently and honestly, and expresses what he has found fearlessly and positively. He and Herbert were great allies. Herbert had a profound veneration for Gibson. Gibson recognised and proclaimed Herbert's talents, and respected his character.

The conversation turned on beauty, and Gibson spoke with an enthusiasm (ever-young) of the beauty of a lady who had lately arrived at Rome, a Miss Spencer.

'She has the most winning face,' he said, 'a charming playful smile, and with these very feminine attractions she combines a brow and a pose of the head I have never seen but in the purest Greek type. Leonardo da Vinci alone could paint such a face, at once so refined and so intellectual.'

'She is a rich heiress,' said one of the other artists, 'and is going to be married to a relation, or guardian, or something of that sort, James Elton, a good fellow, but plain, and much older than she is.'

Herbert turned round. It seemed strange to hear little Nell so spoken of.

'They say,' added another, 'that she has come to Rome with the most generous intentions towards artists. She is going to fill a gallery with pictures.'

The conversation turned off in another direction. The morning assemblage dispersed, and Herbert went home. He was delighted that it was to be the first sitting in his own house. He was rather glad on that account that the sitting-room, which opened into his studio on one side and into his bed-room on the other, had been so adorned by his padrone; for now it was a pretty and picturesque room. He further decorated it with a few flowers placed on the table near which the young lady was to sit.

He was working at the picture, and thinking with somewhat of wounded feelings of Elton's want of confidence in him. They had

had so many discussions about marriage, and James had so reproached Herbert for cutting himself off from all association with the Spencers previous to Mr. Spencer's death, and had so often hinted, even lately, at the advantages of such a marriage for him (Herbert), that his lip curled in scorn at the evident want of openness and straightforwardness in Jim. What was he afraid of? There could be no chance of rivalry. Every feeling of Herbert's heart was absorbed in the young Italian with whom he had lately become acquainted, who was an entire stranger to him, of whose very name he was ignorant, and yet to whom, by the fine intuition of love, he knew he was bound by the chords of the most entire sympathy and the most intimate comprehension. Poor little Nellie! he could not help smiling at the admiring, almost reverential way in which he had heard her mentioned. How often had she sat on his knee or slept in his arms—how often, little monkey, had she, in the waywardness of illness, refused to take food but from his hand. It was strange, but he could not imagine how she could have developed into this rarely beautiful womanhood. At all events, he would endeavour to see her, and judge himself, one of these days. After all, she had no part, probably, in Mr. Spencer's insulting offer, and for the sake of *Auld lang syne* he would be glad to shake hands with her again. But all these thoughts were put to flight as he heard a carriage stop, and saw his beautiful model step out of it and enter the house.

Nellie had brought Annina, for Jim was engaged. When they entered the house, Herbert's landlord met them on the stairs, and after a low bow to Nellie, entered into a long whispered conversation with Annina, and followed them to the door of Herbert's studio. Herbert opened it, and observed with surprise that the man stood for a few minutes on the threshold, and seemed pointing out to Annina the improvements and alterations in the rooms, and between each he

made a low bow in the direction of Nellie, but he was soon so busy placing her, and preparing for his work, that he thought no more of Signor Bonifazio's unwonted manners.

The sitting commenced; and Herbert, in his slow, correct, but somewhat stiff Italian, began speaking of the picture for which he had asked her to sit. He had already, from his own portrait of her, sketched in the principal figure, and it was a beautiful and spirited sketch. He pointed out to her an engraving he had of Scheffer's 'Christus Consolator,' and said that the idea of his picture had been in some measure suggested by it.

He wished to paint an apotheosis of woman, not only as the daughter, wife, mother, but through these relations to an individual, to typify her greater ministrations to humanity. He wished to embody in one beautiful woman that feminine element which (granted fair play and scope) would, he conceived, thoroughly modify the world, and which, acting side by side with man, would refine art into beauty, penetrate life with light, crown law with love: a realization of that grand figure which St. John foresaw—'the woman clothed with the sun, and crowned with the stars.'

Nellie's eyes dilated as she listened. Herbert was earnest, though fanciful; eloquent, if imaginative; and there were chords in Nellie's heart which thrilled as he spoke on this exalted theme. The rapt expression on her face gave it a sublime, unearthly look, which still better suited the picture; and Herbert was more and more enchanted. He was no longer fluent; he stammered, he hesitated; and the end of his conversation would have been totally unworthy the commencement; for it changed from generalities to individualities, from manhood to the especial man who was then and there declaring his own love, and hoping, asking, imploring hers, when at that very moment a knock was heard, and—Mrs. Elton and her daughters entered!

There was no escape. Both Herbert and Nellie remembered it was the very day Herbert had asked Mrs. Elton to come a month previously, so that she was *dans son droit*.

'Why, Nellie, who would have thought it?' said the youngest girl, who was talkative, and rather vulgar. 'You never told us it was Jim's friend, Mr. Herbert, who was painting your picture.'

'He has succeeded very well,' said Mrs. Elton, in a patronizing tone, fussing up to the easel; 'but rather an idealized portrait, I should say.'

Nellie was literally breathless with confusion. Herbert, strange to say, was the first to recover himself. He looked more stern than she could have thought possible. A man who has been walking in a smiling sunny prairie, and who, without warning, falls suddenly into an ambush which an enemy has prepared for him, may wear such a look.

He bowed to Mrs. Elton, and said, 'I myself do not think the picture has done justice to the original in all points. To ensure success and produce a true likeness would require a profounder comprehension of art than I can pretend to.'

There was a double meaning in these words, which hit home. Nellie's face was covered with indignant blushes, but she could not speak. She felt that most humiliating of all feelings to a woman, that she was in a false position, and could not extricate herself from it.

'I understand now,' continued Mrs. Elton, 'why Jim and you have been more than usually confidential and mysterious the last week or two. Is this picture for him?'

'Yes, yes,' said Nellie, impatiently, wishing herself a hundred miles off.

But all was not over yet. Jane Elton had been occupying herself by looking about her at the rooms and furniture. She now ran back to Nellie, while Herbert stood by Mrs. Elton, as she was examining the sketches in a portfolio.

'I see now,' she said, 'why Annina and you have been so busy sewing curtains and choosing carpets and tapestry. Could not your ladyship come to a studio till you had furnished it?'

This was said in a loud whisper, and Nellie hoped Herbert had not heard it.

'You are a good, kind creature, Nell,' rattled on the unsuspecting girl, 'that's the truth. Jim told me Mr. Herbert ought to have had your fortune, but for Mr. Spencer's whim about the name, and that you want to make it up to him.'

Nellie could hear no more. She jumped up; she could not endure the accusing look fixed on her.

'I must say good-bye. I think I hear the carriage,' she said, and put on her hat and veil.

It was the carriage, and James Elton was in it. When he entered the studio he saw that all was discovered, and that Herbert looked fearfully angry. Of all the foregone insinuations which made the truth so inexpressibly bitter to him, Jim was entirely ignorant.

Nellie looked timidly towards Herbert as she moved to the door.

'Our sittings are over,' he said, as he bowed coldly to her. 'I will send you the picture in a few days.'

'Is it finished?' asked Mrs. Elton.

'Quite finished.'

'Wait, Nell; we will go with you.'

James handed in the ladies and returned. Herbert was painting with great zeal.

'Are you vexed, John?'

'Why?' said Herbert, carelessly. 'Miss Spencer wished, no doubt, to be very kind, but she has mistaken the object of her benevolence, and I confess the motive of her masquerade is, and will probably always remain, a mystery to me; but of course that is no reason why I should be vexed.'

'But you look so, John.'

'Are you and I friends, Jim?'

'Are we not?'

'Why could you not have told me?'

Herbert referred to Elton's engagement, but Elton understood



him as to the identity of the pseudo-Italian and Nellie.

'I promised I would not—a girl's whim, that's all.'

'It does not matter now.'

Herbert tried to say something about wishes for their happiness, but a tightness in his throat choked him.

'If you only knew, John, how she wishes to serve you——'

'Thanks. No man or woman living has a right to confer favours on me.'

His eyes flashed with haughty indignation.

The fact is, as Browning says, 'Whosoever loves must be in some sort god or worshipper, queen or page,' and most of us, when we love, choose what seems the royal part—that of giving. But it is more divine in some cases to submit to receive. And Herbert had a nature noble enough to have been contented with the subordinate one, had Nellie loved him; but Nellie was betrothed to Elton, and it was intolerable to him to be indebted to her.

'When does Mrs. Elton leave Rome?'

'In a week or ten days—it is not finally settled.'

Herbert remained silent and went on working with a ferocious kind of vigour, and Jim thought it best to leave him, as he obtained nothing but monosyllabic replies to his remarks.

A few days afterwards Miss Spencer received her portrait. With it were two exquisitely finished landscapes, framed in the most elaborate and artistic carving, and a note containing these few lines:

'I shall be glad if you think these pictures will acquit my debt to you. I wish you every happiness, and am rejoiced that at last you permit me to do so in your true character. Farewell.'

'JOHN HERBERT.'

No answer was sent to this letter; but James, who found Nellie in tears over it, went to John to expostulate with him. He found the studio locked; the artist had gone to Albano.

### CHAPTER III.

A week afterwards Elton called again, and found that Herbert had returned. He was looking dreadfully ill, and James could see the traces of many struggles and much mental as well as physical suffering on his face.

When he entered the studio, Herbert was standing before the sketch of Nellie as 'Notre Dame de bon Secours'; but he turned away savagely and covered it. It was torture to him that Jim should see what a fool he was. He had so scorned love, and now—no, no, it could not be love—he would forget it entirely, and devote himself more diligently than ever to art.

'I thought you were to leave Rome this week, Elton?'

'I am not dreaming of going away.'

'I thought you accompanied your aunt and sisters?'

'No, I am going to stay.'

There was a silence, and a look of pain passed over Herbert's face.

'Why do you stay, Jim?'

'Because I am anxious about some one in Rome.'

Herbert did not answer, but the compression of his lips and the contraction of his forehead showed how much he suffered.

'Come to England, John.'

'You know it is impossible. Do your cousins and Miss Spencer leave Rome this week?'

His lip blanched as he said the word Spencer.

'In a week, I think, or thereabouts.'

'And you do not go with them?'

'No.'

'How short and surly you are, Jim.'

'Don't provoke me, Herbert.'

'Dear old fellow,' said Herbert, in the boyish and caressing tone which mingled with his more serious moods, 'I know you are vexed with me, and yet you are going to brave the summer heat, which you so dislike, because you think as ill of my state of health as I do myself. I am not the cold-

blooded wretch you think me. I accept your kindness, and thank you for it from my heart.'

James Elton was moved, but he was too seriously displeased to answer. He merely nodded, and left the studio, muttering that Nellie expected him. He thought Herbert was a brute to Nellie, and yet . . . . After he was gone, Herbert sat for a few minutes in deep thought; he then rose, and again uncovering Nellie's picture, stood before it.

'Notre Dame de bon Secours,' he murmured, 'but not for me.'

He would not look again, and turning resolutely away, he sat down to the study he wished to finish. In the study, he had put in the broken column, with the passion-flower crowning it, which he had sketched at Mrs. Elton's. The train of thought which it roused was too painful, and he put it aside. John Herbert was in love at last; but his pride had been wounded to the quick. That Nellie, happy in her engagement with James, should seek to play the part of Lady Bountiful to him, was unendurable. Elton's kindness itself was a torture in certain moods. He had just now, acting on the impulse of the moment, accepted and thanked him for his kindness; now, it was a positive pain to look forward to the time when Jim and he should be left alone, Jim eating out his heart in impatience for the time to come for him to be free to return to Nellie, and she waiting eagerly for the consummation of her happiness, which his death was to seal.

'I feel I shall not detain him long,' he muttered.

He was profoundly miserable. Art availed him nothing in this mood. That life which was to have been consecrated to a spiritual idea alone, was ebbing away; and as it ebbed, the weakness of his nature made him sigh weakly for human affection and earthly ties, and the hunger of the heart became unappeasable just as all chance of satisfying it was over. No man must cultivate one part of his nature alone, or he will have a

heavy debt to pay; and perhaps at the very moment when he is bankrupt of success in his most cherished aims, the latent and hitherto unemployed forces of his being will arise and demand a stern reckoning.

Herbert sat for some time lost in the fluctuation of his feelings; but the heat became so suffocating, his power of commanding himself was so overcome by physical weakness, added to mental torture, that he found he could not work. He thought the fresh air of the Campagna would revive him. He left his studio, and jumping into a *fiacre*, told the coachman to drive out of the Porta Salara. He had entirely forgotten it was the first of May, and that it was the day the German artists celebrate by a procession and a pic-nic in the Campagna. His coachman, however, had not forgotten it, and he pushed on his poor jaded, wearied hacks till they reached a large assembly of persons who had met on that part of the plain which is near Poussin's rocks.

Every year the German artists and students hold a merry festival in the open air, in some picturesque part of the Campagna. They keep as closely as possible to the traditions of their fatherland. They wear mediæval fancy dresses, they have a president enthroned on a fanciful car, and all are decorated with swords, or rather with scabbards, for the weapon inside is a very bloodless one,—a mere wooden blade, with the device, 'Thou shalt not kill,' emblazoned in large Gothic characters on it.

It depends a good deal on who is president how the festa goes off; but when it is a popular member of the fraternity of artists, or one who has a spirit of invention, or rather of organization, nothing can be gayer or more pleasant than this May holiday.

Bright colours, pretty women, picturesque costumes; over all, the Roman sky, with its serene and changeless blue; beneath all, the earth, with its carpet of wild flowers and tender vernal grass; and around all, that balmy, lucid

air which it is a positive enjoyment to breathe, and which seems to soothe sorrow as much as it heals pain.

Then there are all sorts of games, races, running in sacks, leaping, wrestling; the Teutonic element asserting itself forcibly partly in these athletic sports, partly in that exquisite music which is heard after the noise has ceased.

At this particular festa was present an English lady who had been once a celebrated queen of song, both in Italy and England. She was an artist, by God's gift as well as by hereditary claim, and the artists present were desirous of rendering her due homage.

After the jovial dinner, which was eaten pic-nic fashion on the grass, about a dozen young men disappeared for a few minutes, and then, with a sudden burst of sound, the beautiful well tutored voices sang a chorus composed for the occasion.

Surely music, like colour, is one of God's especial charities. Use might shape form, and sound be intelligible in words, but what a grey dumb world it would then be. Now, if we seek for beauty for the eye, comes colour to enchant us; if we seek for beauty for the ear, we are ravished by melody, and thus to man it is given not only to live, but to enjoy. The voices swelled in full accord, then sank, and the echoes prolonged the sweet cadence till every heart was stirred with the passionate melancholy of the strain.

One person in a group among the listeners was moved to tears. Nellie, with Mrs. Elton and her daughters, was present. The music had touched her as few things could have done, and her tears fell fast. She moved away, and wandered over the grass till she found she had reached the other side of the mound at the foot of which all the gay company was assembled. It was a respite to her to find herself alone, and she went on, till she stood behind a clump of trees, which entirely shut out from her the revellers below, though fragmentary chords from the music

rose with a sweetness made more touching by the breaks and pauses caused by the distance.

Nellie was in a very despondent state of mind. She had failed in her plan, and failure is always bitter. Nellie was a charming creature; but charming creatures, let me whisper it in your ear, are often self-willed and proud. Nellie was *very* proud, and she had not been accustomed to find herself baffled; nay, it seemed very like being twice rejected. Yes: the ugly thought would come; she turned pale as she reflected on it, and then the paleness gave way to a warm indignant blush. It never occurred to Nellie that any one could misunderstand her relations with James. He was her brother, her guardian, her old friend (not such an old friend as Herbert, though); but such a staid, steady fellow could never be thought of in any other capacity but that of adviser, consoler, guide. It was sweet, however, to have such an affection to fall back on. He loved Herbert, too, so dearly; and Herbert had accepted his offer of remaining with him—that was one comfort.

Nellie resolved to make him promise faithfully to let her know every particular of Herbert's health. She did not dare allow even to herself (poor Nellie!) that there was much to fear in Herbert's state; nor did she acknowledge why all her hopes were thus bound in Herbert's life, and that the gratitude of the child had merged into the absorbing love of the woman. She was too innocent and too girlish clearly to understand her own feelings. She only knew she was very unhappy.

While she was thus musing, a slow step at her side made her look up, and a voice suddenly addressed her:

'Miss Spencer! is it possible?'

It was Herbert. He had got out of his carriage and sent it away, while he wandered as far as he could from the gay pleasure-seekers below.

Nellie recovered herself at once. 'Why impossible, Mr. Herbert?'



'I could not fancy you would be left alone.'

'Why should I have less liberty than other people? I was a little tired, and I fancied I could enjoy the music better here,' Nellie answered, petulantly. It is often a woman's armour when she feels most weak and humble.

'What a pathos underlies their gayest songs with the Germans, do you not think so? He plunged at once into a subject which could be impersonal, for there was a tone in her voice which stung him.

'Yes: it is very perceptible in such a chorus as this, which is joyous and genial, but in which there is a depth so different from the light sparkling *brindisi* of an Italian composer.

'Yes; the Italians have much more single-mindedness, or single-heartedness, if it may be so called, than we have; they love, hate, enjoy, suffer with a more simple wholeness than we Northerns.'

'There is not that mingling of opposing currents; with us, even in joy there is perceptible a yearning for the unattained and unattainable; and in our grief there is always a note of aspiration, of victory.'

'If I may speak as a painter, the Italians know blue and red—the Germans understand violet and orange.'

'I suppose the perfect individual would be one who manages the whole scale of colour, blends hope with grief, humility with joy.'

'It is the same with the countenance: how plainly we read these expressive faces around us; our Northern ones are almost inscrutable.'

Nellie thought so too, and wished she could read Herbert's. He was so pale, he looked so ill, and yet in his eyes was a troubled gleam whenever he met hers, which gave a fire and a glow to his whole face. She had a dim consciousness that no man who was utterly indifferent towards her could so have looked. But his words and manner belied his eyes.

Both felt too constrained, however, to prolong the interview, and

they rose and turned their steps downwards.

It was now late in the afternoon, and the clear and cloudless heavens were deepening into that wonderful orange tint which is so peculiar to Roman sunsets—a colour at once transparent, yet deep. But this evening Herbert's artist eye was blind to

The strange superfluous glory of the air.

They walked side by side, with drooping eyes and silent lips; with the same sad thought in the hearts of each, that it was certainly the last time they should so walk together.

Oh! if the earth on which we tread could be conscious of the feelings which make heavy the once light foot, or if the sky could guess why our eyes turn away from its blue arch, it might be that a voice of comfort and consolation would be heard to whisper to us. But it never may be so; and now as ever, all nature was silent and unpitying; and Herbert and Nellie never forgot the misery of that walk, the smiling recklessness of the sunny scene around them, nor the relentless serenity of the blue above them.

When they reached the Eltons, Jim was startled at seeing them together. He anxiously perused their faces to see if there had been pardon or reconciliation; but they were both so pale and sad, he saw there was no change. Herbert said a few words of civil greeting, and then took his leave.

Every one was beginning to move, and the carriages were assembled. The servants were running about after their respective padroni, packing up baskets and gathering cloaks. But, as sometimes happens in such cases, there was some difficulty in arranging the various parties. There had been an accumulation of people, and no corresponding stretching and elastic power in the equipages.

Nellie had come in her own carriage with Mrs. Elton and the two girls, and Elton on the box; but a lady and her son had joined their party, and there was some hesita-

tion as to how they could be accommodated. Nellie settled it in a moment. She said she would walk part of the way with Elton, and the first empty vehicle that could be found was to be sent back for her. She was rejoiced at the prospect of the quiet *tête-à-tête* with Elton, instead of the chattering of his sisters and the platitudes of his aunt. Some apologies were made; and the young man who had joined the party on purpose to improve his acquaintance with the heiress, looked considerably disappointed.

Nellie drew down her veil and walked silently beside Jim. He commenced making some observations on the day, but she was silent, and his remarks remained unanswered. At last she said—

‘When will you write to me, Jim?’

‘As soon as you please, Nellie.’

‘I rely on your writing to me very often long letters, telling me all you do, where you go, who you see;—how Herbert is.’ Her voice sank as she added the last injunction.

‘I promise you, Nell.’

Elton’s brave heart felt a pang, but he conquered it nobly. All he did was precious in her eyes now, because through him she would hear of Herbert. The most unselfish of mortals could not be insensible to the sting of such a thought, but he was too generous to allow it to rankle.

Gradually the distance between them and the few pedestrians besides themselves increased, and they were left to almost utter solitude.

‘You will be very tired, I fear, Nellie,’ said Jim, observing her languid and spiritless step.

‘No; but I wish we *could* never reach Rome.’

‘I fear it will be very late before we shall do so. It is so difficult to find carriages at this hour.’

Presently a speck in the distance became visible, approaching them; it came nearer, enlarged, and they saw a common *calesse*, driven by a rustic-looking man, and drawn by a spirited but rather restive horse.

Elton hailed it. Would the man take them to Rome, or would he—for Elton saw there was only place for two—follow them on foot, and repossess himself of his equipage after it deposited Elton and Nellie at home?

The man demurred; he was going back to his own house. It was late, and to return would oblige him to pass a night in Rome; however, on promise of an adequate remuneration for all this inconvenience, he consented.

Elton handed Nellie in, and jumped in himself, the man holding the horse meanwhile.

‘E un poco fiero, Signore; bada, bada,\*’ he added, as, having taken the reins, Elton set off. The horse evidently did not like retracing his steps from the pleasant road leading to his stable and supper. His bells and scarlet tassels shook most ominously; and the curious gilt hook which rises from the collar of the barbaric Roman harness, and to which was, as usual, appended a tuft of fiery-looking feathers, matching the tuft fastened on his forehead, nodded very viciously from side to side as he felt the bit and reins.

‘What a brute,’ said Elton; ‘he will pull my wrists off.’ Nellie, to whom the very sensation of physical fear was unknown, could not help laughing at the contest. ‘Hush, Nellie, for God’s sake! If he kicks, we are done for; and there are some ugly bits of road between us and Rome.’

Nothing but Elton’s strong hand could have curbed the horse at all; but his nerves were not of iron, and he was anxious about Nellie.

‘If we were only clear of the gap,’ he said.

‘What gap?’

‘They are making a new road in a more direct line from the gate; and where it meets this one there is a sharp turn, which might be awkward, for on one side it suddenly falls several feet.’

The shocks and strains which the little *calesse* had endured, seemed to try its springs to the utmost, as

\* He is a little wild, sir; take care—take care.

the horse would gallop for a few yards and then plunge and swerve in the most headlong manner.

'It is quite useless, Nell. You must jump out. Here, my good fellow,' said Elton to a man whom they were overtaking, 'hold his head for a minute.'

The man turned: it was Herbert. He obeyed, and stood in the path as the horse came up, and held him.

'Nellie, jump out,' called Jim, almost throwing her from the carriage as he leaped out himself.

Nellie was so confused and bewildered that she lost her presence of mind. She stumbled and fell, fortunately clear of the carriage. The horse, held in for a moment, swerved aside, and then, with headlong fury, plunged onwards. In a moment calesse and horse were in the gap.

Herbert and Elton raised Nell. She was stunned by her fall.

'Lift her,' said James. 'I will go to that accursed horse; but you must carry her down the bank yonder. I think there is a little rill of water there.'

Herbert did not say that the horse's sudden swerving had bruised and nearly dislocated his shoulder. He lifted Nellie and carried her to the stream. When Nellie came to her senses, her hat was off her face, her hair wet, but she saw no one.

She called James.

'James is with the horse,' said Herbert. She then found he was standing leaning against the bank, but he did not turn round.

'Who brought me here?'

'James told me to do so.' His voice was very weak and low.

'Again!' muttered Nellie, 'again I owe my life to him. How unfortunate I am. He has no right to do it.'

'No right, Miss Spencer,' said Herbert, who had turned round and showed a face so deathly pale that Nellie was awestruck. She could not continue her reproach, —half jest, half earnest—but approached him frightened and penitent. At this moment, a carriage advanced towards them, which

proved to be the one sent by Mrs. Elton, with Nellie's own servant on the box.

James, having found the calesse shattered to pieces, and the horse reduced to docility from fright, bade the servant lead it on to Rome, and Nellie and he got into the other carriage; Herbert would have turned away, but Elton made him get in too.

'Are you sure you are not hurt?' said James to Nellie.

'No; only shaken and bruised.'

'What an end to our day of pleasure,' continued Jim, but the two other occupants of the carriage were perfectly silent, and he said no more.

When they arrived at Via Gregoriana, Nellie was assisted out by James. She turned round and looked wistfully at Herbert, but after one glance he had turned away.

'God bless him! he has saved my life again,' she said, as she and Elton went in, having given orders for the coachman to drop Herbert at his studio.

After stopping for half an hour to explain matters to Mrs. Elton, James went home, and then thought he would go and see after Herbert, whose looks and silence had alarmed him.

At the door there was a little crowd, and the carriage which had taken him home was still in the street, while the coachman was answering questions right and left.

'*E quasi morto*,' were the words he heard.

'What is it?' he asked.

A dozen voices replied that the Signor forestiere had fainted, and had been obliged to be carried into his studio. That he was dying, if not dead.

James rushed upstairs — the studio was full of persons, but Herbert was not there; he pushed open the door of the bed-room, there were some people busy about the bed, on it John Herbert lay, with blood staining his lips; he had broken a bloodvessel.

'It is all over, dear fellow,' he whispered, in a hoarse voice; 'but tell her I loved her. You will for-



give me, I know, for I have never let her see it. I knew she was yours; but why not tell me, Jim?

'Mine! God help you, Herbert, how could you be so deceived. I love her, as you may guess, but Nellie has no feeling for me but regard, friendship, confidence. I saw it at once, and have never breathed a word of my feelings to her.'

A strange, wild light gleamed in Herbert's eyes, but only for a moment; 'tell her, then, I loved her, darling Nellie.'

The revulsion of feeling was too strong, and he fainted again.

Elton had sent for the best surgeon in Rome, and he arrived, fortunately, almost immediately. After three or four hours of great peril, the effusion of blood was stanchd, and the case pronounced not entirely hopeless. Constant watching was enjoined. Weakness and fever were both to be guarded against, but if all went well, the enforced care and repose might, so said the great authority, restore his health, which evidently had been much shaken.

'Dear Nell,' wrote Elton, 'I cannot leave Herbert; his exertions to-day have ended in a broken blood-vessel. Do not be frightened; great care is required, but the worst of the danger is over. He was in great peril for some hours. I shall not leave him for a day or two. Take care of yourself. I will send you another bulletin to-morrow. How he loves you, Nell! he had got some preposterous nonsense into his head before; but when he thought it was all over with him, he held me to him and whispered, with what we all thought was his last breath, "Tell her how I loved her. Darling Nellie." Will this bring back the colour to your cheek, and the light to your eyes? It was all a mistake before!'

The leader of a forlorn hope, the martyr in his shirt of fire, have rarely overcome self more nobly and entirely than did James Elton when he wrote the last few sentences of his letter. He dispatched it at ten o'clock, and composed himself for the night, leaving the

door between the bed-room and studio half open, that a little air might enter the room during the warm May night.

Herbert continued asleep; the exhaustion was so great, and nature was also asserting her right to replace the rest he had so mercilessly robbed himself of for so many months and years. Elton was dozing, too, be it said; in fact, good, patient Elton was tired out, but it was a very slight doze, for he started to his feet on hearing a sound of a passer by in the street. All was quiet again. He had heard about ten minutes after the movement in the street, a slight rustle in the curtains at the opposite side of the bed, but he fancied it was the window, or some outer door beyond, which had admitted a little air, and he did not move.

About dawn Herbert awoke. He moaned a little, and with the vague unrest of weakness, stretched out his arms. A hand held a cup with a cordial to his lips.

'Thank you, Jim,' he said, and pressed the hand. It was so soft and small that he involuntarily opened his eyes.

A female figure was bending over him; there was tender compassion, but there was something more solemn and more exalted in those divine eyes.

'*Notre Dame de bon Secours!* Oh, if I dream may I never wake again.' His senses seemed swaying to and fro on the verge of delirium.

It was a low but mortal voice which replied—

'Was all the debt to be mine, John? were you to save my life twice, and this time at the risk of your own, and was I *never* to prove that I was grateful to you—that I loved you?'

The last words were added in compliance with the wild and questioning ardour in the hollow eyes which were fixed on her, and then she bent low over his hand, and Herbert felt Nellie's tears fall fast on it.

Six months afterwards John Herbert was painting at his great picture. He was paler, thinner,

but the whole man looked vivified into health and happiness. He and Nellie had been married a month. It was November, and they had returned to Rome.

'How are you getting on, Herbert?' said Elton.

'Famously; but when did you arrive?'

'Only last night. I am *en route* to the East.'

'Nonsense,' said a voice from the loggia, and there, framed in by the hanging tendrils of the tardy vine, Nellie looked down upon them, radiant with beauty and beautiful with joy.

'I will not hear of your going, dear old Jim,' she said; 'you must stay this winter with us. We will make you so happy.'

'You have the right model at last, John,' said Elton, with a strange wistful look.

'Yes, thanks to you, Jim, a model and a wife. I owe you both.'

John Herbert never attained to great precision or order, but he became a great painter, and in all his pictures there was the same noble head, with its deep and spiritual eyes, and its lovely, loving mouth. He and Nell were happy *though* married.

I. B.

## THE HYMN OF THE PRIESTESS OF DIANA.

IN USUM ANNI 1862.

O OF all maidens Mistress! Help at need  
 Of souls unstained and bosoms virginal,  
 With vervain and with fragrant gums we feed  
 The flame that burned and burns, and ever shall;  
 Light thou the fire that flames with holy thought,  
 And let the world to thy white shrine be brought.

The altar-light, mounting to find thy face,  
 Gleams back upon us from the brow divine,  
 Filling with placid splendour all the place:  
 Fill so the earth, supremest Goddess mine!  
 That men, awaking out of fancied light,  
 May know it, matched with Dian's noon-time—night.

O brow, where shame can never come to sit!  
 O cheek of snow, that blush can never melt!  
 O ear, that hears no word or wish unfit!  
 O breast, which thought unsainted never felt!  
 Show thyself, Dian! unto other eyes  
 As unto us, thy deep-sworn votaries.

For we, who round about thine altar go,  
 Thou Daughter of the Father of the world!  
 Know thee divinest;—if men knew thee so  
 Then were the false gods from their temples hurled;  
 And mortals, leaving blind and sinful yearning,  
 Should scorn false beauty, beauty true discerning.

Queen of the quiet sky!—the night's full moon!  
*Be* moon, and pierce the darkness of this cloud,  
 Whereunder wander, in a dreamful swoon,  
 The fellows of our blood, a witless crowd;  
 Send thou the silver ray that lightens this;  
 Show them the path which goes by good to bliss.

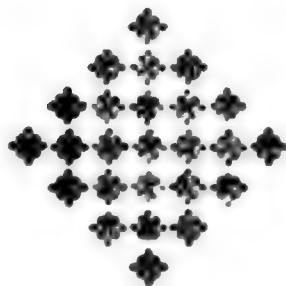
Huntress of noble harts—high-purposed Maid!  
 Whose sandal tied for free and fearless chase  
 Is fairer than the cestus proud, displayed  
 By her of Cyprus—stand in pride of place  
 Before the eyes of men, and lead them on  
 To hunt beside thee, turning off for none.

Ah, joy! beside thee—by thee—in thy spirit—  
 The chase of life along the years to lead,  
 Conquering desire, by high desire to merit  
 The bliss of bliss, the love of loves, the meed  
 Of angel-eyes, blessing th' unshaken faith,  
 Firm held through life, in full repose on death.

And Thou, of all the gods, hast these to give—  
 The kingdom of a calm and equal mind;  
 The kiss, cold, true, bidding the soul's love live  
 To meet caresses, tarrying yet behind,  
 But past hope tender, as what dreams the moon  
 Left on the forehead of Endymion.

*Eheu!* we speak of things we cannot know,  
 And knowing, in this presence we were dumb;  
 But on these winds that round thy portal go  
 Echoes from Aphrodite's revels come,  
 Marring our hymns. High Goddess! make men see  
 The 'Foam-Born's' beauty but a blot to thee.

EDWIN ARNOLD.





## THE ORDEAL BY OATH.

## A PLEA FOR ENFRANCHISEMENT.

ONE day last autumn the following report appeared in the columns of the *Manchester Examiner* :—

An extraordinary occurrence took place last week in the Rochdale County Court. So far as we have observed, it has not attracted the attention of our contemporaries, and since it involves an important question relating to the administration of justice, as a matter of public duty we proceed to lay it before our readers. The case in dispute was a trivial one. Mr. Samuel Maden, by profession an artist, sued his wife's stepfather for £6 3s., being the estimated value of a pianoforte, which, it was alleged, the latter had wrongfully detained. The defence set up was, that the pianoforte belonged to Mrs. Maden's mother, the defendant's wife. These facts are immaterial, but it is necessary to state them in order to understand what follows. The only witness called to substantiate the plaintiff's case was Mrs. Maden. She would probably have deposed that the pianoforte belonged to her, and might have sustained this allegation by facts convincing to the jury. This, however, is merely supposition, for she was not allowed to give evidence at all. The moment Mrs. Maden stepped into the box, Mr. Standring, the defendant's counsel, began questioning her as to her religious belief. Did she believe in a future state of rewards and punishments? She did not. At this point the judge, C. Temple, Esq., took up the examination. His Honour—'You do not believe in any human responsibility for telling a lie?' 'Yes, I do.' His Honour—'Except to society?' 'No.' His Honour—'Do you believe in a God who can punish you for telling a lie?' 'No.' His Honour—'Then I cannot hear you, and I nonsuit the plaintiff, with costs for the defendant's advocate. If people will insult public opinion in a court of justice they must take the consequences.' And so the case ended.

It is to the policy of the law, not to the manner in which it is administered by Mr. Temple, that we desire to direct the attention of those who feel that the decision is inconsistent with equity, and foreign to the spirit of our institutions. Upon the manner, indeed, in which this Rochdale magistrate maintains

truth and executes justice, any comment were superfluous. Sorely against her will, he extorts from the poor woman at his bar an avowal of her opinions upon religious topics, and then accuses her of 'insulting public opinion in a court of justice' by the expression of them! We do not know anything of Mr. Temple's antecedents; but we incline to believe that in a previous era of official existence (at a yet earlier he may have sat for Dogberry) he must have supplied Mr. Dickens with the hint of one of his happiest sketches. No reader can have forgotten the admirable scene in *Bleak House*, where the sapient coroner examines 'Joe' on his theological experiences. The little crossing-sweeper is brought up to give evidence on an inquest, and being interrogated, as lawyers would say, on the *voire dire*, deposes as follows :—

Name, Jo. Nothing else that he knows on. Knows a broom's a broom, and knows it's wicked to tell a lie. Don't recollect who told him about the broom or about the lie, but knows both. Can't exactly say what'll be done to him arter he's dead, if he tells a lie to the gentleman, but believes it'll be something very bad to punish him, and sarve him right—and so he'll tell the truth! 'This wont do, gentlemen,' says the coroner, with a melancholy shake of the head. 'Don't you think you can receive his evidence, sir?' says an attentive juryman. 'Out of the question,' says the coroner. 'You have heard the boy. Can't exactly say, wont do, you know. We can't take that in a court of justice, gentlemen. It's terrible depravity. Put the boy aside.' Boy put aside, to the great edification of the audience, especially of little Swills, the comic vocalist.

But, leaving Mr. Temple, the question is one that demands serious consideration. Its importance was felt at the time, and an appeal was immediately taken to the Court of Exchequer, where the different points involved were elaborately argued by Mr. Crawford. The appeal was unsuccessful. Chief Baron Pollock expressed the

unanimous opinion of his brethren on the bench when he said that 'by the law of England a witness must be sworn according to some religious ceremony or other; that a sceptic who is insensible to the obligations of an oath is an incompetent witness; and that in consequence the decision of the court below must be affirmed.\*' The law

is clear: the judges are of course bound to administer the law; and it is to the Legislature that we must look for redress,—if it be expedient that redress should be granted,—'if it be expedient,'—and we think it is impossible to examine the subject carefully without coming to the conclusion that wisdom, mercy, and policy counsel the removal of the disability.

The considerations which should guide the jurist in dealing with this matter, are very clear and very simple. Testimony is either trustworthy or untrustworthy. It is quite proper that precautions should be taken to exclude from the court of justice testimony that cannot be relied on. But, on the other hand, when any reliable testimony is excluded, the chances that justice will be done diminish in proportion to the extent of testimony so excluded. The truth is shut out; the eye is closed against the light; and a measure of positive injustice and wrong is inflicted.

These are the only considerations that the jurist can entertain. Unhappily, however, others have been allowed to influence the argument. The sceptic is declared to be an incompetent witness, because it is deemed advisable to *punish* him for his opinions. A mark of infamy is attached to him. He is singled out, and branded like a convict. Such a policy, of course, does not admit of justification. The law has no dislikes. The State—theoretically at least—is never in a passion. It neither approves nor disapproves of a man's character, or of a man's opinions. The fools among us are not required to wear the cap and bells: our sinners do not sit in sackcloth and ashes: the

pretty horsebreaker does not appear in the Devil's livery. If the law, therefore, attach any disability to an unbeliever, it is not to punish him for his unbelief. On the contrary, it says indifferently to all its citizens: 'Believe what you like; the region of faith is beyond my jurisdiction; I do not reward belief, I attach no penalty to unbelief. You may entertain the opinion that a Supreme Being does not govern the world without challenge from me. I wont imprison you—I wont burn you. So long as you do not invade my rights or peril my existence, I regard you and your opinions with perfect unconcern. I take your children from you, indeed, because I cannot with safety allow you to corrupt the future citizen: and I do not admit your testimony, because you cannot be expected to speak the truth. I protect myself,—I do not punish you.'

When we have once rid ourselves of the notion that 'society holds a commission from on high to avenge any supposed offence to Omnipotence, which is not also a wrong to our fellow-creatures,' and of other delusions begotten under similar auspices, the question of the admissibility of a sceptic's testimony is reduced to a mere question of expediency, and falls to be decided by the plain rule already adverted to. Are we entitled to exclude the sceptic, because his testimony cannot be trusted?

'Yes,' is the answer. 'A sceptic does not believe in a Supreme Being, who will punish him at the day of judgment if he testify falsely; and consequently, a sceptic can have no adequate inducement to tell the truth, and no reliance can be placed upon his testimony.'

The argument will not bear inspection. It is nothing better than a theological fiction,—a dream of schoolmen or casuists. In the first place, as Mr. Mill has observed, it is 'historically true that a large proportion of infidels in all ages have been persons of distinguished integrity and honour.' In the next

\* *Maden and Wife v. Cattanach.* Court of Exchequer, Nov. 11, 1861.



place, the terrorist theory of morals is *in articulo mortis*. An honest man does not tell the truth because he is to be punished if he does not. It is not the fear of prison fare here, or hell fire hereafter, that keeps you from lying. Analyse your own motives, and see if it be the dread of punishment, or a natural feeling of rectitude, the instinct of truth in the soul, that is at work in your life. The sceptic is subject to the same motives. His sense of honour is as nice as your own; he is as honest, as scrupulous, as yourself. What, indeed, can more strikingly demonstrate his steady conscientiousness, his keen regard for truth, than his readiness to brave the obloquy which must attach to one who confesses that he belongs to a proscribed and obnoxious sect?

The scholastic theory on which exclusion is maintained being once put out of the way, it is obvious that equity demands admission. It is surely prodigiously unjust that a woman can be deprived of her piano because she holds eccentric views about the day of judgment? The practical consequences of exclusion are, in short, utterly inconsistent with the letter, not to say with the spirit, of our law. An infidel is not an outlaw. You are not entitled to hunt him down, and shoot him like a noxious animal. The State spreads its shield over him as over the rest of us. You cannot plunder an unbeliever any more than you can plunder a bishop. 'You cannot;' and yet in effect you can with perfect impunity, whenever, at least, you find him by himself, or in company with others of his own persuasion only; for the law will not allow him or them to testify against you.

The exclusion, besides, is fraught with injustice, not merely to the unbeliever, but to those who are thereby deprived of the benefit of his testimony. Herein, indeed, consists the hope of the reformer. A very keen feeling of self-interest or indignation is needed to rouse the British public out of its habitual apathy. When some notorious criminal, some future Manning or

Laffarge, escapes the hangman because the sole eye-witness chanced to entertain sceptical opinions, and could not enter the witness-box, the people, seriously indignant or alarmed, will begin to inquire whether a fantastic disability is to be allowed any longer to defeat the ends of justice, and Parliament will then cease, perhaps, to extend an admiring deference to this venerable anomaly.

These considerations are conclusive; but the crowning absurdity yet remains. The unbelieving liar is admitted: the unbelieving truth-teller is shut out. In most cases the proof of capacity or incapacity must depend exclusively upon the party himself. It is almost impossible to prove that a man is an unbeliever, if he asserts that he is not. The utmost that you can do is to show that he was an unbeliever at some past period, which will not avail against his assertion on oath that he has changed his views, and is a believer *now*. Here surely is a nestful of anomalies. You start with the proposition that all unbelievers are necessarily liars; and yet on the question of competency you depend exclusively upon their testimony. The sole guarantee that you can obtain is the word of the man whom you do not credit. You rely upon the truthfulness of those who have no root of truth in them. You have recourse to a test which you declare in the same breath to be no test at all. So that if an unbeliever act up to the theory of his character which you have constructed, and (by proclaiming himself a believer) lies, you allow him to speak; but if he shows that your theory is at fault, and (in confessing his unbelief—to his own detriment, it may be) speaks the truth, you shut his mouth. These logical dilemmas might be multiplied indefinitely; but the absurdity of the position has been sufficiently demonstrated. It may be farther observed, however, that witnesses are not always *willing* witnesses, and are in fact (in cases where their testimony must prove damaging or disastrous to a friend or near relative) often



sincerely anxious to *disqualify* themselves. The records of our criminal courts, we have no doubt, would discover many cases in which recourse has been had to the safest and surest mode of disqualification.\*

The bearing of all this upon the principle with which we set out is very clear. The exclusion of a sceptic's evidence is indefensible; because we thereby wrongfully, and against the policy of law, limit the area from which evidence may be taken. Any disability, therefore, which is attached to him by statute or at common law, ought to be at once removed.

But there is another aspect to the question which we have not yet touched upon. No person (with certain exceptions to be noticed immediately) is permitted to become a witness in a court of justice in this country unless he first take part in a religious rite. This religious rite is the oath, whereby, as Coke expresses it, 'the witness calls upon Almighty God to witness that his testimony is true.' It is obvious that so long as this initial ordeal is maintained, the sceptic who declines to swear against his conscience must be excluded. So that in dealing with the exclusion of unbelievers we are forced to consider whether it is essential to maintain this test, or whether it may not with perfect safety be dispensed with or abolished,—abolished, at least, as respects those to whom it is inapplicable.

We do not mean to discuss at

any length the more general of these questions. We have always held, indeed, that Jeremy Bentham's arguments against the retention of the rite—a rite which frightens the timid out of their senses, and does not deter the unscrupulous—have not been answered, and are unanswerable.† Bentham—the most incisive, if not the soundest, of political and legal thinkers—was of opinion that the oath, besides being in many aspects an irreverential, unbecoming, and anomalous ceremony, was not in any sense a safeguard. It was 'a sort of artificial or factitious security for trustworthiness; 'a security against a man's doing that which he has engaged not to do; 'in the hands of justice an altogether useless agent, in the hands of injustice a deplorably serviceable one.' If it had any appearance of efficacy, it was because 'a declaration upon oath includes a declaration upon honour; 'and because the person who swore falsely incurred infamy, and could be prosecuted for perjury. Stripped of those sanctions, its impotence immediately appeared. 'If you wish to have powder of post,' he exclaims, 'taken for an efficacious medicine, try it with opium and antimony; if you wish to have it taken for what it is, try it by itself.' It was one of the supernatural tests for the detection of truth resorted to by a material and superstitious age, and the fate which had overtaken its connexions was in store for the last of the race. In a singular passage, marked by that

\* The later institutional writers had laid down, *first*, that it was not competent to examine a witness as to his religious belief, and that his incompetency must be established by other evidence; and *second*, that the objection could not be stated against a witness who was a *party* to the cause, and who did not decline to be sworn. As to the first, 'because a personal scrutiny into the state of his faith and conscience, was foreign to the spirit of our institutions; 'and as to the second, on the ground of manifest impolicy. 'The state of his faith is not inquired into where his own rights are concerned. He is only prevented from being made the instrument of taking away those of others. It is a less evil that the solemnity of an oath should be occasionally mocked than any one deprived of his rights.' The latter of these maxims appears quite sound in principle; but it may be doubted whether it would be just to *prevent* a witness from being examined, and so exclude him on evidence which his own might displace. However this may be, it would appear from what fell from the judges in *Maden and Wife v. Cattanach*, that neither of these propositions is likely to receive much countenance in Westminster Hall.

† Bentham's *Rationale of Judicial Evidence*, vol. i. book iii.

rugged vividness and picturesqueness which sometimes brightens an argument—clear as crystal in logic, but often discursive and obscure in language—he takes up his testimony against it.

It was in the earliest stage of society—in those stages at which the powers of the human understanding were at the weakest—that this, together with so many other articles in the list of supernatural securities, or substitutes for testimonial veracity, took their rise. Ordeals, in all their forms; trials by battle; trials without evidence (understand human evidence); trials by supernatural, to the exclusion of human, evidence; trials by evidence secured against mendacity by supernatural means—by the ceremony of an oath. As the powers of the human understanding gain strength, invigorated by nourishment and exercise, the natural securities rise in value, the supernatural, understood to be what they are, drop one after another off the stage. First went ordeal; then went duel; after that went, under the name of the wager of law, the ceremony of an oath in its pure state, unpropped by that support which this inefficient security receives at present from those efficient ones which are still clogged with it; by and bye, its rottenness standing confessed, it will perish off the human stage; and this last of the train of supernatural powers, *ultima cæli-colum*, will be gathered with Astrea into its native skies. The lights which at that time of day were sought for in vain from supernatural interference, are now collected and applied by a watchful attention to the probative force of circumstantial evidence, and a skilful application of the scrutinizing force of cross-examination.

But if the oath, in its character of ordeal, be repugnant to what Mr. Disraeli calls 'the genius of the epoch,' it is quite as repugnant (be it said in passing) to the policy which now animates our jurisprudence. Thirty years ago a huge treatise could have been written upon the countless disabilities which affected witnesses. The disabilities which remain can be enumerated in a paragraph. The old principle was—exclude all evidence which is in any way tainted;

the modern principle is—admit all evidence, and let it be taken for what it is worth. Criminals, for instance, or those who had been convicted of crime, were formerly inadmissible. They were infamous persons, the old theory asserted, who were 'morally too corrupt to be trusted to testify.' The theory looked very well on paper; but it has been found in practice that their evidence may be admitted with safety and with advantage to the administration of justice. Surely a sceptic is quite as likely to speak the truth as a house-breaker or a thief?

If, therefore, the oath be inefficient as a safeguard, the sooner it is dismissed the better; for besides excluding evidence that may be absolutely essential to the vindication of truth, the fruits which it produces are apt to bring law and religion alike into contempt.

We have found, in point of fact, that in strictness it is impossible to maintain it. Of course, if a religious rite were really essential to the purification of evidence—a sort of legal baptism—no exception could for an instant be tolerated. Yet in practice we admit exceptions. Quakers, Moravians, and Separatists have been exempted from its operation; and a recent statute, in the case of all those who from 'alleged conscientious motives' decline to be sworn, substitutes for the oath 'a solemn affirmation or declaration,' whereby the witness, after declaring that 'according to his religious belief' an oath is unlawful, undertakes to speak the truth.\*

And while, on the one hand, we have been forced to limit its application to a certain class, on the other, we have been forced to construe its phraseology with unbecoming latitude. The old bishops and judges, when they administered 'the oath on the Evangelists,' had a very distinct idea of what they meant. The oath was then, as Coke said, 'an affirmation or denial

\* 17 and 18 Vict., cap. 125, § 20 (Common Law Procedure Act of 1854). 18 and 19 Vict., c. 25, extends its provisions to Scotland. In England and Scotland the Acts apply to Courts of Civil Judicature only; in Ireland the Criminal are included.

by any Christian.' But modern practice has deprived it of any intelligible exactness or precision of meaning. The Danish code, indeed, continues consistently logical. A Danish witness swears with his fingers; the thumb and the two next being held up together, one for each person of the Trinity. The religion of the State is Trinitarian, and it is to the Trinity that the witness appeals. Such an ordeal of course excludes Arians, Socinians, and Jews—all people, in short, who are not Trinitarians; but the position has at least the merit of being intelligible. Our exigencies as a great commercial and maritime depôt force us to be less exclusive. It is not the God of Christendom alone who is invoked in our courts of law and under the sanction of the judges of the land. Any deity will answer the purpose—American, Asiatic, African, or Australasian. With questionable liberality we appropriate and stamp with the authority of our tribunals the superstitions of every nation under heaven. Our judges, for instance, inform the African who is put into the witness-box, that, if he lies, he will be punished by the ill-favoured and ricketty idol that he keeps in the attic. Here, again, is a description of what takes place in our Courts when a native of China is examined:

The prosecutor was then called, and on getting into the witness-box immediately knelt down, and a *china saucer* having been placed in his hand, he struck it against the brass rail in front of the box and broke it. The crier of the Court, who swears the witnesses, then, by direction of the interpreter, administered the oath in these words, which were translated by the interpreter into the

Chinese tongue—'You shall tell the truth and the whole truth; *the saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth, your soul shall be cracked like the saucer.*'

Does it not read like a burlesque? Is it becoming that such scenes should be permitted to take place? Is it decent that English judges should tacitly declare their belief in Mahomet, Confucius, or Mumbo Jumbo—should seem to affirm that it is really a matter of no moment to whom the appeal is addressed, and that any one Divinity will serve as well as any other? Of course if the religious ceremony is to be retained, these are its proper fruits; and though we are prepared to pay the price rather than lose the evidence, it is clear that such a spectacle is an anomaly and an indecorum. But there is a simple remedy—abolish the oath altogether. When a man is called as a witness into a court of justice, let him speak under sanctions similar to those which govern him in all the other relations he maintains with society. 'I undertake on my honour to implement the contract, and if I do not implement it, let me be liable in damages.'

In Scotland those persons are not sworn who are considered incapable of understanding the obligation of an oath. They are examined on their declaration to tell the truth. The rule applies, for instance, to children of tender age, and to deaf and dumb persons of deficient intelligence. In a well-known whaling case decided the other day by the House of Lords, an Esquimaux—'Tessuin' by name, probably the only Esquimaux who has ever appeared in a witness-box—was examined in this way.†

\* *Regina v. Entrehman and Samut.* Carr. and Marsh. 248. This recalls the Roman form. The witness held a flint stone in his right hand, and dropped it as he uttered these words,—'Si sciens fallo, tum me Diespiter, salvo urbe arceque, bonis ejiciat, ut ego hunc lapidem.'

† Our readers may feel interested in seeing the mode in which 'Tessuin's' examination was conducted:—

'The counsel for the defenders objected to the proposed witness being examined, in respect there is no form of oath which is binding on the witness's conscience, and that the witness does not believe in a Deity or in a future state of retribution.

'Counsel for the pursuers moved the Commissioner to put the witness upon oath in the ordinary form, or in any other form which may be more binding on his conscience.

'Whereupon the Commissioner interrogated the witness through the said inter-



Although the Scottish institutional writers assume that an infidel is not a competent witness, it may perhaps be doubted whether any one belonging to the class of persons who are incapable of understanding the obligation of an oath (and an infidel belongs to the class), may not be examined on declaration. A recent statute\* allows our colonial subjects who are 'destitute of the knowledge of God and of any religious belief' to be examined without an oath; and in several of the United, or dis-United, States—in Michigan, Maine, Wisconsin, and Missouri—no incompetence attaches to a witness 'on account of his opinion on the subject of religion.'

These are the facts, and from these facts only one conclusion can be drawn. Upon the larger question, indeed, a difference of opinion may possibly exist. Some people may still believe that the oath is a safeguard, and that as regards those who appreciate the sanctions which it invokes, its effect is wholesome. But of course the sceptic is beyond these influences. He cannot join in the ceremony; or if he does join in it, he can do so only because he regards it as a meaningless judicial form. When a citizen could not vindicate his rights until he had partaken of the Holy Sacrament, the unbeliever, who was not made of the stuff of which martyrs are

made, not unfrequently partook. We do not seek to excuse this easy morality; but a weightier condemnation must be pronounced upon the society which forces its citizens to choose between martyrdom and hypocrisy, and degrades a mystery of religion into an instrument of traffic. We know that even His anger was kindled when He found the tables of the money-changers in the Temple. And the State which forces a man to undergo a religious operation before he can recover his rent, is as truly a persecuting State as the State which will not let him visit his butcher or his baker until he has partaken of the Eucharist.

So that the whole matter resolves into a simple issue. An unbeliever's evidence is credible, and ought to be admitted. An ecclesiastical ceremony does not add to the value of evidence, not, at any rate, in the case of those whom it does not bind, and therefore from them it ought not to be exacted. No radical or sweeping change, however, is, or need be, involved in the reform. Men and women who have 'religious' scruples about swearing, are every day examined in our Courts without an oath. If you will not abolish the oath altogether, at least include the unbeliever within the exceptions which you admit.

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preter. Interrogated, Do you *know* that there is a Supreme Being? Declares that he does not *know*. Interrogated, Do you believe in a future state after death? Declares that he does. Interrogated, Do you believe that a man is liable to punishment in that future state for crimes committed in this world? Declares he does. Interrogated, Do you believe that you are liable to be so punished for telling lies? Declares that he does. Interrogated, Remembering that, do you now engage to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Declares he does. Declares, further, there is no form of ceremony I can observe which would make this engagement more binding on my conscience.

'The Commissioner repels the objection stated by the counsel for the defenders, refuses the motion of the pursuers' counsel so far as it asks the Commissioner to put the said Tessuin upon his oath, and appoints the examination to proceed upon his declaration and engagement to tell the truth; against which deliverance counsel for the defenders appealed to the Lord Ordinary and the Court.

'Whereupon the witness was again interrogated by the Commissioner, through the said interpreter, as follows:—Do you promise, as you believe you shall be punished in a future state for telling a lie, that you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth? Declares that he will.'

\* 6 and 7 Vict., c. 22.

## HISTORICAL RECORDS AND RECORD COMMISSIONS.

THE right appreciation of the value of our national records is by no means a feeling peculiar to the nineteenth century, but existed in past ages perhaps stronger and more extensively than at present, although then they were looked upon almost exclusively as the *legal* evidences of the kingdom. Everybody who regarded them in this light, and who had himself any stake in the nation, was interested in the preservation of its records, and they were watched over with a certain degree of anxiety. They were at first carried about with the great law-courts, and these, as we know, attended upon the King in his progresses, and even sometimes in his hostile expeditions. The records were thus exposed to what may be considered a constant danger, to avert which it was at length resolved to place them in permanent repositories in the metropolis. The Chancery records were deposited in the Tower of London in the reign of Edward III. At that time their number was comparatively small, but it increased rapidly, and they became divided, and other places of deposit were found; so that in course of time they were scattered over the town. Before the end of the reign of the monarch just mentioned, the Record Office attached to the Rolls House in Chancery-lane was established; and this and the succeeding reigns furnish us with evidence of the care which was bestowed from time to time on the preservation of these national evidences. Even popular agitators were accustomed to appeal to them; and in some of the earliest petitions on the rolls of Parliament they are claimed as 'the people's evidences,' and ordered to be made accessible to all the King's subjects.

The value thus set upon the records appears to have experienced no diminution during subsequent periods. In the earlier part of the seventeenth century, their study formed no unimportant part of the education of a lawyer, and to that circumstance, no doubt, we owe such men as the Cottons, and Seldens, and Prynnes, and Haies, and D'Eweses, of that age; men who rank at the same time among our greatest antiquaries and our staunchest patriots: for the leaders in the great struggle against the encroachments of the Crown had certainly established their own convictions and gathered many of their most convincing arguments in studying those 'people's evidences,' the national records. This fact, one would think, should furnish a sufficient contradiction to a notion which has been very hastily adopted, that the records of the kingdom were threatened with destruction during the period of the Commonwealth.\* If, however, they were not then in danger of perishing, they fell into a degree of neglect in the time subsequent to the Restoration, from which they have only been rescued in very recent times.

Although the antiquaries of the earlier half of the seventeenth century understood well the constitutional and legal value of the national records, they appear not to have so fully appreciated their historical value, or the necessity, or even utility, of printing them. The monastic chronicles had more attractions for them, and several important collections of this class of records were published during that period by the exertions of individuals. This advance in the historical estimation of our records was reserved for the reign of William

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\* The foundation for this notion was but of a frivolous character. The celebrated fanatic, Hugh Peters, published, in 1651, a pamphlet under the title of *Good Work for a Good Magistrate*, in which he suggested that it was 'verie advisable to burn all the old records, yea, even those in the Tower, the monuments of tyrannie.' Writers on this subject seem to have assumed, without much reflection, that the extreme opinions of Hugh Peters were at some period so nearly in the ascendancy as to be in danger of being carried into execution, which we all know was not the case. There was but little of the *sans-culotte* element in the great English revolution of the middle of the seventeenth century.

and Mary, when the office of Historiographer Royal was conferred on a man since well known for his diligent researches, Thomas Rymer, who, on the 20th of August, 1693, was authorized by an order from the Crown to visit the Record offices and make use of the records freely. The form which his design of publication took was no doubt influenced by the political condition of the age, in which Great Britain had just taken a more prominent and decided part than formerly in the affairs of Continental Europe. Rymer proposed to collect and print all the leagues, treaties, and papers relating to international transactions between England and foreign States; and his proposal was warmly espoused, first by Lord Halifax, and afterwards, under Queen Anne, by Robert Harley, both as Speaker of the House of Commons and as Secretary of State. Money was furnished by the Court, and other persons were from time to time appointed to assist him; but they appear to have gone on for several years silently collecting and transcribing, and it was only under the active encouragement of Harley that the public first saw any result of their labours. In 1704 appeared the first volume of the great national work now so well known as Rymer's *Fœdera*, which was received with enthusiastic approval by historical scholars as well abroad as at home. It was completed in nineteen volumes in 1717, four years after Rymer's death, the three last volumes being altogether the work of his chief assistant or colleague, Saunderson. The circumstance of this great book passing through three editions is a sufficient proof how much it was appreciated.

A work like Rymer's *Fœdera* was well calculated to show the interesting historical information which might be derived from the treasures of our Record Offices, but little was done, beyond pointing out the melancholy state of neglect in which these treasures lay, until early in the reign of George III., when the attention of the Legislature was called to that most cele-

brated of English records, the book of the *Domesday Survey*. This book had an entirely different interest from the *Fœdera*—it was a record of all the lands of England at a period to which the present holders in general were proud of tracing their history; and thus the proposal to make it easily accessible could not fail to be well received by most of the landed proprietors. Accordingly, in 1767, the House of Lords was easily induced to agree to an address to the King, representing that it was advisable that the *Domesday Book* should be printed; and the King as readily gave his consent. In this case it was thought that the printed edition should be made as nearly as possible a facsimile of the original; and, as the process now known by the rather formidable name of photo-zincography was not yet known, it was resolved, after some inquiries and discussion, to secure the object by casting printing type which should resemble, as near as a general resemblance could be made, the letters of the manuscript, and which should especially reproduce the various marks and contractions used by the ancient scribes. Some delay was caused by these preparations, but the work was actually commenced soon after the year 1770, and it was completed in four large folio volumes early in 1783. They are said to have cost the nation the rather formidable sum of £38,000.

The last year of the eighteenth century witnessed the appointment of the first Record Commission which contemplated printing upon an extensive scale. Early in the year 1800 the subject was brought before the House of Commons, and a select committee was appointed 'to inquire into the state of the public records of Great Britain,' with tolerably extensive powers. If the proposal did not originate with him, it is understood to have been earnestly promoted by the first Lord Colchester, then Mr. Abbot. The attention of this parliamentary committee was directed to four questions: the condition of the records, their arrangement,



their preservation, and the means of making them more generally useful. Towards the end of the session, the committee presented two reports to the House, and these were made the foundation for an address to the King, in which the Commons represented that the public records 'were in many offices unarranged, undescribed, and unascertained;' that many of them were 'exposed to erasure, alteration, and embezzlement, and were lodged in buildings incommodious and insecure;' that it would be 'beneficial to the public service that the records and papers contained in many of the principal offices and repositories should be methodized;' and that 'certain of the more ancient and valuable amongst them should be printed.' The result of this address was the appointment by the King, on the 19th of July, 1800, of the first of what we now speak of as the Record Commissions. The Commissioners held their first meeting three days afterwards, on the 22nd of July, appointed their secretary, and named sub-commissioners, the latter to be employed in the different labours with which the commission was charged; and it was directed that the progress of the latter should be reported in monthly returns to the Commissioners, and that a yearly summary of these returns should also be made. Six years afterwards the Commission was reappointed, chiefly for the purpose of adding new commissioners; but no change took place in its proceedings until the year 1812, when a general report was published which throws some light on its operations.

These operations were certainly not very remarkable for their apparent results. During twelve years, with a very heavy expenditure, about a dozen folio volumes had been given to the public, including the catalogues of the Cottonian and Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum, which therefore, in the opinion of these earlier commissioners, were included under the denomination of the Public Records of the king-

dom. The slow and unsatisfactory progress of this first commission in its labours is explained by the condition of the Record Offices at that time, and by the general want of economy with which the public money was expended at the beginning of the present century. The first difficulty the Commissioners had to encounter, was the very serious obstacle which they call in their report '*vested rights*.' To explain this, it may be necessary to state that it had been the custom to give the office of Keeper of Records by letters patent, and that the keeper thus in possession was a kind of 'monarch of all he surveyed' within the limits of his charge; that he held the records as a sort of temporary private property, with the condition only of his being ready to produce any of them when wanted for law purposes, and of delivering them up in nominal safety to his successor; that he had the sole appointment of all his clerks and assistants; and that, with the exception of law purposes, and unless under a direct mandate from the Crown, he was the sole judge of the extent to which he would allow the records to be used or seen. The keepers of the records would therefore naturally look upon the appointment of the Commission as likely to interfere with these '*vested rights*,' and would be inclined to do what they could to obstruct its proceedings. With a view, no doubt, to conciliate this feeling of opposition, the Commissioners, who had authority to appoint sub-commissioners to do their work, generally chose the Record Office keepers for their sub-commissioners. The keepers had thus virtually the whole management in their own hands; but even here another difficulty presented itself. The keepers themselves, with one or two exceptions, were not much more acquainted with the records under their charge than was sufficient for their duties in producing them for law purposes, and most of their clerks and assistants seem to have been still more ignorant. In fact, the only staff of editors available

in printing the records were very imperfectly qualified for the work. In the attempt to overcome this difficulty the Commissioners appear to have found it necessary to proceed with great caution, and to have obtained only a moderate degree of success; and they seem to have considered that they had gained a great concession when they persuaded the keepers, at their recommendation, to appoint some assistants who were better instructed in their work. It will sound rather strange in our ears, at the present day, to hear the Commissioners in their general report in 1812, congratulate themselves that by the 'liberal co-operation' of the keepers of records, men had been admitted to vacant offices on their (the Commissioners') recommendations, 'as the best qualified' for performing the duties of those offices! They announce, however, that in some instances they had enlarged the number of clerks, and that they had taken steps for their better instruction in the knowledge of records. The old clerks seem to have been as little able to find the records as they were to read them—for the 'people's Evidences' were in a state of disgraceful neglect, many of them perishing rapidly from exposure to damp and other causes, while only such as were frequently liable to be called for by the lawyers were in their places, or to be found when wanted. The Commissioners take credit for having effected 'the general introduction of greater regularity in the offices;' and they state that in the comparatively small progress which had been made during these twelve years in sorting the confused mass of neglected records, many very important documents were discovered which were previously not known to exist.

In the same manner the Commissioners were under the influence of their sub-commissioners, the record keepers, in the choice of works for publication, and this proved rather disastrous to the utility of the publications themselves. There was a class of docu-

ments in the offices which belonged especially to the keepers, and which originated entirely in their convenience. If an individual had to consult the records for law purposes, he either knew from former reference that there was some entry on the rolls, or some separate document which he wanted, and where to find it, or he only supposed the existence of such an entry or document; in this latter case, he had usually no other resource but to fee the record-keeper to search for him; and as this was a process by which the latter was a gainer, different keepers at different times had made private indexes, or calendars of certain classes of records during certain dates, entering in them only such articles as they supposed might be wanted by the lawyers, and would therefore repay them well for their labour, while they omitted the articles of mere historical or topographical interest. Such a calendar the keeper preserved as a book of reference for himself in cases of searches, and on the death of a keeper it was bought from his representative by his successor, or passed into other hands as an article of private property. Some of these compilations were of considerable antiquity, and had been from time to time revised and enlarged. One of the first notions of the record-keepers would naturally be to recommend these calendars for printing. They might be sold at a high price in the name of transcripts, and could be edited with no great labour. We accordingly find that calendars of records were among the first publications of the record-commission of George III. The error committed by the Commissioners in publishing such calendars was a great one, and can only be explained by their position of dependence on the record-keepers. Even a mere index, if complete, is a useful book, where the record itself is not easily accessible; but a calendar, as these calendars were made, was only an index to a capricious selection of articles from the record, and was therefore worse than useless to the



historical inquirer, because it led him to believe that facts were unnoticed, which, in truth, were carefully and minutely recorded. It will give a better idea of the uselessness of these calendars when we state that, in the case of the printed calendar of one of the series of the rolls most valuable for historical purposes, the Patent Rolls, it has been found on careful examination that the articles noticed in the calendar were, on an average, about one in fourteen in the earlier rolls, and one in ten in those of later date? It was further found, when the publications of the commission were carefully examined by scholars, that they were often loosely and carelessly edited. When they published their report in 1812, the Commissioners seem to have been discouraged, and they resolved on recommending no further publications, except those which were already in hand.

It was perhaps this necessity of conciliating the Record-keepers which led the Commissioners to limit their printing almost entirely to the documents contained in the Record Offices; and the subsequent Commissions, appointed in 1817, and, after the accession of George IV., in 1821, did little more than carry on and complete works which had been commenced by the earlier commission. But during this period new principles of historical criticism began to spread themselves, and larger views of the requirements of historical literature had been developing themselves, under the guidance of such men as Hallam, Guizot, and Niebuhr. The Commissioners appointed by George IV. seem to have been conscious how little service had been done by the labours of so many years; and the publication of the catalogues of manuscripts in the British Museum revealed how many of those grand original monuments of our national history, the chronicles and narratives of contemporary, or nearly contemporary events, remained still unpublished, and to a great extent unknown; while of those which had been published, many were edited im-

perfectly or incorrectly. On the 24th of July, 1822, the Commons voted an address to the King, representing that 'the editions of the works of our ancient historians are incorrect and defective; that many of their writings still remain in manuscript, and in some cases in a single copy only; and that an uniform and convenient edition of the whole, published under his Majesty's royal sanction, would be an undertaking honourable to his Majesty's reign, and conducive to the advancement of historical and constitutional knowledge.' This proposal received the King's consent, and directions were given for carrying it into execution. Those, however, to whom the direction of this project was confided, appear to have had no great confidence in their own judgment, and adopted an idea already formed for them in France, for which there appeared some plausible argument, but which was also exposed to some very grave objections. A publication had, years ago, been commenced by the French Benedictines, under the title of the *Recueil des Historiens des Gaules et de la France*, which is commonly known as the work of the Benedictine Dom Bouquet, and which is still supposed to be continued (and is continued very slowly as a matter of form) by the Académie des Inscriptions of the Institute of France. This publication was formed on the notion that many of the mediæval chronicles are partly copied or abridged from older ones, with the addition of new matter; and that it is not necessary to print the repetition of matter copied from chronicle to chronicle; and also that each chronicle often contained a certain amount of legendary and other non-historical materials which might be omitted. It was thought that by printing only the strictly new historical materials contained in each, and, instead of publishing them as separate authors, arranging them all in chronological order and in short divisions, the whole might be brought within a moderate number of folio volumes, and the entire materials for the history



of each of these short periods might be embraced at a single glance. But this plan implied narrow, and not enlarged, views of the science of history, and even then it was no longer approved by the best historical writers in France, for in fact it presented many very grave inconveniences. To appreciate the value of a writer, we must have his book in entire; his legends and tales, his apparent misrepresentations in cases where they are easily seen, even his greater or less want of originality, all enable us to form a just estimate of his character, without which we may be entirely mistaken as to the value of the new information he gives us; while these very legends and stories, and many other things still less historical in the sense to which the Record Commissioners seem then to have restricted the word, are of the greatest importance in enabling us to understand history itself. The Record Commissioners, however, accepted this narrower view of history, and resolved on adopting to some extent the plan of Dom Bouquet, again having recourse to the Record-keepers. The care of editing this work was entrusted to Mr. Petrie, the keeper of the records in the Tower, and vast sums of money were expended in collecting materials for the work, which, however, went on so slowly, that at the end of the year 1831, only between six and seven hundred pages of the first volume had been printed.

Just two years after this date, a commission for the publication of the more important records of the national history was appointed in France, where the necessity of doing something towards the printing of historical materials was felt, as it had been felt in England, while there it was rendered perhaps more urgent by certain political causes. A great revolution had recently taken place, and, in the existing state of popular feelings, it was necessary to provide for the interests of classes, among whom the journeymen printers, who had been very active in bring-

ing about the revolution of June, were to be especially considered. The operations of the royal printing office were greatly extended, and several extensive series of publications were undertaken by the Government. Moreover, the French Government felt the necessity of giving employment to the intelligence and learning of the country, which include a rather numerous class which was easily made troublesome and dangerous. Hence the attention of the Government was given very earnestly to editing and printing, and as far as historical records went, it was left much more free in its action than in England, because it had no 'vested rights' of Record-keepers to contend with. Fortunately, too, at this time, the office of Minister of Public Instruction was held by one of the first historians of the day, and one especially qualified to appreciate the labours with which a commission of this kind must be entrusted. Monsieur Guizot, as Minister of Public Instruction, laid his plan before the King in a ministerial report dated on the last day of the year 1833. He stated that, 'during about fifteen years past, the study of the sources of history had taken a new activity. Men of great sagacity, of rare knowledge, and of laborious perseverance, have penetrated, some into the vast dépôts of the archives of the kingdom, others into the collections of manuscripts in the Bibliothèque Royale; some have carried their researches even into the libraries and archives of the departments. Everywhere the very first attempts, mere searches by chance, have shown clearly that great riches remained buried. The efforts were redoubled, and soon led to discoveries no less important than unexpected, veritable revelations, which throw a new light on such and such events, and on such and such ages of our history.' From that moment, the minister informs us, everybody had regretted that such mines of wealth should be left to the feeble efforts of individuals; and the necessity of putting an end to such a state

of things was deeply felt, the more so as some of the documents themselves were (as in England) through different causes daily perishing. 'It was the Government alone,' M. Guizot thought, 'which could and ought to accomplish the great work of a general publication of all the important and still unedited materials for the history of our country.' The Government, in fact, alone commanded the resources for meeting the expenditure of such an undertaking, and it was also the guardian of the documents themselves. The Minister proposed to commence by a general visitation of the libraries and archives of the departments, in order to arrest the progress of destruction where it might be going on (for the records were for many reasons exposed to much greater neglect and danger in the provinces than in the capital),\* and to make catalogues of all the historical manuscripts which remained. In Paris, the records, of whatever kind, were not in the same danger. There, however, it was proposed that the manuscript collections of the Royal Library, the records in the Archives du Royaume, and the papers of the various ministerial archives (answering to our State Papers), should be carefully and completely explored. The Minister's proposal was approved by the King, and the Chambers voted the sum of 120,000 francs, equivalent to £4800

sterling, for the operations of the first year. M. Guizot, as might be expected, entertained the most comprehensive (but strictly just) views of the nature of historical materials. 'After its political history,' he says, in his second report to the King, 'the intellectual and moral history of the country has an equal claim upon our attention; the successive efforts in its progress, in philosophy, science, and letters, are indeed a great and noble part of a people's destinies. No doubt the abundance and special character of the monuments of this kind must have prescribed to us some care in this respect; they could not be brought together easily or in very great numbers, in a collection of which the dominant object is what is strictly called history. But the works which, at certain epochs, have strongly agitated the minds, and exercised a powerful action on the intellectual development of contemporary generations; those which have opened in the movement of ideas, a new era; those, in fine, which, under a purely literary form, reveal to us forgotten manners, customs, and social facts, of which the traces had been lost; such works have a very intimate connexion with history; and should we discover any monuments of this description, we shall consider it our duty to publish them immediately, forming them into a par-

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\* At present the Government appoints keepers and librarians to the municipal and departmental archives and public libraries in France; but previous to the time of which we are here speaking, the appointment was in the local authorities; and the choice of individuals, often dictated by a mere feeling of jealousy against foreigners, was sometimes very fatal to the collection entrusted to their charge. An example of this is said to have been brought to light about the time of the establishment of M. Guizot's committee. In a town, we think in the north of France, the office of public librarian was vacant, and no inhabitant of the town was properly qualified for it; but, in their jealousy against the admission of any one who was not a native of the town, they gave the office to a bookbinder, no doubt as the inhabitant most acquainted with literature. Years passed on, nobody went to consult the library, the bookbinder-librarian died, and another had been elected into his place, when the men authorized by Government went round to visit the libraries and archives of the departments. This particular library had contained a very valuable collection of manuscripts, and the visitor was at first greatly rejoiced to find them all in their places on the shelves; but on taking the volumes down one after another, he discovered to his dismay that they consisted of nothing but the outside covers. Medieval parchment and vellum were useful articles in binding books, and the bookbinder-librarian had taken advantage of his office to abstract and use in this way all the material of the valuable manuscripts in the library under his charge!



ticular series in the general collection.' After mentioning Abelard's celebrated philosophical treatise entitled *Sic et Non*, which had just been discovered in the library of Avranches, M. Guizot goes on to say, 'Lastly, the history of the arts ought to occupy a place in this vast *ensemble* of researches, which embraces all parts of the national existence and destinies. No study perhaps reveals to us more distinctly the social condition and the true spirit of past generations, than that of their religious, civil, public, and domestic monuments, of the various ideas and rules which presided over their construction, the study, in fact, of all the works and of all the variations of architecture, which is at once the beginning and the summary of all the arts. I propose to set on foot immediately a considerable work on this subject; I intend to have drawn up a complete inventory, a complete analytical catalogue of all the monuments of all sorts and of all epochs, which have existed or still exist on French ground. Such a work, by reason of its special nature, of its importance, and of its novelty, should remain distinct from the other historical labours which I have enumerated, and it is my intention to entrust the direction of it to a special committee, and so make it the object of particular measures.' Such were the first ideas of M. Guizot for this important and extensive undertaking.

These plans underwent some slight modifications, and the whole subject was eventually divided into two series of works, one embracing the documents 'relating to the political and social history of the country, and to its legislation and institutions;' the other, the history of science, literature, and art. Subsequently, what was here understood by art was formed into a separate committee, under the title of 'Arts and Monuments,' and included what we commonly designate the archæology of the country. It had, in fact, no immediate connexion with the publication of historical records.

Meanwhile, the English Record Commission had been reappointed in 1825, and again in 1831, after the accession of King William IV.; and, on this latter occasion, the Commissioners were invested with a considerable increase of power, enabling them especially to interfere with the internal management of the Record Offices. Its literary labours were pursued with great activity, and its publications were perhaps better selected, but certainly better edited, than those of the Commissions which had preceded. The printing of calendars and catalogues had been abandoned, and it had been resolved to print in entire all the official records of the kingdom down to a certain date—we believe the end of the reign of Henry III. Considerable progress was made in this design during the few years of the existence of this Commission. Editors, too, were employed who were not all directly connected with the Record Offices; and the spirit of reform had found its way into the offices themselves, though the old feeling did not give way without a struggle, which ended in a rather lengthy parliamentary investigation. Of this we need only now say that it ended in the entire overthrow of the old system of the Record Offices, which were soon afterwards placed on an entirely new footing, and that the printing was discontinued. Since that time the desire expressed so long ago as the fourteenth century has been fully carried out in making the national records more and more easily accessible to everybody. They have, as far as possible, been carried from the former scattered offices into one great repository, and have been placed under the immediate and absolute control of the Master of the Rolls.

Sir John Romilly was appointed to the office of Master of the Rolls at a time when the reforms in the offices were in progress, while the question of printing seemed to be laid aside, and the publications which had been completed or partly printed were locked up in the warehouses of her Majesty's



printers. The first volume of the materials for the History of Britain was still unfinished, and its original editor, Mr. Petrie, was dead, but its plan had been so generally disapproved that it was determined not to continue it. It had, as we have already remarked, originated in narrow, and not in enlarged, views of the wants of history, although the more objectionable parts of the plan of Dom Bouquet's work had been abandoned. Yet the feeling which gave rise to it had not subsided, and a succession of individual efforts, in the shape of clubs and societies, manifested the general impression that it was a complete and correct edition of our medieval chronicles and histories, and not an edition of the mere records, which the historian wanted. At length, on the 26th of January, 1857, the Master of the Rolls, who appears to have had the subject under consideration for some time, submitted to the Treasury his proposal for the publication of 'materials for the history of this country, from the invasion of the Romans to the reign of Henry VIII.' His plan, as approved by the Treasury, and since carried into execution, contemplated the publication, in separate editions, and in octavo, of what he terms 'the chronicles and memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages.' Each was to be edited without any mutilation or abridgment, and the editor was to give the most correct text that could be formed from a collation of the best manuscripts; and each work was to be sold separately, and at a very moderate price.

Sir John Romilly's views of the wants of history have been developed in the course of the publication of thirty-five volumes, and it must be confessed that they are sufficiently extensive. The Master of the Rolls has, indeed, adopted the whole plan of the French 'Historical Committee' of M. Guizot; with the exception of the history of literature, and of the section of 'Arts and Monuments,' neither of which belongs necessarily to the

plan, and they would probably have been only an embarrassment. Besides the political and social history of the country, he includes the history of religion, which is so intimately connected with that of most of the political revolutions, and the history of philosophy and science, which is necessary to understand the progress of society and of the State. As we read the programme, we are not quite sure if the Master of the Rolls contemplates (as we hope he does) the adoption ultimately of the plan of the resolution of the House of Commons in 1822, to include in his series all the chronicles existing, whether they have been previously edited or not; but he proposes to give preference, in the first instance, 'to such materials as are most scarce and valuable.' It has been already stated that the existing editions of some of our most valuable chronicles are very defective and incorrect, and others have been published by individuals or societies, in small numbers, and are not much more accessible to historical writers than the original manuscripts.

The details and execution of this design have been hardly equal to the plan itself. The Master of the Rolls had one vantage ground over all the former commissions—he had no 'vested rights' to contend with, for these had now been entirely swept away, and he was at perfect liberty to use his own free judgment in the selection of works for publication, and of editors to carry them through the press; though, in regard to either, at first at least, the principle of selection was not very apparent. The one important fact appears to have been overlooked, that as you choose a good classical scholar to edit a classical text, so an editor of a medieval text ought to be qualified for his task by a sufficient, if not a long, course of study of medieval languages and medieval literature. It would have been well, perhaps, to select in the first place a body of known learned men, to whom the editing of the different works might be entrusted;

but instead of this, mere university education appears to have been considered a sufficient guarantee, and proposals appear to have been received for different works without a sufficient examination into the special qualifications of the proposer for editing the work he suggested. Thus while, among the publications which have already issued from her Majesty's printing office, the names of some of our best medieval scholars appear, there are others to whom medieval knowledge was certainly new, and whose publications have not given any great degree of credit to the collection.

The Master of the Rolls seems, for the present, to have adopted the principle of the French commission, to print only manuscripts which have been previously inedited; though, like most such rules, it has been broken through in more than one instance—and we think wisely. Why, for example, should we not have a good and useful edition of that important record, the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, under the authority of the Government, merely because there are one or two *bad* editions previously existing? It seems, however, as if the wish to escape the necessity of deciding on particular cases had led to a series of strict general rules, some of which no doubt merit our approval, while others are perhaps open to objections. Among the latter is that which fixes a uniform rate of remuneration per sheet for editing, by which an editor who merely reproduces a text from one manuscript with very little labour, is placed on an exact equality with another who has to deal with difficult texts, to collate a number of manuscripts, and to follow them at his own expense to distant libraries; it is simply unjust to the merits of the editors. There is another rule, however, which commands our entire approval,—that which excludes all superfluity of notes. We want from the Master of the Rolls correct texts of these ancient writers, and not popular editions with illustrations and explanations for

the use of students. Young editors, who are not very deeply read in the vast mine of medieval learning, are apt to think that what is new to them is new to everybody, and without some such salutary rule we should not only be exposed at times to profuse and useless displays of learning, but, in the hands of different editors, we might have the same thing repeated over and over again. We therefore entirely approve the rule proposed by the Master of the Rolls, and accepted by the Treasury, 'that no notes should be added, except such as were illustrative of the various readings;' or, as it is explained in another part of the printed programme, 'that no note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text.' Even the prefaces and introductions seem to us to display too decided a tendency to overstep the bounds of moderation.

We think that the Glossaries, also, are liable to run into considerable abuse. It may be desirable in publishing these medieval documents, to give at the end glossaries of the words which belong only to medieval Latin, or of obsolete English words, but they should be strictly limited to an index of the words with the shortest possible explanation; and they ought not to be allowed to run into long dissertations upon words like the Glossaries to the London Guildhall records. Still less is it necessary to add glossaries to books in which the text is literally translated into English.

Another rule, too, adopted by the Master of the Rolls is, we think, open to serious objections. He has decided that all texts which are in Anglo-Saxon, or in Anglo-Norman or French, shall be accompanied with English translations. It is assumed, and perhaps justly, that few of the persons who may want to use these works for historical purposes will be able to read with ease the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Norman languages, and that they will be glad to have them translated into English by scholars who



can read them; but it should be considered that these scholars are not very numerous, and that publishing a bad translation under the sanction of Government, which is looked upon as a guarantee for its accuracy, would be a much greater evil than giving the historian a bare text of the original, and leaving him to interpret it as well as he can. Every one who can take an interest in it will be thankful for a careful translation of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle by a well-known Anglo-Saxon scholar like Thorpe, but we should have little reason to rejoice in the work of a beginner who attempted to translate by looking the words out in a dictionary, and guessing at the construction of the language. Yet this is exactly what some of the translators of Anglo-Norman and old French have been doing in the publications of the Master of the Rolls. Let us take up the first example which comes to hand, the volume of *Lives of Edward the Confessor*, edited by Mr. Luard. One of the works contained in this volume is a *Life of King Edward*, of some interest, written in Anglo-Norman verse in the reign of Henry III., and printed from a beautifully illuminated manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The antiquity of the manuscript has, we think, been considerably overrated by its editor, for the writing seems to bespeak rather the fourteenth century than the thirteenth, and errors of language which occur in it would support this opinion. Perhaps it was a copy of the original manuscript made about the reign of Edward II. At that time the Anglo-Norman dialect—or rather the French as spoken in England—was rapidly losing the strictness of its grammatical forms; and this circumstance, with errors which the scribe appears to have committed here and there, have introduced obscurity into some passages, although in general the text is by no means a difficult one. But Mr. Luard has mistranslated the simplest phraseology, and these mistranslations occur almost on

every page. We have only to open at random to find an example, and here is one from near the beginning of the poem, where (l. 42) we read—

N'en voil une un euple faire,  
Si l'estoire ne usse essamplaire;

which the editor, forgetting his own axiom that much of the difficulty in reading this old Norman arises from not paying attention to the forms of the verbs, translates—

I would not ever make one couplet,  
If the history had not a copy;

which certainly is not very intelligible. But he should have known that *usse* is the first, and not the third person of the verb, and have translated it—

I would not make a couplet about it,  
If *I had not* the history as an authority.

Perhaps there is no phrase in this language of more simple construction or more common occurrence than *i ad* (there is), and *i out* (there was); in fact, the Frenchman of the present day uses it constantly in the forms *il y a* and *il y avait*; yet Mr. Luard continually mistranslates it. Thus (l. 687)

Ni ad meillur de ci ca Rumme,

where *n'i* should be printed for *ni*, and *c'à* for *ca*, is translated, '*He has not a better from here to Rome*,' instead of '*there is not a better*.' Again (l. 1211),

Asez i out chivalerie,

in which the verb is undoubtedly in the singular, is translated, '*Enough of chivalry had they there*,' instead of '*There was enough of chivalry*.' And (l. 1219),

Mut i out de riches duns,

translated '*Many rich gifts had she there*,' instead of '*There were many rich gifts*.' Miscellaneous errors like the following are of perpetual occurrence. When (l. 635) St. Peter, appearing in a vision, is described as

Un veillard a cler semblant;

that is, '*An old man with a bright countenance*;' Mr. Luard translates it, '*An old man like a clerk*.' On another occasion (l. 826) a messenger comes—



Ki par lettre enclose en cire,  
E enseignes k'il bien sout dire ;  
L'en fait tut de fi seur,

which is here translated,

Who by a letter closed by wax,  
And marks which he well knows what  
they mean,  
Makes him all confidently sure.

It should be translated,

Who by letter inclosed in wax,  
And by signs which he knew well to say,  
Makes him quite sure of the faith (or  
trustworthiness) of it.

In those times it was not sufficient for the credence of a messenger to give him a letter, but he usually carried also some private sign or token to the person to whom he was accredited. Mr. Luard has here translated a verb in the imperfect tense, *sout*, as though it were in the present tense. In another place (l. 181) he has turned the same word into an adjective. The poet tells us that the Danish chieftain, Swanus, was 'cruel, and knew much of war :—

Cruens, e mut sout de guere ;

which Mr. Luard translates, 'Cruel, and well skilled in war,' and in his glossary he sets down the word *sout* as representing the Latin *scitus*. Again (l. 1917), the writer of the poem says,

Par un cunte le voil prover,  
Ki ne fait pas a ublier ;

which Mr. Luard translates,

By a history I will prove it,  
Which prevents one from forgetting.

He has again misunderstood a well-known phrase ; it should be translated,

I will prove it by a story (or anecdote),  
Which ought not to be forgotten.

In the description of King Edward's church at Westminster, we find several of these mistranslations. The writer tells us (l. 2290) that the king

Atant ad fundé sa iglise  
De grantz quareus de pere bise,  
A fundement le e parfund ;

which Mr. Luard translates,

Now he laid the foundations of the church,  
With large square blocks of grey stone :  
Its foundations are deep.

Totally overlooking the word *le* in the last line, which should properly be printed *lé*, and represents the Latin *latum*. The lines should be translated literally :—

At length he has founded his church  
Of great squared blocks of grey stone,  
With a foundation *broad and deep*.

But the most serious misunderstanding occurs a few lines further on, in the account of the monastic buildings, where we are told in the Anglo-Norman, as here printed, that there were

Refaitur e le dortur,  
E les officines en tur ;

which lines are translated,

Refectory and dormitory,  
And the offices *in the tower*.

*En tur* should be printed *entur*, and signifies merely, round about. The lines should be translated,

Refectory and the dormitory,  
And the offices round them.

When we assure our readers that these examples are taken simply as they offered themselves to our view in opening the leaves of the book, they will readily agree with us that this is not such a translation as should appear under the authority of Government. Even in Mr. Riley's edition of the records of the Guildhall of London, the translations are the least satisfactory part ; and Mr. Stevenson, who is one of the best of these editors, has on several occasions mistaken the meaning of passages in his letters and papers relative to the wars of the English in France, the language of the French of which is not so antiquated as to require the accompaniment of an English version. We would certainly recommend the omission of these translations in future.\*

\* Our medieval historical records have been peculiarly liable to fall into misfortunes in translating, and it is odd enough that translators, in place of seeking a careful knowledge of the language, have continually shown a tendency to translate by

It must be acknowledged to the credit of the Master of the Rolls, that his plan for publishing the monuments of English history displays views of history far more enlarged, and we may add more wise, than those entertained by any of our former record commissions. He adopts in their full extent the historical ideas of M. Guizot. The knowledge of the social condition of the people is absolutely necessary to understand the changes and revolutions which take place in States, as well as to appreciate in their true and full importance the facts recorded in their chronicles; and the records of their social history, fewer in number, are equally interesting in their character, and no less worthy of being printed. We all know how much, during the middle ages especially, the history of religion was mixed up with that

of the State and of the people; and the advance of civilization and of intelligence, which influenced the progress of civil and religious liberty, and of national power, are too intimately allied with the history of philosophy and science to allow the monuments of that history to be overlooked. Sir John Romilly has embraced all these legitimate branches of the history of our country, and has already, in the volumes which have appeared, given a fair notion of the extent to which they will be included in his plan. We, however, leave the subject for the present, with the intention of returning to it for the purpose of reviewing this series of *Chronicles and Memorials*, to point out the merit of each work individually, and to show how far they have already added to our knowledge of history.

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the ear, according to some fancied resemblance of sound. Thus, Sir Harris Nicolas published, with a translation, an Anglo-Norman poem on the Siege of Caerlaverock, and he had not gone far into it before he came to the line,

De prowessse enbrasse et a cole,

which he translated, rather curiously when we reckon the number of words, 'burning with valour.' It is clear that he took *cole* to signify a coal, and that he thought the third word in the line had something to do with *blazing*; the sound presented to his ear was probably *blazing like a coal*, which he condensed into the one word *burning*. He should have printed it *enbrasse et acole*, and translated it,

He embraced him and threw his arms round his neck;

for the lines, of which this is one, merely describe a baron saluting another affectionately. Sharon Turner, whose acquaintance with Anglo-Saxon was very limited, was much given to this system of translating, of which the following (*History of the Anglo-Saxons*, b. vii. c. 3) is rather a ludicrous example. In Alfric's Colloquy, the fisherman is questioned as to what he gained by his craft, and replies, '*bigleofan and scrud and feoh*,' which means literally 'food and clothing and money;' but Sharon Turner's ear led him, without consulting his dictionary, to define the character of the food, for he rather ingeniously translated it '*big loaves and clothing and money*.' As far as we can judge from the illuminations of manuscripts, our Anglo-Saxon forefathers ate small loaves instead of big ones. Turner, however, had a rival in this style of translation in a man with more pretensions to Anglo-Saxon scholarship, inasmuch as he was Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford; we mean Dr. Ingram, who published an edition of the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. Under the year 1176, that invaluable record describes Earl Ralph's rebellion against William the Conqueror, and concludes by telling us how the rebels were punished; some were blinded, and some were banished, and '*sume getawod to scande*,' i.e., some were brought to shame, or, as Thorpe translates it, 'punished ignominiously.' But Dr. Ingram has translated it, 'and some were *towed to Scandinavia*!' It would be difficult to conjecture from whence he obtained the notion of so singular a mode of punishment, or why he thought it was necessary to 'tow' the offenders so far.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1862.

## A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.

### CHAPTER V.

#### MR. MACPHERSON'S VISIT, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

IT must have been about ten days afterwards, when sitting alone in the library at Elmfields one morning, a servant opened the door, and ushered in an elderly man in a brown wig, white neck-cloth, and silver spectacles.

'Mr. Macpherson,' said the old gentleman, in reply to the servant's inquiry for his name. 'Better say from Coupon and Cayley's, in the City.'

The old gentleman took a seat at my request, and remarked that Elmfields was a pretty spot, and the morning a very cold one.

'Knew this neighbourhood well some years ago. Wonderful changes in it since then. Remember the late Mr. Rutter purchasing the property. I was not senior clerk at Coupon's at that time, but a needy junior. I recollect Mr. Rutter (a more liberal man of business never lived) asked me to run down some Sunday, and take a look at his purchase, and when I came he gave me the finest saddle of mutton and the best glass of claret I ever tasted. That was when he was a bachelor. He married some time after, and I never saw a man look more thoroughly proud and happy than he did when he first introduced me to Mrs. Rutter in this very room. Hey-day! that's some years back.'

I had heard mention of Mr. Macpherson before, and knew that he was attached to the firm in the City where Mrs. Rutter kept her banking account. Kate sometimes

spoke of him as 'that nice old Scotchman, who treated mamma like a princess whenever she went up to Lombard-street, and was yet so paternal that his handing of a cheque for her to sign was almost like a blessing.'

'Good morning to you, Mr. Macpherson,' said Mrs. Rutter, entering the room at this moment. 'What am I indebted to for the honour of this visit? It must be some unusual errand that brings you away from town so early in the day to call on a lady.'

'In *this* house, madam, mine is an unusual errand,' replied the old clerk, rising, and bowing to Mrs. Rutter with a serious but courteous air. 'I—I—may I ask to speak with you in private for a few minutes?'

Mr. Macpherson fidgeted his hat, and glanced at me.

'Oh, this gentleman is an old friend, Mr. Macpherson, and you and I have no secrets, I think, that he may not hear. Pray don't go away, Mr. Hamilton. What is the business, Mr. Macpherson? You look so grave, I declare I should begin to have some doubts as to the solvency of the house of Coupon and Co., were it not that such a suspicion would be flat heresy.'

Mr. Macpherson did not respond to Mrs. Rutter's liveliness, but drawing off his gloves, placed them in his hat, and resumed his seat.

'If you have not already formed any idea of the nature of my mis-



sion, madam, I had better acquaint you with it without loss of time.'

I thought Mr. Macpherson's gravity was almost intended to rebuke Mrs. Rutter's cheerfulness.

'You are aware, madam, that the late Mr. Rutter honoured our house with his confidence for upwards of forty years, and during the whole of that time his credit stood well with our firm, and large transactions were carried on with us. I have cashed hundreds of his cheques over our counter, and I don't know any signature that inspired more confidence than that of "Jacob Rutter," with a fine flourishing R, I recollect. I need not then say, madam, that Messrs. Coupon and Cayley are disposed to show more than ordinary courtesy in matters of business towards his widow. In accounts such as the one you hold with us, it is our custom, however, not to advance loans to any large extent without the deposit of securities. Within the last few days, three cheques, signed by yourself, for heavy amounts, have come in. I have therefore to inform you, madam, that your account is overdrawn.'

'My account overdrawn, Mr. Macpherson! There must be some mistake. I don't think I have signed a cheque for the last fortnight.'

'Excuse me, madam, when I say that I hold in my hand your signature to a cheque drawn this week. If that is not your writing, I can only say that it is the cleverest forgery that was ever practised.'

Mr. Macpherson handed a cheque to Mrs. Rutter as he spoke. Mrs. Rutter looked at it in astonishment, turned it over, looked at it again, and said,

'I never wrote this—never saw it before.'

'Had my suspicions, madam, when the last of the three came in yesterday. Here's a case for the Old Bailey, that's very clear.'

Mrs. Rutter stood gazing at the slip of paper in her hand in silent amazement. Suddenly she went up to the window, and held it to the light.

'To whom was this paid? Who brought it in?'

'Each cheque was cashed over the counter, but to a different person. The one you hold in your hand—the last—I paid to a foreigner, who spoke broken English.'

'Mr. Hamilton, may I trouble you to look for my son, and send him to me immediately.'

Whilst she stood examining the cheque by the window, Mrs. Rutter had suddenly uttered an exclamation, and turned pale as death. I found Rutter in the adjoining room, and told him he was wanted in the library. In a few minutes he returned, and informed me that he was going up to town with his mother at once, and he rang to order the carriage.

'We have business in Lombard-street that requires immediate attention. We shall not be back, I am afraid, until a late dinner this evening. We must defer our morning's ride, Hamilton;' and giving orders to the servant to lose no time in getting luncheon ready for Mr. Macpherson, he ran off to the stables to hasten the coachman, evidently desirous to escape any questions from myself or his sister.

It was nearly seven o'clock when Mrs. Rutter and her son returned. They both seemed tired and worn. Mrs. Rutter's face had not lost the startled look that had come across it in the morning. She ate nothing at dinner, but sat pale and silent, with an air of depression about her that showed she had received some shock within the last few hours.

On the morrow things were no better. Mrs. Rutter was obliged to keep her room with a nervous headache, and her daughter never left her. Rutter was moody and silent, and absent from home the greater part of the day. The next morning arrived Mr. Macpherson again by nine o'clock; and shortly after breakfast, he returned to town, accompanied by Mrs. Rutter and her son and daughter. I spent a solitary day with Rupert in the library.

It was very late ere I heard the

sound of the carriage wheels in the drive that announced their return. Mrs. Rutter and her daughter retired immediately, and merely entered the room to wish me good night. I noticed that Miss Rutter had been crying; her eyes were red and swollen. Her mother looked calmer than on the preceding day, but more worn and pale than ever.

'Anxiety of mind does not take away my appetite, it appears,' remarked Rutter, as he sat down to supper. 'I am hungry as a wolf to-night. Wont you join me, Hamilton? This is a capital game pie.'

Whilst we sat at supper, Rutter endeavoured to talk away and assume an interest in the account of my day's idleness I was giving him; but his attention was very evidently constrained, and his thoughts were wandering.

'Hamilton, you are not tired? Will you sit up an hour longer? I have something to say to-night,' he said, as soon as the supper was removed.

We drew our chairs before the fire, and after a pause, during which Rutter sat looking downwards at the hearth-rug, he began.

'Whether I act prudently or not, I don't know; but I am going to confide to you, Hamilton, a secret that I would entrust to no one else on earth;' and then he raised his eyes to mine with a seriousness that almost oppressed me. 'If, after all,' he continued, 'it is only a half confidence, and leaves you still in doubt, rest assured, Will, that there are good reasons for not disclosing more; and, if you have any regard for us, don't form uncharitable suspicions or rash judgments about us, whatever you have seen or heard under our roof.'

'Rutter, could you think so meanly of me? I don't ask, I don't want you to disclose anything. I am contented to know you all, as I have hitherto done, and want no other proof that you are my friends. I had rather not hear you try to remove suspicions I have never formed. Don't think I seek or require this confidence from you.'

'I know that, Hamilton; but I must still make a disclosure to you, or we may lose sight of each other for ever. You look surprised; but listen to what I have to tell you.'

He rose from his seat, and leaning against the mantelpiece continued,

'Of course you have observed that some unusual anxiety has troubled our household the last few days. My mother's pale face and Kate's red eyes have not passed unnoticed, I know. All I can tell you for the present (some day we'll make a clean breast of it, Hamilton) is, that my mother's fortune is exposed to serious danger. The danger I allude to is secret and peculiar—of a nature difficult, almost impossible, to cope with. In self-defence, therefore, and to prevent a continuance of anxieties which we should always be liable to as long as we remained here, we have decided to sell Elm-fields, leave England as soon as possible, and reside abroad. I and my mother sat up half last night, devising and cogitating, and we have to-day made arrangements in town for carrying out our plans. But now comes the mysterious feature of the case—the one that is calculated to try a friend's confidence. We leave England secretly and quietly as possible. We communicate our plans to no one. We shall take as many precautions to keep our destination a secret, as though we were criminals fleeing from justice, or conspirators in a state plot. Trust me, Hamilton, nothing but necessity would induce us to adopt this course. I hate and rebel against it, but see no alternative. You are the only person, with the exception of Mr. Macpherson (who is appointed my mother's man of business, and is the wariest of wary Scotchmen), to whom this secret is to be entrusted. Are you inclined to continue towards us the friendship you have hitherto shown? Aye, I knew it! I shall carry one friend out of old England, thank God!'

It was not often Rutter displayed such emotion: his lips trembled as his hand grasped mine.

'Now, then, to put you in possession of what information I can give you as to our proposed movements.'

Rutter resumed his seat, and we sat by the hearth until the hall clock struck two. The fire was out, the lamp burning low, the room looked cold and dreary.

'Heigho! we may take leave of the old home as soon as we like now,' sighed Rutter. 'I feel as if we were about to open another volume of the romance called Life. I wonder what sort of reading it will contain? The first has not quite answered my expectations, I'm afraid. Will the second?'

He was silent. I likewise. The only answer to the question was the wind sighing mournfully round the house, telling of the black night and the snow-covered expanse that lay around us.

'Let's go to bed,' said Rutter, shivering. We rose, and with noiseless steps ascended the staircase of the silent house.

On the morrow I took my leave of Elmfields.

## CHAPTER VI.

### EN ROUTE TO FRANCE.

I have arrived at a point in my narrative when I feel some hesitation as to whether I should proceed. Why should I awaken some of the bitterest recollections of my life? Why again live through sorrows as keen as any I have ever known? A nervous apprehension already possesses me as I approach certain events that even now begin to throw a shadow across the page. Again I ask myself whether I have a right to reveal the secrets of the hearts dearest to me in the world—whether any purpose is to be served—any lesson taught thereby. In the belief that there is in every honest record of human suffering and sorrow a teaching as eloquent to humanity as in any essay or homily that was ever written, I resolve not to throw aside my pen.

From the beginning of our friendship, Rutter and I had carried on an irregular, intermittent sort of

correspondence. We both agreed that all obligatory writing between friends is a bore, and so neither of us ever penned a line but when the spirit moved the writer. In the course of a year, however, a good number of epistles, long and short, generally passed between us, and a heap of letters lie by me now that bear still the odour of those distant days, and carry me back to the first hopes of life, as dried flowers recall a vanished spring. Like all letters long preserved, many of them read with a strange jarring inappropriateness, now that the circumstances under which they were written are so changed. Some of these letters are written on foreign paper, and bear foreign post-marks.

One of these lies open before me as I write. It will serve to hasten on my narrative. It was the last I received before leaving Cambridge, and runs thus:—

Saint Barbe, Auvergne.

Dear Hamilton,—If in the midst of your labours for the approaching examination you can suffer your thoughts to descend from the exalted regions of Greek verse and conic sections, just drop down a moment from those altitudes to hold five minutes' chat with an old friend. Here we are, jolly as beggars (French beggars—Béranger's 'Gueux,' of course), in our old chateau in Auvergne. You know all about our journey here, our residence in Paris, &c., and how we were fortunate enough to negotiate through agents for the very place we wanted. I told you all about the house long ago, didn't I? Such a queer, handsome old place, with the real French marquis flavour about it, and just a sufficient suspicion of bygone crime clinging to its walls to give a spice of the ghostly and mysterious to the place. Kate likes it very much, she says, now that she has ascertained that the ghosts are not of that uncomfortable order of spirits who have always something or other to avenge, and who call you up in the middle of the night to inform you that you are then



and there to seek out and bring to justice their grandmother's murderer or their first cousin's betrayer. My mother, too, grows more attached to the place every day, and is getting quite a circle of friends around her. She looks already ten years younger, and is handsomer, I tell her, every time I look at her.

Well, and what are you about in that cloudy old island (with its make-believe sunshine and pretended spring weather), called Merry England? As I sit here, with a sunny valley before me, and a glorious mountain range behind, I can shut my eyes and see you in your dull college rooms, a heap of brown books on your table, and a sullen April sky glooming in at your window—the very personification of the industrious student whom Alma Mater loves. But it was not for the purpose of telling you this that I sat down to write. It was, I believe, with some weak idea of improving your mind and taste by painting the scene before me that I commenced my letter. Happily, I abandon the project on a second glance at the panorama beneath my window. A better means of giving you the pleasure we have ourselves derived from this spot is reserved for us. Come to us, Hamilton, and see it for yourself. There, that is the object and argument of my present letter. In four weeks from this you will have passed (honourably passed, I know) that stupendous examination. You will want rest and change, and will be free for some months to roam where your fancy leads. Don't deny it, now. That grand old governor of yours (the pattern of an English priest, says my mother, who venerates his silk stockings and knee breeches) told me when last we all dined at your house that he purposed letting you have a twelvemonth's ramble abroad as soon as you had taken your degree. Come, then, and seek rest and recreation with us. Madame Rutter will give you the same welcome here, in our present home, she always accorded you of old (she says you are the only link

between us and the past, and her eyes filled with tears at mention of your name this morning), and I—why I shall hoist the flag on the highest turret, draw up the old family retainers in the ancestral hall, fire a royal salute from the battlements, and then, at the sight of your highness, spur into the plain on my charger, whilst Kate and 'her Maidens' wave their best scarves, embroidered with the arms of the de Rutters, from the upper windows. If after this you refuse to come, I'll erase your name from my memory, regard David and Jonathan ever afterwards as a pair of impostors, and consider the word friendship as aggravated humbug.

I'll say good-bye at once, lest I should weaken the effect of the foregoing.

Yours, as-your-answer-  
determines,

R. R.

Five weeks after the receipt of the letter above, I was on my way to the South of France. It had long been my desire to travel abroad, and my father had always purposed gratifying the wish as soon as I had taken my degree. He therefore made no objection to my joining my friends. Of their sudden and mysterious departure from England he had been all along aware. Indeed Mrs. Rutter had spent an afternoon in quiet conclave with my father before leaving England, and had disclosed to him as much of their plans as circumstances permitted.

Well do I recall the pleasant hopes and anticipations with which I set out on my journey. The freedom from care of an age that possesses the advantages of manhood without its later responsibilities, the prospect of foreign travel and a long holiday, and above all, the thought of rejoining my old companion and friend—these were all mine, and gave a bright and sunny air to the coming months. Happily for me, I knew not then how much sorrow as well as sunshine these same months had in store.

Travelling down to Dover, how-

ever, by mail coach, all was bright and fair before me, and when the pleasant anticipations that had haunted my mind for the last few weeks gave place at last to the glorious reality of the sea gleaming on the horizon, I felt that I was indeed off to foreign lands, and exulted in every wave that broke and every breeze that blew. In spite, however, of its overwhelming interest and delightful novelty for myself, my journey was not marked by any incidents that I need stay to record, save one, that is.

Waiting on the pier at Dover for the Calais boat, I observed some one engaged in deciphering the labels on my luggage. My attention had been attracted some little time before to the gentleman thus occupied, from the fact of his having made himself particularly disagreeable to the bystanders by a habit of spitting, in which he indulged with a freedom that not even the large meerschaum he was smoking could at all justify. The gentleman's dress, moreover, was of a character calculated to provoke attention. He wore a handsome velvet lounging coat, a purple fez, yellow kid gloves, and patent leather boots. He was tall and well made, with a fine beard and moustache. When he had satisfied his mind as to the ownership of my portmanteau, this imposing individual turned round as I approached, and raising his hat, said, 'Hope I see you well, Mr. Hamilton. Going abroad, I presume!'

It was Mr. Lewis Wilson who addressed me. Mindful of the circumstances under which we had last met, I briefly replied in the affirmative.

'Likely to stay long in Paris, Mr. Hamilton?' continued the man, with an air of easy assurance. 'Observed the destination of your luggage, you see. Travelling far, eh?'

To these inquiries I made anything but conciliatory replies. But Mr. Wilson was not to be so easily put off. He persisted in trying to find out where I was going; and for the next ten minutes walked

up and down the pier by my side, endeavouring, as adroitly as possible, to extract from me some information as to my movements. It was not until I turned round and fairly informed him that I was not inclined to gratify his curiosity, that he desisted. At length the bell rung.

'Bon voyage, mon cher,' cried Mr. Wilson, taking leave of me with an affectionateness I could very well have dispensed with. 'Let me carry your bag,' and he insisted on accompanying me down to the boat. Even then I could not get rid of him, but he planted himself on the quay in a conspicuous place, and kept shouting out to me to take care of my health, mind my passport, keep clear of foreign swindlers, &c., in a way that was intended to show the public that I was a very inexperienced traveller, and scarcely fit to be trusted alone. The satirical smile with which Mr. Wilson tendered his advice drove me almost wild. At last the paddle-wheels were in motion, and to my delight my tormentor and all the people on the wharf glided past us as the packet steamed out of the harbour. The last glimpse I caught of Mr. Lewis Wilson revealed him lounging over the wall, meerschaum in hand, spitting into the water, as I had first seen him. For some little time afterwards this incident annoyed me. I could scarcely tell why, but I would have given much not to have encountered this man. There was something about him that disturbed me more than his impertinent familiarity — something in his manner of questioning me, and in the curious significance of his tone, that I did not like nor understand. I felt as though his apparition had cast a shadow across my path that I would willingly have seen removed. The sun shone less brightly, the wind blew less freshly than before. I had reached Calais, indeed, before the unpleasant impression I had received had disappeared, and my former cheerfulness returned. There, with the first footstep on foreign soil, I shook off all morbid fancies, and



plunged at once into the novel life around me with the zest of one who for the first time sees the sun shine on men and women who speak another tongue.

## CHAPTER VII.

### AN OLD CHATEAU AND ITS INMATES.

It was a warm, delicious evening when at length I reached the little French town nestling at the foot of mountains where my friends had fixed their new home. It was a secluded, old-world, out-of-the-way place, where the strictest privacy could be enjoyed, and offered the most striking contrast in every way to an English metropolitan suburb, such as that where the Rutters had lately resided. I recollect how thoroughly I realized the remoteness of London and London life as we entered its walls. My departure from home seemed already to date months back, and my college days to belong to some remote antiquity. The sunny pictures that had flitted before my sight the last few days—pictures of warm valleys and vine-covered hills—pictures of old bridges spanning rapid streams, of white châteaux gleaming through early leaves, and grey church towers looming against the evening sky, mingled with new costumes and new speech, new manners and new faces, in street and road, in market and hotel—had driven away all the associations of bygone weeks. Cambridgeshire, with its fens and level tracts, had vanished from my mind. I had left east winds and dull skies in our cloudy isle, to find the pleasant atmosphere of early summer and the real May sunshine amongst my friends.

That same May sun was low in the west when I alighted from that diabolical travelling apparatus, the old French diligence, in the Place Royale of the little town of Saint Barbe. Dazed with the sunshine that had been streaming on my eyes all day long on the dusty roads we had traversed, it was a relief to

find myself in the shade of tall houses with green jalousies, and amongst dark crooked old streets with cool perspective glimpses of trees overhanging garden walls, and stone basins where waters gurgled and ran. It was not only a relief, but a positive refreshment to descend from the musty vehicle where I had been cooped up since day-break, and stretch my limbs on the pavement and breathe the air. Alighting from the coupé, I found myself in the midst of an animated scene. The Place was filled with people in holiday costume, and a number of small booths for the sale of refreshments, crockery, toys, highly-coloured pictures of saints, plaster virgins, and elaborately-carved crucifixes, stretched along one side of the square. There was a Babel of voices, of laughter, of penny trumpets and horns. The whiteness of the house fronts, the greenness of the wooden blinds, the gilding over the restaurants and wine shops, together with the blue blouses of the men, and the quaint bright dresses and head-gear of the women, made up a striking gaily-coloured picture to my English eyes. It was a *fête* day at Saint Barbe; and while everybody seemed gay and lighthearted, the little fountain in the centre of the square, not to be behindhand, threw up its column of spray with as much vivacity and good will as though the national reputation for *Grandes Eaux* depended on its unaided exertions. Extensive pyrotechnical preparations, moreover, were going on around, and coloured lamps, Chinese lanterns, and illuminatory devices of all sorts, were getting ready for the hour when darkness should allow of their proper display. The fame of the 'bouquet' of rockets that was to crown the evening's entertainments, had even reached my ears as I journeyed on the road. Antoine, the driver of the diligence, had been expatiating thereon at every auberge where we stopped, exciting thereby an amount of popular interest that the subject of fireworks never fails to arouse in French minds.



As soon as it was known that the stranger (whose appearance had created a considerable but by no means an impertinent curiosity) was in search of the family at the chateau, more than one applicant solicited the honour of escorting him to their residence. My friends were already well known and much affected by these good folks. One dark-visaged fellow in a blue blouse, who introduced himself to me as guide, on the ground that he came from Blois, and spoke pure French, 'and not this villanous *patois* of Auvergne,' seemed well acquainted with *la famille Anglaise*.

'Without doubt, Monsieur comes to reside here with his friends?' observed the blue blouse, interrogatively, as we threaded our way up a steep and narrow street that led off the Place. 'Madame has taken the chateau for a term, they say, and has changed it by magic. Ah, it was a noble place, they tell me, formerly, but since a long time it has been dull and deserted. Monsieur knows perhaps that the present proprietor is poor as a rat—a widow of the brave Colonel de Longueville (himself but a younger son of the ancient family), who fought and fell under the Empire. Madame, the widow, is compelled to let her house and live simply on the upper floor, for save the chateau and its gardens, she has nothing in the world; and it is said that before the arrival of Monsieur's friends the poor old lady often gathered the herbs for her soup with her own hands, and almost lived on the produce of her garden. But Monsieur knows how the world talks; and if they say that Madame de Longueville is proud as a duchess, and plays high at cards with the Marquis de Vieuxton sometimes, perhaps that is not true either. In all case, Monsieur does well to come here; he will like our country. It is a fine country, the finest in the world.'

The blue blouse, whose heart was evidently opened and tongue loosened by the influence of the *petit vin du pays* he had just been consuming, in company with Pierre, Henri, and Jules, at the wine shop,

turned his olive face towards me, and smiled with proud satisfaction. As Monsieur was too tired and too much of a novice at the language, even had he not been travelling since daybreak, either to assent to or deny these assumptions, he merely murmured some reply, in which he felt painfully conscious of his inability to manage the verbs *avoir* and *être*; but his polite conductor making show of at once comprehending the Saxon idiom, Monsieur strained every nerve and faculty to twist his mouth and thoughts into a Gallic form for the next ten minutes.

It was in a higher part of the town where we at length stopped. The chateau where my friends were living, was not without good pretensions to its designation. It was a large, heavy-looking mansion, with a white front, a steep high roof, and two rows of long upper windows, visible from the street. That was all I could see at first; and I thought it looked very like a hospital or barracks or some other un-homelike place, as I viewed it from the narrow lane we were ascending. A high dead wall gave on the street, which did not improve matters at all, but blocked out all view of the house as we approached nearer to it. But when we had rung a bell, and the *concierge* had thrown open a pair of immense doors painted like bronze, a new impression was produced.

We stood in a large garden, extending over a terrace, and laid out in a formal, geometrical style. A broad drive, bordered on either side by orange-trees in green boxes, ran up to the front of the house, which stood at right angles with the street, and commanded a fine view of the town and valley beneath. Another row of orange-trees in green boxes adorned the terrace front, which was balustraded with handsome stonework garnished with massive urns, and a third row formed a long perspective that terminated in a sort of temple, backed by a dark grove of trees that rose upwards along the mountain-side and bounded in the garden on the north. Several weather-

stained statues of the conventional-classic order were disposed here and there along the formal alleys and parterres; two peacocks in yew mounted guard over a sundial, and a high clock-turret surmounted the sloping roof. The only bit of nature in the midst of this prodigality of art, was a tuft of acacias, which had been suffered to grow unchecked in the centre of the terrace.

Ere I had time to take more than a glance at all this, a bearded young foreigner came rushing out of the house, followed by a large hound, and began shaking me violently by the hand. I stared, looked again—it was Rutter. A few months' absence had metamorphosed him into a handsome Southerner.

'Here you are, then, all right. Where's your luggage? How do you? Baptiste, where is Monsieur's luggage? Go and see after his affairs, my friend. Come along, I say,' and pouring out English and French in rapid succession, and laughing heartily all the time at my air of amazement at his altered appearance, he dragged me into the house.

'There, Hamilton, you can recognise old friends here without any shock to your feelings,' he cried, throwing open the door of a sitting-room; and Mrs. Rutter and her daughter were before me.

The scene is present to me as I write. I stood in a large *salon*, fitted with old and massive furniture, covered with ancient damask. The floor was of inlaid, polished wood; the ceiling lofty, concave, and showing dim traces of mythology in faded paint and tarnished gilt. An antique chandelier, with a minimum of lustres to a maximum of brass, stretched its skinny branches in the centre of the room, like some metallic mistletoe slung in the grasp of the brazen Cupid above. Two or three long mirrors, some handsome bronzes, and a magnificent clock on the high mantelpiece, completed the decorations of the chamber. It had a fresh and fragrant air on entering, for the windows were all open, and an immense Sèvres vase, filled with

flowers, stood on the great ebony cabinet at the further end of the room.

It was indeed as old friends that we all met. The cordiality with which Mrs. Rutter and her daughter welcomed me, and the evident satisfaction of Rutter, would have been enough to repay me for undertaking the journey, had it been half round the globe. I remember the novel feeling I experienced in seeing the familiar faces of my friends amidst the unenglish aspect of everything that surrounded them. I was still receiving their greetings, when an elderly lady in brocaded silk, seated at the further end of the room, rose from her arm-chair, and speaking to a young girl who sat working at her feet, moved to the door.

'Pardon, madame. We will withdraw ourselves,' she spoke in French to Mrs. Rutter; 'we shall restrain you. Come, Victorine, let us leave our friends to enjoy Monsieur, their compatriot's society; à ce soir, ma belle.'

Wafting a kiss to Kate with her gloved hand, and bestowing a suave movement to our group in general, and an especial inclination to me in particular as a stranger, the old lady graciously retired, with her arm linked in that of her companion. I caught a glimpse of the younger one's face as she turned to look back on us at the door. It struck me as being a very beautiful one.

What a chattering of English tongues was to be heard in the old French château that night! It was proposed at once by Miss Rutter that my arrival should be celebrated by an English tea, and she set about its preparation forthwith.

'Our servants here have the wildest notions on the subject of tea,' continued Miss Rutter, as the tray appeared soon after. 'They serve up boiling water in a handsome china pot in which they have scattered a thimbleful of tea-leaves, and, handing it round in fine porcelain cups, without milk, cream, bread and butter, or cake, call that *thé à l'Anglaise*. Now, do let us be comfortable this evening, and



fancy ourselves in dear old England again. Our servants, Mr. Hamilton, don't know a word of English, and are often scandalized by our national predilections, I assure you.'

I could see that Miss Rutter, whether at Elmfields or in Auvergne, was the same cheerful, unaffected girl, whom no changes would alter, other than to confirm in simplicity, candour, and good sense. There was something so feminine about her, such a grace of womanhood in all her ways, that the spot where she was had already caught a home-like air; and as she stood there making tea, chatting delightfully the while, I felt as though I had already known that stately room for months.

'There; we only want shrimps to make a proper tea of it,' she said, announcing to us that the meal was ready. 'It may be a very vulgar trait in my character, and betray a plebeian origin, to hunger after shrimps and watercresses, but I do, and wont deny it. If a Spaniard may pine after his olives, a Neapolitan after his grapes or maccaroni, why may not a Londoner sigh for shrimps and watercresses? Oh! you are not half so British, Rob, as I am. I glory in my attachment to the institutions of the land of my birth, and only wish I could introduce them (and shrimps) into Auvergne.'

'Here are strawberries and honey; wont they do, you ridiculous cockney?' laughed Rutter. 'Come along, Hamilton; you and my mother have time enough to talk over all your English news. You must want something to eat; and we drew to the table.'

It was growing dusk when the meal concluded, and Rutter proposed that we should make the tour of the house and grounds ere it grew dark. So we rose from the table at once, arranging that we would rejoin the ladies on the terrace in half an hour.

'You arrive at a lucky moment, Mr. Hamilton,' remarked Mrs. Rutter; 'we have a *fête* in St. Barbe to-night, and a display of fireworks is to take place. Mind

you join us in the garden by nine o'clock.'

We first of all explored the grounds. They comprised the terrace garden in front, the wood of walnut and chesnut trees that skirted the northern side, and a large space of ground filled with herbs, vegetables, and fruit, at the back. A second garden was being laid out in English style, with undulating lawns and winding paths, under the superintendence of Mrs. Rutter and her daughter, on the slope below the terrace and the chesnut grove.

'This is Kate's hobby,' said Rutter, as we approached the English garden. 'The difficulties she has had to contend with, in the prejudice of French gardeners, and the nature of the soil, would have daunted any less determined lover of nature. It will be a pretty spot in a few weeks, wont it? That grove there of chesnuts and walnuts is part of our domain. It is a capital place for a book on a hot day, quiet and dark enough for a hermit. It runs upwards for some distance; and we can get out by it on to the mountains, without going through the town. What glorious strolls we shall have, I say, about the neighbourhood! I am going to take up geology. The strange volcanic formation of these Auvergne mountains provokes one's curiosity, and provides a capital field of investigation. Have you brought any new books with you?'

From the English garden we strolled into the grove, which was fast becoming a place of impenetrable night, and thence out on to the terrace again, at the point where a large stone building like a family mausoleum reared itself in an inconsequential manner.

'What in the world is this place for?' I asked; 'is it a temple to the heathen gods? I have been on the point of inquiring whether you had become Pagans, and taken to sacrificing to Jupiter, ever since I first caught sight of it.'

'Oh! this is the *Pavillon*—an absurd sort of summer banqueting room, with an ante-room beyond,



built by the Marquis de Saint Barbe in the time of Louis XIV. Come in; I have the key.'

He turned the lock, and we entered a circular room, with dome-shaped roof, pilastered walls, and marble pavement. It had a wormy smell, and suggested immediately the Marquises of St. Barbe, not as they there entertained the courtiers and beauties of Versailles, but as they now were, lying in the crypts under the Church of St. Etienne; in the town below. Some such remark passed Rutter's lips; and with an observation to the effect that the windows must be opened, and that flavour of dead men's banquets got rid of, we quitted its damp and gloomy precincts.

'The dullest places in these old houses are always those associated with the gaieties and pleasures of their former possessors,' remarked Rutter, as we returned to the house. 'The Cupids of that *pavilion* seem no better than death's heads, and the stone garlands on the walls are so many wreaths of *immortelles*, to my eyes.'

It took so long to explore the various rooms, corridors, and out-of-the-way nooks of the château, that it was getting quite dark ere we came to the end, and we were obliged to postpone till the morrow our visit to the stables and coach-houses, which, from their dimensions, looked as if they could have accommodated horses and carriages enough for a small court. We had not visited any of the rooms on the upper floor of the house. They, as Rutter informed me, were tenanted by Madame de Longueville, who retained that portion of the château for herself, her grand-daughter, and the two servants who attended on them.

'Now that you have explored our Castle of Udolpho, what do you think of it?' said Rutter, as we descended a flight of narrow stairs at the northern angle of the house. 'It is a jolly old box, isn't it? Stay! I have forgotten one of its great features—the "*salle des fantômes*," as Kate calls it. I must show you that. This way;' and

turning into a passage at the foot of the stairs, he led the way towards a lofty doorway at the end.

'Mind the steps; there are three.' As he spoke, Rutter unlocked the door, and preceded me into a chamber so dark and spacious that I could with difficulty discern its dimensions on first entering.

'This, I believe, was a music saloon in the days gone by. One of the grand seigneurs of St. Barbe had a passion for music, it is said, and he built this chamber on purpose for the performance of private operas and concerts. An organ stood yonder, which was brought down from Paris, and was once played on by Mozart. It was ultimately chopped up and used as firewood, I believe, by certain devoted admirers of the Marquises of St. Barbe, who lived within a stone's throw of the château and ate nettle broth for dinner, in the year 1792.'

'It must have been a handsome room in its time,' I remarked. 'I am beginning to make out its size and shape, which I failed to do at first. Is that a balcony there? I thought so. Why it might be a ball-room for a palace.'

'You would say so if you could see it by daylight. Such painting and gilding! There must have been a pretty bill to pay when Monsieur le Marquis had satisfied his whim.'

'I suppose that would be the last consideration that would present itself to his noble mind,' I observed. 'There were other ways of settling bills besides paying them in those days. How hollow our voices sound under this high roof, don't they? You have got a ghostly sort of chamber here, I confess.'

'Talking of ghosts, if you don't object to the company of a headless marquis, who is said to frequent the alcove yonder, and play *La ci darem* very nicely on the violin about this time of the evening, we'll sit down in yon window for five minutes, whilst I tell you what I know of the family of the St. Barbes.'

For the next ten minutes we sat

in the twilight, and discussed the fortunes of the dead lords of the faded splendour around.

'You saw that old lady in brocaded silk sitting in our *salon* when you arrived?' continued Rutter, in conclusion. 'Well, that is the last representative of the house. Madame de Longueville is the widow of a younger son who inherited the *château*, but not the title or estates, for they disappeared in the great Revolution. Madame is compelled to let her house and practise economy, and I believe has little else in the world but her *château* to live upon. What do you think we pay a year for all this grandeur, ghosts included? Why, less than the rent of a good house at the west end. Food, too, is cheap; so we intend to live like lords, and talk of refurnishing the rooms, and reviving the ancient glories of the *château*, should we remain here long enough. What do you think of the step we have taken?'

As Rutter spoke, there came a sound of a distant explosion, that shook the dust from the drapery over our heads. A ruddy light shot through the upper windows of the chamber, and stirred into momentary life the painted figures on the ceiling.

'Hark! there's the cannon. The fireworks have commenced. We must be going.'

We rose, groped our way to the door, and hastened to the garden. When we reached it, Mrs. Rutter and Kate were already sitting out on the terrace under a sky of stars, to watch the festivities taking place in the town below.

'Come, gentlemen, we thought you had deserted us,' said Mrs. Rutter, as we approached. 'The *fête* has commenced.'

'Yes; and here come Madame and her grand-daughter,' cried Kate. 'Will one of you run and fetch two more chairs out of the house? And bring a footstool for Madame also.'

In a few minutes we had established ourselves on the terrace as comfortably as though we had taken opera stalls for the entertain-

ment, as Madame de Longueville remarked, overwhelming me with thanks for the footstool I presented to her. Indeed, the business-like air with which Madame and her grand-daughter entered on this little diversion amused me considerably. They had evidently made a *toilette* for the occasion, and looked upon the *fête* as an annual festivity, that both religion and good breeding required to be duly observed.

It was all so new to me, I seemed as in a dream. The warm night air, the twinkling, many-coloured lights in the town below, the sound of a foreign tongue in my ears, and the odour of the *seringa* and summer flowers about me, produced impressions at once delightful and mysterious. From time to time a bright rocket shot up in the night air, and burst in a shower of gems above our heads. Anon, the sound of drums and military music rose up from the Place, mingled with the hum and laughter of the light-hearted crowd; while the soft night wind crept through the leaves of the acacias, and carried our voices away to the little wood, and beyond to the dark ravine above, lying in the starless shadow of the mountains.

The old French lady seemed in excellent spirits, and greatly interested in the progress of the *fête*, exclaiming at each fresh discharge of rockets or red and golden lights, with as much vivacity as though she had not witnessed the same sight and expressed the same admiration every May for a score of years.

'Oh, c'est superbe, c'est ravissant! Regardez donc, Victorine! Quelles belles couleurs! Mon dieu, que c'est beau! Oh! oh!'

And the old lady's enjoyment was evidently shared by the spectators below, as was evinced by the murmur of applause that rose up from the town.

'Let me fetch you a shawl, Mademoiselle,' said Rutter to the young lady, who had hitherto been chatting alone with Kate, but had just risen and stood leaning over the balustrade before us.

Oh, Mademoiselle thanked him a thousand times, she would not trouble him to do that. Indeed she was not cold, she could assure him.

What an odd voice, thought I, who had scarcely heard Mademoiselle open her lips before. It did not seem to consort well with that beautiful face; and what a lovely face it was, with the uncertain light of the stars overhead shining on it, as she turned to address Rutter. Shortly after, they were both pacing up and down the terrace with Kate, and all three chatting away together in French. Though Mademoiselle Victorine's voice was low, and her laugh like a musical scale, it did not please me, but jarred, I thought, against Kate Rutter's clear tones.

It must have been nearly midnight ere the *fête* was over and the fireworks ceased. They were concluded by a final burst of crimson flame from a Bengal light, which steeped the whole air in a lurid glow. The garden and mountain side, bathed in this blood-red hue, with the outline of the church and roofs below thrown out in bold relief, wore a grand and supernatural air. I was standing transfixed with the sight, likening it to some apocalyptic picture of Martin, and drawing in my mind a giant angel in the sky pouring out a vial over the plain, when a rustling of leaves in the little wood near at hand attracted my attention. I turned and beheld a pair of eyes shining out of the dark foliage of the bosquet, and caught the sparkle of a military uniform. Ere I had time to call the attention of my friends to the apparition, a piercing shriek rang out through the garden, and Mademoiselle Victorine was fainting away.

'Non—non, ce n'est rien,' gasped the young girl, as Rutter caught her in his arms. 'I—I only placed my hand on that dreadful frog or toad, I know not which, crawling there on the balustrade. Oh, que j'ai peur de ces vilains crapauds!'

The fright and the explanation were both so sudden that the whole affair was over by the time

the Bengal light had died away and left us all in gloom again. Mademoiselle's panic had frightened away the trespasser in the wood, whoever he might be. I heard the crash of a bough immediately after, and concluded that the intruder (whom I set down as a soldier from the barracks in the town) had beaten a quick retreat. In the darkness that had fallen round, I could hear the laughter of the young French girl, as she made light of and jested at her folly to Rutter, on whose arm she hung.

The *fête* was over; the rest of our party had already returned to the house. 'Come, Victorine; come, my child,' cried grand'mère, from our *salon* window. 'Thou wilt take harm at the chest, little one.'

Mademoiselle entered; Rutter followed on her steps.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MADAME DE LONGUEVILLE'S REMINISCENCES.

It was like waking up into a new existence, the awakening from sleep next morning. The sun was pouring its beams on the polished oaken floor of my chamber, when a knock at the door roused me, and a well-known voice bid me make haste and come out for a turn on the hill or a stroll through the wood. In a few minutes I was out in the garden, redolent of early sunshine, fresh flowers, and dew, and we turned into the grove where the wood lilies were waking in the pale green light, and the birds performing a divine service that put to shame the dreary matins being chanted at that hour in the church of St. Etienne below. When we returned to breakfast, and found the table spread with brown bread, strawberries, white napkins, and a bottle of wine, I felt as though my morning tea and dry toast at college had been all along the greatest mistake in the world, and cream cheese, fresh fruit, and good Bordeaux were the proper sustenance of man.

How that day and a dozen more



succeeding ones passed away I no longer recollect. I only know that each hour found me better pleased with all around me than the last, and I seemed to enjoy more sunshine in one week at St. Barbe, than in a month in England. The transition from the bleak fens of Cambridgeshire and the smoke of London, to the sunny plains and mountains of Southern France, was great as one could have desired. Fresh from both, and with the dust of college life and the odour of the 'midnight lamp,' as Rutter said, still about me, I entered thoroughly into the enjoyment of this holiday existence, and revelled in the fresh sense of life imparted by new scenes and impressions.

During my first month at St. Barbe, day followed day in a round of pleasurable pursuits. Excursions on the mountains, pic-nics in the woods, with strolls amongst the vineyards and the environs of the town, occupied our time. The evenings were devoted to the garden, to music, and the reception of various acquaintances the family had made amongst their neighbours.

As for my friends, I scarcely knew them under the changed circumstances in which I now found them. Removed from English society, and no longer under the social disadvantages that had galled and fettered them at home, I saw them here in a new light. They had assimilated themselves with the society into which they were thrown, with a facility that, considering their natural reserve and certain English predilections that, in common with all true Britons, they still clung to, surprised me not a little. Their former residence abroad, and perfect acquaintance with French, had probably something to do with this, and helped to account for the ease with which they had accommodated themselves to the habits of foreign life. I had never seen Mrs. Rutter to such advantage before. She looked years younger, and was decidedly handsomer than ever. Her spirits, too, were excellent, and she had already won golden opinions from her

neighbours, who pronounced her a conversationalist of the first order, and as handsome and amiable as she was gay and 'spirituelle.' Rutter, too, was quite as much changed. The irritability and morbid sensitiveness I had so often seen in him in old times, was rarely perceptible now. Both he and his sister entered right cheerfully into the new amusements and pursuits about them, and shared in the society of the neighbourhood with zest and enjoyment. And the society afforded by St. Barbe was superior to that usually found in small provincial towns in France. Besides one or two wealthy manufacturers who had establishments at Clermont (the smoke of whose chimneys was visible from the hills behind us), there were several old families in St. Barbe who had lived through the storms of revolution, and saved from the wreck of their fortunes enough to live upon in decent obscurity in this quiet corner of Auvergne. Amongst the latter were Monsieur de Boisse, the Marquis de Vieuxton, and the Comtesse Sangpourpre, friends of Madame de Longueville, who paid her stately visits from time to time in lumbering old family coaches drawn by horses taken from the plough, and in spite of their poverty and their shifts to conceal it, preserved an air of quiet dignity and an ineffable politeness worthy of descendants of the courtiers of Marly and the Trianon. In addition, our circle occasionally comprised some of the officers from the barracks, and Monsieur le Curé of St. Barbe, the intimate friend and spiritual adviser of Madame de Longueville. It had not taken long to introduce Madame Rutter and her family to these sociable people. Madame de Longueville, though the poorest, was one of the oldest proprietors in the neighbourhood, and any friend of hers was certain of a gracious reception. 'The last of the St. Barbés,' as Madame loved to style herself (though she was only allied by marriage with a younger branch of the house) could still count on that, and so Madame had taken *la belle veuve Anglaise* by the

hand, and had introduced her to the very *élite* of the district. Indeed she had created quite an enthusiasm amongst her friends about the charming family who had taken up their residence in her château, and told the most delightful stories of their wealth, talents, and virtues. The advent of the Rutters had certainly worked a marvellous change in Madame de Longueville's property. The grounds had been put into proper order, the house repaired, and an air of life and cheerfulness imparted to the once gloomy, decaying mansion. Mademoiselle Victorine frankly declared that she did not know the old place when she returned from Paris, where she had lately finished her education.

'I thought some good fairy must have waved her magic wand over the roof and transformed it in a night,' said the young French girl to Mrs. Rutter one evening, as we all sat together in the large *salon*. 'And I know now that it *was* a good fairy,' continued Mademoiselle, seating herself on the stool at Mrs. Rutter's feet, and kissing her hand with pretty impulsiveness.

I remember that it was twilight, and Madame de Longueville was dozing in the large arm-chair where she generally sat; for a day rarely passed without Madame and her grand-daughter spending some part of it in our apartments. Mademoiselle Victorine was a fine singer, and a sympathy of musical tastes between herself and Miss Rutter had caused their intimacy to ripen fast. As for madame, she daily affirmed that she loved the society of '*les jeunes gens*;' and with her knitting or tambour-work in hand, would talk of her youth in Paris in the days of the Great Revolution and the First Empire, for hours together. To-night, Madame dozed, and her grand-daughter talked instead.

'Ah, it would have been a *triste* life indeed for poor me to have returned to this dull old château to live alone with grand'mère, and Jules, and Nannette; would it not?

How I should have got through my days, I cannot conceive. Seriously, I contemplated entering the convent of the Little Sisters down yonder. You don't know—' here mademoiselle lowered her voice, 'how dull and quiet the poor grand'mère used to be before you came. Once a month the old chariot was pulled out into the court-yard, the cushions aired, and four horses sent for from the Aigle d'or, and grand'mère and I mounted therein, and were shaken and jolted nearly to death for six hours; and that was called making visits and seeing society. Certainly, we had an occasional *réunion* here, but it was always the same people, formal and stiff as barber's dolls, and pedantic as our professors at the old *pension* at Auteuil; or else it was monsieur le curé with his everlasting trictrac and extracts from Fénélon.'

'You are satirical, mademoiselle,' remarked Rutter, looking at the young girl at his mother's feet with a smile.

'I, monsieur? No, I am only frank. I have not enough wit for satire. I only speak my thoughts—a dangerous habit, though, says grandmamma. Why should it be dangerous, however, if our thoughts are harmless?

'Ah! if we could all *dare* to speak our thoughts, mademoiselle! You must not judge of the world by yourself, I fear.' Rutter regarded Mademoiselle Victorine admiringly. She sat playing with the tassels of her apron, and looked up as he spoke with an expression of child-like surprise on her face.

'Ah; why so? I am ignorant, I fear, and perhaps imprudent in what I say. *You* will teach me better, dear madam, and make me wise and good, will you not? and mademoiselle clasped Mrs. Rutter's hand in hers, and looked up at her fondly with her large brown eyes.

'Nannette, Nannette, ne le touchez pas, je vous dis! Comment osez-vous mettre la main sur mon coffre? Hé, hé? L'argent? Qui, qui en a parlé?

'Grand'mère, you are dreaming!'



cried mademoiselle, rising and running to Madame de Longueville's chair. 'Awake thyself, grand'mère! What disquiets thee?'

'Hé, hé? Victorine—what?—where? Oh, it is thou, my child.' With a startled, disturbed air, the old lady awoke, rubbed her eyes, and looked round her. 'Oh, pardon me, Madame Rutter. I am ashamed—distressed! What rudeness have I been guilty of? To fall asleep in your society!' Madame de Longueville was wide awake and overcome with polite remorse in a moment. 'And to frighten you all with my stupid dreams in this way! Ah, ah, it is most laughable—the absurdity of these dreams! A thousand, thousand pardons, my friends.'

Madame was not only wide awake again, but determined not to fall asleep any more; and with that intention (and also to make amends for this breach of good manners), she exerted herself to talk and be agreeable. With Madame, as with many other Frenchwomen, conversation was an art, and an art that she had well studied; so in a few minutes more she was entertaining us all with her reminiscences of bygone days, a fertile subject with her, and a favourite one with Kate, who loved to ply the old lady with questions about the great historic past.

'And so you have seen Mirabeau, madame?' said Miss Rutter, following up an incidental allusion to that celebrity. 'Well, and—'

'Ah, mademoiselle, there was a genius! I have seen him, as you say; and shall I ever forget him! I had not then espoused Colonel de Longueville, but was a young girl in my father's house, frequenting but little the *salon* where my parents received the strong minds and first statesmen of the day. I sat alone one evening playing my lesson on the harpsichord—a simple touching air of Paisiello then in vogue (you know it, Victorine; it runs, *tra la lira la*)—the old lady quavered out the melody, and nodded her head gravely to it—'when I heard a deep sigh behind me, and turning round, I beheld

in the dusk a gentleman lying on the couch with his face buried in the cushions. "Continue, my child, I implore," said the stranger. "Let me not break the spell so quickly. My heart beats as it has not done for many a day." There was such earnest, such pitiful entreaty in the tone, that, surprised and half-frightened as I was, I could not refuse, and so I played the air again. I had scarcely finished, when a hand was laid on my head, and a voice so deep, so full of pathos, I hear it still, murmured, "When I die, that is the air I would breathe out my life to; those are the last sounds I would hear on earth!" But for the gentle voice and manner of the speaker, I should have been dreadfully alarmed as I looked up at the figure bending over me. It was that of a tall thick-set man, with wide shoulders and a huge head shaded with a vast mass of dark hair. His features were coarse and haggard—his eyes were fiery and inflamed. But it was the ghastly aspect imparted to his face by a linen bandage fastened round his throat to stanch the leech wounds on his neck that most moved my fear. "Play again," said the stranger, gently, as before; and as I played I felt a hot tear fall on my shoulder; and moved by pity and a sort of strange exaltation, I went on till I no longer heard the great heart beating behind me, and the quick respiration, and turning round, found that I was alone. That night (it was January, '91), the President of the National Assembly, bandaged and livid as I had just seen him, sat through the evening session, controlling the stormy elements about him with his voice of Jove, and launching his bolts of eloquence through the fiery air around. Three months later, there was a great crowd round the doors of a house higher up la Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, where we lived, reading a written placard on the walls. It was the bulletin (they had been issued every three hours the last two days) announcing the death of Mirabeau. I heard the



wail that burst from the crowd as the news was made known. That wail was taken up in every street in Paris, and echoed in every house, as the report fled from mouth to mouth that Mirabeau, the Titan who alone could have upheld the sinking throne, had fallen. Heigh-ho! What days—what men were those!

'Dreadful days—horrible men!' murmured Victorine, shuddering.

'Mademoiselle Rutter,' continued madame, taking no notice of this remark, 'would you think it, I have drunk *eau sucrée* out of the same glass with Robespierre? Under compulsion, though, be it said. Yes, and for my complaisance I gained a favour for a friend in prison, and a silver shoe-buckle that belonged to a member of the Royal family. Oh *quelles belles mains blanches il avait—ce laid petit Avocat d'Arras!*

'Robespierre's white hands, madame!' said Kate. 'Ah! you are not speaking figuratively, or you would have called them blood-red, I think.'

'Precisely, my child. But, nevertheless, I remarked what I allude to. There was a softness, a courtesy, in that man that astonished me. It was a small thing to say, mademoiselle—"If all the friends of Louis Capet had such eyes as yours, the Republic would be in danger of losing many of its supporters, I fear." And perhaps it was but an insipid compliment, after all; but it is the tone and manner of these things that make their value; is it not so, mademoiselle? Victorine, ma belle, go and fetch the silver buckle of which I speak. You will find it—'

'Oh, grandmamma, I wish you would not talk of all these frightful things,' interrupted mademoiselle, impatiently. 'I cannot bear the sight of your "mementoes." They make me absolutely ill; and I don't get over the opening of your cabinet of relics for days.'

'Ah, my child, you never lived in those great times, or beheld its great men, as I have done, and therefore—'

'Therefore the shoe-buckles of that age don't inspire me with proper emotion, eh, dear grandmamma?' and with a laugh the young girl rose from her stool, and seated herself at the piano. 'Come, Mademoiselle Rutter, shall we try over our duets to-night? We are growing frightfully *triste*, all of us, with grandmamma's reminiscences.'

Mademoiselle Victorine lighted the wax tapers on the piano as she spoke, and then ran her hands over the keys, and commenced the accompaniment to the song they were about to sing. We all listened attentively, for the clear, powerful notes of Victorine rang out through the room, and she sang with a brilliancy and finish that did infinite credit to her Parisian music-master. When the duet was finished, she sang alone, at Mrs. Rutter's request; and as neither her *répertoire* nor her vocal powers were easily exhausted, song succeeded song, until the moon rose above the acacias on the terrace, and shed a silver stream of light upon the polished floor. Rutter sat in the shade of the window-curtains, his head resting on his hand. I could see the great brown eyes of Mademoiselle Victorine directed to that dark corner from time to time, as though she wondered what kept him so silent to-night.

At length the clock on the mantelpiece chimed off ten silvery strokes, and a servant entered with a supper-tray of fruit and wine.

'For the English gentleman, madame,' said the servant, laying a letter before Mrs. Rutter. 'There has been a delay on the roads, and the post has only just come in, says Monsieur Jules.'

The letter was handed to me, and I recognised my father's writing. I had been expecting to hear from him for a week past. The post was not so regular or reliable then as in these days; and London was almost as far from Auvergne at the time of which I write, as it is from Constantinople now.

'Pray take one of these lights, Mr. Hamilton,' said Mrs. Rutter,

handing me a candle from the piano. 'I know you want to read your letter.'

I was quickly engaged in perusing its contents. My father wrote in the usual strain of mingled advice and affection, and expressed his satisfaction at the cheerful tone of my letters, bidding me make the most of the holiday time before me.

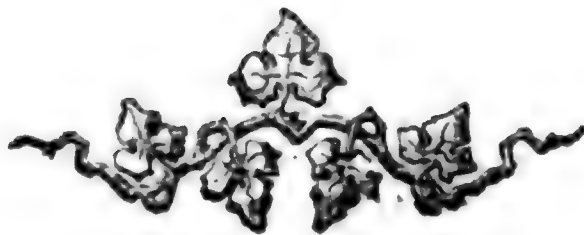
'By the way,' went on the epistle, 'I had news of you yesterday from an unexpected quarter. I returned home from a parish-meeting last night to find a gentleman waiting to see me who, it appears, had met you on your journey out last month. He called on me, at your suggestion, to solicit my name for an order for a copy of a work on Entomology he is preparing for the press. He appeared a well-informed and very gentlemanly person, and we had an agreeable half-hour's chat. His name, if I recollect rightly, is Clifford. He seemed to have an acquaintance with you of some standing; and spoke of the

unexpected pleasure your meeting had afforded you both. Did you know him at Cambridge? I ordered a copy of the work.'

Clifford? I knew no one of the name. Who in the world could the person be? Turning it over in my mind, I stood with the letter in my hand, lost in thought.

'No bad news there, I hope?' whispered Rutter, coming up behind me.

'Oh, no,' I replied; but I started at the sound of his voice; for at that moment an explanation flashed across me. So little did I feel satisfied with the conclusion I had formed, however, that I hastened to quit the supper-table, and retired to my room as soon as I could. Arrived there, I sat down and wrote to my father immediately, requesting him to furnish me with a full description of the visitor he alluded to, and all particulars of his visit. For some days I was a prey to the suspicions that Mr. Clifford's appearance in my father's house had forced upon my mind.



## THE REIGN OF TERROR.

## PART SECOND.

WHILE the Duke of Orleans was pursuing his career to its termination of dishonour; and death by the guillotine, the King, his cousin—an example of timid virtue—was moving on step by step in advance of him to that same scaffold which was to accomplish his destiny, to sever him from the tender loves of wife, sister, and children, and to leave them prisoners in the custody of a people who had learned the relish of blood, whose amusement was the torture of their prey, who knew no compunction, whose hearts were closed against all pity and all remorse.

The King's feebleness, though in his position it amounted to a vice, was not vicious. His solicitude for his Queen, and his horror of shedding a drop of his people's blood, were the chief motives of his ill-considered, ill-timed concessions. These especial fears acted as shackles upon all his movements; but there was besides a natural sluggishness in his veins which made him averse to any course of action; and the Queen described him well when she said,

*Le Roi n'est pas lâche—au contraire, il est impassible devant le danger, mais son courage est dans son cœur, et n'en sort pas. Sa timidité l'y comprime. Son grandpère Louis 15 a prolongé son enfance jusqu'à vingt et un ans; sa vie s'en ressent et il n'ose rien.*

Her perceptions, if not extended, were vivid, and she had a just appreciation of personal character. She understood the King well; and if at times she suffered under the smart of impatience while she saw him sinking in his lethargy into the grave which his enemies were hollowing under him, that was not the feeling uppermost in her mind. As King, to her he was invested with something of the Divine right, and so far he was a part of her religion; he was the father of her children, and no mother's love was ever deeper than hers; he was her husband and her protector. When

first calumny opened its vials and poured out poisonous exhalations, making of her fair beauty a leprosy to the nation; when the pertinacity of a half insane jeweller (Boehmer) bent upon selling his diamond necklace, in association with the devices of a depraved woman (Mdme. Lamotte), imposed upon the passion of the Cardinal de Rohan for the Queen—when the Cardinal, in his vanity and delirious credulity, accepted the clumsy forgeries of Madame Lamotte as truth, and fixed a stain upon the Queen's good name; then, when she wept, the King stood by her side holding her hand in his, and speaking comfort. Among the schemes contrived for his flight by his friends, there were some which might have succeeded if he would have consented to escape alone, but he would not. He would not ensure his personal safety by leaving her behind, for, said he, 'I know how it would be; my escape would bring vengeance upon her, and she would be torn to pieces by the populace; therefore I will not go from her.' Neither would the Queen consent to disguise herself and fly to the frontiers without him, though her present position was so frightful, and the hope held out so alluring, though leaving him she would leave a nation of assassins (of whose hatred she was the especial object), to find love, security, and honour in her own country. These two could neither part from each other nor from their children; the mighty malignity of a persecution which could strip them of all besides, had no power to lessen their affection. The difficulties of their unhappy attempt at escape which was intercepted at Varennes, were in great measure due to the perplexities of preparation necessary for moving so large a family secretly away all together. That he was discovered was the King's misfortune, but that he was de-



tained was his fault. I believe that with any fire in his soul he might have met and conquered his fate, for at the moment when the Royal family was first arrested at the bridge at Varennes, there were only six men to oppose their progress. It was night; the town still slept; and if the King had at once given the order to charge, his escape must have been effected; for though he had few defenders at his side, those few were loyal, armed, and mounted; they might easily have cut down the half-dozen antagonists who opposed them, and have urged on the King's postilions, and the other side of the bridge once gained, there were troops in readiness who would have ensured the safety of their road onwards. But the Count Damas looked in vain to the King for the order: the Queen spoke, but the King would not, and the moment was lost. The old irresolution sat upon Louis and bore him down—bore down to unfathomable depths all that his heart held dear, and all the honour and all the hope of his afflicted country. M. de Damas' after life was embittered by a continual regret. He thought he should have charged for the Queen without the King's command, and the horror of her fate fell upon him like a great remorse.

The King was undecided when indecision was ruin. The tocsin was rung; the sleepers were awakened; the town poured out its citizens, the national guard was summoned, and the royal carriage was dragged back from the bridge to the shop of a grocer named Sausse, a man in authority holding some small official situation. The poor King in his extremity took this man by the hands and implored him to let him go, assuring him that it would be for the good of his country—and that not he, but those who coerced him, were guilty of tyranny. The pathos of the King's appeal, and the nobility of the Queen's beauty, her courage, and the sight of the children clinging to her, moved this man; but the woman his wife

was of a harder nature, and whispered other words in his ear. He listened to her, and turned away from the King. The Princess Elizabeth, the Royal children, and Marie Antoinette, were led into that sordid shop. What thoughts, what high passions were working in the Queen's heart when she entered there where she was to pass the night with her defeated hope. The long-looked-for light of deliverance had been open to her for a day, and now it was so suddenly closed. Was it quite gone—might she not rise and kindle it again, or was the universe become a vast darkness? Was the whole of life to be an unutterable affliction? She could see nothing before her but calamity; the present was nothing else, the future could have nothing else in store. She looked on her boy while she sat in that hot, dusty atmosphere among the bales of goods piled in the grocer's warehouse, looked till a new impulse prompted her, and she went to the disloyal woman who was the grocer's wife, and cast herself down before her and implored her mercy—she, the pride and beauty of the world, at whose feet a whole nation had knelt in passionate adoration.

'Feel for me,' she said, 'oh! feel for a woman—a wife and a mother—whose husband and children are in the last extremity of danger, and let us go.'

'Well, well, well—but, you see, I also,' replied Mdme. Sausse, 'am a wife, and I must think for my husband. If I were to let you go, it is my opinion that M. Sausse would find himself in difficulty.'

After this reply Marie Antoinette sank into silence, and passed the night gazing mutely, with fixed eyes, upon her son; but the light of morning disclosed a sign upon her brow which was like a speech of woe. The silken hair whose delicate auburn was powdered only slightly in compliance with the fashion of the time, had turned completely white. Every little pore then of the outward skin had been in sympathy with the secret passion of the soul. Nature's most

hidden subtle agents had refused to work in that great despair, and the glory of the discrowned head was withered with the heart.

Marie Antoinette forwarded a tress of this bleached hair in a locket to the Princess de Lamballe, with this inscription—'Blanchi par le malheur.'

Things then seemed at their worst; but in the downward course of sorrow or of error there is generally some instant of pause when it seems possible for the lost wayfarer to break into a better path; and such a moment was now coming for this great sufferer. In the journey from Varennes back to Paris—in the slow procession, every step of which was like a new screw turned on from the rack—in the midst of that hot throng of men pressing insult upon a woman whom it should have been their part to honour and defend—in that hour, when seated opposite to Pétion, afterwards mayor of Paris, she saw him treat her king and her king's sister with gross offence—in that hour when one of her body-guard was killed and mangled (for those Jacobins mangled when they killed) before her eyes, and the life of a courageous priest, who dared to bow down before the king, was savagely threatened—an unlooked-for hope showed through the gloom. The famous demagogue Barnave, one of the most influential members of the Assembly, who was placed by the side of Pétion to guard the royal prisoners, prevented this impending murder with passionate interference. The Queen turned towards him, and looked her thanks. To that look his eyes replied, moist with an emotion which could not be approved by patriots, for it was not malignant and inhuman, but tender and respectful. His hatred was extinguished. He had detested a queen whom he had not seen; he had seasoned his oratory with common scandal, defaming a character he had not known, and imputing vices to her which it was not in her nature to conceive. He saw her now as she was; he admired

the majestic front which she opposed to her humiliation; he revered the maternal love, conquering pride, which quivered in her accents when she appealed to the ruffians who pressed upon her through the open carriage window. She pleaded to them that the day was very hot, and that her children were almost suffocated by want of air; but she was answered by a savage taunt, 'Nous t'étoufferons bien autrement toi.' Tears, drowning the queenly disdain which looked so beautiful upon her lips, dropped from her eyes upon her boy's bright curls. Pétion, with his coarse insolence, had pulled those curls too rudely, and the child had cried; and now his mother held him close against her heart, and shielded him with her delicate arms.

Barnave's heart was not proof against what he saw; it was subdued to a sacred sympathy which he dared not then express, because Pétion was by his side, but which the Queen perceived and appreciated. Reverence and love had been once so familiar to her, that she could not fail to know them again wherever they appeared, and in whatever disguise. Only the day before she had parted from one whose attachment to her has made his name the very symbol of true devotion, who is renowned throughout the world for one act of chivalry. The noble Swede, Count Fersen, had only yesterday made his last salutation to her, and looked his last hope for her deliverance. How well she had judged him, singling him out from the crowd who worshipped when she shone in her full glory at Versailles,—singling him out in her thoughts as something brave and true, and capable of a great deed. Now, in the hour of danger, he had come, with her salvation for his trust, and had played the great stake, and had almost won it. His part in the drama was over before Varennes was reached, and he had thought her safe when he left her. How cleverly he had laid his schemes, how well he had acted his character of coachman, how



gallantly he had driven her through the winding ways of the infernal city. But his work was ruined, and she retraced in pain and grief the road of hope. When she reached the Tuileries and left her carriage, the populace were gathered round in a huge mass, black, gloomy, threatening, like a thunder cloud. The flash of weapons would have been less formidable than the low mutterings and scowling looks which foretold some unknown horror. An order went forth that no hat should be lifted, and this command of marked contempt of the royal presence was accompanied by menaces against any who should dare to disobey it. But one man found courage to brave the edict. He lifted his hat from his head as the Queen passed, and then flung it far away with a vigorous throw, so as to avoid the chance of having it forced upon his head. He ran a great risk. The mob might have fallen upon him, and have torn him to pieces; for though La Fayette was there with his national guard, he had sufficiently shown on the 6th of October that he was either unable or unwilling to repress popular outrage, and his presence, therefore, could never be viewed as a protection. But this populace of Paris, bloodthirsty and pitiless, rarely subdued by the sense of humanity, was on several occasions overawed by some single example of true courage, and so it was in this case. The man was looked at with astonishment, and left unmolested.

As Marie Antoinette entered the palace, she whispered to her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth, 'In that deputy Barnave I think we have a friend.'

She was right. While Madame Roland and her associates met together, exulting over the capture of M. and Mme. Veto (the familiar names then in vogue for the King and Queen), one of their own side, one of the most distinguished and oratorical of patriots, was secretly adoring the fallen idol, and scheming for her deliverance; he who had suspected and denounced the apostacy of Mirabeau was follow-

ing in the perilous track which Mirabeau had opened, and which every advancing step found narrower and steeper. In combination with the Lameths, Barnave strove to frame such a constitution of limited monarchy as should in its conditions prove tolerable at once to a nation in rebellion, and to a monarch who was their nominal sovereign, but their actual prisoner. Barnave was a brave man attempting an impossibility: he failed, as others had failed before him. And it could not be otherwise. With a nation determined on the destruction of the king, and the king not determined on his own salvation, it was evident how things must proceed. A ruler with a strong arm might possibly have upheld the monarchy in its modified condition, even at this juncture, but a strong armed ruler could not possibly have come to such a pass, and the King's descent was precipitated by an irremediable act of folly on the part of those whose desire was to serve him. The resolution, suggested either by timidity or a mistaken notion of magnanimity, that the members of the present Constituent Assembly should not be re-eligible for the next, is too well known, with its fatal consequences, to need much comment here. It opened the way to all disorder; whatever good had been done was thus blotted out at one stroke; and the election of the new members, known as the Girondins, so named from the department they chiefly came from, was the signal for the work of devastation to begin again. They were obscure men up to that time; for the most part mean, pedantic attorneys, and as a body, theirs was the most contemptible that ever directed the government of a great country. They had no experience of public life, no training to fit them for the statesman's office. They endeavoured to replace their ignorance of life by a laborious study of the history of Rome; and according to their narrow views a Roman Republic was the only form of government in which prosperity and virtue were possible. To



achieve a Roman republic out of such materials as were still left coherent in the perishing constitution of the French government, was a work of difficulty so great that it seemed better to begin by total destruction, and trust to their wits to build a new edifice on the classical model. They vied with each other in the progress of annihilation, for they were vain men, and each was ambitious to be most distinguished in the work; there were suspicions and jealousies between them; they were afraid of each other, and their worst acts of cruelty were the results of a rank cowardice. One part of their object they compassed,—they were successful in destroying; but they did more than they intended when they destroyed themselves. In their attack upon the throne, they cast away justice, honour, religion, and righteousness, as clumsy encumbrances, like the sand which the aeronaut throws out from his balloon when he soars striving after unknown heights; and when at last they fell to earth, or to a region below it, they stared aghast in the great shock, and bewailed the loss of those things which their own hands had flung to the winds. They ranted about Brutus (the assassin), and played antique Romans like a bad provincial company. Among them all there were only two men who had the true gift of eloquence,—a fatal gift in such hands. The one was Vergniaud, distinguished as an orator; the other, Camille Desmoulins, whose strength was in his pen. Vergniaud was sonorous and persuasive; Desmoulins was brilliant and satirical. He had in him an irony like that of Mephistopheles; he was a cruel-hearted man, who stung when he killed; he relished murder when it was seasoned with a jest; he had an epigram for every head that rolled from the scaffold; he understood how to place his victims in a ludicrous position; and he could make even their dead bodies play out a comic scene. The influence of the press at this time in Paris was enormous, and the paper un-

der his direction, the *Révolution de France*, was one of the most powerful instruments of wrong. His lampoons, his libels, his profane ribaldry directed against the Queen, used greatly to entertain Madame Roland, and he was one of her esteemed friends. But she thought differently of his powers when, at a later day, his wit played upon and polluted her own reputation. He was one who could 'mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;' but the day came when his mocking was silenced for ever—when one head was severed by the axe for which he had no epigram prepared—when he saw tears fall which he had no sarcasm to arrest—when he saw the people whom he had instructed in the ingenious use of derision as an instrument of torture, jeering at the last pangs of the one creature he loved on earth—when his wife, Lucille, tender and beautiful, perished by the guillotine before his eyes. He followed her; for the first time failing to smile at the sight of the executioner.

The faith with which the new Constitution was ushered in was a delusion, and amidst the admiring acclamations of the people who had insulted and wronged them, the sovereigns heard still the under tones of menace, and knew that the cannons then rolling out their thunders in applause might speak to them with a different meaning at another hour. They walked on thin ice; there was only a frail partition between them and the deep waters; and when the King left the Assembly, after receiving his congratulations on his position as monarch of this new constitution from the president, who kept his seat while he addressed him—when escorted to his palace with the loud shouts of the populace, the roar of artillery, and the joyous sound of military music, he joined his Queen, who had been a spectator of the scene, and who was sitting silent and thoughtful in her own apartment—his face was so pale that she started at the sight of it. He sank into a chair and wept.

It was by her friends thought desirable that Marie Antoinette should now show herself frequently to her subjects, and she was persuaded on one occasion to accompany her family to the *Comédie Italienne*. Mrs. Elliot, whose *Memoirs* I have alluded to in a former number, was present on this evening, and gives an account of the scene which then took place :

I was there (says Mrs. Elliot) in my own box, nearly opposite the Queen's, and as she was so much more interesting than the play, I never took my eyes off her and her family. The opera given was '*Les Evénemens imprévus*,' and Madame Dugazon played the soubrette. Her Majesty from her first entering the house seemed distressed. She was overcome even by the applause, and I saw her several times wipe the tears from her eyes. The little Dauphin, who sat on her knee the whole night, seemed anxious to know the cause of his unfortunate mother's tears. She seemed to soothe him, and the audience appeared well disposed, and to feel for the cruel situation of their beautiful Queen. In one of the acts a duet is sung by the soubrette and the valet, where Made. Dugazon says,

*Ah! comme j'aime ma maîtresse.*

As she looked particularly at the Queen at the moment she said this, some Jacobins leapt upon the stage, and if the actors had not hid Made. Dugazon, they would have murdered her. They hurried the poor Queen and family out of the house, and it was all the guards could do to get them safe into their carriages.

This was the last time that the Queen ever appeared in public. The show of hope was dissolving; the monarchy and its representatives were rapidly sinking. Marie Antoinette's imagination turned fondly to the frontiers. She thought of her friends among the emigrants, of the Count d'Artois who was dear to her as a brother, and of her own kindred. She thought that they must soon bring help. She relied on them, but they were the origin of her worst perils, and the source of her most grievous calamities.

Barnave saw where her trust was placed, and knew that it never could be fulfilled. He saw his own counsels for the formation of the

Royal household and the King's guard disregarded. He would have filled these places with men of the popular side, like himself, still attached to the throne, but this suggestion was not accepted. The Queen's position, between the King's shiftings of purpose, the sullen bigotry of the *côté droit*, and the aggressive movements of the Girondin party, was most unhappy. She personally esteemed Barnave, but his power was not equal to his wish to serve her, and other voices influenced the Assembly. He had done his utmost, and he came to take his leave. Their last interview was trying to her. He expressed to her the ardour he had felt in her service, and the regret with which he left her in so perilous a position. He told her that if her hopes were with the emigrant princes and their allies, she was nursing a delusion, and urged upon her again his views for the safety of the interior. He told her that his task was over, and that he left her neither in fear nor in anger. He only went away because he saw that he could no longer be of use. He had served no personal interest in serving her. He was proud to think that he had run a great risk for her sake. He came to bid her adieu, perhaps for ever, and he asked only one reward—this was, the permission to kiss her hand.

The Queen's resolution struggled vainly against her emotion while she heard these words; and when she gave him her hand, her tears fell fast, fell over his hand and her own while they were for a moment linked together, and so they parted. She cherished the recollection of his sacrifice and of his remorse, not of his injustice. Made. Campan found her weeping bitterly after his departure, and his name was often dwelt on in the dark hours of distress by Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth with grateful affection. They were spared the knowledge of his fate. It was on the 29th October, 1793, after the date of the Queen's execution, that he paid the penalty of his virtue with his head. He was



thirty-two years of age when the guillotine ended his eventful life. He had faced the probability of such a termination to his career; he knew what his peril was when he entered on his new path, and his death was worthy of his repentance.

The Queen strained her eyes to discern deliverance advancing from Coblenz; but it was ruin, not succour, that was marching onwards. The loud-sounding threats of the emigrants and their allies furnished the revolutionists with their only plea for violence. The Girondins found in the menaces from foreign shores a pretext for aggressions. It was their policy continually to propose measures which must compel the King to use his veto, and then to force him to withdraw it. The King, conscious of the difficulties that surrounded him, and without strength to face them, fell into a deep despondency: for ten days he sat speechless, never addressing a word either to his sister, his children, or his wife. The Queen saw in this helpless dejection a worse calamity than all that had preceded, and fell upon her knees before him, passionately entreating him to speak to her. She appealed to him with caresses and with exhortations: her eloquence came from her heart. The King put his arms round her neck, and spoke; and this, for her, was a moment of rejoicing wrung from anguish.

Increasing perplexity and fears too well founded, threw the King into the arms of a patriot ministry, of which Dumouriez and Roland were the most conspicuous members; very different men, widely separated as to their genius and their actual opinions, but thrown together for the present by the force of circumstances. Dumouriez, bred as a courtier, had gone through many phases before he became a minister of the King and a General of the Revolution. Though associated with the Girondins, he watched their movements with suspicion. His views were for a limited monarchy. The limits to the regal power were already drawn too close, and he

saw a system of continual encroachment threatening the existence of the little that was left. He discerned the low personal vanities and ambitions of the Gironde, and viewed with contempt their ostentatious parade of would-be Roman virtue. They looked pitiful and ridiculous to him with the costume of classical sentiment in which they dressed themselves; and on the other hand they, and especially the wife of Roland, recognised, with envious distrust, his superior genius and popularity. He was a man misplaced by destiny, whom republicanism and royalty viewed with equal distaste. The Queen was afflicted, not gratified, when he knelt to her, kissing her hands, and assuring her of his devotion; and she expressed to her friends her doubts of his sincerity. But when she and her husband came into closer contact with him, they learned to believe him, and some of his counsels were followed. He saw for the King but one chance of salvation: it was to become the chief of the Revolution, to guide and protect it against foreign opposition, and to regulate the movement by heading it. It was with this view that he persuaded the King to declare war against Austria; a measure which obtained for him a short-lived popularity, but which on the whole sunk his character in the eyes of the nation, because it was dishonest. While Louis protested with his lips against Austrian interference, his heart was yearning for it, and secret letters to the Austrian Court contradicted his open speech. He could only be forgiven by the Royalists upon the supposition that he was acting under coercion; he could only be despised by the Republicans, who forced the lie upon him. The populace clamoured their applause one day, and their suspicions the next; and the King, blown by diverse winds, found not an instant of rest. He had neither the vigour, the craft, nor the consistency for carrying out a lying policy, and the Queen had too much integrity for a system of



fraud. 'Monsieur,' she said to Dumouriez, with that candour which on several occasions acted upon her enemies like a defeat, 'vous devez juger que ni le Roi ni moi ne pouvons souffrir toutes ces nouveautés de la constitution. Je vous le déclare franchement.' The severe decrees against emigrants and priests, continually urged, demanding the King's sanction, were still answered by his veto: he remained constant in his refusal to condemn the brothers of his blood and the ministers of his religion. Dumouriez, unable to persuade him to do this violence to his principles, his affections, and his faith, took leave of him, and went to the defence of the French frontiers against the advancing foreign forces. With sorrow he bade farewell to his sovereigns, for he had conceived a personal attachment for them, and he saw the fire kindling which was to consume them.

Meanwhile, Madame Roland had done a great wrong. Foreseeing the dismissal of the patriot ministry as a necessity for the King, she had drawn up a threatening letter to be read to him by her husband, which was afterwards to be recited to the Assembly, and was to serve as an act of inculcation for the monarch and of justification for the minister. It was an insulting, cowardly letter. I extract here some of its choicest phrases.

*La déclaration des droits est devenue le nouvel évangile. La liberté est désormais la religion du peuple. Les opinions ont pris l'action de la passion . . . . .* Donnez des gages éclatants de votre sincérité. Par exemple, deux décrets importants ont été rendus; tous deux intéressent le salut de l'Etat. Le retard de leur sanction excite la défiance. *Prenez y garde: la défiance n'est pas loin de la haine, et la haine ne recule pas devant le crime.* Les prêtres dépossédés agitent les campagnes: ratifiez les mesures propres à étouffer leur fanatisme. . . . . Encore quelques délais, et on verra en vous un conspirateur et un complice. Je demande qu'il y ait ici un secrétaire du conseil qui enregistre nos opinions. Il faut pour des ministres responsables un témoin de leurs opinions; si ce témoin existait, je ne m'adresserais pas par écrit à votre Majesté.

Vergniaud, when he saw the rough draft of this document, protested against it as an act of dishonour. Dumouriez condemned it as an unmanly outrage (it was a womanly one), and a treachery. Roland himself hesitated. His close approach to the monarch had shown him a man of temper so gentle, and views so tolerant, that he had found himself unable to copy his wife in her implacable hatred. He had ventured sometimes even to say that he discerned domestic virtues in both his sovereigns; but when he spoke so, his lips were closed by the feminine hand. He was told that he was a fool, who suffered insidious tyrants to impose upon him; and he was adjured to call up his Roman virtue, and to remember Brutus.

The woman's counsel prevailed, and the letter was read to the King, who listened to it in silence, as one too much accustomed to outrage to break into indignation. It was afterwards declaimed to the Assembly, who received it with applause, and welcomed the minister who was courting their favour by a stab at the falling monarch, as if he had been a martyr sacrificed by a tyrant. This letter was made one of the grounds of accusation against the King at his trial. Afterwards Madame Roland was guilty of a yet worse suggestion, inviting within the walls of Paris the presence of 1500 armed ruffians from Marseilles—for they were nothing else—brigands, ferocious and hungry, ready for any act of violence, with fire, famine, and slaughter in their thoughts, and a cry of patriotism on their tongues, which meant pillage and assassination. It was Madame Roland who proposed to her friend Barbaroux (a native of Marseilles) the summons of this wild southern horde to assist in the demonstration of the 10th of August. The hideous deeds which followed the events of that day were principally committed by these agents. Their hands were strongest, their knives were sharpest, in the September massacres and in all the massacres that came after. It was no matter

whose head guided them then ; they were instruments made for such work, and those who first called in their assistance knew it.

The painful necessities of a revolution was a grand phrase in the mouths of the patriots, and they sometimes called in the aid of poetry to adorn their sentiment. M. Ternaux quotes a pretty couplet in illustration of their gifts in this line :—

Le devoir le plus saint, la loi la plus  
chérie,  
Est d'oublier la loi pour sauver la patrie.

Such wretched stuff as this passed for inspiration at that time.

The approach of the 10th of August was felt by the victims before it came, and preparations were going on at the Tuileries for the defence of the throne against the coming onslaught. Futile preparations ! It was well understood by all sides that a great final attack was to be made upon the throne. The assault was no longer to cover itself under the disguise of a petition ; it was no longer the passing of any special decree that was clamoured for, but the abolition of the veto, which meant the annihilation of the monarchy and the monarchs ; for Mirabeau had spoken truly when he said of the Queen, 'J'aime à croire qu'elle ne supporterait pas la vie sans sa couronne, et ce dont, je suis bien certain, c'est qu'on ne lui laissera pas la vie si on lui ôte la couronne.' More than once before the day came the unhappy victims started up in the middle of the night, waked by some unaccustomed noise, and imagining that the conflict had begun. On one occasion, when the King and the Princess were thus roused, they dressed themselves and stood ready, but suffered the Queen to sleep on. 'Shall I wake her?' asked Mme. Campan. 'No,' said the King, looking at her in her slumber, with compassion ; 'no, let her taste these few moments of forgetfulness : she has enough to suffer. Let her rest. Ses peines doublent les miennes.' But when the Queen woke, she reproached

her attendants, and wept. 'Elizabeth était près du Roi,' said she, 'et je dormais ; moi qui veux périr à ses côtés. Je suis sa femme, et je ne veux pas qu'il coure le moindre péril sans moi.'

There was peril enough. The Queen was ready to meet it with lofty intrepidity, the Princess Elizabeth, with pious prayer : her hand was clasped in Marie Antoinette's, her looks were directed to heaven. For her brother, for his home, for his wife and his children, she had rejected splendid offers of marriage : she preferred sitting on the steps of their throne in the days of their glory to filling a throne of her own. In her youth and beauty she was one of the fairest ornaments of their prosperity, and now, clinging to them in their sorrow, she was an unfailing support. With all her heart the Queen loved her ; and these hours of protracted anxiety were softened while they were shared with her and with the Princess de Lamballe. The Queen still looked with fevered longing towards the frontiers. She had resolutely rejected the intervention of La Fayette. La Fayette had protested against the insurrection of the 20th of June. He had left his soldiers at Maubeuge, and had come alone to address the Assembly in a tone of remonstrance. He had been laughed at for his pains, and threatened with impeachment. He had repaired to his sovereigns, and proposed a scheme for their deliverance, which was to place them under the protection of his army. The Queen would not hear of it. This was the man who had determined her fate by permitting the first attack on her palace, for a man in authority who does not resist permits. This was the pitiless watchman whose superintendence had been most galling to her womanly feelings. He was her personal enemy ; and she also remembered Mirabeau's emphatic warnings against him : '*Défiez vous de M. de La Fayette, si jamais il commande l'armée il voudra garder le Roi sous sa tente ;*' and so she said rather death than the protec-



tion of such a man, for which she has been blamed; but I think that La Fayette's private communications with his friend La Colombe, and his whole mode of action, from 1789 up to the present time, amply justify her decision. 'En fait de liberté,' said he to La Colombe, 'je ne me fie ni au Roi ni à personne et s'il voulait trancher du souverain je me battrais contre lui comme en '89.' I do not believe that any better motive directed his present proceeding than a disappointed egotism. Events had not marched according to his orders, and he was angry. His day was done; and Robespierre and Danton were seated on that throne of popularity which he had intended to win for himself. His best chance for raising himself into importance was to take the Royal family under his charge, but that chance the Queen cut off; and so his feeble light was snuffed out, his poor part was played, and he had to fly from the rage of the people whose favours he had meanly courted, while the unhappy monarchs had nothing left but to await the event of the 10th of August. On this event M. Ternaux throws some new light: 'Les seuls documens,' says he, 'que les historiens aient consulté jusqu'à présent sont tronqués, mutilés, falsifiés à plaisir. Le mensonge officiel fabriqué par une seule plume peut tromper l'histoire. La chose est plus difficile si les menteurs sont multiples. Or, pour la nuit du 10 Août le mensonge eut quarante nuit organes dans les quarante huit sections de Paris.'

There was not a complete unanimity among the sections of the capital, there was not any tremendous assault on the palace, any desperate conflict, or any vast engagement; on the contrary, several of the sections protested against the violation of the Constitution, and many citizens wished well to the cause of order.

Mandat, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, was faithfully attached to the monarchy, and was a brave determined officer, but unhappily his powers were too limited for what he had to do, and he could

not act independently of that traitor, Péthion, who was Mayor of Paris. I refer my readers for a detailed account of the proceedings of the 10th of August to Book vii. vol. 2, of M. Ternaux's work, while I pause upon the position of M. Péthion on this occasion—I think the meanest position that any man ever occupied. As one of the Gironde he was naturally a conspirator and an insurrectionist, but as Mayor of Paris he was ostensibly the defender of law and order; and in order to fill both posts with a show of decency, a good deal of contrivance was necessary. Between him and his friends, with this view, a clever little scheme was concerted. He was to retreat to the Mayoralty, and to be detained there by a show of force, and a guard of honour was to be sent to keep him in safe custody: an account of his feelings in this critical situation is to be found in his own writing. 'Je désirais l'insurrection,' he says, 'mais je tremblais qu'elle ne réussit pas. Quoiqu'on eut projeté de me garder chez moi on tardait à le faire. Qui croyez-vous, qui envoya par plusieurs fois presser l'exécution de cette mesure? C'est moi—oui, c'est moi!' He was not suffered, however, to remain quiet in this retreat. While hurrying steps to and fro, strange meetings of armed men, clamorous voices of orators addressing patriotic friends, and a general movement in the direction of the Tuileries, indicated the tempest gathering to a head, urgent appeals from Mandat, from the sections, and from the municipality, showed Péthion that his situation was becoming suspicious, and he found himself forced to abandon it, and to repair to the Tuileries, which he did with considerable reluctance. Here the King addressed him with his accustomed bluntness. 'Il paraît qu'il y a beaucoup de mouvement?' 'Oui, sire,' replied Péthion, 'la fermentation est grande,' and he added some worthless flowery phrases about his devotion, and his determination to protect the Royal family, for which the King thanked him with simple good faith.



Péthion did not altogether relish these thanks, and turned towards the door, saying that he must go away to examine the posts, &c.; but while he stood in the doorway he was confronted by Mandat. The frank soldier fixed a scrutinizing look on the double-dealing magistrate, and asked him how it was that cartridges were denied to the National Guard, and issued to the Marseillais. Péthion equivocated; Mandat persisted. Finally, the General cut the dialogue short with these words: 'Je n'ai que quatre coups à tirer, mais c'est égal; je reponds de tout; mes mesures sont bien prises.' Upon this, Péthion, wincing, turned to Roederer, and said, 'Suppose we take a turn in the garden, for the atmosphere is very close here.' On leaving the palace his steps were directed stealthily towards the Assembly, for he hoped for a decree of arrest from that friendly body, but there were not yet members enough collected to pass such a resolution; and he found himself obliged, for the sake of appearances, to go back once more to the Tuileries. Meanwhile, a deputation of his personal friends proceeded to the Assembly, and there asserted that they knew the life of the Mayor of Paris to be in danger, and that he was kept a prisoner at the palace. A vote of requisition was then passed, and an order signed for his immediate appearance at the bar of the Assembly. But he was condemned to hear some words of truth from an honest man's lips before this order was acted upon. While he was sauntering along the terrace of the Tuileries, he was accosted by one of the National Guard with ironical congratulations on his exertions in the cause of order. This tone of irony was followed by one of open reproach, and Péthion found himself publicly accused of encouraging sedition, and of being a tool in the hands of Santerre. He was frightened. He stammered, he hesitated. 'Monsieur, qu'est ce que cela veut dire vous oubliez le respect. Ah, voyons, entendons nous.' He was conducted to the

palace, and requested to go up to the Royal apartments, but at the foot of the great staircase he was met by the deputation bringing the order he longed for; and he obeyed the summons with alacrity, and soon reposed in security in the affectionate bosom of the Assembly.

The sound of the departing wheels of this man's carriage brought the Princess Elizabeth to the window of her apartment. That sun was rising then with whose sinking all was to go down that she cherished and honoured. Struck with the fine pageant of this birth of light, she called Marie Antoinette to her side. 'Venez donc, ma sœur, voir l'aurore,' and the Queen came and stood by her and looked out at the red dawn that was opening on her destruction.

With the tender Lamballe, with her sister-in-law, and a few devoted attendants, she awaited her ruin, not without an effort to avert it; and had things depended upon her without the King, she might, even in the face of a republican ministry and disaffected troops, have done it. But she was the King's wife, not the Queen. She understood her position, and she described it to her friends.

'Un mot énergique,' said she, 'de sa bouche (the King's) en ce moment à la garde nationale, entraînerait tout Paris. Il ne le dira pas. Pour moi, je pourrais bien agir et monter à cheval s'il le fallait, mais ce serait donner des armes contre lui. On crierait à l'Autrichienne. Une Reine dans ma situation doit se taire et se préparer à mourir.'

But her high nature was not capable of inaction at such a crisis. Within the palace walls she was yet a queen, greater with her proved courage, more commanding in her spectral beauty, than in the glow and glitter of her youth. Some of the French nobility, old men for the most part, had left repose and redeemed the credit of their caste by forming a troop to defend royalty at this critical hour, or to do the last honour to its obsequies.

The Queen was sensible of their chivalry, and addressed them with looks and words which sent new blood into their veins. Their swords flashed from their sheaths, and they swore an oath of deep devotion. Sympathy with their enthusiasm brought a transient flush to the Queen's face, lighting up its wasted beauty, and a sense of power animated her steps. She took her sister with her, and they moved on together through the long corridors of the palace. The Queen's penetrating glance singled out the faithful among her defenders, and its recognition of their worth kindled in their hearts. There were some even of the less loyal who were then strangely stirred by the grandeur of her presence and her hope. But no sooner did the unfortunate King show himself than the whole work was undone. He had been lying on his bed, exhausted by suffering, and had fallen asleep. He had during the last days shut himself up for many hours alone, with his prayer-book and the *History of Charles I. of England*, meditating on death, preparing his soul for its passage to another world. He was ready to die, but not to combat. His arms fell nerveless by his side; his attitude was that of a defeated man. He stumbled as he walked; and his wig, owing to his late recumbent posture, was flattened on one side. The French are particularly sensitive to appearance, and the Queen's quick glance perceived the effect that his aspect produced. She readjusted his dress before he went to pass in review the troops outside the palace, and sat at the window watching his progress. Cheers at first, but they were changed as he went on; then came discordant sounds, a cry of 'Vive la nation, à bas le roi!' and angry words exchanged between loyalists and republicans among the national guards. At last the King returned, pursued by a grenadier, who attempted his life, and hooted by the men appointed to defend him. The Queen at that bitter sound fell back into the arms of her sister.

'Grand Dieu,' she cried, 'on hue le roi.'

When he reached her apartment, she clasped him in her arms. He was alive, and that was something; but the cruel clamour still rung in her ears and in her heart, and she looked at the King, and felt that the cause was lost. Her children were with her. She had waked them herself at early dawn, that they might not be too rudely startled from their sleep by the attack on the palace, and they were clinging to her. What was to come next? A heavier blow. The energy of General Mandat, the constancy of the Swiss, and the chivalry of their personal friends, these were the supports on which Royalty had to lean. But Mandat was suddenly suspended in the course of his duty, was summoned to the Council of the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville, was there subjected to a sharp interrogatory, legally conducted, and was acquitted; but as he was about to depart, he was seized by the members of a self-erected tribunal sitting in a contiguous apartment in the same building, and calling itself the Commune Insurrectionnelle, was convicted by them of treason against the nation on account of his orders for the defence of the Tuileries, was dismissed to the prison of the Abbaye with a view to his perfect safety, was dragged out of prison by some assassins who understood the meaning of that perfect safety, and who blew out his brains. This death paralysed what little nerve the King had; it seemed that whatever he relied on was to sink from under him, and that it was his terrible destiny to bring disaster upon all his adherents. Better give himself up, he thought, than see the murder of more such men. Santerre was elected commander of the national guard in Mandat's place. The temper of the men in power was proved by this assassination; the temper of the national guard had shown itself in his miserable attempt at a review; the sections and the Marseillais were moving on towards the palace; the attack was closely impending;



there was knocking at the gates; there was noise, agitation, and alarm; the Queen was ready to face it all. The blood of Marie Thérèse glowed at the thought of a righteous defence against unjust assault and an enormous tyranny. She was ready to do or die, and to die a brave death. But the King's counsellor, Roederer, was a republican, and his advice was to surrender. According to his views that was the right course. He saw no other means of personal safety for the King, and he saw nothing worth saving but the King's life. He did not believe there would be a sufficient defence for the palace. Several of the troops were disloyal, and there was no loyal general now to lead them on. The Marseillais and the people were pressing on to the attack. The King listened. The old horror of bloodshed crept over him. He believed he should be guilty in holding out. Roederer advised him to throw himself upon the protection of the Assembly. That honourable body was respected by the populace, and would receive him with generous magnanimity. Strange that the King should think it. Mandat's death might have taught him what their authority or their generosity was, but the advice suited with the feebleness of his character, and once again he determined to yield to the pressure which he should have resisted to the last drop of his blood. The Queen stood between him and Roederer for a moment, but Roederer got the better. Roederer protested that in this course alone there was safety for the mother and her children, and the King said, '*Marchons*,' and rose to move on to the Assembly. That '*Marchons*' sounded like a death-warrant in the Queen's ear. She felt its full significance. She saw the crown trampled upon, and the chivalry of her true adherents wantonly sacrificed. Her heart longed to rise and act, but her duty was to obey.

'*Marchons*!' said the King.

The Queen hid on the shoulder of Lamballe the shame that reddened for a moment a face grown

white with sorrow, and then she followed her husband. She held the little Dauphin by the hand; her thoughts were full of trouble and sad foreknowledge. She saw a crime in this desertion of the throne, and she guessed what its penalty was to be; but it was her part to go with the King, and she went.

'Make way for the Royal family,' said Roederer, addressing the gathering crowd, as they left the palace. 'The Royal family is proceeding to the Legislative Assembly—make way.'

A passage was opened for them. They moved on along the great walk of the Tuileries, and then turned to the right down the alley of chesnuts. In that hot summer the parched leaves had fallen from the trees prematurely. The King observed it, while his son played among them with the thoughtless gaiety of childhood. The Queen looked at the bare branches stripped of their honours, and sighed. Hers were withered too, and would not come back with another spring.

So it was that on the 10th of August, 1792, the King gave up his crown, and deserted his post, not overcome by a hot siege, not vanquished by a courageous enemy, but frightened at the approach of bullies, panicstruck at the sound of menace, persuaded by a republican adviser to leave his throne empty and his defenders at the mercy of the people, knowing well what that mercy was.

From the Assembly, when the sound of firing reached him, he despatched an order to the Swiss guards, who stood true to their posts at the Tuileries, and who had just repulsed the mob, to evacuate the palace, and afterwards another order to lay down their arms and return to their barracks. These orders were obeyed, and the Swiss marched defenceless through the Tuileries gardens. There they were shot down in large numbers by the national guard in cold blood, and others of them were thrown into prison, and left to be massacred in the famous four days of September. The Swiss were shot



down in the Tuileries; the insurrectionary tumult was in the Place Carrousel; there was no great defence, there was no great fight; very few lives were lost on the revolutionary side; and the excesses that were committed in its triumph must be put down under the head of pillage and murder.

Power was to shift again into other and worse hands. The Girondins saw their friend Robespierre, whom they had long viewed with suspicion, rising while they sank. His speeches at the Jacobin Club upon the 9th of August had been significant. *'What,'* he had asked, *'was to come after the King? There must be one great representative of the people. In the most palmy days of Rome there had been dictators.'* It was easy to see where his thoughts were; it was easy to see that he was to play the part of Aaron's serpent. But the rest who were to play that other part of being swallowed objected to their fate, and struggled. They struggled in vain. Robespierre was a man of ability, without scruples and without pity, and had a definite intention. He was ambitious, treacherous, cruel, and a coward. He worked stealthily, but consistently. He saw in Danton a rival, while he embraced him as a friend. They acted ostensibly together, but each was bent upon the other's destruction. While these two powers were in the ascendant, vying with each other in the race for popular favour, insurrectionary communes, revolutionary tribunals, committees of public safety, were set up between them, whose law was the superseding of all law, whose officer was the Guillotine. Marat, *l'ami du peuple*, was brought forward into the light, hitherto having carried on his murderous work obscurely enough. He had a real avowed love of bloodsucking; he liked to see the bleeding bodies of men, women, and children; he took a positive pleasure in hacking his fellow-creatures to pieces; so that when Danton, on the 2nd of September, at the news of the taking of Verdun and the advance of the foreign armies, rang the tocsin and

hung out the black flag, proclaiming his country in danger, and gave the order for troops of assassins to enter all the prisons of Paris, there to do indiscriminate murder, in order to strike terror to the foe, and to surpass any act of his formidable rival, Robespierre, he was also providing an especial entertainment for his friend Marat.

Madame Roland's chosen army of Marseillais showed their use, too, and made great play on those four days of uninterrupted massacre. Roland wrote protests against these proceedings. They were feeble and pedantic, like himself. Madame Roland recoiled from the work she had brought about, for it threatened her own party. She saw that Robespierre intended to reign alone, that Danton was the only power of sufficient weight to contend with him, and that their common object was the destruction of every other human influence. Robespierre perceived an act of rivalry in Danton's September massacres; he disapproved them, and signified his disapprobation to his favourite disciple, the fanatic St. Juste; but he took no measures to stop the proceeding, and therefore, though not the perpetrator, he must be regarded as an accomplice in the act. Nor can it be supposed that humanity was ever a strong motive with the man who afterwards consigned the whole of the Girondins — his own personal friends — to the scaffold, and among them the woman of whose little convivial suppers he had so often partaken, and who had pleaded for him when others looked on him with distrust. Madame Roland, when Robespierre was ill spoken of, had said that she could not do otherwise than love a man who so thoroughly hated the King and Queen. It was a sentiment that he should have appreciated, but he rewarded her by cutting off her head when he found her standing in his way.

While Terror was reigning throughout Paris, and paralysing the country with its operations, the King, whose reign was over,

was tasting something like peace within the walls of the Temple Prison. After the first shock was past, his imprisonment seemed more tolerable to him than his perplexing position on the throne. Here was certainty and rest. There was no longer anything to be done: it was done for him. Suffering suited him better than action; and so long as his wife was with him, so long as he might fondle and instruct his children, and live with his family, he was tolerably happy. The luxuries of a palace had never much attraction for him, and the perils of his daily life ever since the return from Varennes had left him no quiet. Now he had only to sit down and wait. The submission that was natural to the King, was in the Queen an act of devotion; a noble effort of self-abnegation stopped the source of her tears, taught her to smile upon her child in his playful hours, to merge her existence in her husband's, and to venerate his piety and his patience as the virtues of a holy martyr. The qualities which had excited the enthusiastic attachment of all who were closely connected with her in her happier days, came out in strong relief against the dark background of adversity, to be recognised at last by the whole world, but not till she was dead to this world's praise or censure, and had gone to seek that judgment which alone is worth striving for. She had a keen sense of the delights of free air and liberty, and I remember a pretty anecdote told by Madame Campan, showing that she appreciated them as well for others as for herself. There was a certain M. de Castelnau, who had an insane passion for the Queen. For ten years he haunted all her steps; wherever she went she saw his haggard, eager face watching her movements. He was wasting away with his mad attachment, and the sight of him became intolerable to her. M. de Séze, the famous lawyer, informed by Madame Campan of this unfortunate case of delirium, had an interview with M. de Castelnau, and persuaded him to

retire into his own province of Bordeaux. The news was brought to the Queen, and she betrayed an almost childish delight at the idea of his departure; but the next day brought another message — he would not go. It was then suggested that he was clearly a lunatic, and might be legally shut up, but the Queen would not allow it. 'Qu'il m'ennuie,' she said, with generous forbearance, 'mais qu'on ne lui ravisse pas le bonheur d'être libre.'

To such a woman as Marie Antoinette the inaction of a prison could not bring peace. Her throne deserted, her friends sacrificed, her palace desolate, and her children without an inheritance: these were not subjects for pleasant contemplation; and these were the images with which her prison walls were hung. Madame Campan recalling her last farewell to her Royal mistress at the Tuileries, on her way to the Temple, tells the extremity of her affliction.

In a short sentence, her rapid eloquence called up all that had been and all that was to come. Her passion flashed like a gleam of electric fire across the storm, revealing at one sharp stroke her whole history: but her pain was not that of a selfish heart: 'Venez, malheureuses femmes,' she said, stretching out her arms to embrace her attendants, 'venez, en voir une encore plus malheureuse que vous, puisque c'est elle qui fait votre malheur à toutes.' 'Je crois voir encore,' says Madame Campan, 'je verrai toujours cette petite cellule des Feuillans collée de papier vert, cette misérable couchette d'où cette souveraine détronée nous tendit les bras en disant que nos malheurs dont elle était la cause aggravaient les siens propres. Là pour la dernière fois j'ai vu couler les pleurs, j'ai entendu les sanglots de celle que la naissance, les dons de la nature, et surtout la bonté de son cœur, avaient destinée à faire l'ornement de tous les trônes et le bonheur de tous les peuples.'

After this agony was past the Queen gathered up her force for submission; and the same



strength of will which had made her great in the hour of resistance, made her sublime in that of resignation. Her nature was too lofty for complaint, her temper was too generous for reproach. She resolved to glorify the King's martyrdom by her devotion. She watched his lips when they prayed—her eyes met his when they fell on the fair face of his captive son. She followed his steps in the monotony of the daily walk in the prison garden. She played with him every evening at chess; and when he was mated, she sighed, for the game then had too sad a significance. Hallowed by affection and virtuous effort, this prison life might, even to the Queen, have been almost happy, had not the cruelty of her gaolers daily added something to privation and sorrow. The first blow struck was the rending away of the faithful Lamballe, who had come with her to the prison, and fervently entreated not to be removed. This parting was very bitter; the King and his sister were forced to tear the friends apart, for they clung to each other as if they never could be put asunder. There was perhaps a presage in the Queen's heart of that worst penalty to come. The King lay awake all night after this separation, unable to forget what he had seen, but not knowing the horror of the future. The Queen was afterwards, by his intervention, spared the sight of the cruel mutilation, but she could not be kept in ignorance of the murder of her best loved friend. Next came an attempt at dividing the King from the Queen, for their persecutors saw that they were dear to each other; but the Queen's passionate entreaty, and the steadfast refusal of her despair to sustain life with food, prevailed against this decree, and they were allowed to meet at stated intervals. Some hope was roused (futile, but welcome hope) in the hearts of the captives by secret signs of sympathy from the inhabitants of the houses bordering the prison-gardens; and one of the delegates of the Convention sent daily to inspect

the prisoners, conceived that passionate attachment for the Queen which, from the beginning to the end of her career, it was her fate to inspire in so many of those who approached her. She was the '*segno d'immensa invidia e d'indomato amor.*' Implacable hatred and passionate love contended over her to the very last hour. Foulan had been chosen as an inspector on account of his fervent hatred of Royalty; but he saw the Queen with her resolute endurance and her altered beauty, and he was conquered. He made a plan for her rescue, which failed, and he died for it. Madame Tison, the gaoler's wife, underwent agonizing alternations of feeling in her office. The Queen's grandeur and suffering moved her at times to fits of impetuous admiration, and she would kneel at her feet weeping and kissing her hands; at others, in the fear of her husband and the Revolutionary tribunals, she would execrate her own compassion, and accuse Marie Antoinette of unheard-of crimes. She resorted to drink in these extremities, and fell into a brain fever, in which the Queen and Princess nursed themselves, and sacrificed to her necessities portions of their own too scanty nourishment. The ravings of this woman's delirium were used as accusations against the Queen at her trial.

The King taught the Dauphin daily, and impressed upon him the forgiveness of his enemies as the first duty of a Christian King. The Queen undressed the child, and put him to bed every night herself, and whispered in his ears this prayer: '*Dieu tout puissant, qui m'avez crée et racheté, je vous aime. Conservez les jours de mon père et de ma famille. Protégez-nous contre nos ennemis. Donnez à ma mère, à ma tante, à ma sœur les forces dont elles ont besoin pour supporter leurs peines.*'

The prayer was whispered under the disguise of a kiss; for a prayer overheard by the sentinel would have been a crime. The Dauphin fell sick in this close confinement; and the Queen then used



to sweep his room herself, for all service was denied to her. 'Ah, Madame,' said the King, as he looked at her so employed, 'quel métier pour une Reine de France. Et si on le voyait à Vienne! Ah, qui eut dit, qu'en vous unissant à mon sort je vous faisais descendre si bas?'—'Et comptez-vous pour rien,' replied Marie Antoinette, 'la gloire d'être la femme du meilleur et du plus persécuté des hommes?'

Persecution added each day something to outrage, insult, and want, and that calamity came at last which it was almost beyond the Queen's power to bear. Her husband was taken from her, to be subjected to an unjust trial and an ignominious death. So sharp were the cries of the wife, the sister, and the children at the final parting, that the bitter sound penetrated to the opposite houses, and hearts that dared not tell it till after days, shuddered in a secret passion of sympathy.

The gun that was fired at the King's death, the drums that beat to drown his last words on the scaffold, sent their vibrations through the close atmosphere of his widow's prison. Her hope was gone: the life she had cherished, the life which it had been her comfort to solace, was taken away. Her King was killed, cruelly, and like a felon. The sense of injustice and injury pressed her down. What a widowhood hers was! The prince, the husband, the father, gone—not with a nation's mourning—not with the obsequies of a people's love—not, as he deserved, followed to the grave by a long line of friends—but with hooting and contempt, with only one faithful defender and one devoted priest. Let the names of Malesherbes and Edgeworth ring for ever loud and clear through this thick gloom. They were held dear in the widow's heart while she pondered on the thought of that obscure grave, of which her figure, rigid and motionless, petrified by grief, might be accepted as the monument. A torpor laid hold of her limbs and her thoughts, from which the tenderness of her sister could only partially rouse her.

But a crueller hour yet was to come. When the Convention, after the fall of the Girondins, hardly knowing where next to strike, pressed by a cry for bread from the people, and a fear of new revolt, resolved to give up the Queen as the next victim, they sent their emissaries first to take the Dauphin from her. They had killed much that had been strong within her—they had killed her hope; but the mother's love was still alive. Her child clung to her, and implored her to defend him. She did defend him. For two long hours she stood there between him and the ruffians who summoned her to give him up—for two long hours, with desperate energy, she struggled and combated, till her strength was spent, and she fell powerless to the ground. The child was torn from her tender arms to be delivered to a guardian singled out for his brutality; and the Queen and Princess could obtain no mercy and no pity. They were never allowed another glimpse; they only knew that the child of their affection was miserable. The mother had no prospect through the long day but the hope of seeing his shadow through a chink in her shutters when he walked on the platform of his dungeon, and of catching the distant sound of his voice.

When the summons came for herself to go to the trial which meant death, it was welcome. The Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal clung to her knees and implored the members of the Commune to let them go with her; but they were answered by a dead silence. Insult in its worst form, outrage surpassing all that had gone before, were proffered to the Queen in the shape of charges at her trial. But she was past the reach of calumny now. She knew that she was on her way to a righteous sentence, and what these men said could matter little. She met their charges, delivered by the voice of Fouquier Tinville, with calm denial; but once, when she was accused of working on the feeble mind of the King, a wife's resentment stirred her blood, and

she said, '*Je ne lui ai jamais connu ce caractère, c'était mon devoir de l'obéir et je l'ai obéi*;' and once again there came a flush across her marble face at the mention of Lamballe's name. But her demeanour was too composed, too resolved for the perfect satisfaction of her persecutors. It touched the heart of Madame Bault, her appointed superintendent in the prison of the Conciergerie, and she concealed under a show of rigour a devoted compassion, and granted whatever indulgence was possible to her prisoner. The Queen employed her last hour in writing a letter to her sister-in-law the Princess Elizabeth—a letter the beauty of which must cling to every heart that reads it, but from which my space only allows me to make a very short extract:

Combien dans notre malheur notre amitié nous a donné de consolations. Que mon fils n'oublie jamais les derniers mots de son père, que je lui repète expressément. Qu'il ne cherche jamais à venger notre mort.

Adieu, ma bonne et tendre sœur. Adieu, adieu; je ne dois plus m'occuper que de devoirs spirituels.

The Queen positively refused to confess herself to the so-called priests of the Revolution, and when they were sent to her she declined their offices with majestic courtesy. Two of them were so moved by that aspect of ruined beauty and resignation that tears burst from their eyes, and when she said, '*je vais recevoir un grand sacrement*' (meaning her death on the scaffold), one whispered to her, '*Oui, le martyre*.'

Too noble for affectation, the Queen made no parade of her wretchedness. She dressed herself as neatly as the sordid cruelty of her persecutors allowed, and calmly let her hands be bound—a process which Louis had struggled against; but she was too proud to resist where resistance was useless. She trod by chance on the foot of the executioner as she mounted the steps, and said, '*Pardonnez-moi*,' with that same sweetness of tone which used to enchant her court.

By the contrivance of her sister-in-law she received a last benediction from a priest of her own persuasion. He was stationed in disguise at a garret window in the Rue St. Honoré, through which the condemned cart was to pass. She knew the number of the house, and watched for it, and saw the signal, and so she passed out of a world of anguish with a secret prayer and a secret blessing. Before the axe fell she turned towards the towers of the Temple, where her children were left.

'*Adieu, encore une fois, mes enfants*,' she said. '*Je vais rejoindre votre père*.'

In that faith the discrowned widow died, trusting that she might share with her murdered King that better crown which his piety and his affliction had won.

The death of the Queen took place on the 16th of October, 1793. In the following month Madame Roland trod on the track of her victim. She was thrown into the same prison; there she experienced the disgrace and despair which she had thought it so pleasant to see the Queen endure; there she wept over the taint on her fame traced by that pen whose slanders of another woman she had encouraged with so much playful humour; there she wondered at the cruelty of Robespierre, whom she had loved for his power of hating; there she lamented her fate in vain. It was a strange irony of destiny that offered her the Queen's counsel for her defence, and I do not wonder that she rejected this favour. She was executed on the 10th of November, 1793.

Robespierre himself did not fall a victim till he had tasted the felicity of supreme power, of crushing Danton and all the Girondists, and of hearing it said of himself, when he cast down the goddess of reason from her classical pedestal, and held a festival for the renewed worship of the true God, '*C'est lui qui a inventé Dieu*,' a sublime tribute to his creative power.

The heavenly-minded Princess Elizabeth followed Marie Antoi-

nette to the scaffold, and the little dauphin died a far worse death. He was a child of fair promise, upon whom his father's tender teaching had not been lost.

'Capet,' said the brutal Simon to him one day, 'tell me, pray, what you would do if the Austrians were to enter Paris and to defeat our party?'

'Je te pardonnerais,' the child replied.

But that day, which Simon feared and which Marie Antoinette longed for, never came, and she and her hope perished. The news of such a murder shook Europe to its very centre.

The murder of the Queen of France (writes Windham, addressing Edmund Burke) appears more shocking even than that of the King. An act of such savage

and unrelenting cruelty I suppose is hardly to be paralleled, as a case can hardly be found of life ended in circumstances so dreadful, so beset with everything to embitter and sharpen the last agony. All that the imagination pictures of death had been hers for long past—seclusion, silence, solitude, ignorance of all that was passing, separation from all the visible world. It was wonderful how her courage was able to sustain so long a conflict, or how, in fact, she contrived to preserve her senses. She seems to have retained her dignity and firmness to the last, to have been wanting in nothing that the occasion required, to have sustained throughout the part she was to act worthily of herself and of those whom she represented. The assertors of monarchy as opposed to modern doctrines need wish for nothing better than such a contrast as is formed by the conduct of the King and Queen compared with that of their destroyers.

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## PROMETHEUS CHAINED.

### I.

FAR o'er Scythia's pathless plains,  
 Ne'er by foot of mortal trod,  
 Bound with adamantine chains,  
 Pines the captive demigod;  
 Bound, but not by human hand,  
 Bound, but not with earth-wrought band,  
 To a riven precipice,  
 Beetling o'er the dark abyss.  
 Burning sun, and freezing storm,  
 Wither his unsheltered form;  
 Powerless hate, and ceaseless pain,  
 Gnaw his heart and fire his brain:  
 He hath braved the powers on high,  
 And his rashness must abye,  
 Till the destined years be run,  
 And his tyrant's empire done.

### II.

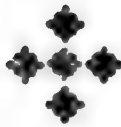
Where are they, to whom was given  
 The boon he won from adverse heaven?  
 Never eye of man hath viewed  
 Scythia's trackless solitude,  
 Never foot of man can tread  
 On that rifted mountain's head;



And, if earth's embattled pride  
Stood to aid him at his side,  
Vain would be the warrior's spear,—  
Might of man is weakness here.  
But though human help be vain  
To relieve or end his pain,  
Will not his brother-gods be nigh  
To aid him in his agony?  
Where are they? Their time of power  
Is past, 'tis now another's hour:  
The gods of eld are overthrown,  
And the Thunderer reigns alone.

## III.

Doth not the captive's spirit quail?  
Will not his heart, though haughty, fail?  
He yields not, though forsaken, left;  
Of aid, from man or god, bereft;  
For to his prophet-soul is given  
To know the mysteries of heaven.  
His glance is o'er the future cast,  
To mark his triumph at the last.  
Though slowly rolls the car of Fate,  
'Twill crush the tyrant with its weight.  
His immortality is sure,  
His nature can all pain endure;  
There is no weakness in his heart,  
No shrinking from his dreadful part:  
Chained and alone, he dares defy  
The Monarch of Infinity.



## CONCERNING DISAGREEABLE PEOPLE.

‘ON the whole, it was very disagreeable.’

Thus wrote a certain great traveller and hunter, summing up an account of his position as he composed himself to rest upon a certain evening after a hard day's work. And no doubt it must have been very disagreeable. The night was cold and dark: and the intrepid traveller had to lie down to sleep in the open air, without even a tree to shelter him. A heavy shower of hail was falling; each hailstone about the size of an egg. The dark air was occasionally illuminated by forked lightning, of the most appalling aspect: and the thunder was deafening. By various sounds, heard in the intervals of the peals, it seemed evident that the vicinity was pervaded by wolves, tigers, elephants, wild boars, and serpents. A peculiar motion, perceptible under a horse-cloth which was wrapped up to serve as a pillow, appeared to indicate that a snake was wriggling about underneath it. The hunter had some ground for thinking that it was a very venomous one; as indeed in the morning it proved to be: but he was too tired to look. And speaking of the general condition of matters upon that evening, the hunter stated, with great mildness of language, that ‘it was very disagreeable.’

Most readers would be disposed to say, that disagreeable was hardly the right word. No doubt, all things that are perilous, horrible, awful, ghastly, deadly and the like, are disagreeable too. But when we use the word *disagreeable* by itself, our meaning is understood to be, that in calling the thing disagreeable, we have said the worst of it. A long and tiresome sermon is disagreeable: but a venomous snake under your pillow passes beyond being disagreeable. To have a tooth stopped, is disagreeable: to be broken on the wheel (though nobody could like it), transcends that. If a thing be horrible and awful, you would not say it was disagreeable. The greater includes

the less: as when a human being becomes entitled to write D.D. after his name, he drops all mention of the M.A. borne in preceding years.

Let this truth be remembered, by such as shall read the following pages. We are to think about Disagreeable People. Let it be understood that (speaking generally) we are to think of people who are no worse than disagreeable. It cannot be denied, even by the most prejudiced, that murderers, pirates, slave-drivers, and burglars, are disagreeable. The cut-throat: the poisoner: the sneaking blackguard who shoots his landlord from behind a hedge: are no doubt disagreeable people; so very disagreeable that in this country the common consent of mankind removes them from human society by the instrumentality of a halter. But disagreeable is too mild a word. Such people are all that, and a great deal more. And accordingly, they stand beyond the range of this dissertation. We are to treat of folk who are disagreeable; and not worse than disagreeable. We may sometimes, indeed, overstep the boundary line. But it is to be remembered, that there are people who in the main are good people, who yet are extremely disagreeable. And a further complication is introduced into the subject by the fact, that some people who are far from good, are yet unquestionably agreeable. You disapprove them; but you cannot help liking them. Others, again, are substantially good; yet you are angry with yourself to find that you cannot like them.

I take for granted that all observant human beings will admit that in this world there are disagreeable people. Probably the distinction which presses itself most strongly upon our attention as we mingle in the society of our fellow-men, is the distinction between agreeable people and disagreeable. There are various tests, more or less important, which put all mankind to right and left. A familiar

division is into rich and poor. Thomas Paine, with great vehemence, denied the propriety of that classification; and declared that the only true and essential classification of mankind is into male and female. I have read a story whose author maintained that to his mind, by far the most interesting and thorough division of our race, is into such as have been hanged and such as have not been hanged: he himself belonging to the former class. But we all, more or less, recognise and act upon the great classification of all human beings into the agreeable and the disagreeable. And we begin very early to recognise and act upon it. Very early in life, the little child understands and feels the vast difference between people who are nice, and people who are not nice. In schoolboy days, the first thing settled as to any new acquaintance, man or boy, is on which side he stands of the great boundary line. It is not genius, not scholarship, not wisdom, not strength nor speed, that fix the man's place. None of these things is chiefly looked to: the question is, Is he agreeable or disagreeable? And according as that question is decided, the man is described, in the forcible language of youth, as 'a brick,' or as 'a beast.'

Yet it is to be remembered, that the division between the agreeable and disagreeable of mankind, is one which may be transcended. It is a scratch on the earth: not a ten-foot wall. And you will find men who pass from one side of it to the other; and back again; probably several times in a week, or even in a day. There are people whom you never know where to have. They are constantly skipping from side to side of that line of demarcation: or they even walk along with a foot on each side of it. There are people who are always disagreeable; and disagreeable to all men. There are people who are agreeable at some times, and disagreeable at others. There are people who are agreeable to some men and disagreeable to other men. I do not intend by the last

named class, people who intentionally make themselves agreeable to a certain portion of the race, to which they think it worth while to make themselves agreeable; and who do not take that trouble in the case of the remainder of humankind. What I mean is this: that there are people who have such an affinity and sympathy with certain other people: who so *suit* certain other people: that they are agreeable to these other people: though perhaps not particularly so to the race at large. And exceptional tastes and likings are often the strongest. The thing you like enthusiastically, another man absolutely loathes. The thing which all men like, is for the most part liked with a mild and subdued liking. Everybody likes good and well-made bread: but nobody goes into raptures over it. Few persons like caviare: but those who like it are very fond of it. I never knew but one being who liked mustard with apple-pie: but that solitary man ate it with avidity, and praised the flavour with enthusiasm.

But it is impossible to legislate for every individual case. Every rule must have exceptions from it; but it would be foolish to resolve to lay down no more rules. There may be, somewhere, the man who likes Mr. Snarling: and to that man Mr. Snarling would doubtless be agreeable. But for practical purposes, Mr. Snarling may justly be described as a disagreeable man, if he be disagreeable to nine hundred and ninety-nine mortals out of every thousand. And with precision sufficient for the ordinary business of life, we may say that there are people who are essentially disagreeable.

There are people who go through life, leaving an unpleasant influence on all whom they come near. You are not at your ease in their society. You feel awkward and constrained while with them. *That* is probably the mildest degree in the scale of unpleasantness. There are people who disseminate a much worse influence. As the upas-tree was said to blight all the country round it,



so do these disagreeable folk prejudicially affect the whole surrounding moral atmosphere. They chill all warmth of heart in those near them: they put down anything generous or magnanimous: they suggest unpleasant thoughts and associations: they excite a diverse and numerous array of bad tempers. The great evil of disagreeable people lies in this: that they tend powerfully to make other people disagreeable too. And these people are not necessarily bad people, though they produce a bad effect. It is not certain that they design to be disagreeable. There are those who do entertain that design; and they always succeed in carrying it out. Nobody ever tried diligently to be disagreeable; and failed. Such persons may indeed inflict much less annoyance than they wished: they may even fail of inflicting any pain whatever on others: but they make themselves as disgusting as they could desire. And in many cases, they succeed in inflicting a good deal of pain. A very low, vulgar, petty, and uncultivated nature, may cause much suffering to a lofty, noble, and refined one: particularly if the latter be in a position of dependence or subjection. A wretched hornet may madden a noble horse: a contemptible mosquito may destroy the night's rest which would have recruited a noble brain. But without any evil intention: sometimes with the very kindest intention: there are those who worry and torment you. It is through want of perception: want of tact: coarseness of nature: utter lack of power to understand you. Were you ever sitting in a considerable company, a good deal saddened by something you did not choose to tell to any one, and probably looking dull and dispirited enough: and did a fussy host or hostess draw the attention of the entire party upon you, by earnestly and repeatedly asking if you were ill, if you had a headache, because you seemed so dull and so unlike yourself? And did that person time after time return to the charge, till you would have liked to poison

him? There is nothing more disagreeable, and few things more mischievous, than a well-meaning, meddling fool. And where there was no special intention, good or bad, towards yourself, you have known people make you uncomfortable through the simple exhibition to you, and pressure upon you, of their own inherent disagreeableness. You have known people after talking to whom for a while, you felt disgusted with everything: and above all, with those people themselves. Talking to them, you felt your moral nature being rubbed against the grain: being stung all over with nettles. You showed your new house and furniture to such a man: and with eagle eye he traced out and pointed out every scratch on your fine fresh paint, and every flaw in your oak and walnut. He showed you that there were corners of your big mirrors that distort your face: that there were bits of your grand marble mantelpieces that might be expected soon to scale away. Or you have known a man who, with no evil intention, made it his practice to talk of you before your face, as your other friends are accustomed to talk of you behind your back. It need not be said that the result is anything but pleasant. 'What a fool you were, Smith, in saying *that* at Snooks's last night,' your friend exclaims when you meet him next morning. You were quite aware, by this time, that what you said was foolish: but there is something grating in hearing your name connected with the unpleasant name. I would strongly advise any man, who does not wish to be set down as disagreeable, entirely to break off the habit (if he has such a habit) of addressing to even his best friends any sentence beginning with 'What a fool you were.' Let me offer the like advice as to sentences which set out as follows: 'I say, Smith, I think your brother is the greatest fool on the face of the earth.' Stop that kind of thing, my friend; or you may come to be classed with Mr. Snarling. You are probably a manly fellow, and a sincere friend:

and for the sake of your substantial good qualities, one would stand a great deal. But over-frankness is disagreeable: and if you make over-frankness your leading characteristic, of course your entire character will come to be a disagreeable one: and you will be a disagreeable person.

Besides the people who are disagreeable through malignant intention, and through deficiency of sensitiveness, there are other people who are disagreeable through pure ill-luck. It is quite certain that there are people whom evil fortune dogs through all their life: who are thoroughly and hopelessly unlucky. And in no respect have we beheld a man's ill-luck so persecute him, as in the matter of making him (without the slightest evil purpose, and even when he is most anxious to render himself agreeable), render himself extremely disagreeable. Of course there must be some measure of thoughtlessness and forgetfulness: some lack of that social caution so indispensable in the complication of modern society, which teaches a man (so to speak) to try if the ice will bear him before venturing his entire weight upon it: about people who are unlucky in the way of which I am speaking. But doubtless you have known persons who were always saying disagreeable things, or putting disagreeable questions; either through forgetfulness of things which they ought to have remembered, or through unhappily chancing on forbidden ground. You will find a man, a thoughtless but quite good-natured man, begin at a dinner table to relate a succession of stories very much to the prejudice of somebody: while somebody's daughter is sitting opposite him. And you will find the man quite obtuse to all the hints by which the host or hostess tries to stop him; and going on to particulars worse and worse: till in terror of what all this might grow to, the hostess has to exclaim, 'Mr. Smith, you won't take a hint: *that* is Mr. Somebody's daughter sitting opposite you.' It is quite essential that any man, whose con-

versation consists mainly of observations not at all to the advantage of some absent acquaintance, should carefully feel his way before giving full scope to his malice and his invention, in the presence of any general company. And before making any playful reference to halts, you should be clear that you are not talking to a man whose grandfather was hanged. Nor should you venture any depreciatory remarks upon men who have risen from the ranks, unless you are tolerably versed in the family history of those to whom you are talking. You may have heard a man very jocular upon lunatic asylums, to another who had several brothers and sisters in one. And though in some cases, human beings may render themselves disagreeable through a combination of circumstances which really absolves them from all blame: yet, as a general rule, the man who is disagreeable through ill-luck is at least guilty of culpable carelessness.

You have probably, my reader, known people who had the faculty of making themselves extremely agreeable. You have known one or two men who, whenever you met them, conveyed to you by a remarkably frank and genial manner, an impression that they esteemed you as one of their best and dearest friends. A vague idea took possession of your mind, that they had been longing to see you ever since they saw you last: which in all probability was six or twelve months previously. And during all that period it may be regarded as quite certain, that the thought of you had never once entered their mind. Such a manner has a vast effect upon young and inexperienced folk. The inexperienced man fancies that this manner, so wonderfully frank and friendly, is reserved specially for himself; and is a recognition of his own special excellences. But the man of greater experience has come to suspect this manner, and to see through it. He has discovered that it is the same to everybody: at least, to everybody to whom it is



thought worth while to put it on. And he no more thinks of arguing the existence of any particular liking for himself, or of any particular merit in himself, from that friendly manner; than he thinks of believing, on a warm summer day, that the sun has a special liking for himself, and is looking so beautiful and bright all for himself. It is perhaps unjust to accuse the man, always overflowing in geniality upon everybody he meets, of being an impostor or humbug. Perhaps he does feel an irrepressible gush of love to all his race: but why convey to each individual of the race that he loves *him* more than all the others?

Yet it is to be admitted, that it is always well that a man should be agreeable. Pleasantness is always a pleasing thing. And a sensible man, seeking by honest means to make himself agreeable, will generally succeed in making himself agreeable to sensible men. But although there is an implied compliment, to your power if not to your personality, in the fact of a man's taking pains to make himself agreeable to you; it is certain that he may try to make himself so by means of which the upshot will be, to make him intensely disagreeable. You know the fawning, sneaking manner which an occasional shopkeeper adopts. It is most disagreeable to right-thinking people. Let him remember that he is also a man: and let his manner be manly as well as civil. It is an awful and humiliating sight, a man who is always squeezing himself together like a whipped dog whenever you speak to him: grinning and bowing: and (in a moral sense) wriggling about before you on the earth, and begging you to wipe your feet on his head. You cannot help thinking that the sneak would be a tyrant if he had the opportunity. It is pleasant to find people in the humblest position, blending a manly independence of demeanour with the regard justly due to those placed by Providence farther up the social scale. Yet doubtless there are persons to whom the sneakiest manner is

agreeable: who enjoy the flattery and the humiliation of the wretched toady who is always ready to tell them that they are the most beautiful, graceful, witty, well-informed, aristocratic-looking, and generally-beloved, of the human race. You must remember that it depends very much upon the nature of a man himself, whether any particular demeanour shall be agreeable to him or not. And you know well that a cringing, toadying manner, which would be thoroughly disgusting to a person of sense, may be extremely agreeable and delightful to a self-conceited idiot. Was there not an idiotic monarch, who was greatly pleased when his courtiers, in speaking to him, affected to veil their eyes with their hands, as unable to bear the insufferable effulgence of his countenance? And would not a monarch of sense have been ready to kick the people who thus treated him like a fool? And every one has observed that there are silly women who are much gratified by coarse and fulsome compliments upon their personal appearance, which would be regarded as grossly insulting by a woman of sense. You may have heard of country gentlemen, of Radical politics, who had seldom wandered beyond their paternal acres (by their paternal acres I mean the acres they had recently bought), and who had there grown into a fixed belief that they were among the noblest and mightiest of the earth; who thought their parish clergyman an agreeable man if he voted at the county election for the candidate they supported, though that candidate's politics were directly opposed to those of the parson. These individuals, of course, would hold their clergyman as a disagreeable man, if he held by his own principles: and quite declined to take their wishes into account in exercising the trust of the franchise. Now of course a nobleman or gentleman of right feeling, would regard the parson as a turncoat and sneak, who should thus deny his convictions. Yes: there is no doubt that you may make yourself agreeable to unwor-



thy folk, by unworthy means. A late notorious Marquis declared on his dying bed, that a two-legged animal, of human pretensions, who had acted as his valet, and had aided that hoary reprobate in the gratification of his peculiar tastes, was 'an excellent man.' And you may remember how Burke said that as we learn that a certain Mr. Russell made himself very agreeable to Henry the Eighth, we may reasonably suppose that Mr. Russell was himself (in a humble degree) something like his master. Probably to most right-minded men, the fact that a man was agreeable to Henry the Eighth, or to the Marquis in question, or to Belial, Beelzebub, or Apollyon, would tend to make that man remarkably disagreeable. And let the reader remember the guarded way in which the writer laid down his general principle as to pleasantness of character and demeanour. I said that a sensible man, seeking by honest means to make himself agreeable, will generally succeed in making himself agreeable to sensible men. I exclude from the class of men to be esteemed agreeable, those who would disgust all but fools or blackguards. I exclude parsons who express heretical views in theology, in the presence of a patron known to be a free-thinker. I exclude men who do great folk's dirty work. I exclude all toad-eaters, sneaks, flatterers, and fawning impostors: from the schoolboy who thinks to gain his master's favour by voluntarily bearing tales of his companions, up to the bishop who declared that he regarded it not merely as a constitutional principle but as an ethical fact, that the King could do no wrong: and the other bishop who declared that the reason why George the Second died, was that this world was not good enough for him, and it was necessary to transfer him to heaven that he might be the right man in the right place. Such persons may succeed in making themselves agreeable to the man with whom they desire to ingratiate themselves, provided that man be a fool or a knave; but they assuredly render

themselves disagreeable, not to say revolting, to all human beings whose good opinion is worth the possessing. And though any one who is not a fool will generally make himself agreeable to people of ordinary temper and nervous system if he wishes to do so; it is to be remembered that too intrusive attempts to be agreeable often make a man very disagreeable: and likewise, that a man is the reverse of agreeable if you see that he is trying by managing and humouring you to make himself agreeable to you. I mean, if you can see that he is smoothing you down, and agreeing with you, and trying to get you on your blind side, as if he thought you a baby or a lunatic. And there is all the difference in the world, between the frank hearty wish in man or woman to be agreeable; and this diplomatic and indirect way. No man likes to think that he is being managed as Mr. Rarey might manage an unbroken colt. And though many human beings must in fact be thus managed: though a person of a violent or a sullen temper, or of a wrong head, or of outrageous vanity, or of invincible prejudices, must be managed very much as you would manage a lunatic (being, in fact, removed from perfect sanity upon these points): still, they must never be allowed to discern that they *are* being managed; or the charm will fail at once. I confess, for myself, that I am no believer in the efficacy of diplomacy and indirect ways in dealing with one's fellow-creatures. I believe that a manly, candid, straightforward course is always the best. Treat people in a perfectly frank manner: with frankness not put on, but real: and you will be agreeable to most of those to whom you would desire to be so.

My reader, I am now about to tell you of certain sorts of human beings, who appear to me as worthy of being ranked among disagreeable people. I do not pretend to give you an exhaustive catalogue of such. Doubtless you have your own black beasts, your own special

aversions, which have for you a disagreeableness beyond the understanding or sympathy of others. Nor do I make quite sure that you will agree with me in all the views which I am going to set forth. It is not impossible that you may regard as very nice people, or even as quite fascinating and enthralling people, certain people whom I regard as intensely disagreeable. Let me begin with an order of human beings, as to which I do not expect every one who reads this page to go along with me : though I do not know any opinion which I hold more resolutely than that which I am about to express.

We all understand the kind of thing which is meant by people who talk of *Muscular Christianity*. It is certainly a noble and excellent thing to make people discern that a good Christian need not be a muff (pardon the slang term : there is no other that would bring out my meaning). It is a fine thing to make it plain that manliness and dash may co-exist with pure morality and sincere piety. It is a fine thing to make young fellows comprehend that there is nothing fine and manly in being bad ; and nothing unmanly in being good. And in this view, it is impossible to value too highly such characters and such biographies as those of Hodson of Hodson's Horse and of Captain Hedley Vicars. It is a splendid combination, pluck and daring in their highest-degree, with an unaffected and earnest regard to religion and religious duties : in short, muscularity with Christianity. A man consists of body and soul : and both would be in their ideal perfection, if the soul were decidedly Christian, and the body decidedly muscular.

But there are folk whose admiration of the muscularity is very great ; but whose regard for the Christianity is very small. They are captivated by the dash and glitter of physical pluck : they are quite content to accept it without any Christianity ; and even without the most ordinary morality and decency. They appear, indeed, to think that the grandeur of the

character is increased, by the combination of thorough blackguardism with high physical qualifications : their gospel, in short, may be said to be that of *Unchristian Muscularity*. And you will find various books in which the hero is such a man : and while the writer of the book frankly admits that he is in strict morality an extremely bad man, the writer still recalls his doings with such manifest gusto and sympathy, and takes such pains to make him agreeable on the whole, and relates with such approval the admiration which empty-headed idiots express for him when he has jumped his horse over some very perilous fence or thrashed some insolent farmer, that it is painfully apparent what is the writer's ideal of a grand and imposing character. You know the kind of man who is the hero of some novels : the muscular blackguard : and you remember what are his unfailing characteristics. He has a deep chest. He has huge arms and limbs : the muscles being knotted. He has an immense moustache. He has (God knows why) a serene contempt for ordinary mortals. He is always growing black with fury, and bullying weak men. On such occasions, his lips may be observed to be twisted into an evil sneer. He is a seducer and liar : he has ruined various women, and had special facilities for becoming acquainted with the rottenness of society : and occasionally he expresses, in language of the most profane, not to say blasphemous character, a momentary regret for having done so much harm ; such as the Devil might sentimentally have expressed when he had succeeded in misleading our first parents. Of course, he never pays tradesmen for the things with which they supply him. He can drink an enormous quantity of wine without his head becoming affected. He looks down with entire disregard on the laws of God and man, as made for inferior beings. As for any worthy moral quality : as for anything beyond a certain picturesque brutality and bull-dog disregard of danger : not a



trace of such a thing can be found about him.

We all know, of course, that such a person, though not uncommon in novels, very rarely occurs in real life: and if he occur at all, it is with his ideal perfections very much toned down. In actual life, such a hero would become known in the Insolvent Court, and would frequently appear before the police magistrates. He would eventually become a billiard-marker; and might ultimately be hanged, with general approval. If the man, in his unclipped proportions, did actually exist, it would be right that a combination should be formed to wipe him out of creation. He should be put down: as you would put down a tiger or a rattlesnake if found at liberty somewhere in the Midland Counties. A more hateful character, to all who possess a grain of moral discernment, could not even be imagined. And it need not be shown, that the conception of such a character is worthy only of a baby. However many years the man who deliberately and admiringly delineates such a person may have lived in this world, intellectually he cannot be more than about seven years old. And none but calves the most immature can possibly sympathize with him. Yet if there were not many silly persons to whom such a character is agreeable, such a character would not be portrayed. And it seems certain that a single exhibition of strength or daring will to some minds be the compendium of all good qualities: or (more accurately speaking) the equivalent for them. A muscular blackguard clears a high fence: he does precisely that, neither more nor less. And upon the strength of that single achievement, the servants at the house where he is visiting declare that they would follow him over the world. And you may find various young women, and various women who wish to pass for young, who would profess, and perhaps actually feel, a like enthusiasm for the muscular blackguard. I confess that I cannot find words strong enough to express my

contempt and abhorrence for the theory of life and character which is assumed by the writers who describe such blackguards, and by the fools who admire them. And though very far from saying or thinking that the kind of human being who has been described, is no worse than disagreeable, I assert with entire confidence that to all right-thinking men, he is more disagreeable than almost any other kind of human being. And I do not know any single lesson you could instil into a youthful mind, which would be so mischievous, as the lesson that the muscular blackguard should be regarded with any other feeling than that of pure loathing and disgust. But let us have done with him. I cannot think of the books which delineate him, and ask you to admire him, without indignation more bitter than I wish to feel in writing such a page.

And passing to the consideration of human beings who though disagreeable, are good in the main; it may be laid down, as a general principle, that any person, however good, is disagreeable, from whom you feel it a relief to get away. We have all known people, thoroughly estimable, and whom you could not but respect, in whose presence it was impossible to feel at ease; and whose absence was felt as the withdrawal of a sense of constraint of the most oppressive kind. And this vague, uncomfortable influence, which breathes from some men, is produced in various ways. Sometimes it is the result of mere stiffness and awkwardness of manner: and there are men whose stiffness and awkwardness of manner are such as would freeze the most genial and silence the frankest. Sometimes it arises from ignorance of social rules and proprieties: sometimes from incapacity to take, or even to comprehend, a joke. Sometimes it proceeds from a pettedness of nature, which keeps you ever in fear that offence may be taken at the most innocent word or act. Sometimes it comes of a preposterous sense of his own standing and importance, existing in a man



whose standing and importance are very small. It is quite wonderful what very great folk, very little folk will sometimes fancy themselves to be. The present writer has had little opportunity of conversing with men of great rank and power. Yet he has conversed with certain men of the very greatest: and he can say sincerely that he has found head-stewards to be much more dignified men than dukes: and parsons of no earthly reputation, and of very limited means, to be infinitely more stuck-up than archbishops. And though at first the airs of stuck-up small men are amazingly ridiculous, and so rather amusing; they speedily become so irritating, that the men who exhibit them cannot be classed otherwise than with the disagreeable of the earth.

Few people are more disagreeable than the man who (you know) is, while you are conversing with him, taking a mental estimate of you; more particularly of the soundness of your doctrinal views: with the intention of showing you up if you be wrong, and of inventing or misrepresenting something to your prejudice if you be right. Whenever you find any man trying (in a moral sense) to trot you out, and examine your paces, and pronounce upon your general soundness; there are two courses you may follow. The one is, severely to shut him up; and sternly make him understand that you don't choose to be inspected by him. Show him that you will not exhibit for his approval your particular views about the Papacy, or about Moral Inability, or about Pelagianism or the Patristic heresy. Indicate that you will not be pumped: and you may convey, in a kindly and polite way, that you really don't care a rush what he thinks of you. The other course is, with deep solemnity and an unchanged countenance, to horrify your inspector by avowing the most fearful views. Tell him that on long reflection, you are prepared to advocate the revival of Cannibalism. Say that probably something may be said for Polygamy. Defend the Thugs, and say

something for MumboJumbo. End by saying that no doubt black is white, and twice ten are fifty. Or a third way of meeting such a man, is suddenly to turn upon him, and ask him to give you a brief and lucid account of the views he is condemning. Ask him to tell you what are the theological peculiarities of Bunsen; and what is the exact teaching of Mr. Maurice. He does not know, you may be tolerably sure. In the case of the latter eminent man, I never met anybody who did know: and I have the firmest belief that he does not know himself. I was told, lately, of an eminent foreigner, who came to Britain to promote a certain public end. For its promotion, the eminent man wished to conciliate the sympathies of a certain small class of religionists. He procured an introduction to a leading man among them; a good, but very stupid and self-conceited man. This man entered into talk with the eminent foreigner; and ranged over a multitude of topics, political and religious. And at an hour's end the foreigner was astonished by the good but stupid man suddenly exclaiming: 'Now, sir, I have been reckoning you up: you wont do: you are a'—no matter what. It was something that had nothing earthly to do with the end to be promoted. The religious demagogue had been trotting out the foreigner; and he had found him unsound. The religious demagogue belonged to a petty sect, no doubt: and he was trying for his wretched little Shibboleth. But you may have seen the like, even with leading men in National Churches. And I have seen a pert little whippersnapper ask a venerable clergyman what he thought of a certain outrageous lay-preacher; and receive the clergyman's reply that he thought most unfavourably of many of the lay-preacher's doings, with a self-conceited smirk that seemed to say to the venerable clergyman, 'I have been reckoning you up: you wont do.'

People whom you cannot get to attend to you when you talk to them, are disagreeable. There are

men whom you feel it is vain to speak to ; whether you are mentioning facts, or stating arguments. All the while you are speaking, they are thinking of what they are themselves to say next. There is a strong current, as it were, setting outward from their minds ; and it prevents what you say from getting in. You know, if a pipe be full of water, running strongly one way, it is vain to think to push in a stream running the other way. You cannot get at their attention. You cannot get at the quick of their mental sensorium. It is not the dull of hearing whom it is hardest to get to hear : it is rather the man who is roaring out himself, and so who cannot attend to anything else. Now this is provoking. It is a mortifying indication of the little importance that is attached to what we are saying : and there is something of the irritation that is produced in the living being by contending with the passive resistance of inert matter. And there is something provoking even in the outward signs that the mind is in a non-receptive state. You remember the eye that is looking beyond you : the grin that is not at anything funny in what you say : the occasional inarticulate sounds that are put in at the close of your sentences, as if to delude you with a show of attention. The non-receptive mind is occasionally found in clever men : but the men who exhibit it are invariably very conceited. They can think of nothing but themselves. And you may find the last-named characteristic strongly developed, even in men with gray hair, who ought to have learned better through the experience of a pretty long life. There are other minds which are very receptive. They seem to have a strong power of suction. They take in, very decidedly, all that is said to them. The best mind, of course, is that which combines both characteristics : which is strongly receptive when it ought to be receiving ; and which gives out strongly when it ought to be giving out. The power of receptivity is greatly increased by habit. I remember

feeling awe-stricken by the intense attention with which a very great Judge was wont, in ordinary conversation, to listen to all that was said to him. It was the habit of the judgment-seat, acquired through many years of listening, with every faculty awake, to the arguments addressed to him. But when you began to make some statement to him, it was positively alarming to see him look you full in the face, and listen with inconceivable fixedness of attention to all you said. You could not help feeling that really the small remark you had to make was not worth that great mind's grasping it so intently, as he might have grasped an argument by Follett. The mind was intensely receptive, when it was receiving at all. But I remember, too, that when the great Judge began to speak, then his mind was (so to speak) streaming out : and he was particularly impatient of inattention or interruption ; and particularly non-receptive of anything that might be suggested to him.

It is extremely disagreeable when a vulgar fellow, whom you hardly know, addresses you by your surname with great familiarity of manner. And such a person will take no hint that he is disagreeable : however stiff, and however formally polite, you may take pains to be to him. It is disagreeable when persons, with whom you have no desire to be on terms of intimacy, persist in putting many questions to you as to your private concerns : such as your annual income and expenditure, and the like. No doubt, it is both pleasant and profitable for people who are not rich, to compare notes on these matters with some frank and hearty friend, whose means and outgoings are much the same as their own. I do not think of such a case : but of the prying curiosity of persons who have no right to pry : and who, very generally, while diligently prying into your affairs, take special care not to take you into their confidence. Such people, too, while making a pretence of revealing to you all their secrets, will often tell



a very small portion of them, and make various statements which you at the time are quite aware are not true. There are not many things more disagreeable than a very stupid and ill-set old woman, who, quite unaware what her opinion is worth, expresses it with entire confidence upon many subjects of which she knows nothing whatever, and as to which she is wholly incapable of judging. And the self-satisfied and confident air with which she settles the most difficult questions, and pronounces unfavourable judgment upon people ten thousand times wiser and better than herself, is an insufferably irritating phenomenon. It is a singular fact, that the people I have in view invariably combine extreme ugliness with spitefulness and self-conceit. Such a person will make particular inquiries of you as to some near relative of your own: and will add, with a malicious and horribly ugly expression of face, that she is glad to hear how *very much improved* your relative now is. She will repeat the sentence several times, laying great emphasis and significance upon the *very much improved*. Of course, the notion conveyed to any stranger who may be present, is that your relative must in former days have been an extremely bad fellow. The fact probably is, that he has always, man and boy, been particularly well-behaved; and that really you were not aware that he needed any special improvement: save indeed in the sense that every human being might be and ought to be a great deal better than he is.

People who are always vapouring about their own importance, and the value of their own possessions, are disagreeable. We all know such people: and they are made more irritating by the fact, that their boasting is almost invariably absurd and false. I do not mean ethically false, but logically false. For doubtless, in many cases, human beings honestly think themselves and their possessions as much better than other men and their possessions; as they say they do. If thirty families compose the best

society of a little country town, you may be sure that each of the thirty families in its secret soul looks down upon the other twenty-nine; and fancies that it stands on a totally different level. And it is a kind arrangement of Providence, that a man's own children, horses, house, and other possessions, are so much more interesting to himself than are the children, horses, and houses of other men, that he can readily persuade himself that they are as much better in fact, as they are more interesting to his personal feeling. But it is provoking when a man is always obtruding on you how highly he estimates his own belongings, and how much better than yours he thinks them, even when this is done in all honesty and simplicity: and it is infuriating when a man keeps constantly telling you things which he knows are not true, as to the preciousness and excellence of the gifts with which fortune has endowed him. You feel angry when a man, who has lately bought a house, one in a square containing fifty, all as nearly as possible alike, tells you with an air of confidence that he has got the finest house in Scotland, or in England, as the case may be. You are irritated by the man who on all occasions tells you that he drives in his mail phaeton 'five hundred pounds' worth of horseflesh.' You are well aware that he did not pay a quarter of that sum for the animals in question: and you assume as certain that the dealer did not give him that pair of horses for less than they were worth. It is somewhat irritating when a man, not remarkable in any way, begins to tell you that he can hardly go to any part of the world without being recognised by some one who remembers his striking aspect, or is familiar with his famous name. 'It costs me three hundred a year, having that picture to look at,' said Mr. Windbag, pointing to a picture hanging on a wall in his library. He goes on to explain that he refused six thousand pounds for that picture; which at five per cent. would yield the annual income named. You repeat Windbag's



statement to an eminent artist. The artist knows the picture. He looks at you fixedly; and for all comment on Windbag's story, says (he is a Scotchman) Hoot toot. But the disposition to vapour is deep set in human nature. There are not very many men or women whom I would trust, to give an accurate account of their family, dwelling, influence, and general position, to people a thousand miles from home, who were not likely ever to be able to verify the picture drawn.

It is hardly necessary to mention among disagreeable people, those individuals who take pleasure in telling you that you are looking ill; that you are falling off, physically or mentally. 'Surely you have lost some of your teeth since I saw you last,' said a good man to a man of seventy-five years: 'I cannot make out a word you say, you speak so indistinctly.' And so obtuse, and so thoroughly devoid of gentlemanly feeling, was that good man, that when admonished that he ought not to speak in that fashion to a man in advanced years, he could not for his life see that he had done anything unkind or unmannerly. 'I dare say you are wearied wi' preachin' to-day: you see you're gettin' frail noo,' said a Scotch *elder*, in my hearing, to a worthy clergyman. Seldom has it cost me a greater effort than it did to refrain from turning to the elder, and saying with candour, 'What a boor and what a fool *you* must be, to say *that*!' It was as well I did not: the boor would not have known what I meant. He would not have known the provocation which led me to give him my true opinion of him. 'How very bald you are getting,' said a really goodnatured man, to a friend he was meeting for the first time in several years. Such remarks are for the most part made by men who, in good faith, have not the least idea that they are making themselves disagreeable. There is no malicious intention. It is a matter of pure obtuseness, stupidity, selfishness, and vulgarity. But an obtuse,

stupid, selfish, and vulgar person is disagreeable. And your right course will be, to carefully avoid all intercourse with such a person.

But besides people who blunder into saying unpleasant things, there are a few who do so of set intention. And such people ought to be cracked. They can do a great deal of harm: inflict a great deal of suffering. I believe that human beings in general are more miserable than you think. They are very anxious: very careworn: stung by a host of worries: a good deal disappointed, in many ways. And in the case of many people, worthy and able, there is a very low estimate of themselves and their abilities; and a sad tendency to depressed spirits and gloomy views. And while a kind word said to such is a real benefit, and a great lightener of the heart; an ingenious malignant may suggest to such, things which are as a stunning blow, and as an added load on the weary frame and mind. I have seen, with burning indignation, a malignant beast (I mean man) playing upon that tendency to a terrible apprehensiveness which is born with many men. I have seen the beast vaguely suggest evil to the nervous and apprehensive man. 'This cannot end here?' 'I shall take my own measures now:' 'A higher authority shall decide between us:' I have heard the beast say; and then go away. Of course I knew well that the beast could and would do nothing: and I hastened to say so to the apprehensive man. But I knew that the poor fellow would go away home; and brood over the beast's ominous threats; and imagine a hundred terrible contingencies: and work himself into a fever of anxiety and alarm. And it is because I know that the vague threatener counted on all that; and wished it; and enjoyed the thought of the slow torment he was causing; that I choose to call him a beast rather than a man. Indeed, there is an order of beings, worse than beasts, to which that being should rather be referred. You have said or done something, which has given offence

to certain of your neighbours. Mr. Snarling comes and gives you a full and particular account of the indignation they feel, and of their plans for vengeance. Mr. Snarling is happy to see you look somewhat annoyed : and he kindly says, ' Oh, never mind : this will blow over, as *other things you have said and done have blown over.*' Thus he vaguely suggests that you have given great offence on many occasions, and made many bitter enemies. He adds, in a musing voice, ' Yes, as **MANY** other things have blown over.' Turn the individual out ; and cut his acquaintance. It would be better to have a upas tree in your neighbourhood. Of all disagreeable men, a man with his tendencies is the most disagreeable. The bitterest and longest lasting east-wind, acts less perniciously on body and soul, than does the society of Mr. Snarling.

Suspicious people are disagreeable : also people who are always taking the pet. Indeed, suspiciousness and pettedness generally go together. There are many men and women who are always imagining that some insult is designed by the most innocent words and doings of those around them : and always suspecting that some evil intention against their peace is cherished by some one or other. It is most irritating to have anything to do with such impracticable and silly mortals. But it is a delightful thing to work along with a man who never takes offence : a frank, manly man, who gives credit to others for the same generosity of nature which he feels within himself ; and who if he thinks he has reason to complain, speaks out his mind and has things cleared up at once. A disagreeable person is he who frequently sends letters to you without paying the postage ; leaving you to pay twopence for each penny which he has thus saved. The loss of twopence is no great matter ; but there is something irritating in the feeling that your correspondent has deliberately resolved that he would save his penny at the cost of your twopence. There is a man, describ-

ing himself as a clergyman of the Church of England (I cannot think he is one) who occasionally sends me an abusive anonymous letter ; and who invariably sends his letters unpaid. I do not mind about the man's abuse ; but I confess I grudge my twopence. I have observed, too, that the people who send letters unpaid, do so habitually. I have known the same individual send six successive letters unpaid. And it is probably within the experience of most of my readers, that out of (say) a hundred correspondents, ninety-nine invariably pay their letters properly ; while time after time the hundredth sends his with the abominable big 2 stamped upon it ; and your servant walks in and worries you by the old statement that the postman is waiting. Let me advise every reader to do what I intend doing for the future : to wit, to refuse to receive any unpaid letter. You may be quite sure that by so doing you will not lose any letter that is worth having. A class of people, very closely analogous to that of the people who do not pay their letters, is that of such as are constantly borrowing small sums from their friends, which they never restore. If you should ever be thrown into the society of such, your right course will be to take care to have no money in your pocket. People are disagreeable, who are given to talking of the badness of their servants, the undutifulness of their children, the smokiness of their chimneys, and the deficiency of their digestive organs. And though with a true and close friend, it is a great relief, and a special tie, to have spoken out your heart about your burdens and sorrows ; it is expedient, in conversation with ordinary acquaintances, to keep these to yourself.

It must be admitted, with great regret, that people who make a considerable profession of religion have succeeded in making themselves more thoroughly disagreeable than almost any other human beings have ever made themselves. You will find people, who not



merely claim to be pious and Christian people, but to be very much more pious and Christian than others, who are extremely uncharitable, unamiable, repulsive, stupid, and narrow-minded ; and intensely opinionated and self-satisfied. We know, from a very high authority, that a Christian ought to be an epistle in commendation of the blessed faith he holds. But it is beyond question, that many people who profess to be Christians, are like grim Gorgon's heads warning people off from having anything to do with Christianity. Why should a middle-aged clergyman walk about the streets with a sullen and malignant scowl always on his face, which at the best would be a very ugly one? Why should another walk with his nose in the air, and his eyes rolled up till they seem likely to roll out? And why should a third be always dabbled over with a clammy perspiration ; and prolong all his vowels to twice the usual length? It is indeed a most woful thing, that people who evince a spirit in every respect the direct contrary of that of our Blessed Redeemer, should fancy that they are Christians of singular attainments : and it is more woful still, that many young people should be scared away into irreligion or unbelief by the wretched delusion that these creatures, wickedly caricaturing Christianity, are fairly representing it. I have beheld more deliberate malice, more lying and cheating, more backbiting and slandering, denser stupidity, and greater self-sufficiency, among bad-hearted and wrongheaded religionists ; than among any other order of human beings. I have known more malignity and slander conveyed in the form of a prayer, than should have consigned any ordinary libeller to the pillory. I have known a person who made evening prayer a means of infuriating and stabbing the servants : under the pretext of confessing their sins. 'Thou knowest, Lord, how my servants have been occupied this day : ' with these words did the blasphemous mockery of prayer begin

one Sunday evening in a house I could easily indicate : and then the man, under the pretext of addressing the Almighty, raked up all the misdoings of the servants (they being present, of course) in a fashion which, if he had ventured on it at any other time, would probably have led some of them to assault him. 'I went to Edinburgh,' said a Highland elder, 'and was there a Sabbath. It was an awfu' sight ! There, on the Sabbath day, you would see people walking along the street, smiling AS IF THEY WERE PERFECTLY HAPPY !' There was the *gravamen* of the poor Highlander's charge. To think of people being or looking happy on the Lord's day ! And indeed to think of a Christian man ever venturing to be happy at all ! 'Yes, this parish was highly favoured in the days of Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown,' said a spiteful and venomous old woman ; with a glance of deadly malice at a young lad who was present. That young lad was the son of the clergyman of the parish : one of the most diligent and exemplary clergymen in Britain. Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown were the clergymen who preceded him. And the spiteful old woman adopted this means of sticking a pin into the young lad : conveying the idea that there was a sad falling off now. I saw and heard her, my reader. Now when an ordinary spiteful person says a malicious thing, being quite aware that she is saying a malicious thing, and that her motive is pure malice, you are disgusted. But when a spiteful person says a malicious thing, all the while fancying herself a very pious person ; and fancying that in gratifying her spite, she is acting from Christian principle : I say the sight is to me one of the most disgusting, perplexing, and miserable, that ever human eye beheld. I have no fear of the attacks of enemies on the blessed Faith in which I live, and hope to die. But it is dismal, to see how our holy religion is misrepresented before the world, by the vile impostors who pretend to be its friends.



Among the disagreeable people who make a profession of religion, probably many are purely hypocrites. But we willingly believe that there are people, in whom Christianity appears in a wretchedly stunted and distorted form, who yet are right at the root. It does not follow that a man is a Christian, because he turns up his eyes and draws out his words; and when asked to say grace, offers a prayer of twenty minutes' duration. But again, it does not follow that he is *not* a Christian, though he may do all these things. The bitter sectary, who distinctly says that a humble, pious man, just dead, has 'gone to hell,' because he died in the bosom of the Church,—however abhorrent that sectary may be in some respects, may be, in the main, within the Good Shepherd's fold, wherein he fancies there are very few but himself. The dissenting teacher who declared from his pulpit that the parish clergyman (newly come, and an entire stranger to him) was 'a servant of Satan,' may possibly have been a good man, after all. Grievous defects and errors may exist in a Christian character, which is a Christian character still. And the Christian, horribly disagreeable and repulsive now, will some day, we trust, have all *that* purged away. But I do not hesitate to say, that any Christian, by so far as he is disagreeable and repulsive, deviates from the right thing. Oh my reader, when my heart is sometimes sore through what I see of disagreeable traits in Christian character, what a blessed relief there is in turning to the simple pages, and seeing for the thousandth time *The True Christian Character*,—so different! Yes, thank God, we know where to look, to find what every pious man should be humbly aiming to be: and when we see That Face, and hear That Voice, there is something that soothes and cheers among the wretched imperfections (in one's-self as in others) of the present:—something that warms the heart, and that brings a man to his knees!

The present writer has a relative, who is Professor of Theology in a certain famous University. With that theologian I recently had a conversation on the matter of which we have just been thinking. The Professor lamented bitterly the unchristian features of character which may be found in many people making a great parade of their Christianity. He mentioned various facts, which had recently come to his own knowledge; which would sustain stronger expressions of opinion than any which I have given. But he went on to say, that it would be a sad thing if no fools could get to heaven; nor any unamiable, narrow-minded, sour, and stupid people. Now, said he, with great force of reason, religion does not alter idiosyncrasy. When a fool becomes a Christian, he will be a foolish Christian. A narrow-minded man, will be a narrow-minded Christian: a stupid man, a stupid Christian. And though a malignant man will have his malignity much diminished, it by no means follows that it will be completely rooted out. 'When I would do good, evil is present with me.' 'I find a law in my members, warring against the law of my mind; and enslaving me to the law of sin.' But you are not to blame Christianity for the stupidity and unamiability of Christians. If they be disagreeable, it is not the measure of true religion they have got, that makes them so. In so far as they are disagreeable, they depart from the standard. You know, you may make water sweet or sour: you may make it red, blue, black: and it will be water still, though its purity and pleasantness are much interfered with. In like manner, Christianity may co-exist with a good deal of acid; with a great many features of character very inconsistent with itself. The cup of fair water may have a bottle of ink emptied into it, or a little verjuice, or even a little strychnine. And yet, though sadly deteriorated: though hopelessly disguised; the fair water is there: and not entirely neutralized.

And it is worth remarking, that you will find many persons who are very charitable to blackguards, but who have no charity for the weaknesses of really good people. They will hunt out the act of thoughtless liberality, done by the scapegrace who broke his mother's heart, and squandered his poor sisters' little portions: they will make much of that liberal act: such an act as tossing to some poor Magdalen a purse, filled with money which was probably not his own: and they will insist that there is hope for the blackguard yet. But these persons will tightly shut their eyes against a great many substantially good deeds, done by a man who thinks Prelacy the abomination of desolation, or who thinks that stained

glass and an organ are sinful. I grant you that there is a certain fairness in trying the blackguard and the religionist by different standards. Where the pretension is higher, the test may justly be more severe. But I say it is unfair to puzzle out with diligence the one or two good things in the character of a reckless scamp: and to refuse moderate attention to the many good points about a weak, narrow-minded, and uncharitable good person. I ask for charity in the estimating of all human characters: even in estimating the character of the man who would show no charity to another. I confess freely that in the last-named case, the exercise of charity is extremely difficult.

A. K. H. B.

## THE FINE ART OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

IT would be a nice question for an artistic theorist to decide where the industrial art of the International Exhibition ends, and its fine art begins. Is its decorative art to be classed as fine or industrial? Much pretty argument, and some ingenious hair-splitting, might be devoted to this point. As a matter of principle, we should always incline to give the widest interpretation to the term fine art. We conceive the faculty for art throughout its whole range to be essentially the same; being composed, firstly, of a strong perception of character and beauty in the abstract properties of form and colour, and in the actual facts of nature; and, secondly, of a vivid adaptation of these in whatever shape. The painting of a picture, the carving of a statue, the design of a building, the setting of a jewel, are all exemplifications of the faculty of fine art; the right doing of any one of these things is the function of an artist, and none but an artist, in the correct sense of the word, can manage it well. We conceive, also, that the extreme

division and subdivision of art in the present day, is one of the most baneful features of it—one of those which most cramp the artist, mislead the public taste, and cripple the powers of art itself. There ought to be much less of this distinction, and a much freer field for the artist to work in. The healthy and progressive periods of art have been those in which an artist for one thing was intrinsically an artist for anything. Not to recur to the antique times, we may remember that Giotto would paint a Crucifixion or a coat-of-arms, as he was bidden, draw a circle as a final proof of his artistic power, or execute a work of sculpture or of architecture, with perfect simplicity of competence, and no sense of incongruity. Verrocchio was sculptor and painter; Luca della Robbia, sculptor and potter; Francia, goldsmith and painter; Leonardo and Michael Angelo, were sculptors, painters, and architects; Raffaello was the same, as well as a painter of architectural ornament, and perhaps a designer for pottery; Titian would do mo-

saics; Durer, engravings, as readily as pictures; Cellini, colossal groups, as artistically as jewellery and plate. We might prolong the list to almost any extent. What have we now? Engravers upon copper who know nothing of wood, and painters in water-colour who could not work in oils. The time will perhaps come again when we shall be well assured that the best painter or sculptor is the man to do a chair or a drinking-glass also, better than anybody else; when we shall naturally ask him to do these things, and he will do them as a matter of course, knowing no reason, in his aptitude or his professional position, why he should not. That time will be a better one than the present for all parties concerned.

Holding these opinions, we should feel no difficulty in comprising, under the fine art of the Exhibition, a great deal of its industrial art. The exclusion of painted glass, for instance, is merely arbitrary; and we could go a long way beyond this in the works to be included. Neither should we at all fear to exalt the art of the lower material form at the expense of that of the higher, where the facts might appear to us to warrant it. The truest estimate of the whole subject might possibly show us that about the very best fine art practised at the present day in any corner of the globe, is the decorative art of the Japanese. We will not indeed venture to assert this as a fact; but we do advance it as a position capable of being fairly entertained, and by no means refutable on the mere ground that historic painting and ideal sculpture are higher *forms* of art. After being sufficiently derided or decried for hinting at such a heresy, we shall still bear in mind the relative value of an Etruscan vase and late Roman figure sculpture, of a painted window at Chartres, and a picture by Domenichino, of pottery in Della Robbia's hands, and marble in Bandinelli's, and shall perhaps deem the suggestion undisproved.

However, our intention is to start with a more limited view of the fine art of the Exhibition, following the guidance of the official catalogue to that department of it. The subdivisions which this catalogue gives, in reference to the country most fully represented, which is naturally our own, are those of paintings in oil-colour and in water-colour, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and art-designs. To these we shall at present confine ourselves.

It may be not irrelevant or uninteresting to examine, in the first place, the comparative range and development of the fine art in the present Exhibition, and in its three great precursors, the original Exhibition of 1851, the Paris Exhibition of 1855, and the Art-treasures Exhibition in Manchester of 1857.

The first of these three, the Exhibition of 1851, need not detain us long. It purported to be a display of 'the works of *Industry* of all nations,' and included none of the aforementioned sections of fine art, except sculpture, and that much less fully and systematically represented than in the collections of 1855 and of the present year, though it must have considerably exceeded the collection of 1857.

It is with satisfaction that we find, upon an inspection of the respective catalogues, that the Exhibition now open not only far transcends the Manchester Exhibition in its representation of modern art, but even exceeds to an appreciable extent (about 700 works) the Paris Exhibition as well. Of course, in the case of Manchester it will be remembered that the basis of selection was a very different one, and that works of the older as well as the existing schools enriched the walls. These, however, cannot be in any way reckoned in the comparison which we are now instituting. Taking the modern art of that Exhibition, as well as of the Paris and London ones, in which the whole is modern, the account, as near as we can give the numbers, stands thus:—



	British Art.	Foreign Art.	Total.
Paris, 1855 . . . . .	782	4307	5089
Manchester, 1857, about . .	4100	700	2800
London, 1862 . . . . .	3323	2443	5766*

Some readers may perhaps like to see a little more of the items. For their benefit we append the following table:—

		In Paris.		In London.	
		Numbers.	Totals.	Numbers.	Totals.
British Oil-painting . . . . .		232	782	790	3323
„ Water-colours . . . . .		146		634	
„ Sculpture . . . . .		77		300	
„ Architecture . . . . .		128		693	
„ Engraving . . . . .		199		556	
„ Art-designs . . . . .		—		317	
„ Dependancies . . . . .		—		33	
French Painting . . . . .		1869	2728	244	426
„ Sculpture . . . . .		385		51	
„ Architecture . . . . .		188		36	
„ Engraving . . . . .		286		95	
German (including Austrian) Painting . .		379	635	310	604
„ „ „ Sculpture . . . . .		164		83	
„ „ „ Architecture . . . . .		9		115	
„ „ „ Engraving . . . . .		83		96	
Dutch and Belgian Painting . . . . .		323	405	252	198
„ „ Sculpture . . . . .		32		26	
„ „ Architecture . . . . .		7		—	
„ „ Engraving . . . . .		43		20	
Swiss, Norwegian, and Danish Art . .		123	123	222	222
Russian Art . . . . .		—	—	115	115
Italian (including Roman) Painting . .		54	76	165	550
„ „ „ Sculpture† . . . . .		21		191	
„ „ „ Architecture . . . . .		1		128	
„ „ „ Engraving . . . . .		—		66	
Spanish Art . . . . .		127	127	43	43
Swiss ditto . . . . .		110	110	119	119
United States ditto . . . . .		43	43	13	13
Other Countries ditto . . . . .		60	60	53	53

There are a few noticeable points in this list. It is with some surprise, as well as regret, that we find the French contribution to London to be greatly below the English contribution to Paris—426 to 782; and actually below both the Germanic (604) and the Italian (550) sections here. The total absence of Russia from Paris in the war-year of 1855 presents some analogy to the reduction of the United States art, in this year of *their* war, to 13 works from 43, spite of the greater intercourse held by the States with England than with France. However, a certain proportion of the American

works of art is excluded from this numbering; and we have been told by a gentleman who has the best means of forming an opinion, that the war is not really so much responsible for the small show, as the difficulty and risk in the transport of works of art from so great a distance. The largest proportional increase by far is that of Italy—from 76 works to 550, or more than seven times as many. The impulse of a people which now feels itself free, the unity of movement in a consolidated nation, and the influence of the Florentine Exhibition of last year, all doubtless conduce to so satis-

\* These numbers are the totals of the items afterwards given, and fall somewhat below the actual figures printed in the catalogues: the London catalogue especially seems to have left some considerable margin for possible contributions. According to the catalogues, the total in Paris was 5128, and in London 6228.

† The sculpture in the 'Roman Court' includes several works by English, American, and other artists. The Venetian works pass as 'Austrian,' *en attendant*.

factory a result. The 'Other Countries' on our list include Greece in woful imbecility, and one painter (in a rather sloppy style) from Turkey.

One more item of statistics, and we shall have done with that branch of the subject. The comparative numbers of the several classes of art were as follows:—

	<i>In Paris.</i>	<i>In London.</i>
Painting . . . .	3362	2846
Sculpture . . . .	737	751
Architecture . . . .	364	1007
Engraving . . . .	635	841
Art-designs . . . .	—	321

This table shows that the increase of London over Paris in the number of works exhibited is more than covered by the architectural and art-designs sections; the increase in two of the other three sections would merge, if the three are taken together, in the sensible decrease in the single section of painting. Concerning this, it may be sufficient to remind the reader that the Paris Exhibition included the biennial display of French art, corresponding to our Academy gallery; whereas the London Exhibition has excluded British works of painting not previously brought before the public. On this point a good deal might be, and has been, said upon both sides. Some artists feel it a grievance that important works in which they would have done their best for so special an occasion became inadmissible. On the other hand, it might have been scarcely fair to interfere with the Royal Academy and other established bodies to so serious an extent as the admission of new works would have implied; nor would it have been easy to keep out, in the interests of art, poor productions of prominent men. We incline to think that the Commissioners exercised, on the whole, a wise discretion in this matter: and we would say the same of the exclusion of works of fine art from the prize-list, the fact being that no tribunal of taste could be got together carrying sufficient authority for such a purpose. The prevalent character of the respective schools of art is a subject which might be treated from various points of view, and upon which much might be said from any one of these. We shall aim at being summary rather

than exhaustive, and at adhering to matter of fact rather than launching into speculation.

The French artist is the one who keeps the properties and the limitations of art most steadily in view. He addresses himself with a clearer consciousness and a firmer purpose to using the elements of his subject as far as they pertain to an artistic conception, and eliminating those which prove extraneous or obstructive. To this quality of mind he unites the most advanced mastery of the materials of art taken collectively, and the greatest readiness to move along with the general movement of his school—to 'keep in step,' as it were, with his colleagues, and follow out the impulse of his chiefs. At the same time, French art embraces an unrestricted range of subject, from the grand in scale and idea, to all forms of subordinate work. The result is that French art has more uniformity, continuity, thoroughness of artistic aim, and adequate rendering of the thing intended according to the method proposed, than the art of any other country: it has the most of national, and the most also of artistic, style. Its tendency to select, and at the same time to realize—to exhibit facts with gravity and system, and in their relations as well as individually—makes the French, even irrespectively of direct choice of subject, the most historic school of modern Europe.

With the French we may in the main class the Belgian school, which shows strongly in the present Exhibition. In feeling and styles it is nearly related to the French school; though with as much distinctiveness as suffices to render it a living and genuinely

national school, not a mere accessory offshoot. As here displayed, it is dominated by two men of conspicuous ability, Gallait and Leys, the latter an unmistakeably great painter. The aim of both these men is historic—Gallait with a tendency to sentiment, ingenuity, and eclecticism, Leys with an intense re-development of mediæval art, especially that of his own country, which makes his works the most exceptional, and nearly the most admirable, in the whole collection.

The German school has as much aspiration, and perhaps as wide a range, as the French, but falls far short of that in the inborn faculty of art. While the Frenchman discerns, as a general rule, how his subject can be treated with an artistic result, and treats it accordingly, the German is hammering at a matter of fact, or elaborating a train of thought—setting forth a treatise in form or colour. German art betrays too much of the contending forces of the ‘philister’ and the professor, neither of whom is intrinsically an artist. The art of the philister is literal, jejune not depending upon the real powers of art for its impression. That of the professor is learned, thoughtful, wide-reaching, persistently demonstrative: it asks you to understand it rather than to perceive and feel it. There are plenty of reasons for its every item; but there is one reason against all its items together, and that is that they do not produce upon the eye and the feelings the impression of a spontaneous and beautiful work of art. A man like Overbeck or Kaulbach resolves that art must fulfil certain *conditions* in order to be sacred or historical; not simply that it must exhibit, in a direct form and by the open secret of the means of art, the natural perceptions and feelings of the painter, to be received with equal directness by the spectator. We have on the whole, in German art, much capacity and exertion, with very little intuition. Allowing for honourable exceptions, its most imposing works are stilted, its slighter efforts by well-trained men trite and un-

gracious, and its lower level of mere furniture-art the most artificial of the day. Yet there is so much solid material to work upon that it seems as if the advent of a great *natural* painter might produce as salient effects in the opposite and true direction as the pietistic and theoretic revivalism of Overbeck and others, has for years past produced in the track now pursued by the German devotees of high art.

The British school stands apart from the foreign ones chiefly in two respects. It began only early in last century, so as to be free from any chain of tradition linking it with the elder schools; and it is much more distinctly marked by the individual aim of each artist to do what he chooses in his own way than by the feeling for artistic style or any technical ideal. At the present day this latter characteristic is waning as the impulse towards definite fact, and bold yet exact realization, set on foot by ‘Præ-raffaelitism’ in 1849, spreads over the entire school. Still, this impulse, whatever it may eventually lead to, is more based upon the principle of going straight to nature than upon any conception of art as art, such as would result in technical uniformity of style. In other respects the good and evil effects of the influences to which the British school has been subjected are extremely mixed. Its freedom from tradition handed down from the past has been a benefit to its naturalness and living interest, but has always left it hitherto somewhat in the uneasy position of a *parvenu* who would fain stand on a level with the old families, but does not know how to set about it. British art has almost always failed in attempting the classical or the sacred or heroic treated according to the ‘high art’ formula; it is not *grounded* in these things, and yet feels that its position is depressed by the want of them. Of course the right plan would be to leave them on one side till time and training bring the tone of them, till the adolescent art grows into them naturally;



just as the parvenu's best wisdom would be to remain an eminent man of the middle class instead of figuring as a pseudo-aristocrat, and to leave aristocracy for his great-grandchildren to lapse into. The 'great style' is not to be attained by attempting unprepared a great subject in an imitation of another man's great style; only by greatness of conception and a strenuous mastery of each step in the scale of art, leading upwards to the highest. The other point which we named as distinctive of British art—the individuality of aim in each man, apart from any general feeling for technical ideal—has been equally chequered in its results. One might at first assume that such a state of things would lead to great originality; but upon close inspection the expectation is disappointed. It has as yet led rather to nonconformity than to originality. The artist has too generally not reached the standard of art, instead of striking out an original path in art; for the fact is, that in art the art is itself supreme, and the artist who does not try to be excellent in art, but rather to do something to please his own or the popular notion, has not risen into the region in which *artistic originality* is so much as attainable. We have thus had a great number of men pursuing art with a certain freedom from cut-and-dry dogma, a certain openness to facts, and wish to follow out nature in variety of matter, freshness of colour and surface, and the like. We have had more of this sort of work than the Continental nations, and yet the result has not been admirable, because the efforts have been scattered and arbitrary, and not guided by adequate conception of the portion which the art ought to bear in the work of art, or by any strong resolve to work up to and realize such a conception. The school has been plain-sailing, easy-going, discursive, garrulous, not wound up by a strong purpose, and pursuing it by clearly defined means. But if this has been the character of the school generally, we can at any rate claim some

most noble men as rising out of rather than abiding in it—Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Blake, Etty, Turner, David Scott, Flaxman, and others. And in the present day, with the establishment of Præ-raffaelitism and the works of its leading men, a quite new order of things has begun, as we before intimated, and has almost transmuted the school.

Returning to the foreign schools, of which we have already named the chief, we are sorry to find little to praise in the Italian. The land of Giotto and Leonardo remains fallow as yet, waiting for a new crop, we may fairly hope. We fail to discern any special character in the Italian art. It is not, in a direct way, much addicted to futile copyism of its own past greatness, nor strongly under the influence of the French or any other living school. It is mediocre work of nearly the same kind which other nations do better at the present day, the sculpture more attractive than the painting. The Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and Russian art has all a certain analogy to the British in modern starting-point, and aim at directness of representation rather than at any particular development of style. The Dutch, indeed, has a pedigree going further back than that of the British. Its art of the present day seems to have descended without any violent interruption from that of Teniers, Ostade, Jan Stein, Terburg, Cuyp, and the others of the seventeenth century. Yet it has no special resemblance to the artistic manner of these painters, and has shaken off the love of ugliness and meanness which infected this class. Barring this, it treats chiefly similar subjects of home landscape and social life in a style separable from that of Belgium, as being smaller in scale, neater in surface, and visibly less affected by France. The Scandinavian art shows healthily and vigorously; it makes a much more decided impression here than it did in Paris in 1855, and has merit enough to surprise as well as gratify most visitors. Its

choice of subject is generally serious, combined with domestic heartiness, and with the view of displaying something characteristically; its artistic point of view corresponds. The Danish pictures are perhaps the best; they show a greater intermixture of foreign study with national traits than do those of Sweden and Norway, but their superiority does not depend upon this. Sweden sends a remarkable work of sculpture in the 'Grapplers,' by Molin. From Denmark come several of Thorwaldsen's works. The Russian is a much less national art, and less good into the bargain. It seems to pick up subjects, styles, and artistic motives much as they come. Spain is noticeable for the great preponderance of her figure-subjects, frequently of a very ambitious order. She seems scarcely affected by the modern feeling for landscape, to judge from the present display. Her power of art is barely up to the mark, and yet does not show any gross failure. The Swiss art bears its part very creditably among the minor schools, but seems rather wanting in a powerful point of view; the works, though including plenty of national subjects, have something of a miscellaneous character, as if there were a good number of skilful enough men with no particular leadership or aim to secure their work against a quality approaching well-trained amateurship. The United States display is too limited to do any justice to the pictorial ability of the country. In sculpture, the strikingly fine and very unconventional works of Mr. Story (placed in the Roman Court) secure for America a sculptural pre-eminence of which the fussy popularity of Power's 'Greek Slave' in the Exhibition of 1851 was but the *mirage*.

In estimating the relative merits of the schools as here represented, the great difference of the starting-points adopted by the several countries must be borne in mind. England has been peculiarly liberal to herself in this respect; France peculiarly restrictive. The former begins with Hogarth, who was an

established painter towards 1730; the latter only admits works executed by living men since 1850, or since 1840 by the dead, if born later than 1790. Italy, which goes back to Canaletto, with Austria, Spain, and Russia, follow more or less the example of England. The other countries approximate to France, though we doubt whether any has adopted quite so stringent a rule. Of course this difference of system wholly deranges the balance of comparison. We may compare the fertility of mind and motive in the French section with that in the British section from 1840 or 1850; but it would be monstrous to lump together in our brains all the British works from Hogarth to Millais, pit them against the French, and vaunt our own superior versatility and breadth of range. It may well be doubted whether this inequality of plan was not a mistake in the scheme of the Commissioners, gratifying indeed to our nationalism and to the eyes which feast upon Hogarths, Reynoldses, and Cromes, but by no means subserving any true or consistent theory of the objects of the Exhibition. Neither do we think that the arrangement of the contributions has been altogether judicious. Not to hunt up individual instances of bad hanging, the excessive cramming of some sections—notably the British and Italian—while others have plenty of elbow-room, must be deemed unfortunate, if not invidious; and the scattering of the contributions of each artist—often far apart—is at least untoward, and seems to have been carried beyond what any practical needs demanded.

The relation between the character of the pictorial and the sculptural art of the several countries may generally be well traced up to a certain point, subject to the consideration that the entire sculptural art of the time is weighed down by pseudo-classicism. The two countries in which the sculptor seems most nearly to bound his aim to the attainment of grace and attractiveness, in a somewhat con-



ventional form, are England and Italy. The great skill and attainments of Mr. Gibson do not wholly save him from serving as an example, though certainly a very refined example, of this fact; Mr. Ives,\* whose 'Pandora' bears a considerable resemblance to Mr. Gibson's 'Venus,' is another. However, there is no portrait-sculpture in the gallery wherein character is so intensely studied, or modelling carried to such a pitch of perfection, as that of Mr. Woolner. In speaking of Mr. Gibson, we must pause for a moment to express an opinion that his coloured statuary—the 'Venus,' 'Pandora,' and 'Cupid,' the last perhaps the best example of the three in point of colour—cannot fairly be decried as a failure. It appears to us to be a highly interesting attempt carried out with undeniable charm of no mean order; a legitimate phase of sculpture, capable of much variety of experiment (of which one method only is here exemplified), and having a separate beauty of its own, which need not be allowed to interfere with, nor yet to be obscured by, the separate beauty of colourless sculpture. The art is wide enough for both; and the adherents of white marble may be content to constitute an immense majority, with every prospect of so remaining, without seeking to expunge the exiguous minority. We are disposed to think, however, that such merely arbitrary adjuncts of coloured ornament as Mr. Gibson introduces in the gold ear-rings and blue hair-fillets of the 'Venus,' were best omitted; the colour being, as a rule, limited to the distinction (indispensable if colour is used at all) between the tints of flesh, hair, and eyes, and that of white drapery. In such accessories as the box of Pandora and the butterfly of Cupid, colour is again unobjectionable. Returning to our starting point, we may cite as our Italian example the 'Zephyr and Flora dancing' of Signor Benzoni, in which the extreme grace and airiness of move-

ment must not blind us to the almost total want of making out of form, or detail of surface. Jacometti's 'Pietà' is at least expressive, along with its air of conventional propriety and grandeur; and Pierrotti's 'Indian Hunter' carries the vigour of actuality and modelling to a point quite exceptional. There is also a very genuine and sympathetic character in Magni's 'Girl Reading,' a work which combines a patriotic aim with its domestic form. France comes to sculpture, as to painting, ardent and prepared, and seems less hampered than other countries by stock notions of what to do, and how to do it; we find similar clear grasp of ideas, centrality of purpose, and firm drawing and execution. The choice of subject appears sometimes (though scarcely as here shown) a little arbitrary and impracticable; but in the present hide-bound state of the art—which almost seems to be out on parole, pledged not to transgress certain limits, and show a clean pair of heels—this is rather a fault on the right side. The sculpture of Germany mostly conforms to the theories which regulate her painting, having a tendency in the historic or legendary-historic direction, crossed with an aim rather perhaps at the pretty than the beautiful; it makes by no means a striking muster at South Kensington. The Belgian sculpture verges towards ornamentalism and an ill-poised aim at picturesqueness; the counterpart, perhaps, but in no good forms, of the prompt, adaptive spirit which Belgium evinces in painting. The finest work from this country, however, 'The Discobolus hurling the Discus,' by Kessels, is wholly free from any such blemish, and remarkably true in action.

If now, focussing our observation to a single point, we endeavour to arrive at some conclusion as to the general march of the fine art of the present day in all forms and all schools collectively, we feel at first almost overwhelmed by its im-

\* We are unable to say for certain whether this gentleman is English or American.



mense variety. Classicism and picturesqueness in sculpture—variety of periodic style in architecture—landscape, domestic, historic, and abstract in painting—seem hardly amenable to any single bond of union, not to speak of the great diversities of aim in the several schools. Gradually, however, the facts appear to become more harmonious and tangible. The arts of the countries, like the countries themselves, have approximated. There is not among any of us any aim, for instance, so ideal as that of Fra Angelico, so hectoringly classical as David's, so vaguely fantastic and attitudinizing as Fuseli's, so merely factitious as Lancret's and Boucher's, so forced and blatant as Bernini's. So far on the negative side of the question. On its positive side, we fancy that we feel the clue more firmly in our hand the more we regard the better minds and the finer artists of the time in all branches, to the exclusion of its inferior level of work. It appears to us that the dominant impulse is towards realism; towards a conception of things in their actual and essential character, and an endeavour to convey this by a serious adhesion to facts. Even so notable a classicist as the great Frenchman, Ingres, is no direct exception, as his small pictures (of which the present Exhibition presents no example) from history or historic anecdote attest, not to dwell upon the genuinely realistic element which mingles even with his idealism. Delacroix and Delaroche move in the realistic direction as truly as Millais and Holman Hunt, though under widely different aspects; and a very important and excellent section of French art deals, in an eminently positive and trenchant spirit, with the true life and occupations of the people. Breton, Brion, Marchal, and several others here might be cited. The German revivalist school is no doubt a counter-movement; yet even in that school the stronger men provide for the grafting of a

considerable amount of realism upon the theoretic or abstract stock which they cultivate. In architecture, we regard the Gothic movement as equally an endeavour after realism, or constructive use and decorative propriety, rather than as a mere dilettanti vamping up of an old form of art. In painting, the realistic tendency may possibly be to some extent connected with the modern love of landscape. From natural truth in landscape proper, the step is easy to the same truth in landscape backgrounds to figure-subjects; and if this is introduced, the figures themselves cannot be allowed to contradict the actuality of impression as a whole. This is a suggestion, however, upon which we would not venture to lay any particular stress.

It does not fall within our plan or our limits to offer anything approaching to a regular criticism of the artists who have contributed to the Exhibition, or of their works. We should, nevertheless, be loth to quit the subject without expressing some sense of the merits of a few men in each country. In doing this, we shall confine ourselves to living artists,\* and to such as have not been already incidentally mentioned.

As regards our own country, the styles and excellences of our exhibitors are so well known, and so frequently open to discussion, that we shall do no more than call attention to the works of three painters. Mr. F. Madox Brown seldom figures in exhibitions. His supreme mastery of painting and grasp of character are proved here in the emigrant subject named 'The Last of England,' the 'King Lear,' and the 'English Autumn Afternoon.' Mr. Martineau's most excellent work, 'The Last Day in the Old Home,' where a spendthrift is about to leave his ancestral mansion, had practically been unseen till now. It cannot fail to place him in the front rank of our painters of incident. Mr. Davis, whose deserts have never yet been adequately recognised by the pub-

\* Living, as far as we know, we should say with regard to some foreigners.

lic, sends a small landscape, 'Har-rowing,' the truth and poetic sense of which make it second to no English landscape by a living man in the gallery.

From France, it is scarcely more needful nor more serviceable to select a man or two than it is from England. We may name as of the first quality, the splendid 'nude study and the portrait of Prince Napoleon, by Hippolyte Flandrin; that wonderful piece of history and terror passed through the crucible of art, 'The Gladiators' by Gérôme; the two records of historic and national *periods* (a great point of attainment in modern French art), the 'Charles V.' and 'Louis XIV.,' by Robert Fleury; and the 'Italian Peasant Women and Girls' of Hébert and Reynaud, the latter delicious in its simplicity and natural impulse.

From Germany, we think the finest picture of all is the 'Galileo' of Hausmann, a work of most special insight into character and the intellectual bearing of the facts, as well as excellent in artistic qualities. Menzel's 'Frederick the Great Surprised at night at Hochkirch,' is a wonderful piece of action and hurried, rallying energy—a masterpiece of military historic art. Piloty's vast picture of 'Nero after the Burning of Rome,' has made here, as well as in Germany, a strong impression by qualities of an obvious kind, yet not to be had for the asking.

Israel's solemn and dirge-like painting of 'The Shipwrecked,' in the Dutch section, is unsurpassed by any picture of domestic tragedy in the Exhibition; while the point and nicety of the social incidents by Bles (though tainted with something of a vulgar feeling), and 'The Fisherman's Return,' by Bource, full of manly heartiness and simplicity, vindicate the stout Hollanders, high and low, against the ugly and debased aspect in which the native painters of two centuries ago loved to present them. Belgium, unrivalled in Europe in the particular form of art practised by Leys, has able historical painters in De Groux and Pauwels; sturdy

and dainty domestic painters in Dillens and Willems; and a great artistic faculty in Alfred Stevens (here shown only in small single-figure pictures); while Verlat in animals, and Van Moer in architecture, may cope with the foremost men of other countries. The best Swedish picture is perhaps the 'Westphalian Kermesse,' by Jernberg, a most remarkable piece of not very slightly truth. Miss Amalia Lindegren is also a highly accomplished domestic painter. The Norwegian, Tidemand, in the incidents of national peasant life has eminent strength of sentiment, impressive and interesting. Denmark possesses in Dalsgaard, the painter of the 'Itinerant Mormons seeking to make Proselytes,' an artist of singular individualism and earnestness, with equal power apparently over the picturesque and the expressional elements of such a subject. Almost as much may be said for Elizabeth Jerichau and for Exner. Sorensen's 'Early Morning off the Skaw,' is an admirable piece of sea-study, showing genuine power under thorough control; and Hansen must be named among the choicest painters of old interiors in Europe. The Russian, Aivazofsky, has a gift for atmospheric effect and incident in landscape, though not far advanced in artistic completeness. Perhaps 'The Kiss,' by Moller, a Neapolitan subject, with something of the style of Leopold Robert, is the best Russian picture, though others show more promise, on account of their greater nationality. In Switzerland, Calame, Lugardon, and Meuron, for mountain scenes, and Van Muyden, for graceful domestic simplicity, take a very honourable position. From Italy we might cite some sculptural works not previously specified; but, setting aside these, we find no painting so good as 'The Expulsion of the Duke of Athens,' by Ussi, which is generally approvable, though not much beyond that, and at any rate tells its story with great aptness and perspicuity. In Morelli's 'Iconoclasts,' much admired in the Florentine Exhibition



of last year, we find nothing beyond the level of respectability. Gazzo's three pen-and-ink designs from Dante, are works of special mark, most elaborate in completion and steadily studied in drawing, and showing, by their decisiveness of impression, spite of many points of shortcoming, the value of a clear purpose unflaggingly carried out. The wonderful engraving by Schiavone from Titian's 'Assumption,' distancing all other engravings in point of richness and delicacy of surface and pictorial effect, is a real triumph, which ought not to pass unnoticed. Among the Spanish painters, Manzano, the author of a convent-scene, with a lovers' terrible parting, takes the lead. On the remaining schools we need not dwell, beyond expressing our dissent from those who find in the American painter, Page, the nearest approach to a modern Titian.

We have now, however incompletely, accomplished some sort of survey of that section of the International Exhibition which stands apart in the official *Fine Arts Catalogue*, and to which we proposed, at starting, to limit ourselves in the main. But a few remarks, still less adequate to do full justice to so wide a subject, may be spared, before we conclude, to that part of the industrial display which partakes most largely of a decorative or art character.

It is perhaps scarcely an exaggeration to say that beauty of decorative art is a more healthy and essential thing in a nation, and a more to be desired point of attainment, than beauty in the painting of pictures and the carving of statues; just as a nation blessed with lovely national melodies is better off, as a musical people, than one which, without these, might produce here and there a composer of lofty symphonies or oratorios. All nations hitherto, as far as we know, have risen into the power of High Art out of a long-possessed sense and practice of decorative beauty, and most or all have declined in decoration from the period of their culmination in

High Art. Raphael, carrying pictorial art beyond the limits traced by his predecessors, and ruining the remnants of true decorative taste by his arabesques in the Logge of the Vatican, is one example in point out of many. The reason for this may not be far to seek. Decorative beauty is perfect at a point below that where the highest High Art, the greatest range of subject treated in the most fetterless manner, begins. The practitioner of High Art, and the nation familiarized with it, seek to introduce into decoration analogous qualities, which it is not able to bear, and drag down, in the spoiling of decoration, the true standard of the High Art itself.

Modern Europe has risen into a certain competence of High Art, or at least of natural subjects treated in art, without any conventional limitation. It has reached this point, not, as of old, through a gradual perfecting and enlargement of decorative processes, but by independent effort in painting and sculpture, and the study of the older models of High Art. The result is that, in England, along with a certain realizing of the standard of pictorial and sculptural art, there is at the present day nothing that can be called a style of decoration; while in France and some other countries the style of decoration is false and decadent, although the higher art has a character of vitality. On the other hand, China, Japan, India, Turkey, and the East generally, have genuine and most lovely decorative art (exposed in some instances to partial deterioration from European influence), and have not yet risen into the stage of what we recognise as High Art. But by these very conditions, they are in a healthier phase of art than Europe, although a more limited one.

Chaos rules as yet in European decoration; false standards, false attempts, and failure in the result. We may quote at random a few examples which court and repel the eye in the Exhibition, such as the French carpet of the Sleeping



Beauty, the sham Gothic wooden pulpit from Louvain, the porcelain from the Prussian Royal Factory, or from Dresden, the copy in Gobelins tapestry of Titian's Assumption (wonderful certainly in its mistaken way), the Italian wooden inlaid tables, or Tweedy's Shakspearian and Crusoe sideboards. Most of the painted glass is also erroneous in principle, or coldly imitative of a better period of past art. The English is on the whole the best, and contains a great deal of clever effort, partially at least successful. In this department the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner, and Co. show an originality and an artistic excellence true at once to decoration and to high art in design of figure-subject, which promise well for the future; and the same may be said of their furniture and other decorative work in the Mediæval Court, which stand far apart from most of the specimens in their vicinity. The reason is that this firm includes various artists who are content to practise high art in painting or architecture, and to be decorators and beautifiers of furniture when this is the point in question. Above all, they come with some freshness to the task, and with many evidences of mediæval sympathy, are not direct copyists of any extant mediævalisms merely as such. The altar-cloths and carpets by Messrs. Jones and Willis in the same court, from designs by the architect Mr. Street, are also very brilliant in their particular class of design, and show in like manner the advantage of having at work an artist of a high class who bends to decorative requirements when he undertakes to meet them. The revived and ever-increasing study of the Gothic

styles appears in numbers of other objects throughout the Exhibition, especially from our own country, and will not fail to produce good fruit wherever it is taken up by a man who, understanding and obeying the form of art within which he works, has yet a personality and an independent perception of his own. Among the French contributions, many of them in various departments most skilfully and excellently worked, we must specify the extreme exquisiteness and subtle manipulation of a great deal of the porcelain. Much of that from Sèvres is truly consummate in its way.

The uses of such exhibitions of art as that to which the world is now invited in London are more gradual than immediate. They reveal to us our attainments by example, and our deficiencies by comparison; suggest to each nation something to be learned from the other; and plant seeds far and wide to be cultivated, let us hope, into beautiful exotics, and finally adopted into the national mind and practice. But each nation must remain itself, and must elicit to the uttermost its own gifts. These may be chastened and corrected here and there by extraneous hints; yet the national mind must not lapse into that slovenly cosmopolitanism which, in art as in social and political morals, by obliterating deep-lying distinctions, would leave it shallower than before in any real perception or sympathy—a vague approver of good and bad alike, aimlessly aiming at irreconcilable qualities, and incapable of any steady self-development or unswerving conviction. To say No, and stick to it, is a necessary obverse of the power of saying Yes to some purpose.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

‘AIDS TO FAITH,’\* AND ‘REPLIES TO ESSAYS  
AND REVIEWS.’†

‘**N**OUS avons eu assez de Polémique,’ was the saying of a French Divine, ‘il nous reste d’avoir un peu d’Irénique.’ *Polemics*, as Dean Trench would observe, are so much more congenial to human nature than *Irenics* that the latter is hardly recognised as a legitimate word. But the present year, as contrasted with the past, gives every hope of returning peace to the theological world. Dr. Lushington’s decisive judgment cuts away at one blow a hundred roots of bitterness; and in the lull which had preceded, and which, we trust, is likely to follow it, we shall, perhaps, be doing good service by going back to an *Irenicum* which, from an unexpected quarter, appeared at the beginning of this year, and has, from this point of view, not hitherto received the attention which it deserved. Such, in spite of their ostensible object, are, in fact, the two volumes which alone of the multitude of rejoinders called out by the *Essays and Reviews* merit any serious notice. True, the war-cry is still heard, but we can detect in its tone the last reverberation rather than the first blast of strife—

Now the tir’d hunter winds his parting  
note,  
And echo bids farewell from every glade.

And we trust that in calling attention to the pacific rather than to the angry features of these twin works we shall be acting in accordance with the thoughts naturally suggested by the high office of the two Episcopal sponsors.

It might seem at first sight that the two volumes were so different in style and spirit as to be at direct variance with each other. While the *Replies* indulge in fierce invectives, and at times in coarse buffoonery, the *Aids*, as if solemnly

protesting against the freaks of their exuberant ally, maintain a dignified and temperate abstinence alike from vulgar abuse and inflated rhetoric. Such a self-denial is in itself so commendable as to make its exercise in this instance a marked step in the history of our polemical theology. But it would be unjust to the earlier volume not to mention one of its dissertations so far superior in this respect to anything in either of the two works as actually to change the balance, and to give the palm on the whole to the more violent collection over its gentler brother. We allude to Mr. Haddan’s review of Mr. Pattison’s Essay. In order to appreciate its full merits we must remember that throughout the whole of the two volumes, under the cover of Bishop Thomson’s moderation, no less than of Bishop Wilberforce’s vehemence, lies the tacit assumption that they are engaged in a conflict with seven deliberate enemies of the Christian religion. It might have been thought that this unworthy imputation could not have held its ground so long in the face of the well-known facts (to select only two), that one of the authors so denounced has published a work confessedly the best attempt for the conversion of the Hindus to Christianity, and that another has dedicated a volume of Sermons to the parents of his pupils with the declaration (the sincerity of which has never been called in question) that he would ‘sacrifice every other aim in life’ if by so doing he could lead them ‘to live in the spirit of the Bible and to love the Lord Jesus Christ.’ To these and to a hundred similar proofs of the innocent, however mistaken intentions of the doomed volume, the inertia of theological prejudice has hitherto offered a

\* *Aids to Faith*. Edited by the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: J. Murray. 1862.

† *Replies to Essays and Reviews*. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Oxford. Oxford and London: J. H. Parker. 1862.

dead resistance. All honour to Mr. Haddan, who in one case has amply, and in the case of all, sufficiently, repudiated this monstrous injustice. Mr. Pattison's Essay he treats as 'open, no doubt, to literary criticism,' 'liable to some misconstructions, arising from its juxtaposition,' but 'searching in its analysis, apt in its quotations, sound in its general view of the age which is its subject' (*Replies*, p. 321), and in no sense deserving the sweeping censure with which it has been visited (pp. 353, 355.) Of the other Essayists, whose writings, unfortunately, he has not been led to study so carefully as those of the one whom he has been specially appointed to criticise, he yet has the generosity, after much severe condemnation, to add that, in their attempt, they are 'professing, however (we may think) groundlessly, to be only recalling the Christianity of the day to a truer, and, therefore, more effective condition; and who do, beyond a doubt, intend, in their own purpose, however unhappily, to reconcile intellect with revelation' (p. 399). This 'undoubted purpose,' Mr. Haddan, of all their avowed opponents, has been the only one to recognise. It is difficult to imagine a sterner rebuke to the indiscriminate agitation and censure of the past year than the whole tone of this remarkable Essay. It appears among the *Replies to Essays and Reviews*; but it is, in fact, one of the best *Aids to Faith*—to Faith well nigh pierced to death by the wounds which it has received in the house of its friends from the ignorance, intolerance, and injustice of those who ought to have known better and have acted more discreetly.

From the style and temper of the two volumes we pass to their contents. If we ask what permanent contributions have been made by either of them to the theological literature of the country, it must be said of them, as of the book which they are opposing, that the results will be but small. Too much has been given to the needs of the moment,—too little to the general interests of truth and of

learning. Still, there are some commendable exceptions.

In Mr. Cook's Essay there is a good passage (*Aids*, p. 143) describing the preparation of mankind for the coming of Christianity (inferior, indeed, but similar to Dr. Temple's able sketch of the same subject in his 'Essay on the Education of the World'); and, again (*Aids*, pp. 150, 152), of the effects produced by the appearance of Strauss's work in Germany. Mr. Mansel, somewhat shifting the ground on which his theological reputation has hitherto rested, calls attention with much force to the striking dictum of Jacobi, that while 'Nature conceals God, *man reveals God*' (*Aids*, p. 28). And his argument on miracles, apart from the difficulties in which he is involved by his own philosophical antecedents, is decidedly ingenious. Dr. M'Caul, in the *Aids*, and Mr. Rorison, in the *Replies*, though taking diametrically opposite views of the first chapters of Genesis, have the merit (which we somewhat miss in the other combatants) of being thoroughly interested in their subject.

Dean Ellicott, when once he has got clear of the labyrinth of misunderstandings in which he has involved himself in his attacks on his distinguished Oxford adversary, has given several rules of Biblical interpretation which we strongly commend to the attention of theological students. There may be some details which Professor Jowett may have overlooked or neglected; but there is nothing inconsistent between the two Essays, which, if combined, would make an excellent introduction to the criticism of the New Testament. We cannot do better than briefly enumerate the two sets of rules.

*Interpret Scripture like any other book.* So spoke the Oxford Professor. The rule is thus enlarged by Dean Ellicott, in terms for the most part sound and just. *Interpret grammatically* (*Aids*, p. 429). *Interpret historically* (p. 430); (under which he introduces some useful remarks on topography). *Interpret minutely* (p. 436), where, in like manner, he applies the same



method to words that has been so well applied by Mr. Grote in his criticisms on Herodotus and Thucydides. *Interpret contextually* (p. 437), a rule specially needed for the student and the preacher.

Again, Mr. Jowett's second rule, *Interpret Scripture from itself*, is thus expanded,—*Interpret each Scriptural writer by himself. Interpret by the analogy of Scripture. Interpret by the analogy of faith* (*Aids*, pp. 439, 443). Every one of these rules is admirable in principle, however we may differ from some of the details of their application. We would also call attention to the value of his remarks on the oral element in the New Testament, which has hardly been sufficiently recognised by English divines (*Aids*, p. 459). The Bishop of Gloucester's *Essay on the Atonement* contains some useful remarks on the history of the doctrine. But these are so much more clearly and forcibly stated in his *Bampton Lectures* on the same subject that we recommend our readers to adhere to his earlier version of the case. Bishop Fitzgerald's *Essay on the Evidences* is a lively history of the study of that subject, and reminds us of the style and temper of his great master, Archbishop Whately.

These are among the few solid accretions to our theological knowledge that the two works have supplied. But there are indirect advantages, which, though gained only through accidental and temporary causes, will leave a permanent blessing to the Church. Both volumes, but especially the second, exhibit in the most striking form the stride which free inquiry and Biblical criticism have made, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances, within the last few years, we may even say within the last year, in the Church of England.

During the recent storm it would almost have seemed as if we were to lose all that had been done for the Church by Hooker and Butler, Marsh and Hey in former generations, by Arnold, Hare, and Coleridge in this; and that we were to be thrown back on the stiff mechanical views of inspiration, on the fixed

conventional interpretations which prevailed in England, not universally but generally, a hundred years ago, when, as Mr. Haddan has reminded us, Kennicott, Mill, and Walton were 'each of them heretics in their day.' (*Replies*, p. 397.) That there is in these volumes a large continuance of this retrograde movement we do not deny. One of the 'Repliers,' most eminent in station (the Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford), has told us that 'he is not acquainted with Coleridge's works' (*Replies*, p. 195)—that is, with the works of the theologian who, probably, has had more effect on the rising generation than any other single name that could be mentioned; and the same ignorance of what the chief scholars of England and Germany have been doing for the last fifty years runs through all the *Replies*, with the exception of that written by Mr. Rose, who, now freed from the dread of the redoubted champion called forth by his brother thirty years ago, has made an indiscriminate onslaught on German theology which no Pusey will now be found to answer. In the *Aids*, however, a marked change is discernible. Mr. Cook, indeed—except for his adoption of Bishop Hampden's identification of facts and doctrines, which once was thought the most fatal of heresies (*Aids*, p. 174)—lingers behind his colleagues. Even to call the Athanasian Creed 'an unhappy form' is, in his judgment, treason to the Church. (*Aids*, p. 183.) Alas for Tillotson, who wished he were well rid of it, for Burnet, who vainly endeavoured to cast it out, for Arnold, who condemned its anathemas as false and unchristian! But in the *Aids* generally, and in the *Replies* occasionally, admissions are made so large in their extent that there can be no doubt of all our lost ground being ultimately recovered. If Bishop Thomson is more eager than of old to bring out the Calvinistic element in the doctrine of the Atonement, he still dwells with earnest impressiveness on its moral purpose (*Aids*, p. 316), and acknowledges that the Fathers did not work out the doctrine of

substitutive sacrifice, for denying which poor Mr. Heath has been deprived of his living (*Aids*, p. 346). If Dr. M'Caul still asserts that the first chapter of Genesis is a scientific account of the creation (*Aids*, p. 199), a chorus of voices—Mr. Main (*Replies*, p. 512), Mr. Borison (*Replies*, p. 334), Professor Browne (*Aids*, p. 319)—join, with Dr. Temple and Mr. Goodwin, in declaring that the object of the Bible was not to teach science, but to teach religion; that the literal acceptance of the six days as well as the belief that the world has only lasted six thousand years is 'a delusion;' that the first chapter of Genesis is not a history, but a 'psalm,' poetical in structure, in language, and in thought. If Dr. Wordsworth still identifies prophecy with prediction, and is furious that Hosea's allusion to Egypt should not be considered a prediction (*Replies*, pp. 428-484), Dr. M'Caul, on the other hand, declares, with Dr. Williams, that the 'moral and ceremonial precepts of Moses' and 'the Sermon on the Mount' were prophecies, just as much as the prediction of the destinies of Israel or the fall of Jerusalem (*Aids*, p. 90); and that when Hosea said 'Out of Egypt have I called my son,' he was not uttering a prediction of the future, but alluding to the Exodus eight centuries before. (*Aids*, p. 118.) If Professor Heurtley (supposing that we rightly understand him) still maintains that the essence of a miracle is to be above Nature (*Replies*, p. 115), Mr. Mansel, in the *Aids*, is willing to acknowledge, with Professor Powell, that in a certain sense it is within Nature.

If, indeed, we include, under the term *nature*, all that is potential, as well as all that is actual, in the constitution of the world—all that can be brought about in it by divine power, as well as all that is brought about in it by physical causes—in such an extended sense of the term, a miracle, like any other occurrence, may be included within the province of nature.

And in like manner Professor Browne gives in his adhesion to the Divine idea of general laws:—

The uniform prevalence of law, not only

in things inanimate, but where there is life and even reason and morality—can anything be more consistent than this with the whole of the Old Testament? Indeed, its peculiar teaching from first to last may be said to have been that God is a God of order; that he has impressed His law on all creation; that all things serve Him, all things obey Him; that to break laws, whether moral or physical, is inevitably to entail suffering; and that even rational and spiritual beings, even in their rational and spiritual natures and capacities, are subject to laws which cannot be broken; that the sins of the fathers go down in sin and sorrow to the children; and that even repentance, though it may save the soul, cannot undo the sin or avert the suffering. There is nowhere in creation or in history written more plainly the record of order and law.

Again, although the Mosaic authorship and absolutely historic character of the whole Pentateuch are assumed by Dr. M'Caul, and by most other writers in this volume, as unquestioned facts, Professor Rawlinson has courageously avowed his belief that the last chapter of Deuteronomy is the work of an unknown author; that the Book of Genesis consists of documents, also by unknown authors, anterior to Moses; that the whole Pentateuch has been revised, modernized, and interpolated by Ezra (*Aids*, pp. 251-252); and that the chronology of the received text is wrong (p. 261). The assumption of the absolute perfection and unvarying accuracy of Scripture, and of the uniform, verbal, and literal inspiration, on which are based the vast majority of the attacks on the Essayists, runs indeed through all the *Replies*, with the exception of the bold and dashing criticism of Mr. Borison. But it is repudiated throughout the *Aids* in language more cautious indeed, but not less positive, than that employed by the Essayists:—

We look in vain through the Pentateuch for the gnomic wisdom of Solomon, the eloquent denunciations of Ezekiel and Jeremiah, or the lofty flights of Isaiah. It is absurd to compare the song of Moses, as a literary production, even with some of the Psalms of David, much more to parallel it with Ezekiel's eloquence and Homeric variety, or Isaiah's awful depth and solemn majesty of repose.



Is this Professor Rawlinson or Dr. Williams?

To declare that there are no interpolations or corruptions in the Sacred Volume is to make an assertion improbable *a priori*, and at variance with the actual phenomena. The sober-minded in every age have allowed that the written Word, as it has come down to us, has these slight imperfections, which no more interfere with its value than the spots upon the sun detract from his brightness, or than a few marred and stunted forms destroy the harmony and beauty of Nature.

We have heard before of the 'partial crust of human passion and error on the bright centre of spiritual truth within.' (*Essays and Replies*, p. 177.) Which belongs to the bane, and which to the antidote, future critics will find it hard to determine.

All such terms as 'mechanical' and 'dynamical' inspiration, and all the theories that have grown round these epithets—all such distinctions as inspirations of superintendence, inspirations of suggestion, and so forth—all attempts again to draw lines of demarcation between the inspiration of the books of Scripture themselves and the inspiration of the authors of which those books were results—may be most profitably dismissed from our thoughts, and the whole subject calmly reconsidered from what may be termed a Scriptural point of view. The holy Volume itself shall explain to us the nature of that influence by which it is pervaded and quickened. 8. Thus far we are perfectly in accord with our opponents. We are agreed on both sides that there is such a thing as inspiration in reference to the Scriptures, and we are further agreed that the Scriptures themselves are the best sources of information on the subject.

The hands, no doubt, are the hands of Professor Ellicott; but the voice is the voice of Professor Jowett.

Professor Harold Browne has written a separate essay on this very subject of Inspiration. It abounds with passages which cover the whole extent of the freedom claimed by the Essayists, and, though not marked by any vigour of thought or style, has all the appearance of a thoroughly candid and honest statement of the ques-

tion. He states clearly (what some of his colleagues are so rash as to deny) the variation of opinion on this subject amongst the Fathers.

Origen was the first great Biblical critic: few things have tended more than Biblical criticism to modify the theory of verbal inspiration; and this appeared even in the patristic ages and among some of the most illustrious of the patristic writers. The critical labours of Chrysostom and Jerome, in the beginning of the fifth century, made them observe the apparent discrepancies in the accounts of the Evangelists, and other like difficulties in Holy Writ. Such observations led to a greater appreciation of the human element in the composition of Scripture. St. Chrysostom could see that some slight variations in the different narratives of the same event were no cause for anxiety or unbelief, but rather a proof that the Evangelists were independent witnesses. And St. Jerome could discern in the New Testament writers a dialect inferior to the purest Greek, and even at times a mixture of human passion in the language of the Apostles.

And he proceeds to give his own view in language hardly to be distinguished from that on which the Bishop of Salisbury has endeavoured to deprive Dr. Williams of his living.

Some Christian controversialists, who take high grounds themselves, write as if they thought that Christianity was not worth defending, unless it was defended exactly on their principles. The minds of the young more especially are sometimes greatly endangered by this means. The defender of the Gospel may be but an indifferent reasoner. He fails to make his ground sure and strong. His reader finds more forcible, at least more specious, arguments elsewhere. He thinks the advocate he rested on defeated, his arguments answered and upset, and Christianity itself seems lost. Now, we may surely begin by saying, that the question of inspiration is, within certain limits, a question *internal* to Christianity. No doubt, it may materially affect the evidences of Christianity; but the questions of verbal inspiration, mechanical inspiration, dynamical inspiration, and the like, are all questions on which persons believing in the Gospel may differ. There is a degree of latitude which must be fatal to faith; but within certain limits men may differ, and yet believe.

We have a number of different books written in different styles, indicating the



different characters of the writers. At times, too, there appear slight diversities of statements in trifling matters of detail. Here we mark a human element. If God spoke, it is plain that He spoke through man; if God inspired, He inspired man. Even the Gospel *miracles* were often worked with some instrumental means; no wonder, then, that when God would teach men, He would teach through human agency. And the difference of style—perhaps the slight discrepancies in statements—seem to satisfy us that some portions at least of the Bible were not simply dictated by God to man; there was not what is called mere mechanical or organic inspiration; God did not simply speak God's words, using as a mere machine man's lips to speak them with.

And, finally, more grateful to the weary student than any mere concessions of disputed points are the bold avowals scattered here and there of the method in which the Bible should be studied. Hear from the midst of the *Replies* Mr. Rorison (we know not who he is, but so much the more do we welcome the unknown voice):—

There is no attaining a satisfactory view of the mutual relations of science and Scripture till men make up their minds to do violence to neither, and to deal faithfully with both. On the very threshold, therefore, of such discussions as the present, we are encountered by the necessity for a candid, truthful, and impartial exegesis of the sacred text. This can never be honoured by being put to the torture. We ought to harbour no hankering after so-called 'reconciliations,' or allow these to warp in the very least our rendering of the record. It is our business to decipher, not to prompt; to keep our ears open to what the Scripture says, not exercise our ingenuity on what it can be made to say. We must purge our minds at once of that order of prepossessions which is incident to an overtimid faith, and, not less scrupulously, of those counter-prejudices which beset a jaundiced and captious scepticism. For there may be an eagerness to magnify, and even to invent difficulties, as well as an anxiety to muffle them up and smooth them over,—of which last, the least pleasing shape is an affectation of contempt disguising obvious perplexity and trepidation. Those who seek the repose of truth had best banish from the quest of it, in whatever field, the spirit and the methods of sophistry. The geologist,

for example, if loyal to his science, will marshal his facts as if there were no book of Genesis. Even so is it the duty of the interpreter of the Mosaic text to fix its sense and investigate its structure as though it were susceptible of neither collation nor collision with any science of geology.

Hear Professor Ellicott from the close of the *Aids*:—

Let the interpreter then resolve, with God's assisting grace, to be candid and truthful. Let him fear not to state honestly the results of his own honest investigations; let him be simple, reverent, and plain-spoken, and, above all, let him pray against that sectarian bias which by importing its own foregone conclusions into the word of Scripture, and by refusing to see or to acknowledge what makes against its own prejudices, has proved the greatest known hindrance to all fair interpretation, and has tended, more than anything else in the world, to check the free course of Divine Truth. To illustrate our meaning by examples. Let the interpreter in the first place be seduced by no timidity or prejudices from ascertaining the true text. Let him not fall back upon the too often repeated statement that, as readings affect no great points of doctrine, the subject may be left in abeyance. It is indeed most true, that different readings of such a character as 1 Timothy iii. 16, or interpolations such as 1 John v. 7, are few and exceptional. It is indeed a cause for devout thankfulness, if not even for a recognition of a special providence, that out of the vast number of various readings so few affect vital questions; still it is indisputably a fact that but few pages of the New Testament can be turned over without our finding points of the greatest interest affected by very trivial variations of reading.

There are indeed several grounds for thinking that there is an improved feeling on the whole subject; and there seem some reasons for hoping that though no authoritative revision is likely to take place, nor, at present perhaps, even to be desired, yet that the time is coming when there will be a considerable agreement on many of the results of modern criticism, and when it will be as startling to hear a sermon deliberately preached on Acts viii. 37, as it would be now on the Heavenly Witnesses. There are, alas! still many signs of uneasiness and obstruction; but we do entreat and conjure those who would only too gladly put the whole question in abeyance to pause, seriously to pause, before they do such dishonour to the words of inspiration, and leave cling-

ing to our Church both the reproaches which are now so pitilessly cast upon us all by the gainsayer, and that still deeper reproach of our own hearts,—that, believing the Bible to be a special, direct, and inspired revelation from God, we have yet not used the means now at hand of ascertaining the exact language in which that revelation is vouchsafed. Mournful indeed will be the retrospect, and gloomy indeed the future, if unbecoming anxiety or a timid conservatism is to tempt honest hearts to show sadly lacking measures of faith, and to deal deceitfully with the Oracles of God.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of these passages. No doubt they are exceptional expressions. Some of them are reluctantly extorted, some are contradicted, if not by the writers themselves, by their collaborators in one or other of the two volumes. But this circumstance only makes their appearance the more marked, the more significant, in the history of the present controversy. They assert beyond question the same principles, and often the same facts, as were by memorialists, by Convocation, and by bishops, declared to be inconsistent with honest subscription and allegiance to the Church. They show the position which, in spite of their natural predilections, all serious students of theology are forced to take; and they indicate the water-mark of criticism and of free inquiry in the Church of England. The wave may pass beyond this limit, but it can never now recede from it. Episcopal censures and prosecutions may suspend or deprive individual clergymen, but so long as the *Aids to Faith* is allowed to circulate unrefuted (and we are glad to hear that its circulation has already exhausted some thousands of copies) the liberty of the Church is guaranteed. Far more decisive even than Dr. Lushington's verdict in favour of Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson, is this moral verdict, generously given in some instances, in others with difficulty conceded, by the ablest of their opponents. Far more convincing than any answers which the Essayists themselves could make to the invectives of the *Replies* are the

answers to those *Replies* that have been already published in the *Aids*, if not in the *Replies* themselves.

In conclusion, we tender our thanks to the two eminent prelates who have lent their sanction to these publications. It would be as unfair in this instance as in the case of the Essayists to make any writer responsible for anything except his own contribution. But the two Episcopal editors have assumed that responsibility of their own accord: the Bishop of Oxford, in a mood of characteristic rashness, without having read the Essays which he guarantees; the Bishop of Gloucester, more prudently after a careful perusal. We need, therefore, be under no scruple in connecting with their names at least the best parts of the volumes which they have edited; and, though we should still be unwilling to charge Dr. Wilberforce with the bad jokes of Dr. Wordsworth, or Dr. Thomson with the scientific paradoxes of Dr. M'Caul, yet there can be no injustice in identifying their names with those portions of the respective books which are truly admirable—with the noble spirit of appreciation shown by Mr. Haddan, or with the sound criticism and liberal theology of Dean Ellicott and Professor Browne. Sydney Smith, in one of his well-known pamphlets, conveyed a just eulogium on Lord Melbourne in the exclamation, 'I accuse the Prime Minister of honesty and diligence.' We may be permitted in like manner to express our humble satisfaction on the present occasion. We accuse the Bishop of Oxford (and we trust that the more generous part of his nature will respond to our charge) of justice, candour, and discriminate forbearance. We accuse the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol (and no higher praise can be bestowed on one who has so largely embarked on the field of Biblical interpretation) 'of freely handling, in a becoming spirit, subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the repetition of conventional language, and from traditional methods of treatment.'\*

\* *Essays and Reviews*, p. 1.



## WILLIAM PITT—LAST TEN YEARS.\*

WHEN Pitt was a boy he wrote a tragedy which was remarkable for having no love in it. The drama of his own life was very near to being in the same predicament. Once only does he appear in the character of a suitor for the affections of a lady, nor is it indeed very clear that he did then actually sustain that part. All that is known for certain is, that his name was mentioned in connexion with that of Miss Eleanor Eden, the eldest daughter of the first Lord Auckland. But to what extent the affair proceeded, and why it was broken off, if indeed there was anything to break off, remains a mystery. Pitt, at Holwood, was intimate with the family of his friend and neighbour, Lord Auckland, at Beckenham. The report of an engagement between the Minister and Miss Eden found its way into the newspapers, and was the subject of conversation in society. Lord Auckland, in a letter written at the end of December, 1796, alludes to the rumour, and contradicts it with the air of a man preparing for either event, but taking care to avoid any future imputation of disappointment.

Some letters passed between the supposed suitor and the possible father-in-law. They are known to be still in the possession of Lord Auckland's family; but Lord Stanhope has not been allowed to see them, nor have they been printed in the recently published *Auckland Correspondence*, for which many very proper and natural reasons may no doubt be imagined. Lord Stanhope, however, professes to have heard the contents of the letters described by a person who has more than once read them. According to this account, Pitt wrote in the first instance to Lord Auckland to avow his feelings for his daughter, but explained that in his circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment he could make no

offer of marriage, and thought it best to discontinue his visits. Lord Auckland is made in his answer to admit the want of fortune as a sufficient reason for proceeding no further in the matter, but does not deny that the attachment of Mr. Pitt may have been fully appreciated. Two further letters are mentioned, relating to the way in which the congratulations of friends, which began to pour in, should be met; and Pitt is said to have desired that the blame, if any, should fall entirely on himself.

The editor of the *Auckland Correspondence*, in a postscript to the last volume of that work, has pronounced the above account of the interesting affair of 1797 to be erroneous, adding that if its character was as thus described, there could be no objection to publish it. A long and painful discussion is alleged to have taken place, which terminated honourably to all parties. It is said to be entirely incorrect to state that Lord Auckland was in the slightest degree averse to the match on account of Pitt's pecuniary difficulties, but on the contrary was desirous that a marriage should take place between him and his daughter, whom he believed to be attached to Mr. Pitt.

No one can hesitate to accept the statement that the first Lord Auckland was not averse to an alliance with the greatest man of the day, the creator of Ministers, and the fountain-head of all the patronage of the State. Pecuniary difficulties can have formed no insurmountable obstacle. The mere fact of a marriage, and the existence of a mistress to preside over Pitt's neglected domestic affairs, would in itself have made an effectual beginning of putting his house in order. His income was large, and his debts might have been extinguished in a few years

\* *Life of the Right Honourable William Pitt.* By Earl Stanhope. Vols. 3 and 4. London: John Murray. 1862.



by a judicious application of his resources to their gradual reduction. Possibly another generation may be allowed to see the letters which are at present withheld. It is for us to remain in ignorance. We have only to regret that no such event as a happy marriage occurred to assist in abating the annoyances due to the private pecuniary embarrassments of the overworked statesman—to give him an ever-ready and watchful guardian over his failing health—and probably to have prolonged his life for the further service of his country, at that time so much in need of the counsels of its ablest men.

There were soon, however, sterner matters to engross the attention of the Minister after his short glimpse of possible domestic happiness. The result of Buonaparte's successes in Italy was to leave England without a single continental ally, and this at a time when it had been declared in Paris that the Government of England and the French Republic could not exist together. The vast expenses of the war in providing our own armaments and in subsidizing foreign powers, had already created a scarcity of gold, when the growing alarm of French invasion occasioned an absolute famine of the precious metal. Money was withdrawn from the country banks to be hoarded at home. The Bank of England was in turn stripped of its deposits, and was no longer able to supply gold in exchange for its notes. In this emergency, and to avert a national insolvency, Pitt took the bold and sagacious course of issuing an Order in Council to suspend cash payments. He knew the vast credit power of the country, and availed himself of it to prevent the impending crash. The step was supported by the monied interests of London, whose adhesion was essential to its success. In a short time the necessary measures were completed to restore the confidence of the country in its financial stability, and to enable it to carry on the vast operations of the continuing

war. It is unnecessary to dwell on the evils which of necessity belonged no less to the suspension of cash payments than to their subsequent resumption, nor on the protracted delay of more than twenty years during which this abnormal condition prevailed. The very familiarity with one-pound notes, and the comparative rarity of the golden guinea, during so long a time, must have taken off the edge of admiration for the confident intrepidity of the man who made the great change. The return to cash payments in 1819 was accompanied with so much pressure and loss in certain directions, that the author of the first innovation was not then likely to receive unmixed praise for his wise but daring act. At the time, the recent frightful depreciation of the French *assignats* afforded a plausible ground of alarm for those who could not, or would not, appreciate the difference of circumstances existing in England and France. The issue of the republican paper was the only precedent that could then be quoted for such a course, and the Opposition in Parliament did not fail to use every argument to embarrass and perplex the labouring Minister in this crisis of the nation's disordered life.

Closely following on this danger came the still greater one of the mutinies in the fleet. There was abundance of real ground for discontent among the seamen, which broke out in open defiance of authority at Spithead. The officers were deposed from command, the men took possession of the ships, nor was order restored until the just demands of the men had been satisfied by a remarkable union of vigour and tact on the part of the Government. An annual addition of more than half a million to the allowances of the seamen showed the magnitude of their demands, and the extent to which it was thought right to accede to them. A month afterwards there was the still more formidable and altogether inexcusable mutiny at the Nore. The ships lying at Sheerness were joined by the greater part

of Admiral Duncan's fleet, and afforded the fearful spectacle of twenty-four well-manned vessels in open revolt, occupying the mouth of the Thames, and at no considerable distance from the metropolis. Here, too, the cause of loyalty prevailed. The revolted seamen had no remaining grievances to be redressed; they were menaced by a powerful force; they grew tired of their self-appointed leaders, and before long they quietly returned to their duty. Vast as was the peril surmounted, and great as was the crime of the men, it is impossible to look back at these mutinies without feeling how much of thorough English spirit was manifested in them. When the second phase of the first mutiny was in full success at St. Helen's, the delegates who governed the fleet threatened to fire upon a particular ship, whose crew was suspected of an intention to carry her over to France to be placed in the hands of the enemy. Perfect discipline was observed under the rule of the delegates, and there was little abuse of the absolute power to which the men had succeeded. At the Nore, the mutineers hoisted the royal colours and fired a royal salute in honour of the King's birthday, on the 4th of June.

All through this agony of national danger, the conduct of the Opposition was factious and obstructive to the last degree, even to the extent of choosing such a time for the announcement by its leaders of their intention to withdraw from any participation in public affairs. Pitt was as usual calm and self-possessed.

One strong instance . . . . was wont to be related by the First Lord of the Admiralty at that period. There had come from the fleet tidings of especial urgency. Lord Spencer thought it requisite to go at once to Downing-street and consult the Prime Minister. Pitt being roused from his slumbers, sat up in bed, heard the case, and gave his instructions. Lord Spencer took leave, and withdrew. But no sooner had he reached the end of the street than he remembered one more point which he had omitted to state. Accordingly he returned to Pitt's house,

and desired to be shown up a second time to Pitt's chamber. There, after so brief an interval, he found Pitt as before, buried in profound repose.

Some years afterwards, upon the occasion of the arrival of the news of Trafalgar, Pitt said that he had often been called up by the arrival of news of various complexions, and whether good or bad, could always go to sleep again after it. But this brought so much to weep over as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, and at length got up, although it was only three in the morning.

Pitt's sincere desire for peace with France was illustrated by the events of the year 1797. He said, 'I feel it my duty as an English Minister and a Christian to use every effort to stop so bloody and so wasting a war:' and subsequently, 'to produce the desired result, I will stifle every feeling of pride.' M. Guizot, in the introduction to his translation of Lord Stanhope's *Life of Pitt*, has described Pitt's views and position with regard to France, in a way not less truthful, than honourable to himself and his nation. He admits that Pitt had no choice but war, and that the war was carried on by him in the spirit which is always hoping for future peace.

Negotiations with the French Directory were actually commenced and continued by Pitt under many circumstances of discouragement. The *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor put an end to the diplomatic operations at Lille; but a very remarkable proposal was afterwards made by Barras, in which peace on his own terms was offered to Pitt, upon the payment of two millions sterling as a consideration for the benefit of Barras and those with whom he was acting. We know that this was their way of doing business; for upon the seizure of American vessels by the French Government, the United States envoys were told that nothing could be done until upwards of a million had been advanced as a loan, and £50,000 paid as a *douceur* to the Directors. The Hanse Towns also



obtained licences to navigate the high seas by a secret payment of £150,000 to the same disinterested patriots. Strange as it was, Pitt was disposed to entertain this proposal, in order that by a judicious and definite expenditure he might obtain a most desirable object. In writing to the King, he described it as a 'measure quite singular in its extent, and of doubtful success; but attended with little risk of mischief, and worth trying in these extraordinary times.'

The conflict, however, was to be continued with iron, and was not to be thus terminated by gold. In October, the battle of Camperdown destroyed the naval rivalry of the Dutch; and for this victory, as well as for the previous triumphs of Lords Howe and St. Vincent, the King went to return thanks in St. Paul's at the close of the year. On this occasion, Pitt was unfavourably received in the streets. The Minister whose duty compelled him to impose such a variety of heavy taxes for the maintenance of the war, could not hope to escape all manifestation of popular dislike. A glance through the statute book for 1797 shows the kind of work to which he had to be perpetually directing the attention of Parliament. There had been no time to think of measures of internal improvement. Act succeeds Act for raising additional forces, for imposing fresh taxes, for authorizing extensive loans, for giving the legislative sanction and indemnity on the suspension of cash payments, for satisfying the demands of the mutinous seamen while they were reasonable, for giving extraordinary powers to the Admiralty to deal with them after they had ceased to be so. Many tongues and many pens were active in writing and speaking sedition of greater or less intensity. The first appearance of the *Anti-Jacobin* in the month of November of this year is not without historical importance, by the diversion it effected in favour of the Minister, so far as its influence could be felt. The light artillery of wit has never done more useful service in

political warfare. We wish that Lord Stanhope had been perfectly faithful to its inimitable text in the quotations made by him from it; and we regret that his severe requirement of absolute evidence in support of the current traditions obliges him, as a rigid historian, to pronounce against the pleasant belief that Pitt himself was the contributor of a few of the happiest lines to the poetry of the collection.

The disaffection was not confined to the obscure and ignorant. At a large public dinner held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in celebration of Fox's birthday, the Duke of Norfolk presided, and after allusions to Washington and American emancipation, gave the toast of 'The Majesty of the People.' Three months afterwards, at a meeting of the Whig Club, Fox repeated the same toast. The Duke of Norfolk was removed from his public offices as Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire and as colonel of a militia regiment. The name of Fox was struck from the list of members of the Privy Council. The general attachment of the country to the constitutional monarchy and to the person of the sovereign was amply evinced by the large voluntary contributions which were made in 1798 towards the exigencies of the State. Two millions of money was thus subscribed, a considerable sum in itself, but still more important as tending to show the spirit of the people, and their readiness to pay the far larger amounts which it was necessary to raise by general taxation.

The difficulty of governing Ireland with an independent Parliament would, under the most favourable circumstances, have been considerable; but with such a Parliament as that which sat in Dublin, and in the exasperated condition of Irish faction, it was simply impossible for any Minister to hope that he could succeed in maintaining a fair and equal rule in Ireland. The occurrence of the rebellion precipitated the measure of legislative union, which must



in any event have been passed at no very distant time from that at which it actually took place. Religious animosities were pushed to the utmost violence; there was a most formidable armed revolt of the subjects of the realm in concert with the national enemy. It was essential for the safety of the whole community that all the powers of Government should be centred in one spot, and that equal rights should be granted to the Roman Catholics who formed so large a proportion of the population of the sister island. Lord Cornwallis was sent to Ireland in the double capacity of Lord Lieutenant and as Commander-in-Chief. Under him the rebellion was finally suppressed, and the project of union was discussed. There is ample evidence of the wise and moderate spirit in which the affairs of Ireland were approached by Pitt and his intimate colleagues. Wilberforce reports him as 'resenting and spurning the bigoted fury of Irish Protestants.' Lord Cornwallis is perpetually complaining of the dislike of the people about him to any merciful dealing with the rebels. In moderate counsels on that side of the Irish Channel he was only supported by his Lord Chancellor (Lord Clare), and by Lord Castlereagh, then commencing his distinguished career of statesmanship as Irish Secretary.

At first the union seemed impossible in the state of Irish feeling; but in the month of September (1798) we find Lord Cornwallis writing to Mr. Pitt, 'The principal people here are so frightened that they would, I believe, readily consent to an union, *but then it must be a Protestant union*; and even the Chancellor, who is the most right-headed politician in the country, will not hear of the Roman Catholics sitting in the United Parliament.'

It has been sometimes said that Pitt's later years were years of decadence, that his sun was waning from its meridian splendour, that the Iliad of his life was over, and its less noble Odyssey in course of transaction. This may perhaps so

appear to those who can perceive greatness only in the full tide of success. To us no part of Pitt's political life seems more worthy of admiration than that in which he laboured to achieve the freedom of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. In no other case had he to contend against such odds. General opinion was against him; the strong will of the King, fortified by religious and personal scruples of the most unyielding nature, was also against him. Many of his most trusted and valued colleagues were against him. Yet he persevered in the conscious rectitude of his intentions, and it is clear from his magnificent speech upon the introduction of the resolutions in favour of union with Ireland (31st January, 1799), that he regarded that measure not only as an end desirable for itself, but as a valuable means also towards procuring Roman Catholic emancipation. The question could be discussed with greater safety in an Imperial Parliament. Emancipation, if granted, would be deprived of its chief supposed dangers when the Roman Catholic members sat in the general legislative body of the whole kingdom. It is evident also that a State provision for the Catholic clergy was in Pitt's mind from the beginning of the consideration of the proposal for union with Ireland.

If the Minister's intentions and wishes with regard to the Roman Catholics were apparent at the outset of the discussions, the King's sentiments were no less early exhibited to those who were chiefly concerned to know them. He said to Dundas, 'I only hope Government is not pledged to anything in favour of the Roman Catholics.' The answer given was not altogether a candid one, namely, that it was to be a matter for future consideration. In what manner Pitt ever expected to overcome the King's prejudices, supported as they were by his conscientious objection to the supposed violation of his coronation oath, remains a matter for wonder and doubt. On this point he may have relied too much upon his own strong views of the rights

and policy of the case, and upon his power of impressing them upon the King. His long career of predominance, his ever triumphant majorities, may have rendered him too confident in himself. He may not have appreciated the peculiar nature of the obstacle in the King's mind. It depended on moral convictions deserving of much respect, but which were totally unassailable by such arguments or considerations of expediency as must on many previous occasions have been successful in moving the King's resolution from positions of apparently equal strength.

By what means the union was to be effected is indicated by a phrase of Pitt's, in a very early letter which passed on the subject from himself to Lord Cornwallis. John Foster, the Irish speaker, came to London to see the ministers. In reference to his visit, Pitt wrote to the Lord Lieutenant, 'On the whole I think I may venture to say that he will not obstruct the measure; and I rather hope, if it can be made palatable to him personally, which I believe it may, that he will give it fair support.' Foster afterwards opposed the measure; nor would the words, in the worst construction that might be put upon them, be especially applicable to him. But in general it certainly was by sweetening the rim of the cup to private lips, that the draught it contained was rendered agreeable to the palates of those to whom it was tendered. Large compensation was made to the owners of the boroughs who had returned members to Dublin, but were not to continue to nominate counterfeit representatives to the Imperial Parliament. With this exception there was little or no direct pecuniary influence employed, and here indeed there was money's worth surrendered for the money, leaving the receivers free to vote as they pleased upon the question of union. The work was accomplished by opening the sluices of patronage and preferment. A flood of peerages, titles, and offices was poured over the thirsty soil, which speedily showed itself not

ungrateful under such a system of irrigation by yielding the desired crop to the wishes of its anxious cultivators. The union with Ireland was accomplished in 1800. By it were promoted and secured the essential interests of Great Britain and Ireland; by it were consolidated the strength, power, and resources of the British Empire. Roman Catholic emancipation was delayed for a whole generation afterwards, but the question had an almost immediate effect upon the continuance of Pitt's Government.

It has long been known that his inability to carry out his own views on this subject was the real cause of Mr. Pitt's resignation; and that it was not caused by any wish of his that an opportunity should be afforded for another Government to endeavour to make peace with France. Yet this latter opinion was current at the time, although Pitt himself said enough in public to refute it. But the greater amount of official reticence then prevalent, and the peculiar circumstances of the King's relation to the state of affairs, no doubt rendered it difficult to explain fully the true cause which deprived the country of his services. There is certainly no evidence to establish the existence of an organized intrigue to remove from office the Minister who had been for seventeen years supreme. Nor is it probable that any such scheme should have been deliberately concerted by those upon whom the suspicion of entertaining such a design has rested. There was no sufficient expectation of personal advantage to themselves—the sole motive that can be assigned in such a transaction—and in the actual result neither of the two persons who have been chiefly accused of wishing to substitute a weak for a strong Government at a time of the gravest national peril, to serve their individual ends, were benefited by the changes which ensued. On the contrary, Lord Loughborough lost the custody of the Great Seal, and Lord Auckland did not obtain the seat in the



Cabinet which he may be supposed to have coveted, and to which he had a fair right to aspire. The latter certainly was guilty of no such flagrant and overt breach of confidence to a ministerial colleague as was involved in the showing to the King, at Weymouth, by the Chancellor, of Mr. Pitt's private letter to himself. Rumours of the contemplated relaxation of the laws against the Roman Catholics may easily have reached the ears of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and so roused the whole episcopate to alarm and protest, otherwise than by the means of his connexion with Lord Auckland, 'eternal intriguer' as he was. Pitt had spoken out sufficiently to indicate what his disposition was, and to raise the fears of those who thought it their duty to interpose their advice against him.

Bad indeed as Lord Loughborough's conduct was, base as his motives probably were, and admitting that his treachery hastened the resignation of Pitt, it is pretty clear that this event could not have been long delayed. Pitt felt himself bound in honour to proceed to redeem the pledges virtually given by him during the negotiations for the Union. The King's mind could hardly have been materially influenced by the manner in which the minister's intentions were communicated to him, whether prematurely by a dishonest colleague, or formally and in due season by himself. Pitt, indeed, in reviewing the transactions which led to the formation of Addington's Government, is said to have regretted nothing, except that he had not sooner endeavoured to reconcile the King to the measure. But would even the support of the King have enabled him to carry a measure against which there would have remained so large and powerful an amount of opposition? We think not; and we believe that the principal and essential features of the history of the time would have been little varied if all parties had acted in perfect good faith, and solely on conscientious motives,

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instead of at least some of them behaving in a widely different manner. The King, as it occurred, was perhaps the greatest sufferer; and Pitt's regrets may have been intended rather to apply to him, than to any altered state of public affairs, which might in his opinion have been induced by an earlier communication of his intentions.

In 1799, the Cabinet (including Lord Loughborough) had been unanimous in favour of Catholic relief. The only doubt was as to the possibility of throwing open the most important offices. The chief fear was of resistance in the highest quarter. The King's scruples about the Coronation Oath had troubled him in 1795, upon the proposed repeal of the Test Act. Lord Kenyon and Sir John Scott had then advised him, as lawyers, that the Test Act might be repealed or altered without any breach of the Coronation Oath, or of the Act of Union with Scotland. Lord Loughborough, who was separately consulted at the same time, gave a private opinion to the contrary effect. Supported by this, the King's repugnance was naturally increased; and Lord Loughborough must have known what was likely to be the consequences of disclosing to the King the determination of Mr. Pitt to proceed with a measure of emancipation.

The treason at Weymouth was acted late in September (1800), just before a Cabinet meeting at which the whole ministerial design was to be explained. The Chancellor attended this Cabinet, and announced his opposition. Nothing was done, and the further consideration of the question was postponed for a time, during which the Chancellor again addressed the King in objection to the Ministerial proposal. Other members of the Cabinet came round to his views, and thus the question remained open, until the King himself brought the matter to an issue. On the last day of January (1801), Pitt wrote to the King begging leave to resign unless he might complete his Irish policy, and recapitu-

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lating the arguments in its favour. The King then proposed the compromise in which Mr. Pitt as well as subsequent Ministers had afterwards to acquiesce,—namely, that the question should be dropped, and that for the future its existence should be ignored between them. At that time it would have been clearly wrong to adopt this solution of the difficulty. The return of the King's malady, and his continued liability to a relapse, completely changed the condition of things, and at no distant period made it imperatively necessary to adopt the position which was at this time suggested and refused.

Addington had for many years been distinguished as a most excellent and useful Speaker of the House of Commons. He was slightly senior to Pitt, and had long been on terms of confidential and affectionate intercourse with him. It was to Pitt that he resorted when desired to form a new Ministry. Pitt assured him of his support, and said, 'I see nothing but ruin, Addington, if you hesitate.' A better selection of a new Prime Minister could perhaps under the circumstances not have been made. But the circumstances compelling such substitution were indeed unfortunate. None could be sanguine in their expectations under a change from a Pitt to an Addington. Dundas wrote in confidence his 'conviction that no arrangement can be formed under him as its head that will not crumble to pieces almost as soon as formed;' and he speaks of the new Administration as being under a head totally incapable of carrying it on. Both in and out of Parliament Addington failed to command any confidence in his ability to govern the country.

In the midst of the Ministerial changes the poor King was attacked by a return of insanity. Thus, with one set of superseded Ministers still actually holding office, and their designated successors not yet installed, the delicate question of a Regency was presented, and of necessity required immediate consideration. Pitt adhered to his

former Constitutional opinions, and would again have proposed a measure of restricted Regency, as in 1789. The King's recovery removed this additional source of difficulty and anxiety; and Pitt at once conveyed to him the assurance that his mind should never again be disturbed by the mention of the Catholic question. This of course, so far as he was himself concerned, left no reason why he should not still be the King's minister. Unfortunately, however, it was impossible to restore matters to the condition in which they stood before the resignation. Addington had vacated the Speaker's chair, and his successor in it had been appointed. Pitt was too proud to suggest his own return to office. It was hardly to be expected that Addington should have been forward in proposing to cancel his new position, when his old post was not open for him to fall back upon. The King and Mr. Pitt himself had only just urged him to accept his present office, and he may well have thought himself qualified to fill it, and entitled to retain it. It was not for him to believe that he was totally unfit for it, nor to take the initiative in effecting his own degradation to the ranks from the post of commanding officer. The King was in no condition to exercise any sound judgment, and no doubt felt more at ease with the inferior intellect and compliant mood of the new minister—'his own Chancellor of the Exchequer'—than he had ever done with his great predecessor. The resignation of Pitt, therefore, was perfected, and the short and unsatisfactory Ministerial career of his successor commenced.

In the House of Commons, Sheridan had expressed his surprise at the retirement of the ablest members of the Government, and had likened the proceeding to the crew of a vessel preparing for action, who, instead of clearing the decks by throwing overboard the lumber, should employ the manœuvre of throwing overboard their great guns. This line of remark

was fair enough from a political adversary. It was reserved for an old supporter and confidential friend to make the same kind of observation on the conduct of the late Minister, but in a more offensive and malignant form. In a debate in the House of Peers, Lord Auckland pretended that he could not discover a sufficient reason for resignation at such a moment. He affected not to understand what had taken place. He compared the retiring Minister to a general who should get into his postchaise and quit his army in the time of action. He alluded to the recent change as a mystery, and something difficult for one man to explain to another. No person could have been better informed than Lord Auckland of all that had passed, and of all the reasons, and of all the motives, which had led to Mr. Pitt's unwilling retirement from the foremost place of duty and danger in the great contests of the period. The contemporary comment by Lord Malmesbury is to the effect that the indignant and inquisitive speaker had received from Pitt obligations which no Minister but one with his powers could bestow, or any one less eager for office than Lord Auckland could ask. Yet scarcely had he left office than Lord Auckland insinuated that he did it for some concealed motive, and that the ostensible one was insincere. Faithful George Rose at once resented the unmerited insult to his chief by breaking off all intercourse with the offender. Pitt himself never spoke to him again.

Many of Pitt's colleagues, including his own brother, Lord Chatham, continued as members of Addington's Government. He himself remained on cordial terms of intimacy with his successor, supported him in Parliament, and took an active part in advising and directing the negotiations which led to the making of the Peace of Amiens. The general satisfaction at this event assisted to fortify the new ministers, and they had a decreasing opposition against which

to contend. Wilberforce, at the end of the year, wrote, 'Pitt supports most magnanimously, and assists in every way. Addington goes on well, is honest and respectable, and improves in speaking. Little or nothing to do in the House.'

In the following spring, an attempt to fix censure upon Mr. Pitt and the late Government notably recoiled against those who moved in it. It resulted in a vote which affirmed, by an enormous majority, that the thanks of the House of Commons should be given to the late Ministers for their wise and salutary conduct throughout the war. And this was followed by the passing of the still more remarkable resolution, addressed to Pitt individually and by name, to the effect that he had rendered great and important services to his country, and especially deserved the gratitude of the House. Other public honours were bestowed upon him. A great festival was held in celebration of his birthday on the 28th of May, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, for which was composed Canning's famous song of 'The Pilot that weathered the Storm,' a piece which deserves to be included in every collection of English lyrical poetry.

During this session Pitt had given his support in public and his guidance in private to the Government, and at its close he was consulted on the framing of the Royal speech, in which he appears to have made some additions and alterations. But there was a growing feeling that he was in a false position, and that the country ought to have the benefit of his services as actual Minister. His friends thought that he was injuring his reputation, not only by the continued patronage of a feeble Administration, but also by rendering himself liable to have his opinions quoted in favour of measures, when they might be possibly given in ignorance of all the details of the affairs which were from time to time submitted to him. The public longed to have the fittest and ablest man again in



power, and it was seen that the existing condition of the Government was a make-shift, which it was impossible to consider as permanent. Efforts were made to obtain some demonstration of opinion from Pitt's political friends, upon which it might be expected that Addington would resign. This design, however, was stopped by the person most concerned in it. He said, with equal dignity and discretion—'If my coming into office is as generally desired as you suppose, it is much better for me and for the thing itself to leave that opinion to work out its own way: and this must happen if the opinion is a prevailing one in the public mind; and if it is not, my coming into office at all is useless and improper.' He yielded, however, to the representations of his friends, upon the personal risk incurred by him in advising the Government without full access to all the materials for forming a correct judgment, and from this time he declined to do so. An occasion immediately arose for adopting the new course that had been pressed upon him. In answer to a letter sent by Lord Hawkesbury to himself at Bath, inclosing despatches from France, and requesting his opinion, he replied that 'it was impossible for him to judge with safety or precision of such a weighty issue by any information that could be communicated at the distance they were from each other.'

A new Parliament met at the end of the year (1802). Pitt was ill with gout, and remained at Bath or Walmer for some time after it assembled. There were other sufficient reasons for his absence. He had satisfied himself that the Ministerial Budget was founded in gross error; and although he was still in friendly communication with Addington, he felt the difficulty of appearing in the House of Commons, where he could neither remain silent, nor speak without saying something damaging to the Government. In the meantime the public anxiety

for his own return to office had not abated under the increasing troubles on the Continent and the growing terror at the name of Bonaparte. Addington himself seems to have been aware that the best provision must be made against the coming storm. There was at first a notion entertained that the great intellect and the respectable mediocrity should serve together under some nominal chief. Lord Chatham was even mentioned as the person most likely to be acceptable in such a scheme to Mr. Pitt. This proposal was made through Lord Melville, and by the same channel declined in a letter (of course dictated by Pitt), which teems with political wisdom. The scheme was full of objections; the most important perhaps being the necessity in our Government 'that there should be an avowed and real Minister, possessing the chief weight in the Council, and the principal place in the confidence of the king. In that respect there can be no rivalry or division of power. That power must rest in the person generally called the First Minister, and that Minister ought to be the person at the head of the finances.'

Upon finding that the plan of divided power was impossible, Addington appears to have been ready to make any personal sacrifice that might be needed to secure again to the nation the public services of Pitt. The necessity of a change was obvious; but there were others to be consulted, and personal differences to be adjusted, which did not, in fact, admit of adjustment. No arrangement, therefore, could be made; and things went on ostensibly as before, but with the important difference that some alienation of feeling had unavoidably taken place between the great Reality and the well-meaning but insufficient substitute who occupied the place that should have still been his. Lord Stanhope, with that excellent candour and desire to render credit where it is due, which is habitual to him, gives it as his opinion that during these



negotiations for the reinstatement of Mr. Pitt, both parties acted with perfect rectitude and honour. Pitt was bound to form the ablest Government he could, and of the strongest materials at his command. Addington, too, had a right to his own opinions on the policy of introducing as his colleagues those who had been recently opposed to him on the great question of peace, which was still the leading topic of affairs. Each showed commendable fidelity to his personal friends—a quality without which, it may be remarked, no politician in England has ever long prospered or succeeded in securing lasting public esteem.

In May the war with France again broke out. It was impossible for Pitt to remain longer absent from his place in Parliament. In the debate upon the King's Message, he made one of his greatest speeches. Unfortunately, our knowledge of its merits must rest upon the incidental mention made of it in the letters and diaries of contemporaries. Fox, also, on this occasion appeared with surpassing force in a speech (according to Speaker Abbot's journal) 'of more art, eloquence, wit, and mischief, than I ever remember to have heard from him.' The best account of Pitt's speech, and of the whole scene, is contained in a letter from the late Lord Dudley, at that time a young member of the new House of Commons.

When he came in, which he did not till after Lord Hawkesbury had been speaking nearly an hour, all the attention of the House was withdrawn for some moments from the orator and fixed on him; and as he walked up to his place, his name was repeated aloud by many persons, for want, I imagine, of some other way to express their feelings. Erskine and Whitbread were heard with impatience; and when at the end of a tedious hour and a half, he rose (twenty minutes to eight), there was first a violent and almost universal cry of 'Mr. Pitt! Mr. Pitt!' He was then cheered before he had uttered a syllable, a mark of approbation which was repeated at almost all the brilliant passages and remarkable sentiments; and when he sat down (nine),

there followed three of the longest, most eager, and most enthusiastic bursts of applause I ever heard in any place on any occasion. As far as I observed, however, it was confined to the Parliamentary 'Hear him! Hear him!' but it is possible that the exclamations in the body of the House might have hindered me from hearing the clapping of hands in the gallery. This wonderful agitation, you will readily perceive, it would not be fair to ascribe wholly to the superiority of his eloquence *on that particular occasion*—he was applauded before he spoke, which is alone a sufficient proof. Much must be attributed to his return at such an awful moment to an assembly which he had been accustomed to rule, from which he had been long absent, and in which he had not left a successor; some little, perhaps, to his addressing a new Parliament, in which there were many members by whom he had never or rarely been heard, and whose curiosity must of course have been raised to the highest pitch.

His physical powers are, I am seriously concerned to remark, perceptibly impaired. He exhibits strong marks of bad health. Though his voice has not lost any of its depth or harmony, his lungs seem to labour in those prodigious sentences which he once thundered forth without effort, and which (to borrow a phrase from your favourite metaphysician, Monboddo) other men have 'neither the understanding to form nor the vigour to utter.'

Fox's speech on the following evening was, I think, a far greater effort of mind. It was much the best I ever heard from him, and stands immediately next to the greatest among those of his antagonist. It was free from his usual and lamentable fault of repetition. Every one seemed to agree that he outdid himself. Fortunately, it has not shared the fate of Pitt's, though two sides of the *Morning Chronicle* cannot give a very complete idea of this wonderful piece of wit and argument, which took near three hours in delivering. Don't imagine that, from this accidental superiority in one instance, I mean to draw any inference as to the comparative talents of the men. I believe it arose merely from the different ground on which circumstances induced them to stand. Pitt taking professedly a very narrow, Fox a very wide field, the genius of the one was circumscribed, the other had room to display all his resources.

On this memorable occasion Pitt spoke of the dangers to this country of French ambition, and of the

necessity for making due provision to resist it. By his whole conduct during the remainder of the session he seems to have thought it the first duty to urge measures of national defence, and not to embarrass affairs by attempting a change in the Government. It might not be a strong one, but there was no reason why active military and naval preparations should not be carried on by it, and these preparations would be impeded or interrupted by the doubts and delays incident to a change of Ministry. It must be admitted that the position now assumed by Pitt was one of great difficulty, and that it was almost certain to expose him to disparagement and misconstruction. He could neither praise, nor was he yet prepared to carry censure to the length of voting upon any vital question against the Government. On public grounds he was consulting what he considered to be the interests of the State. Personally his forbearance is the more to be commended, inasmuch as all friendly intercourse had ceased between himself and Addington, by whom also his bitterest antagonist, Mr. Tierney, was now introduced to office.

Early in the following year (1804), a short return of the King's unfortunate malady seemed to render it probable that the Prince of Wales might shortly be called upon to assume the Regency, and to direct the formation of a Government. This led to a communication with Pitt, in which it was suggested that he should become a member of a new Ministry to be constituted under Lord Moira as Premier, and in which he should serve along with Fox, and all the best men who would join it. Pitt again insisted upon the absolute necessity, for his own credit and utility, that he should be at the head of any Government in which he took part; but indicated his willingness now to undertake the formation of a Ministry in his own way, and such as would be agreeable to the King, whenever called upon by him to do so.

In April, Addington himself appears to have made advances to Pitt, but was met by the information that Pitt could only act upon a communication from the King. In this Addington, fully aware of the weakness of his own situation, immediately acquiesced. Pitt, equally alive to the national danger, and to the urgency for constructing the strongest possible Cabinet out of the available materials, made Fox acquainted with what was passing, and undertook to endeavour to persuade the King to authorize him to consult with Fox and Lord Grenville on the formation of an united Government. Pitt now took action by addressing himself to the King through Lord Eldon, by a letter, in which he announced his intention of opposing the Government as weak and incapable of conducting public affairs at such a critical period. On the 26th of April, Addington resigned, and Pitt was desired to submit to the King the list of a new Administration. Lord Stanhope has supplied an able vindication of the conduct of the great ex-Minister during the interval of his exclusion from office:—

— In this and in some of the preceding chapters I have traced the course of Mr. Pitt from the hour when he left the Cabinet to the hour when once again he stood upon its threshold. Within a recent date a whole flood of light has been poured upon his conduct during these three years. His views all through that time are laid bare in abundant and authentic records. His most familiar letters have been carefully preserved, his most secret conferences have been minutely noted down, and both have been sent to press without stint or reserve of any kind. No statesman perhaps was ever yet exposed to so searching an ordeal. Had he, in these years out of office, dipped into any intrigue unworthy of the public eye, and intended for lasting concealment, his very celebrity would here have turned against his fame. But, on the contrary, as it appears to me, his career, even when thus closely pried into, stands forth unsullied and pure. In every transaction of the period he will be found, as I conceive, to combine a lofty regard for the public interests with a nice sense of per-



sonal honour; nay, I will even venture to assert that the various charges which have formerly been brought against him in referring to this time, can only be sustained on imperfect information, and will be found to wane and fade away in exact proportion as more light is brought to bear upon them.

Pitt's desire was, as is well stated in a remarkable letter from Lord Castlereagh to the Marquis of Wellesley, in India, to form 'an arrangement which should embrace the leading men of all parties, as best calculated to keep down factious discussions during the war, and to afford the King the repose and tranquillity so essential to his health.' With this view Pitt's scheme for the new Government, in grand rebuke of all narrow party and personal feelings, included the names of Fox, Lord Grenville, and Grey. Office was also offered to the present Marquis of Lansdowne; and even Tierney might have remained if he had chosen to do so. The King made a struggle to retain Addington, and was inexorable in his refusal to admit Fox to the Cabinet. 'Never in any conversation I have had with him in my life has he so baffled me,' said Pitt, after his first long interview with the Sovereign. Fox begged his friends to join the Government if they thought right, without considering his personal exclusion as an impediment to their own freedom of action. But his generosity was to his friends only; for at this moment in his private letters he could use such language of Pitt as to call him 'a mean, low-minded dog;' and again, 'he is a mean rascal, after all, and you who have sometimes supposed him to be highminded were quite wrong.'

Many of the existing Ministers remained; but circumscribed as he was in his sphere of choice, the only fresh appointments of conspicuous value that were open to be made by Pitt, were those of Lord Melville, Mr. Canning, and Lord Harrowby; and the importance of the two last must not of course be judged according to the standard

of reputation afterwards acquired by them. Thus with failing health, and at a time of unexampled difficulty, Pitt resumed office, and had to encounter the vast share of labour and responsibility which fell to him under these circumstances.

Very different were the features of the too short Administration, which came to a close with his own life, from those of his former long tenure of power. It was not without its immediate successes, but it was deeply marked by occasions for pain and anxiety. He lived to negotiate the great alliance with Russia and Austria, which saved England from being alone in her resistance to the ambition of Napoleon and the power of France. But he did not live to see the ripening of the fruits of his own policy. He lived to speed Nelson on his departure when going forth to establish our naval supremacy at Trafalgar, and he lived to receive the news of that glorious victory. He lived to recognise the great promise of military excellence in Arthur Wellesley. But he never again completely enjoyed his former authoritative sway in the House of Commons. His private feelings were embittered and his public difficulties were aggravated by the impeachment of Lord Melville, and the loss of him as a colleague. Finally, the apparent destruction at Austerlitz of all his schemes of Continental resistance to Bonaparte completed what the intelligence of the surrender at Ulm had commenced. The shock was too severe for his failing health and overtasked energies. Upon the confirmation of the news of the disastrous capitulation of Ulm, Lord Malmesbury (then, as it happened, seeing him for the last time) has recorded Pitt's altered manner and look, and his own forebodings of the loss with which the nation was threatened.

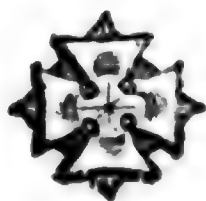
His last appearance in public was at the usual civic festivity at Guildhall on the 9th November (1805). The people had taken the horses from his carriage and drawn him



in triumph through the streets. His health was drunk as the saviour of Europe. In the few very notable words by which he returned thanks, he disclaimed the title. 'Europe is not to be saved by any single man. England has saved herself by her exertions, and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example'—words which deserve to be coupled with those of Nelson's then recent signal at Trafalgar, and which, like them, derive an impressive interest from containing, as it were, the dying bequest of national exhortation from the great soul that uttered them.

The main public events in home politics of Pitt's later years are the Irish Union, with his consequent retirement from and return to office. Throughout all the complications arising from these transactions he maintained, as always, a straight and even course. From all the letters and memoirs of the time, which have been abundantly preserved, no passage or line can be cited to throw doubt upon the perfect integrity and rectitude of his conduct. With such a Sovereign to deal with as George III., with all the temptations arising from the inferiority of those with whom he was associated, as well as of those to whom he was opposed, he never for an instant forgot the great purpose of his life. It was his chosen duty to serve the country. From this no personal am-

bition, no factions of friend or foe, could deter him. From this no such seductions of ease and literary leisure as prevailed at Dropmore and St. Anne's Hill ever detained him. From this neither the ability nor the perseverance of the King could turn him; and obstinate as the King's perseverance is known to have been, his abilities in his own sphere (which are not so generally admitted) were no less formidable obstacles in the path of an independent Minister. Once only he yielded to the feelings rather than to the will of the Sovereign, and that was when his very existence as the reasonable head of the State would have been destroyed by persistence in opposition to them. His opponent in his life and his successor after his death had to make precisely the same concession. Though he did not live to witness the full development of his own enlightened views in domestic politics, nor to hail the prostration of the first French Empire and the restoration of European liberty for which he had so long laboured, it was to his counsels chiefly that much of the future was due; and the name of Pitt should ever be remembered in connexion with the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Act and with that of the Reform Bill, no less than with the successes of the Spanish Peninsula and of Waterloo.



## A D R I A N.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE MEETING AT LINDENBAD.

The voice which I did more esteem  
 Than music in her sweetest key ;  
 Those eyes, which unto me did seem  
 More comfortable than the day—  
 These now by me as they have been,  
 Shall never more be heard or seen ;  
 But what I once enjoyed in them,  
 Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

G. WITHER.

A SULTRY July evening of the year 185—, under the lime-trees at Lindenbad. A young woman, dressed in deep mourning, was sitting alone in the shade, a little way apart from the gay crowd that thronged the promenade, and listened (or not) to the band belonging to the Kursaal.

One glance at Mrs. Eustace would have been enough to tell you that she was an Englishwoman of good birth and breeding ; and another (she was one whom you would not be likely to pass by with a single glance), would probably have led you to conclude that she was a widow, though not long past her earliest youth.

There was an expression in her face of suffering met and conquered, and yet abiding in the heart more as a cherished guest than an unwelcome intruder : a kind of *recueillement* (will anybody help me to the English for that most expressive word ?) in her air and manner, and in the soft shadow that lay on her delicate features, which told to all who had eyes to see, that her part in the drama of Life had been early played out ; and that she now sat aside, in a figurative sense as she was doing in reality, and watched the tide flow by her with only that degree of interest which a tender heart must always feel for the joys and sorrows of others—the spirit of him who said so nobly, ‘I am a man—nothing human can be indifferent to me.’\*

I am inclined to think that Mrs. Eustace’s position at this, the moment I have chosen to introduce her to you, was not far from being an illustration of the perfection of passive enjoyment.

Sitting under a flowering lime-tree in the golden glow of a summer evening, listening to good music, which was near enough for the ear to distinguish the most delicate shades of tone, and yet so distant as to exclude all danger of its becoming noisy. That the performers were invisible added to the charm : nothing is less poetical than the aspect of a hot and probably thirsty German ; and to complete one’s enjoyment of the situation, I imagine one should be free to suppose that the sweet harmony, like the perfumed air and the golden quivering light, is an emanation of the elements.

To enjoy to the full an hour like this, one must be alone. Thoughts and feelings, even such as are called forth by the presence of those we most love, have in them something of an exciting and agitating nature, and are, besides, hard worked enough in the daily struggle of life ; let them rest for a time, and let sensation, that which the French so happily term *bien-être*, have undisputed sway.

If you were to try this experiment, and sit awhile alone and silent, looking up now and then through the soft green leaves to the golden light, and listening to the murmur of insect-life among the

\* Homo sum—nihil humane a me alienum puto.

lime-blossoms, mingling with other sweet sounds on the evening breeze, it could scarcely fail to strike you that some of the purest enjoyments of life are among those most easy of attainment ; and that the 'common air, the sun, the skies' can impart a sense of peace and happiness to all whose hearts and eyes are open to their benign influences.

Thoughts of this nature were passing through the mind of Mrs. Eustace as she sat apart, when her reverie was prevented from deepening into a dream by a shadow which suddenly came between her and the sunlight, while a loud eager voice pronounced her name.

'Mrs. Eustace, how delighted I am to see you!'

She looked up. The shadow was fully accounted for by a burly and substantial form ; and the voice, as well as a large hand clothed in grey cotton, which was thrust towards her, belonged to the Reverend Frederick Pigott, who was slightly known to Lucy Eustace as having filled the post of curate of Witheringham, her husband's home, during a temporary absence of the rector, some years before.

The tone of joyful surprise in his greeting roused Mrs. Eustace to return it with a degree of cordiality which she felt conscious was partly assumed. The Rev. Frederick was not gifted with peculiarly acute perceptions ; and the soft smile bestowed on him was more than sufficient to set him off again.

'How *de-lighted* I am to see you ! Where *have* you come from?'

'From Marseilles through Switzerland last ; though I have travelled so much since I saw you, Mr. Pigott, that I feel tempted to say "from going up and down in the earth."'

'Ah, truly. You may believe that I heard with deep regret of your loss, and——'

Lucy Eustace hastened to interrupt the worthy man, who was one of that numerous class of excellent human beings who are utterly devoid of tact, and will handle a raw nerve as though it were solid bone.

'Are you staying at Lindenbad, Mr. Pigott?'

'Yes. I came here some time ago, with—with a sick friend ; and as the place seemed to agree with him, I accepted the situation of chaplain for the English visitors, which was vacant at the time. Are you travelling quite alone?'

'No. Miss Vernon is with me, but she is just now walking with Lord and Lady Medway, and goes with them to England to-morrow.'

'Miss Vernon ! Lord Medway's niece?'

Mrs. Eustace assented, and to her no small surprise her companion turned scarlet, and exclaimed hurriedly,

'Good gracious ! how very unfortunate.' Then, checking himself with an effort, he added, in a tone that would fain have been indifferent, 'But you are to be left here alone ! I think you said Miss Vernon was going to England to-morrow.'

'I did say so. Do you know her?'

He coloured again, deeper than before, and endeavoured in vain to recover his lost self-possession.

'No—not exactly—that is, I never saw her—but I—are you going to try the waters here?'

Mrs. Eustace was too compassionate to pursue the subject in the face of her companion's painful embarrassment, and allowed the stream of talk to flow in another channel, down which it is unnecessary to pursue it. Probably a long course of practice in teaching the Catechism had impressed the good curate with an idea that the proper form of dialogue consists of question and answer ; and in virtue of his office he invariably assumed the interrogatory part. He was a good, well-meaning young man, but as unspeakably tiresome as a good man with a very small mind may easily be ; and an expression of wearied resignation was stealing over Mrs. Eustace's countenance, when she saw the Medways and Catherine Vernon approaching, and roused herself at the prospect of a speedy deliverance.

'Here is Miss Vernon,' she re-



marked, with a covert look at her companion.

'Bless me! I had quite forgotten,' he exclaimed, with a nervous start. 'I must be off at once. You are sure Lord and Lady Medway go to-morrow? And you remain at the "Adler," I presume? May I call on you? Our service is at three in the afternoon to-morrow. Good-bye, good-bye.' And he bustled off as Catherine Vernon and her companions approached.

'So you have found a friend, Lucy. Who is he?' said Lady Medway.

'A Mr. Pigott, who was once curate at Witheringham, and is now chaplain here. He seemed very much struck with your name, Catherine. Do you know anything about him?'

The colour rushed over Catherine's face. She was naturally gifted with much self-possession, but now her eyes filled with tears, and Mrs. Eustace saw that she was strangely moved. She paused a moment before answering, and then said—

'I have heard of Mr. Pigott, but I never saw him.'

Surely there is an inferior species of demon whose office it is to urge people to say the very thing which, under the circumstances, had better be left unsaid; and he must have triumphed in his handiwork as Mrs. Eustace exclaimed—

'Why, that is almost exactly what he said of you! I should never have expected to find anything like a mysterious affinity between you two!'

Lady Medway frowned emphatically at her unconscious cousin; but Catherine said, very gently—

'There is no mystery, dear Lucy; only a painful association of thought.' And she walked gravely on with Lord Medway.

'What *have* I said? I never knew that they had even heard each other's names.' Lucy Eustace looked imploringly at Lady Medway, who shrugged her shoulders.

'Oh, it is the old story, of course. Mr. Pigott was the tutor with whom Adrian L'Estrange was travelling in France at *that* time, you know,

and he was afterwards with him when the business came to an end. Surely you remember, Lucy? But I really hoped Catherine had had more proper pride. What *can* the man be to her?'

'Poor darling, she has behaved nobly; but I do not expect she will ever quite get over it. How grieved I am that I mentioned Mr. Pigott's name! It will rouse a train of thought in her mind which I have tried so hard to banish from it; but I well know the task is vain; for feelings strong and deep as hers, once moved, never entirely recover their balance.'

'I don't know about that. Excuse me, Lucy, but you know I always thought you a trifle too sentimental; and I believe that if Catherine had passed this season in Paris with us, instead of choosing to fancy her health was delicate, and going off to Algeria with you, we might have heard no more of her feelings. By-the-bye, I forgot to tell you that Medway finds the trains are changed on Monday, and we shall be able to get on to Cologne in one day: so we intend to remain here over to-morrow.'

'I am glad to hear it,' answered Mrs. Eustace, feeling that a longer conversation with Lady Medway on the often-discussed subject of Catherine Vernon would not be likely to lead to any satisfactory result.

Laura Medway and Lucy Eustace were first cousins. Catherine Vernon was Lord Medway's niece; and being early left an orphan and an heiress, her life had been spent partly with the Medways, and partly with her other guardian, her mother's brother, Darcy Pierrepont. The ten years' difference in age which separated Catherine from Lucy Eustace had not prevented a warm and constant friendship from springing up between them; and recent events had bound them yet closer by the ties of suffering endured and tenderly soothed. It was, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that with health and happiness alike shaken by a cruel blow, Catherine Vernon had preferred to accompany her friend on a journey

to Algeria, to carrying an aching heart into the whirl of amusement which seemed a necessary condition of existence to the gay and volatile Laura Medway.

But now the friends were about to separate. Lady Medway enjoyed having Catherine with her, and loved her warmly after her own fashion. Though all the higher qualities of Catherine's character were above her powers of appreciation, still she felt the charm of her gentle steadfast spirit, and found that her society made the brief intervals that she was constrained to pass in what would otherwise have been a *tête-à-tête* with Lord Medway, considerably less irksome. The plea of health being no longer available, a rendezvous was arranged at Lindenbad, from whence Lord and Lady Medway were about to proceed to their Highland shooting-lodge; and Laura confidently predicted that on their return from Scotland, Mrs. Eustace would be constrained to own that her remedy for the cure of a wounded spirit was the more efficacious of the two.

Lucy, who knew Catherine thoroughly, did not agree with her; but she and Laura Medway had always held different views of life. How could it be otherwise, when their experience of it was so widely different?

The evening passed rather heavily. Lord and Lady Medway went off to the Kursaal, where Catherine positively refused to accompany them; and though the two friends sat together, and talked far into the night on a number of subjects interesting to both, a cloud hung over the freedom of their intercourse. Thoughts and recollections had been roused in the mind of Catherine, before whose poignant suffering all others faded into insignificance; and as Mrs. Eustace abstained on principle from any allusion to the one bitterly painful subject which was uppermost in the minds of both, there was an uncomfortable feeling between them of restraint and pre-occupation, like the presence of a third unwelcome person, which destroyed

the charm of confidential talk, and neither was sorry when the evening came to a close.

When Mrs. Eustace entered the salon at the 'Preussische Adler,' which the party occupied together, on the following morning, she found Lady Medway in a state of mind that can only be properly described as 'cross.'

'Really, Lucy,' she began, in a plaintive tone, 'you have completely spoiled Catherine. I begged her to come with Medway and me this morning to the Waldschloss, the ruins in the wood which Baron Rothenfeldt told us of, and the foolish girl says she wants to go to church!'

'Very unconscionable of her, indeed; but I assure you that Catherine has done as she pleased on this and every other point since we have been together; and as long as her wilfulness takes the turn of going to church on Sunday, I think we can hardly blame it.'

'But such a stupid little church! Just as if you believed that Catherine could have the bad taste to care for going to that trumpery little Lutheran chapel! No, Lucy; you know as well as I do that she only wishes to go for the sake of seeing that wretched Pigott, who ought to have been hanged for his neglect of his pupils, long ago.'

'I would rather give Catherine credit for a better motive. When one has been long abroad, it requires all the outward aids one can command to keep up our own English feeling about Sunday; and for my part, I would never miss an opportunity of attending an English service, however badly performed.'

Lady Medway shrugged her shoulders.

'All very well for you, my dear, who "go in" for piety and despising the world; but it is really rather hard upon Catherine to expect her to follow your lead in all your fancies. She is too young and too pretty yet to *donner dans la dévotion*.'

'Oh, Laura, Laura!'

'I dare say I shock you, my dear: never mind; let me go my



own way, and you can pray for me with a comfortable sense of superior excellence. But seriously, about Catherine: surely you agree with me, that we ought to try to keep that miserable business out of her head as much as possible. Now if she goes and "sits under" your Reverend Pigott, I know what will be the consequence.'

'I really think you had better let Catherine have her own way in this instance,' said Mrs. Eustace; 'I, at all events, could not try to persuade her to do what I would not do myself; and as I am to lose her to-morrow, I own I should regret to give up her company for to-day, and we settled to go and sit in the gardens after church.'

'Oh! if your plans are arranged, of course I cannot expect to interfere with them,' answered Lady Medway, rather pettishly. 'The bore is, that Medway has asked that fat Baron to come with us, and three is a perfectly inadmissible number for an expedition.'

'Catherine is quite free as far as I am concerned; if you can persuade her to go with you, I absolve her from all her promises to me,' said Lucy Eustace. But Catherine was not to be persuaded, either by Lady Medway's insinuations, or the despairing glances of Baron Rothenfeldt, who had counted on the society of the lovely heiress; and the trio departed in a frame of mind not likely to conduce to the discovery of much beauty in the old Waldschloss.

Mrs. Eustace and Catherine were early at the chapel, which, it must be confessed, deserved the abuse heaped on it by Lady Medway. It was a very wretched little chapel, with a dirty floor and a number of rush-bottomed chairs, a temporary pulpit and reading-desk of stained wood, and the tawdry decorations of German Lutheran taste on the altar. The congregation was extremely small, and Mrs. Eustace's attention was attracted by a tall and very thin man, who occupied a chair at the farther end of the row where she and Catherine Vernon had taken their places. There was something very distin-

guished and decidedly English about him, in spite of a long, curling, reddish beard, and a quantity of thick chestnut hair, rather carelessly arranged. He sat with his face resting on a thin white hand, and his features were quite concealed; but as she looked, something in the turn of both head and hand, and the sharp outline of a hollow temple, struck Mrs. Eustace with a vague recollection of having seen them before; and she watched with some interest for a sight of his face.

He remained sitting in the same attitude during the first part of the service, and did not stand up till the Creed was said. At this moment Catherine Vernon dropped her prayer-book—leaned forward, as if to recover it, and then, with a swaying movement, fell on Mrs. Eustace's shoulder, insensible.

There was a general commotion, and some difficulty in getting her removed from the church. Many persons offered their help to Mrs. Eustace, who looked among them for the stranger who had excited her attention; but he was nowhere to be seen, and Catherine Vernon's long and obstinate fainting-fit required all her friend's care and thoughts. Long after she was carried home and laid on her bed, she remained senseless; but by degrees consciousness returned, and she sat up and gazed round her with a troubled and awe-struck gaze.

'What is it, dearest?' whispered Mrs. Eustace. Catherine seized her by the arm.

'One has come to me from the dead, Lucy!' she said, in low, trembling tones; and then throwing herself back with a piteous cry—'Oh, Adrian! my Adrian!'—she burst into a passion of tears and sobs.

The truth at once flashed into Mrs. Eustace's mind. It was a likeness to Adrian L'Estrange which had perplexed her in the pale stranger; he must have been the 'sick friend' to whom Mr. Pigott had alluded, the cause of his unaccountable agitation on hearing of Catherine's being at Lindenbad: and though much was



still incomprehensible to Mrs. Eustace, who believed with Catherine that Adrian L'Estrange had been dead for many months, she felt assured that the mystery would easily be explained.

'Calm yourself, dearest,' she said; 'be sure that if it really was Adrian L'Estrange that you saw, he is certainly living. I noticed him too, and the likeness perplexed me, though, as you know, I never saw much of Mr. L'Estrange. But oh! Catherine, living or not, I hoped he had been dead to you!'

'So he is. My Adrian—the Adrian I loved all my life—died, as you say, long ago to me; but that was why, when he looked at me with the very look I have seen so often, it was as though I saw a spectre,' and she shuddered and trembled again at the recollection.

'It will all be explained, believe me; I will send at once to Mr. Pigott.'

'No, no; I have got over my foolish terror now, and I would not have it be known for the world, if he really lives, that I recognised him.'

'Oh that you had gone with the Medways! What a scolding I shall get from Laura!' Mrs. Eustace said this to divert her friend's mind from the shock it had received, and her purpose was answered.

'Laura shall know nothing about it. Believe me, Lucy, I *have* some pride; though you have seen me in all my weakness and suffering, and I cannot wear a mask to you, yet I have too much self-respect to bear that any other human being should pity me for a forsaken, deceived woman.'

'Not *deceived*, dearest. Hardly though I cannot help thinking of him, I believe he deceived himself and not you. He was weak—oh, how miserably weak!—but not wicked.'

Poor Catherine's hand slid into that of her friend and warmly pressed it.

'You only have ever understood me, Lucy dear,' she said; 'Laura and everybody else thought to

uphold me in my own esteem by heaping abuse on him, and calling him worthless, but they quite mistook my feeling. I have ceased to love him now, but it seems to me that the bitterest pang of all would be to feel that I had wasted my heart on one who was never worthy of it.'

'Don't talk of wasting your heart: it is your own again now, and I *will* hope to see it better bestowed in time,' said Mrs. Eustace, not very judiciously.

'Please don't talk like other people, Lucy, or I shall lose my faith in my species. I will never believe that one's heart can be trained like a tame bird, to be allowed to fly out for a little, and then come back at a call. If it goes, it goes for ever; and if it finds no resting-place—'

'It *must* return to the ark,' said Mrs. Eustace, quietly, and Catherine spoke no more.

By the time the Medways returned, Catherine Vernon was able to meet them with perhaps rather more gaiety of manner than was usual with her. The expedition to the Waldschloss had not been very successful; Lord Medway and the fat Baron had talked politics, and Laura's pretty complexion was heightened by exposure to the fierce sun, and a degree of vexation which she was unable to restrain as she watched Catherine, talking and laughing with unusual vivacity, and making fearful havoc in the heart of Baron Rothenfeldt, who sat gazing at her with pale fishy blue eyes, as though he could not gaze enough. Lady Medway had a most Catholic love of admiration, and had been not a little piqued by the fat Baron's preference for her husband's conversation that afternoon. In the course of the evening she congratulated Catherine with such decided bitterness on the reviving effect of Mr. Pigott's discourse, and betrayed so many unequivocal symptoms of being out of temper, that Mrs. Eustace wisely took upon herself to break up the party by reminding Laura that they had a long and fatiguing journey before them, and

would do well to retire early. Baron Rothenfeldt took the hint, and made his adieux with the mien

and expression of a desponding haddock, and so the evening came to an end.

## CHAPTER II.

### MR. PIGOTT.

In naval architecture, the rudder is first fitted in, then the ballast is put on board, and last of all, the cargo and the sails. It is far otherwise in the fitting up of man. He is launched into life with the cargo of his faculties aboard, and all the sails of his passions set : but it is the long and painful work of his life to acquire the ballast of experience, and form the rudder of reason.—LACON.

THE Medways and Catherine Vernon were gone, and Mrs. Eustace was lingering over her solitary breakfast, when Mr. Pigott was announced. The heat of the weather and the poor man's perturbation of spirit rendered him anything but a refreshing object to look upon ; and as soon as he was seated he began to let off the superfluous steam, much in the style of an over-heated engine.

'Oh, Mrs. Eustace ! I always *am* doing something awkward ! How very unlucky !—but indeed it was not my fault this time ! You *did* tell me, did you not, that Miss Vernon was going away yesterday ? 'Then it *was* really Adrian L'Estrange ?' Mrs. Eustace exclaimed.

'The wreck of what he once was, poor, poor fellow,' said Mr. Pigott, ruefully. 'I am indeed most unfortunate ! I love Adrian as if he were my own brother, and I have been the ruin of him.'

'I am very sorry indeed that you did not happen to mention your friend's name,' said Mrs. Eustace. 'I could easily have kept Miss Vernon from going to church. Perhaps you are not aware that she was still in the belief, as I was myself, that Mr. L'Estrange was dead ; and the unexpected meeting had a most painful effect.'

'It had, indeed ! It has undone the work of many months. I never saw him in such a state as he was in last night.'

'Pardon me,' said Mrs. Eustace, coldly, for her heart was full of bitter anger against the man who had been the cause of so much misery ; 'I do not quite see why

Mr. L'Estrange should be so deeply affected. He at least knew that Miss Vernon had survived the cruel blow he inflicted on her.'

'Ah, you little know him. Naturally enough, your feelings are all enlisted on the other side, and you are disposed to think hardly of poor Adrian. He has erred deeply, I own ; but he is not guilty of all that the world has imputed to him ; and even had he been so, I think if you had seen him last night you would have allowed that his punishment has been severe enough.'

'Indeed I have no wish to judge him harshly, and he looks as if he had suffered much : he is fearfully altered.'

'I do not believe there exists on earth a more miserable human being,' said Mr. Pigott, energetically. 'Mrs. Eustace, I have come here as a last resource—a last hope. If you can give my poor friend any comfort—if you can tell him that Miss Vernon has forgiven the wrong he did her, will you exercise that Christian charity which I know you possess, and see him ? Hear what he has to say, and unless I strangely misjudge your kind heart, you will feel that, deeply as he is to be blamed, he is yet more deeply to be pitied.'

Mrs. Eustace paused before replying.

'It is asking a great deal,' she said at length. 'Miss Vernon is very dear to me, and the man who so recklessly trifled with her happiness can scarcely expect much consideration at my hands.'

'That is just what he says,' replied Mr. Pigott, meekly. 'He would never dare to ask for him-

self what I have asked for him. But indeed he did not willingly trifle with Miss Vernon's happiness. That is the very point that I long to have cleared up. The darker shadows of his sad story must be left to their own dismal gloom. But he was the victim of circumstances, and not a heartless trifler.'

'I should be glad to think it,' said Mrs. Eustace; 'and if Mr. L'Estrange's mind would be relieved by making any explanation to me, I will not refuse to see him.'

'Thanks, a thousand times. You cannot tell what it would be to me to see him in some degree less wretched.'

'May I ask in what way you have become so intimately connected with Adrian L'Estrange's affairs? Lady Medway, I think, told me that he had travelled with you in France; but the whole of that story is very imperfectly known to me, and I have never seen any one whom I could ask to tell me the facts,' said Mrs. Eustace.

'I have too good reason to know them all, and my early connexion with them is among the most painful recollections of my life; but if you are really good enough to see and listen to poor Adrian, it will be as well that you should know all I can tell you, as it will spare him some unnecessary pain in the recital.'

'It is now some years ago that I was engaged to travel during the Long Vacation with young Lord Eltham, and a few days before the end of term he came to me and said that Adrian L'Estrange and Lovell, of Magdalen, wished to join the party. They were unexceptionable companions for Eltham; so I wrote to Lord Chiselhurst to obtain his consent, and in a few days we all started together. The chief object of our going was that Eltham should study French; so we made Tours our head-quarters, and took long walks into the surrounding country, living as much as possible among the people, who speak very pure French in that district, and learning the language conversationally.'

We got on very well together.

Poor Adrian was the life and soul of the party; rather unsteady and very rash, but the best-hearted fellow in the world, and the cleverest. He seemed to learn French by merely breathing the air of the country, for he never opened a grammar or wrote a theme, and yet he far surpassed us all. It seemed to come to him, like many other good gifts, by nature. Remembering what he was then, and seeing the fearful change that has passed over him, you cannot wonder that it makes me wretched to think I had any share in the events that have made him the wreck he is.

'In one of our walking excursions, we came to a fine old town with the remains of a picturesque château on a wooded bank over the river. We all took a fancy to the quaint old place, and agreed to stop there for the night; and after engaging rooms at the hotel, set off to explore the ruins. In a steep narrow street we found a queer old-fashioned *char-à-banc*, drawn by one horse, which was jibbing and kicking violently, regardless of the oaths and chastisement of the driver, a man in a blouse. There were three ladies in the carriage, one of whom, an elderly French woman, was screaming and gesticulating with great vehemence, while the others sat still, though apparently much alarmed. I cannot say I remarked any of them particularly, but we went to their assistance, and Eltham and I held the horse by the head while Lovell and L'Estrange helped the ladies to alight. The driver left off swearing for a moment to thank us for our aid, and we walked on. It was some time before I discovered that Adrian was no longer of the party, and when I inquired for him, Lovell told us, laughingly, that he had been 'struck all of a heap' by the beauty of the young ladies in the *char-à-banc*, and had turned back with them. We found him at the inn on our return, but he was very silent, and took with far less good-humour than was natural to him the bantering of his companions regarding the 'distressed damsels' who had so deeply



impressed him. On the following morning, when we were preparing to start, we found that Adrian had left the house soon after daybreak, leaving a message that we were not to wait for him. I never saw him from that moment till a few months ago, when a dreadful event brought us together by one of those strange accidents which we call chance, and I nursed him through the illness that even now threatens his life. On our return to Tours, I received a letter from him begging me to pack up his possessions and forward them to Alainville, the town where we parted company. I wrote and urged his return to us, and told him freely that I felt very anxious lest he should be entangling himself in some affair which might bring him trouble hereafter. I begged him at least to give me some account of himself, and what he intended to do if he did not rejoin our party; but I never heard anything more of him. I blame myself now bitterly for not having gone to Alainville, and found out for myself what was detaining him there. But Eltham was tired of Tours, and impatient to go farther south. I persuaded myself that even if L'Estrange were engaged in any pursuit of which I should feel obliged to disapprove, I had no power to make him relinquish it. I had no charge of him confided to me by General L'Estrange, his father. He had merely joined our party at his own wish, and I felt that I could not insist on his remaining with us longer than he found agreeable. This was what I thought at the time; but oh, that I had acted differently—that I had followed my first impulse, and gone after him to Alainville—that I had

reasoned with him, prevailed upon him, if possible, to withdraw from the presence of that fatal attraction! Oh, Mrs. Eustace, much as I have seen of sorrow, I am convinced there is none like self-reproach.'

Mrs. Eustace said what she could to comfort the poor man, whose distress was evidently deep and genuine; and as far as she could judge from his own statement, his conduct by no means warranted the severe language used towards him by Lady Medway.

Encouraged by her kindness and sympathy, Mr. Pigott diverged from the story of Adrian L'Estrange to his own, which possessed much less interest for Lucy Eustace, and would probably have none at all for us. In the midst of a confidence relating to his college days, he started up.

'How thoughtless I am! I promised Adrian to return as soon as possible, and in your pleasant conversation I have allowed the time to slip by, while I am keeping him in suspense. Will you really be so very good as to allow him to call on you? Believe me, it will be a work of charity.'

'In that case I cannot, of course, refuse,' said Lucy, who began to feel an interest in Adrian which a day before she would not have believed possible; 'but I should like to know something more of his story as told by his friends. You know I have only heard it imperfectly, and from those who were interested in poor Catherine. Will you come and see me again when you can leave him?'

'With pleasure; perhaps as you are alone, you would allow me to look in this evening?'—and he hurried off.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ADRIAN.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—POPE.

Oh! grief hath changed me since you saw me last;  
And careful hours with time's deforming hand,  
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

SHAKESPEARE.

MRS. EUSTACE sat alone in the gloaming, looking from the

window of her sitting-room over the rich and varied prospect it

commanded, and dreaming of the past. There is no hour for such musings—dangerous, perhaps, but full of a melancholy charm—like that soft evening glow after sunset, when Nature is hushed and still, save such sounds

As make deep silence in the heart  
For thought to do her part.

With the cool evening breeze, like the touch of spirit fingers on the brow, the cessation of all sounds of human toil, and the solemn quiet light, investing the most familiar and commonplace objects with a vague dreaminess which robs them of their air of prosaic reality, Memory claims her empire over the soul, and reigns there unchallenged. Loved ones, distant or lost, whose images stand for ever in the inner sanctuary of the heart, waiting for a propitious hour to come forth with their train of soothing though saddening memories, brighten into life. We fancy ourselves once more in their company; we hear the beloved voices; we gaze on the well-remembered forms. Our present life, with its ceaseless running of grains of sand, dry and parched, which give a deep and solemn significance to that ancient emblem, the hour-glass, seems so vain, so trivial, when its stir and turmoil are hushed, and the soul, which at times enters keenly into the daily struggle, pauses and stands contemplating the strife from a distance. Larger, truer views of the relative value of things; more comprehensive ideas of our appointed work here, and the best methods of performing it, are breathed into the soul by the quiet influences of the time; and from the solemn twilight hour a dew seems to fall upon the spirit, as on outward nature, refreshing and strengthening it to bear the burden and heat of another day.

In such a frame of mind as this, Lucy Eustace sat at the open window, and let her eyes wander beyond the tops of the tufted lindens in the garden to the rocky vineyards beyond, crowned by ruined towers, and backed by a far distant line of purple hill and dark

pine-forest. A faint knock was given at her door, and in another moment it opened gently and closed again. Mrs. Eustace did not move, for she concluded that it was the waiter with coffee, and felt unwilling to be interrupted at the moment; but after waiting a little, she heard a few words spoken in a faint voice and looked round.

A tall figure was standing in the dusk at the far end of the long room, leaning against a table.

The hour was propitious. A vague fancy had long possessed the mind of Lucy Eustace, that at some time when she least expected it, one whose image was never long absent from her mind, would stand before her in a bodily form; and she believed the moment had now arrived.

'Who is it?' she said quietly, as she rose and stood facing the figure, with every pulse hushed in the intensity of expectation.

'Forgive me,' said the faint voice; 'I could not rest, having obtained your permission to come, without seeing you; but I am weaker than I thought.'

Poor Adrian L'Estrange! the softened feelings in Mrs. Eustace's heart which had been aroused towards him that morning, rushed back in full force, aided by the frame of mind in which he found her, and in another minute he lay on the sofa, while she sat beside him fanning him gently, and making him drink a few drops of wine, for he was nearly fainting. It was impossible to retain any harsh feeling towards that wan spectral image of him she had seen last so full of youth and health, and noble manly beauty. True it was that he had erred deeply; but it was impossible to look on him and doubt that he had suffered grievously. Mrs. Eustace acknowledged and respected the chastisement inflicted by another and a wiser Hand.

By and bye, Adrian began to feel that their position, opposed as they had been in a matter of the deepest feeling, and standing almost towards each other in the relation of culprit and judge,

was a strange and awkward one. He tried to rise, and to take up the conventionalities of society, but his strength was utterly unequal to the tax he had laid upon it that night, and he was forced to lie down again, and submit to have his forehead bathed with eau de Cologne.

A few minutes passed thus in silence, but presently he sighed heavily.

'How good and kind you are,' he murmured; 'it is long since I felt the touch of a woman's hand, and I never thought to touch one again.'

He took Lucy's hand in his, very gently, and looked at it as if it had been some strange natural curiosity.

'It has had considerable practice in its present occupation,' she said, quietly, wishing to calm him; 'and I am very glad if it can give you any relief.'

It must be owned that women are absurdly weak and inconsequent. Here was one who had been nourishing for months past a burning bitterness in her heart against this man, of whom she knew in reality very little, except that he had appeared to play fast and loose with the happiness of one she loved dearly. A few hours ago, and she barely consented to see him for the sake of that Christian charity whose appeal, when urged upon us directly, we dare not slight, but whose practical influence on our daily life is, alas, but very slender. She had determined to receive him coldly, to take a high tone of reproof and disapproval, and to humble him to the dust before she consented to listen to a word of exculpation; and yet the mere sight of his weakness and dependence on her for the little cares which it seems only natural to a woman to bestow on any one who needs them, had acted like a charm in overthrowing the barrier built up by time and circumstance against him in her

heart. She felt at once towards him more like a mother to a penitent child, than with the cold dignity which her reason told her befitted their relative positions.

From that moment, however, it was impossible to fall back on the distant, reserved manner she had intended to adopt; and indeed it would have required a colder heart than Lucy Eustace's to have long retained a feeling of resentment against this unhappy young man. During the rest of the time he remained at Lindenbad, Adrian L'Estrange passed the greater part of every day in Mrs. Eustace's company, not without many severe animadversions on the part of the other British residents, which were utterly unknown to the objects of them, though not without their effect elsewhere. A complete confidence, pure and free as that which sometimes subsists between a brother and sister, was established between them, and Adrian laid bare his whole heart to his kind and pitying friend. The process was acutely painful—there is no such thing as mental chloroform—and to operate on a 'mind diseased' requires sharpest instruments in the hand of the surgeon, and inflicts pangs unutterable, which rend the very heart of the sufferer. But it may be that the cure is therefore the more complete.

In this way Mrs. Eustace learned the whole story of Adrian L'Estrange's life, up to the moment of their meeting at Lindenbad. Were it to be told in his own words, interrupted as the confession often was by a passionate torrent of self-reproach, or a bitter moan over the irrevocable past, the most careless ear must listen, the coldest heart would thrill with pity; but it may not so be written. Yet if it should, when thrown into the form of a connected narrative, be found prosy or wearisome, the fault will rest only with the narrator.



## CHAPTER IV.

## BOYHOOD.

Light, winged hopes, that come when bid,  
 And rainbow joys, that end in weeping ;  
 And passions, among pure thoughts hid,  
 Like serpents under flow'rets creeping.

MOORE.

ADRIAN was the youngest of four sons of General Sir Harry L'Estrange, a distinguished Peninsular officer. Married late in life, principally for the purpose of carrying on the line of L'Estrange of Harpenden Manor, which had continued in uninterrupted succession since the wars of the Roses, Sir Harry, whom nature had formed on the model of the iron warriors of the middle ages, and who, if born during the period for which he seemed expressly fitted, would have made an excellent grand master of some order of military monks, felt a proper degree of resignation when his fair young wife, after becoming the mother of three sturdy boys in rapid succession, died in giving birth to the fourth. From the hour of her death, Harpenden Manor became a sort of military Mount Athos, and the only females admitted into its precincts, were those which the customs of modern society rendered essential for the household work. Guests were rare at the Manor, and consisted exclusively of middle-aged or elderly men, Sir Harry's old friends and comrades; and thus the boys were brought up entirely unacquainted with any of the softening influences of female companionship. They were under the care of a strict tutor, who enforced to the letter the rules of rigid discipline laid down by the General, until of an age to be sent to Eton; and the army was the destined profession of all. This style of education did very well for the three elder ones, but Adrian was of a different stamp. In giving her life for his, his fair young mother seemed to have imbued him with a double portion of her own nature; and though full of boyish spirit and activity, and bold in adventure and mischief as the strongest of his brothers, there

was a vein of tenderness in his character, and perhaps a certain amount of sensitiveness in his bodily frame, which none of them possessed. These qualities showed themselves in childhood, by a fostering love of all living creatures; young birds, rabbits, kittens, all weak helpless animals seemed instinctively to know that he would protect and cherish, rather than torture them; and he possessed a whole ménagerie of maimed or wounded creatures, rescued from the clutches of his brothers, and devoted to their little preserver with that strong, single-hearted love of which brutes often set us so touching an example.

Adrian was nearly ten years of age, and about to be sent to Eton, when an infectious fever which broke out there, carried off two of his brothers; and the eldest, Basil, getting his commission about the same time in a regiment on foreign service, the rest of Adrian's boyhood, that portion of it at least which was passed at home, was lonely and companionless to a degree which operated in a very adverse manner on the formation of his character. At Eton he made few friendships, but they were warm and intense as only boyhood's friendships often are; and he would gladly have accepted the invitations pressed upon him to pass his holidays with one or another of these beloved companions. But he steadily refused ever to apply to his father for leave to do so—he felt with instinctive delicacy that Sir Harry would scarcely be able to refuse such an application, and he knew, cold and undemonstrative as he had ever been, that his father's heart clung to him with the force of which such stern natures are capable, more than ever since the death of his brothers; and that the long, silent rides

which they took together in summer, or the longer and almost equally silent evenings by the fire-side at Christmas-time, were the happiest hours of the General's life. Adrian's keen sensitiveness to enjoyment did not take the ordinary form of considering his own exclusively, but was conspicuous in a deep and watchful anxiety for the welfare of all he loved; and he preferred to deprive himself of the unknown but vividly imagined delights of visiting his friends in their happier homes, to requiring from his father the sacrifice of the pleasure, such as it was, that he knew he derived from his society.

Soon after Adrian left Eton, it chanced that a friend of Sir Harry's, Mr. Darcy Pierrepont, came to Harpenden Manor for a few days, and was accompanied by a little girl, his niece. The arrival of a child of twelve years old, with her nurse, was so very unimportant a circumstance in the General's eyes, that he forgot to mention it to his son; and Adrian was accordingly not a little surprised one evening on his return from shooting, to find a small figure, dressed in deep mourning, coiled up in the corner of a sofa in the library, and fast asleep.

The ruddy glow of the fire lit up her rich brown hair and the soft bloom on her childish face; the long lashes of her closed eyes were sparkling with tears; and while Adrian stood looking at her with an indescribable feeling of pity and tenderness thrilling at his heart, she moaned heavily in her sleep, and murmured, 'Oh papa, papa!'

Adrian knelt down beside her and gazed at her long and intently. An unwonted emotion possessed him as he did so. Removed by circumstances as he had been during his whole life, from all the influences of female companionship, so powerful in moulding the mind and character of a boy, this soft, graceful, delicate little being was an object to him of as much wonder as admiration. Where she had come from—how she had dropped into his loveless home, like a fairy gift,

he neither knew nor cared; but he gazed at her till his heart ached with a strange tenderness. The child was far too young to inspire any sentiment akin to what we call love; but her aspect filled the soul of Adrian with a yearning, wistful affection, born in part of pity for the sweet sorrowful little image before him, but arising also from a vague intimation to his soul of the mighty power that would hereafter stir its inmost depths.

A noise at the door roused him as if from a dream. He started to his feet as Mr. Pierrepont and Sir Harry entered, talking loudly; and the child at the same moment raised her head, and looked round bewildered, with large troubled grey eyes, still full of sleep.

'How d'ye do, Adrian?' said Mr. Pierrepont, carelessly. 'L'Estrange, we forgot my little maiden. Are you quite knocked up, pussy?'

'I am tired, uncle. I should like to go to Martha.'

'Ring the bell, Adrian,' said the General. 'We have treated you very inhospitably, my dear. You should have had some food long ago. Simmons, take Miss Vernon to her nurse, and desire Mrs. Parkins to see that she has all she requires.'

The child made a slight, grave bow to Sir Harry, unlike the manner of an ordinary child; and with a puzzled look at Adrian, who had never once taken his eyes off her, she left the room with a slow, graceful step.

The two gentlemen threw themselves into arm-chairs before the fire; and Adrian, too well trained to think of asking any questions, retreated to his accustomed corner with a book, though he saw nothing before his eyes but the slight little figure, with her rich hair and velvety skin, which had set his imagination to work. Presently he discovered from the conversation of Sir Harry and his friend that the child had just lost her father. Her mother, who was sister to Mr. Pierrepont, was so exhausted with grief and watching, that unbroken quiet was necessary to her life, and Mr. Pierrepont had



carried off the little daughter to stay with him for a time.

'The child *would* cry,' he said, 'and of course her mother cried with her, and there really seemed no way of putting an end to it but to take her away. But I am deucedly puzzled what to do with her. You see, the frost has broken up, and Staunton and one or two other fellows are coming to me, and it will scarcely be the thing, even for so young a child.'

'Why not leave her here?' said the General. 'There is plenty of room in this old house for a dozen children, and she will not be the least in the way.'

Adrian listened eagerly for the reply.

'That is really very good of you, L'Estrange; just for a few days, if you are sure she would not bore you, it would be an immense convenience to me. Medway will be in England before Christmas, and Catherine will go to him then. He is her other guardian, and wishes to take charge of her, which will suit me exactly.'

So it was settled at once. How trivial in appearance are often the events that rule our destinies.

Darcy Pierrepont was many years younger than Sir Harry L'Estrange, and had in fact inherited his friendship from his father. He was a man in the prime of life, and very popular among those of his own set. A skilful phrenologist, had he lifted the thick close curls that clustered at the back of his handsome head, would have shaken his own in horror, and desired no farther acquaintance with a man possessed of such a cerebral development; but the unscientific public saw in him only a man of the world, who conformed scrupulously in all outward appearance to its standard of propriety. If his vices were more marked than those of his neighbours, he took good care to veil them under an agreeable exterior; and there was a certain vigour and energy in all he said and did inseparable from a powerful animal development, which conveyed an idea of stronger mental power than

he really possessed. His influence over others, many of whom were his superiors in every respect, was singularly great; and General L'Estrange, who was much too upright and single-minded to have a clear insight into such a character, looked upon him as a remarkable young man, and valued him far above his deserts.

People in general are given to believe implicitly in any strong and persistent self-assertion. For example, if a woman sets up as a beauty, with a sufficient amount of confidence in herself, the chances are greatly in favour of her being accepted as such by the world, though she may possess scarcely any real claim to the distinction; and it is more or less the same with all self-arrogated qualities. Few people trouble themselves to manufacture their own opinions at home; and in the world, how often does glitter do duty for gold, and paste for diamonds. One cannot go about with a bottle of aqua-fortis and a pane of glass to test their genuineness; and if one could, it would be very uncivil to make use of them. So the impostors flaunt, and flourish, and prosper; and why not? They have striven hard for this end, and they attain it. Let us, who flatter ourselves that we are sterling metal, see that we act as faithfully up to our own standard, and we shall have our reward too.

It happened to suit Darcy Pierrepont that Sir Harry should believe in him, for several reasons; and on this particular evening he laid himself out to be unusually agreeable. But it did not consist with his ideas of the fitness of things to make himself pleasant after dinner, except to the accompaniment of good claret; and as this was an article on which the General especially prided himself, they sat and drank and talked till Adrian became thoroughly weary, and slipped silently from the room.

The library door was open, and Mr. Pierrepont's little niece was standing at one of the large windows. She had drawn the heavy crimson curtain aside, and was leaning



against it, with her hands negligently folded, and her earnest eyes fixed on the starlight sky.

Adrian entered so quietly that she did not hear him; and he watched her for a few minutes, struck with the expression of deep and even passionate sadness on her young face. Presently, with a heavy sigh, she dropped the curtain, and turned away. She took no notice of Adrian, except by a shy, troubled look, and seated herself on a low stool near the fire, with the listless, graceful movement for which she was remarkable.

'What were you looking at this dark night?' Adrian said, rather timidly. This little being impressed him with a sort of awe.

'I was trying to see papa's star, but the night is cloudy; it will not shine now before I go to bed.'

'What do you mean by papa's star?'

'Hush!' she said, looking up in his face, with a grave, earnest look. 'Martha said I should not talk of it, and that it was only my fancy; but indeed, indeed, it is true; I know it is.'

'What is?' inquired Adrian, kneeling down beside her. She drew a little closer to him, and spoke in a hushed voice.

'The night they told me that papa was dead and gone to heaven, I looked from the nursery window, as I had often done before; but I thought then, perhaps I might see him. In quite a dark part of the sky I saw a new star; a fresh, bright one—so bright, and so very beautiful! Indeed, it was never there before, and I cannot help liking to look at it, and calling it papa's star. Do you think he possibly can be there?'

'God knows,' said Adrian, much embarrassed by the question, and the simple, earnest manner of the questioner.

'Of course He does,' she assented, quietly. 'Now, I should like to go to bed. My room looks out the other way, and I begged Martha to dress me, that I might come here to look for the star; but there is

no use waiting, it will not shine to-night.'

A very dreary, unchildlike expression settled on her features as she said this. Adrian longed with all his heart to comfort her, but knew not how.

'Do you know that you are going to stay here?' he asked. 'Do you think you shall like it?'

'I think I shall like *you*,' she answered simply; 'but I shall never be happy anywhere till they let me go back to mamma. Don't you think it was cruel to take me away?'

She pressed her under lip firmly with two white little teeth, and drove back by a great effort the tears that came quivering to her eyelids.

'Yes, I do,' said Adrian, heartily. 'But if you try to be cheerful and happy, you will soon go back to her. It made her ill to see you cry.'

'I know that, and I have been teaching myself not to cry; so I must not speak of mamma, though I think of her every minute. Will you take me to Martha now? I do not remember the way.'

Hand in hand they went together, and at the door of her room the child put up her face to be kissed, with the gesture of one to whom such marks of tenderness were habitual. Adrian kissed her with something like reverence; and the touch of her soft cheek on his lips haunted him for the remainder of the evening.

Days grew into weeks, and still little Catherine Vernon remained at Harpenden Manor. She and Adrian L'Estrange became firm friends and inseparable companions; and on the mind of one, at least, an impression was made which no after-time or events ever erased. Adrian became to Catherine the embodiment of all her dreams of manly virtue, strength, and beauty. His tender care of her, the patient interest with which he listened to all the wild, half-formed fancies which crowded her brain, and the pitying gentleness of his efforts to soothe the passionate grief she felt for her father's

loss, entwined his image with the inmost fibres of her loving heart. While he grew to think of her only as a singularly attractive and interesting child, she imbibed a feeling for him which grew and expanded and changed its character, even as the grain of corn ripens into the full ear, or as an acorn becomes an oak, but which in its growth and development was still essentially the same; as the germ of the wide-spreading tree is hidden and folded up in the acorn which a child can hold in its hand.

At length she went back to her mother, and Adrian gradually forgot his little companion in the new and widely different interests of

his life. Sir Harry resolved to send him to Oxford, and allow him to choose his own profession, as the prospect of apparently unbroken peace made him less anxious to see his youngest son a soldier. Years passed rapidly by, and he was about to leave Oxford with a very fair degree, when he took a fancy for the diplomatic line, and determined to study French as a preliminary step. He joined Lord Eltham and his tutor, as we have heard, in their Long-Vacation tour, and met his fate in the little town of Alainville. And here we must resume the story where it was broken off by Mr. Pigott.

## CHAPTER V.

### FIRST LOVE.

Within her eye  
The heaven of April, with its changing light,  
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,  
And on her lip the rich red rose. Her hair  
Is like the summer tresses of the trees  
When twilight makes them brown; and on her cheek  
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,  
With ever-shifting beauty . . . . .  
. . . . . and her silver voice  
Is the rich music of a summer bird,  
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

LONGFELLOW.

AS soon as they were safely out of the *char-à-banc*, the two girls and their *bonne* took refuge in a glove-shop at hand, where the old Frenchwoman thought it due to the situation to go through a little *attaque de nerfs*, which it required no small amount of petting, aided by a *petite goutte de cognac*, to subdue.

While she was receiving these at the hands of the elder of her two charges and the mistress of the *magasin de ganterie*, Adrian, who had followed to offer them assistance, addressed a few words in his choicest French to the younger lady, expressing his desire to be of use to them. She raised her eyes to his face with a quiet, almost imperceptible smile, as she answered in English,

'Thank you very much, but we require nothing. As soon as Ma-

dame is recovered we shall go home.'

Till that moment Adrian had scarcely seen her face, and the effect it now produced on him was so powerful and instantaneous, that any but a very careful observer of human nature and its impulses would be puzzled to account for it.

I must allude once more to the peculiar circumstances of his early life, entirely cut off as it was from all female influence in any shape. He had no prosaic, every-day associations with the idea of woman. Throughout his whole life he had never been thrown into constant, familiar companionship with any, except during those few weeks of his boyhood that Catherine Vernon passed at Harpenden Manor. For the rest of his childhood and youth, they had been to him as unreal as the visions of a poet's

dream. However his subsequent experience of life up to this time may have modified these sentiments, he had never yet truly loved any woman, whether as mother, sister, or friend, or in the dearer and more mysterious bond which unites kindred hearts. The deepest, holiest feelings of his nature were all as yet untouched; and it is therefore scarcely a fanciful exaggeration to say that he met the beautiful young creature on whom he now looked for the first time, almost as unconscious of the power of female charms as Adam was when he first greeted Eve in Paradise. She was very young, scarcely more than a child, and her loveliness was of a childlike type still; but the first glance of her soft eyes told Adrian L'Estrange that she was *the* woman in all the world for him, and would continue to be so, as long as one world should hold them both.

The same mysterious influence seemed to have taken possession of her also. She looked down as suddenly as she had raised her eyes, and a vivid blush spread over her whole face. Adrian's heart throbbed with joy as he looked at her; but merely saying, 'Permit me to wait, then, until Madame is really better,' he stood by her in silence, letting his eyes wander over her dress, her hands, the little foot that tapped impatiently or nervously on the floor, and felt that he would gladly pass the rest of his life thus, standing at a shop door, for the mere sake of the pleasure of looking at her.

Presently the old lady declared herself to be '*parfaitement remise*,' and prepared for departure. Then the young girl went up to her sister and whispered,

'Rachel, *he* is still here. He is an Englishman, and asked if he could be of any use to us.'

Rachel turned towards Adrian a pale, gentle face, some years older than her sister's, and said, kindly but gravely,

'You are very good; but we require nothing. We live out of the town, and my father will be alarmed if we do not return at

once. Good-bye, and thank you for your assistance.'

She bowed, with a gentle grace, to Adrian, and then left the shop.

He looked at the young sister, as she was following, with such an earnest, beseeching air, that, blushing deeply, she turned towards him with a low-spoken 'Good-bye.'

'*Au revoir*,' he answered, emphatically.

No sooner were the ladies gone than Adrian made a vigorous attack on the stores, both of *ganterie* and gossip, possessed by the mistress of the shop; and by dint of wild purchases of the former, obtained as much of the latter commodity as Madame Blondel possessed.

*Ces demoiselles*, she said, lived in the environs, in a magnificent campagne, called the Château de Belleforêt, which belonged to Monsieur le Prince de —. It was now nearly a year since they came there, and they led a very retired life, only now and then coming into the town for some purchases, or to attend the 'temple Protestant' on Sundays. Apparently, their father's health was very weak, for he never accompanied them, nor had he once been seen at Alainville since he concluded the bargain for renting the château with M. Bobinot, the notary; and even Madame Bontemps, who acted as housekeeper, and occasionally as companion to the young ladies, rarely saw him. Their name Monsieur wished to know? *Ma foi*, it was a question not so easily answered. The gentleman called himself Monsieur Dubois; but as it was evident that he was *un Anglais, pur sang*, it was Madame's opinion that there was something *à démêler là-dessous*. For the rest, they were rich, and paid liberally; and as long as this was the case, if ce Monsieur wished to be called Dubois, nobody at Alainville had anything to say against it. The demoiselles were charming—angels of goodness and beauty, as Monsieur could not have failed to remark; but the elder—cette pauvre Mademoiselle Rachel—had met with some great sorrow since their arrival at



the Château de Belleforêt. They took English newspapers, of course,—Madame believed no Englishman could exist without them,—and it appeared that Mademoiselle Rachel read something in one of these which affected her terribly. She had a most alarming *crise*, and was in danger for some days, and Monsieur her father was in despair. Mademoiselle Lilia was not allowed to see her sister during her illness, and the poor dear angel wept, so said Madame Bontemps, fit to break her heart. But what would you have? Youth is always youth, and Mademoiselle Lilia soon recovered her gaiety. Not so her sister; she was changed from that hour, and was now sad, silent,—Oh! she must have met with some fearful misfortune—perhaps her *fiancé* was dead. In any way, it was heart-breaking to see her so changed.

This was the substance of the intelligence which Adrian L'Estrange carried away from Madame Blondel's *magasin*, together with sundry packets of gloves and perfumery, and an image in his heart never to be effaced. As he was leaving the shop, his eye fell on a plain gold locket, hanging to a black velvet ribbon, which was lying on the floor. Oh, joy unspeakable! here was a valid excuse for presenting himself at the Château de Belleforêt, to restore the locket to its owner. It was so unmistakeably English, that he felt sure it must belong to one of the sisters, and in this opinion he was confirmed by Madame Blondel.

Adrian trod on air as he returned rapidly to the *Hôtel aux Armes de la Ville*, and he lived the rest of the day in a sort of trance, which only left him sense enough to parry the jokes and questions of his companions, and conceal from them the intentions he had formed of quitting their society. The night seemed interminably long; and at the absurdly uncomfortable hour of six in the morning he rose, swallowed a cup of coffee, and took the first turning he came to in the street at random, resolved to defer asking his way to the Château de Belleforêt till he was beyond the

observation of any of the people of the hotel.

'A spirit in his feet' led him at once in the right direction. Beyond the shining river, beyond the rich flat meadows with their rows of poplar-trees and lazily-browsing dark-red cattle, lay a thick wood, blue and hazy in the early light of morning; and towards this wood he followed the paved *chaussée* that led over the bridge, without asking a question.

An hour's walking brought him to a little village of rude tumble-down cottages, looking as uncomfortable as the cottages in that part of France always do, but with the venerable little church and white-washed house of the priest distinguished from the rest by an aspect of well-cared-for cleanliness. In this respect, the poverty-stricken villages of France may well put to the blush our 'trimly neat' British hamlets, where the church is but too frequently the most dilapidated building in the parish.

Beyond the church, a line of wall bordered the *chaussée* for some distance, till it was broken by a pair of handsome, fantastically wrought iron gates with carved stone pillars, surmounted by heraldic monsters holding shields on which were sculptured a coat of arms with numerous quarterings. Through the open iron-work of the gates a large courtyard was discernible, with a sundial in the centre, and surrounded on three sides by a huge pile of lordly buildings, falling into dreary decay, but noble in extent and proportion. The centre of the building was shut up, and the long range of splendid apartments evidently uninhabited; but to the right, a lower and more unassuming wing bore signs of human occupation, in the open windows and smoke ascending from a quaintly-twisted chimney; and here, Adrian felt persuaded, was the dwelling of the young English sisters.

A peasant passing by afforded him the scarcely needed information that this was the Château de Belleforêt, adding that many strangers came to see it from a distance. While he was speaking a side door

opened, and the figure which had occupied Adrian's thoughts unceasingly since he last beheld it, stood on the threshold.

He slipped behind one of the pillars of the gateway, and watched her with a beating heart. She was very simply dressed, in some pale pink material that waved and fluttered about her in the morning air, and a little black silk apron. Her hair was smoothly put back from the soft oval of her cheek, and gathered in a large roll at the back of her head. To most eyes, she would have been simply a graceful, interesting-looking girl of about seventeen. To those of Adrian—well, I need only say that he was vehemently in love for the first time, at three-and-twenty; and if you cannot imagine what he felt, no description of mine would make you much wiser.

She advanced into the courtyard, shading her eyes with one hand from the morning sun, and gave a musical little call, in reply to which a number of pigeons, hens, and chickens came cackling and fluttering to her feet, while she threw handfuls of grain among them from her apron-pockets. Adrian watched her in a dream of delight. The pigeons flew about her head, and alighted on her shoulders and arms, which she held up to them laughingly, with soft

words and caresses. Some, bolder than the rest, took grains of corn from her glowing lips; and I am afraid that if a fairy had appeared to Adrian L'Estrange and proposed to metamorphose him into a pigeon at that moment, he would thankfully have accepted the offer. So passed a few happy minutes; but a little poodle-dog, which had been gravely watching the proceedings, now caught sight of Adrian, and flew towards the *grille* in an ecstasy of barking. 'Fanny, Fanny! come here, you foolish dog,' said the sweet voice; but Fanny would not be appeased, though Adrian shrank back quite out of sight against the wall. The young girl gave an inquiring look in his direction; but seeing nothing, she called again to the dog, who this time obeyed her summons, and they entered the house together. Then the door was shut, and the sun seemed suddenly to go in also, and everything assumed a dull and uninteresting aspect. Adrian plunged into the tangled thickets of the neglected wood which lay on the other side of the road, and struggled on for hours, trying to calm the fever of his thoughts with violent bodily exercise, and endeavouring to while away the tedious time till he could with propriety present himself at the château to restore the locket.



## THE FIELD AND THE FOREST.\*

WHAT is there in this world of ours, always excepting those sacred duties which refer exclusively to a higher stage of existence, that will bear the test of analysis? Submitted to the fatal *cui bono*, what becomes of our sport, our recreation, our poetry, painting, music and romance? Are not most of our wants and all our keener pleasures purely and entirely ideal? Man is so constituted that his dearest enjoyments are those of which he can keep, so to speak, no debtor and creditor account. Why should a thin fibre of horsehair, deftly applied to a few inches of catgut, have power to draw tears from the sere hearts of weary world-worn men, or cause Bozzy to make a fool of himself at the very feet of his great Gamaliel, the didactic and disapproving Doctor? In what consists that Lust of the Eye which is so intensely gratified by the firm outlines of a Flaxman or the contrasted colours of a Turner?—nay, which accepts in a smaller degree with considerable satisfaction, the pleasing curve of the ellipse, and the perfect regularity of the square? How do we account for the thrill that pervades our whole being, from ‘spur to helmet plume,’ when we read or recite the sounding hexameters of the *Iliad*, or the harmonious rhymes that close the glittering stanzas of the *Faëry Queen*? Why, there is a magic that bids our hearts leap in the cheer of a common crowd, and the mere ‘Hurrah!’ of charging troops has often made a brave man weep like a woman or a child. Constituted as we are, we must accept the conditions of our existence as we find them, and make the best of it.

Man is a compound, so Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton tells us, of three great principles,—the body, the intellect, and the soul. We must not cultivate any one of these

to the neglect of the other two. Who would sink to be a mere gladiator, that he might possess the conformation of a Hercules? Who would accept the deformity of Thersites to attain his wit added to all the knowledge of the schools? Or who would elect to lead the useless and squalid life of the ascetic, that he might die at last an unprofitable servant in the unsavoury odour of sanctity? No—

Orandum est, ut sit mens sana in corpore sano;

Fortem posce animum mortei terrore carentem.

And above all prefer the very labours of Hercules himself to

Cups, and flowers, and nerveless joys,  
that crown

Sardanapalus on his couch of down.

Field-sports in these days of civilization, are a wonderful preservative of this hardy vigour of body, which is seldom unaccompanied by a corresponding energy of mind. A man cannot roam over the rugged shoulder of Ben-i-Voord, or track the deep dark corries that intersect the bold outlines of Cairn-Gorm, without finding his thoughts elevated and refined, even as his lungs are strengthened and his muscles braced, by those ‘breathers’ against the hill, which bring him at last within rifle-range of the forest’s stately Lord.

Let a sensualist—a man whose day begins habitually at seven P.M., and whose nights are periods of excitement rather than repose, attempt to ride a resolute well-bred five-year-old, alongside of the flying pack, across the strongly-fenced pastures of the Pytchley, or the grassy slopes that lie between Billesdon and Market Harborough;—that sensualist will ere long be disgusted to find, that in the nobler qualities, of vigour, energy, courage—nay, intellect itself—he is for the occasion far inferior to the animal

\* *Notes on the Chase of the Wild Red Deer in the Counties of Devon and Somerset.* By Charles Falk Collyns of Dulverton, Surgeon.

*Forest Creatures.* By Charles Boner, Author of *Chamois Hunting in the Mountains of Bavaria, &c. &c.*



he bestrides. The brute is glowing with generous ardour and emulation to do his best while wind and sinew hold, every nerve strained to surpass his fellows, and bear his rider in the van—

αἰὲν ἀρίστευειν, καὶ ὑπείροχον ἱμμεναὶ  
ἄλλων

while the latter with arms benumbed, and failing breath, and whirling brain, and heart turned to water, is conscious chiefly of that one engrossing sensation 'which schoolboys denominate funk.'

Soon he must either seek shelter for his incompetency, by threading the friendly gate into the derogatory lane; or confounding courage with despair, give injudicious rein to the mettle that has been too long suppressed, and come incontinently to utter and irremediable grief.

Even in the simple and apparently easy accomplishment of riding across a country, there is scope for several of those qualities which attain distinction in far higher and more important pursuits. Quickness, decision, patience, and good humour are indispensable. A facility in making the best of chances and circumstances, by rapidly adapting them to the immediate exigency, is especially to be cultivated, whilst a certain spice of calculating recklessness—say rather 'a happy audacity'—is absolutely necessary to ensure success.

Watch a fine rider in a run, if you are near enough, and can spare a little attention from your own business, and say if it is not, at least, a pleasing and exhilarating performance to behold. It is quite possible—nay, in these days, it is extremely probable—that the gentleman in front of you may be a distinguished character in some of the higher walks of life. We could name warriors, statesmen, poets, painters, orators, authors, and musicians, profound philosophers, eminent divines, Masters in Chancery, and Commissioners of Bankruptcy, to catch any one of whom, when well-mounted and with a good start, we should esteem a simple impossibility. Fancy a

bright-eyed morning in the early spring—a sky not cloudless, but serene—a keen light air, northerly—gleams of pale sunshine flickering in the distance—wide stretching pastures, sound and springy, but somewhat sere and russet-coloured, though dotted here and there with greener tufts of rushes—low dark fences, tempting enough at a certain distance, stripped of autumn leaves, and not yet budding into their earliest vitality. Far away in the level distance, a square church tower and lofty clump of elms breaking the sky-line. Just under your horse's nose eighteen couple of high-bred fox-hounds (feminine and impetuous) pouring out of the hazel-copse with a crash that causes the animal to shiver from sheer excitement, and makes your own blood tingle to your fingers' ends; the blast of the huntsman's horn yet rings in your ears, as he shoots by you, returning that instrument to its case. Already the hounds are streaming over the grass a hundred yards in front; already a rush of galloping horses approaches tumultuously from behind. Down in your saddle!—cram feet in stirrups and hat on head! If you ride to a leader mind you do not lose sight of him, for there is *a scent* this morning after the rain, and the fun is just going to begin!

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Let us see what that leader is about. You shall follow his example if you can.

Apparently totally ignoring for the moment that he is anything but a Centaur in a scarlet coat, that poet, orator, statesman, commissioner, or whatever he may be, applies himself incontinently to the business in hand, with a rush of scientific enthusiasm intensely gratifying to himself, and productive of fervent admiration not unmingled with apprehension in the mind of his follower. Will any one argue that a fool, or a coward, or a glutton, or a sot, could even attempt the equestrian feat which that leader is now performing with such perfect ease and enjoyment? Sitting well home in his saddle, his

loins swaying to the motion of his horse's stride, his hands down, his head up, his whole physical powers, accommodating themselves to every effort of the animal he rides, his mental faculties all alive and sharpened with a keen sense of healthy excitement, and a determination to do the thing, pastime though it be, as well as it *can* be done, he seems to glide rather than gallop down to the first fence, a stiff staked hedge, we will say, with a ditch on either side; and steadying his horse gradually as he approaches, skims over it with no more exertion than a bird. You follow, nothing doubting, and for a second or two have a vivid notion of the sensation of flying. Your leader, meanwhile, taking advantage of the first turn made by the hounds along that black and impervious-looking bullfinch, has shot away to the right with increased velocity; and even now, ere you have gone two fields, is enabled to pull his horse into a trot, no slight advantage at this early stage of his labours. There is a whimper heard as the Witches string one after another through the fence, and already the foremost are dashing forward across the pasture beyond. How to get there? Not a gap nor a weak place in the whole line! But under that ash tree behold an ugly and uncompromising stile for the accommodation of pedestrians. The ditch is on this side of it, and there is a dip of the ground, and a slippery take-off, and a footboard. See how keenly your leader, orator, poet, statesman, or what-not, scans it as he approaches, quietly, warily, and somewhat slowly, but resolute, nevertheless, and not to be denied. Taking his horse well in hand, and grasping him at the same time between his knees, he trots him a little *obliquely* at the obstacle, and, breaking into a canter the last few yards, the animal jumps it like a cat, with half an inch to spare. It is no use looking at it; you *must* get to the other side; so you draw a bill at sight upon your manly courage, which is honoured on the spot. Equally determined, but

neither so cool nor so skilful, you ride your Rosinante with something of desperation, and a great deal too fast, at the obstacle; but Rosinante's monkey is up too—'*Audaces Fortuna Juvat*;' and you certainly get over, though you don't exactly know how. The reins are all gathered confusedly in your hand, nor is it easy to recover one or maybe *both* stirrups, when galloping at speed and down hill;—nevertheless, jubilant and exulting, away you go again, hot, breathless, and bewildered, but in a state of frantic excitement, and determined *not to be taken alive!*

It would be dangerous to attempt the description of a run with fox-hounds,—the picture has been painted too well long ago; besides, *riding* is not *hunting*, and for one man who reads Beckford or Colonel Cooke, a hundred have studied poor Nimrod and the successive writers of his school—that which combined the greatest amount of amusement with the smallest portion of information—so we leave the day's sport to our reader's imagination. Let him choose what pleases him most. Five-and-twenty minutes best pace, with a kill in the open, or a less rapid pursuit of an hour and three quarters, comprising all the events and vicissitudes and humours of the chase.

We have agreed that nothing will bear analysis; therefore, we do not dwell on the obtrusive fact that hunting in England has become a very artificial amusement. Foxes must be turned down one year, that they may be killed the next. Hounds, especially in what are called the *fast* countries, are bred more with the view of distancing the field than overtaking the animal they chase. Sportsmen come to the meet by train, bringing their hunters along with them. A quick find, a rapid gallop over a country not too severe upon horses, seems the grand desideratum with the majority, irrespective of the science and its results, close hunting and a fair kill. Wires are beginning to be substituted for the old-fashioned post-and-rail, where natural fences want strengthening,



and this practice, if persisted in, must soon put a stop to hunting altogether.

The temptation is too strong for us. We cannot resist this opportunity of an appeal to the farmers of England, than whom no class is quicker to understand reason, if they can only be persuaded to listen to it, for the abolition of these dangerous impediments. We will not put it on selfish considerations, on the advantages accruing to occupiers of land from the neighbourhood of a pack of hounds, on the higher price of forage, the beneficial influence of resident proprietors, the thousand indirect means by which the value of their produce is increased, and of which none are better aware than those who profit by them. No; we throw ourselves unhesitatingly upon their generosity, their good-fellowship, upon those social and manly feelings that, with scarcely an exception, pervade them as a class. They admire the courage and daring of their superiors, as of their equals, none the less that in the hunting-field they themselves display those qualities in a very high degree. Well, who is the sufferer from these insidious snares? Why, the boldest and best rider out, the man who is leading the whole field, in defiance of all obstacles and dangers which a keen eye can detect, and which skill and courage can at least modify, if not annul. But what becomes of this dashing equestrian when the fence at which he rides (probably quite stiff enough to satisfy him by itself) is fortified with a strong wire, placed at about four feet distance from it, on the landing side? We can tell them. He *must* come headlong to the earth, lucky if by breaking his collar-bone he saves his neck, whilst his poor horse, unable to see its danger, and consequently to make the slightest effort to recover itself, rises a mutilated cripple, and if it gets to its own stable at all, probably does not emerge from thence during the

rest of the season.\* When the boldest riders of a hunt have been killed off, the survivors will begin to look about them somewhat cautiously. A politeness, hitherto unknown, will be observed in *yielding* precedence, and an unwillingness to *take* it amounting to actual refusal. Everybody will crowd to the gates, where gates there are unchained, and in the absence of such egress, people will lose the hounds and go home. The *dash* will be out of the whole thing. Men will not care to hunt if they dare not *ride*; still less will they care to subscribe for the necessary expenses of a hunting establishment, and one after another these must fall to the ground. The gentlemen of England will have lost their favourite sport, the farmers almost their only amusement, and both classes will drearily miss that delightful pastime which threw them so often together, and which both enjoyed so much. Let us entreat the agriculturist, then, to take down his wires, and give us all a fair chance. Stakes, and binders, and double-ditches, and strong oak rails are quite impediments enough; but there are plenty of horses in England, and men too, with their 'hearts in the right place,' and these are not to be stopped — *pounded*, perhaps, we should say—by vegetation, or upholstery; but the iron-master beats us, we honestly confess, and we do most strongly urge that he may still be banished from our fields, and confined to our workshops, our foundries, and the dock-yards of our plated men-of-war.

But to return to the chase. Artificial though it be, at least in many of the most fashionable districts, it is doubtless an amusement that finds its way to the very hearts of all classes of Englishmen, from the senator who comes a hundred miles by train to tire a couple of horses ere he return to his work in the Upper House, down to the mechanic who loses his day's wages that he may have the

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\* It was but last spring that among many similar cases, Mr. James Mason, the well-known steeple-chase rider, met with a very serious accident of this nature.



pleasure of following the hounds on foot—all seem alike to own that instinctive passion for hunting which makes the Briton a sportsman in every quarter of the globe. Whether it be the wolf on a Russian steppe, the tiger in an Indian jungle, the African hippopotamus, or the kangaroo at the antipodes, he *must* hunt something; and many an interesting volume has been filled with the doings of our countrymen in search of that sport which seems a necessity of their existence. Who has forgotten Scrope's delightful 'Days of Deer-stalking,' to read which was like looking at a picture of Landseer's? Mr. Charles Boner, the author of the work now before us, seems to be a sportsman of equal ardour and enthusiasm, more perhaps of a naturalist, if less skilful as a word-painter, and evidently devoted, heart and soul, to the destruction of those noblest beasts of chase—the boar, the red deer, and the eagle.

Should it happen that you have to remain a long time at your post, do not on that account let your attention flag. *Be watchful to the very last moment of your stay.* This, believe me, is a golden rule. \* \* \* On a hot summer's day, when the wood had been driven for red deer, after waiting long, I lay down under a tree, thinking it was in vain to expect the game any longer. Presently there is a shout, 'Look out—the stag!' and instantly on the slope, immediately opposite, a magnificent stag emerged cautiously from the thicket. Had I been waiting properly, I should have brought him down on the spot, instead of which a start from me sent him back again into the wood, when the report of a rifle to my right told me he had been shot. This happened nearly twenty years ago; yet I never think of my carelessness and of the splendid antlers of the noble stag thus lost without still feeling vexation and regret.

Truly, the conscience of a thorough sportsman is of tender materials. Alas for golden opportunity,

*Fronte capillatâ, post est occasio calva!*

We can sympathize fully with Mr. Boner's feelings, when the retiring stag presented only the broad white surface that adorned his stern to the disappointed rifleman.

After devoting considerable time to the pursuit of chamois in the mountains of Bavaria, the details of which he has given us in another volume, Mr. Boner seems to have made a highly successful foray upon those large and heavy beasts of chase which the wooded districts of Germany produce in such profusion. Except in a picture of Snijders, where he is generally represented as subject to considerable annoyance from the attentions of such dogs as could only be imagined in a dream, few of our readers have probably ever set eyes on a wild boar. Mr. Boner in his first page describes him to the life, and a very ugly customer he is—almost enough to make a peaceful man shut up the book, turn out of the forest-path, and flying back tumultuously to his hotel, only cultivate further acquaintance with the 'swine's flesh' when broiled, at the close of one of those German twelve o'clock dinners which so surely incapacitates the guest from any more active exercise than smoking during the rest of the day.

'Tis a gallant brute nevertheless, weighing, as our author informs us, in some of those Hessian forests, as much as four and four and a half hundredweight, and formidably armed as he is, with those sharp upward curving tusks; for, says Mr. Boner,

Should he have been tormented by the hunter and his dogs, and escaping them at last, meet you upon his way, I would advise you to step aside, and let him pass unquestioned, for be sure *he* will not turn. He will be too glad of an opportunity to vent his rage on one of the *genus* man; and in passing with a jerk of his head, will rip up your shin or your thigh or your body before you are aware. He will not stop for this, for it is his manner to go straight on; he therefore will never think of turning back, but he dashes forward, let what may stand in front.

Some of our brave Indian soldiers could tell us a little about this straightforward propensity of the *sus*, *scrofa*, *aper*, of Linnæus, the slaughter of which they irreverently term '*pig-sticking*.' How, when a man has risked his own neck and his Arab's back in racing

for 'first spear' over a country intersected with *nullahs*, and as hard as a dining-room table, he runs a good chance of getting his own and his horse's belly ripped up by an animal that, despite its sluggish nature, seems under all circumstances to die remarkably hard, game and unflinching to the last.

The habits of the wild boar are, to a certain extent, akin to those of the red deer, whom he so little resembles in agility and beauty. The old boars, like the old harts, seem to live much by themselves, or at least without *male* companions, all of whom they drive away by superior force and weight. The rest of the herd consort together in families and small communities, and are no less apprehensive than the dun-deer themselves of the taint of man's presence, which they detect at a great distance by their sense of smell. Mr. Boner concludes his chapter on the wild boar with an account of one who stood at bay for a considerable time with his lower jaw broken by a ball,

Like a knight whose sword had snapped  
at the hilt,

and was eventually shot down, a very Bayard facing his foes to his last gasp, and as his biographer records,

Having before uttered no complaint, so  
he now met his doom without a cry.

'From Jupiter to a bull,' says Thersites, 'a goodly transformation!' From a swine to an eagle, say we, a transition no less remarkable; and yet where is the man who has ever handled a gun, from Sir William Armstrong himself down to the farmer's lad frightening rooks off the wheat, who would not feel an eagle's plume of his own shooting to be indeed 'a feather in his cap'?

It is years ago, and yet it seems but yesterday, that we gazed on the royal bird wheeling majestically in the blue heavens, scanning the half of Scotland at a glance, as it lay spread out beneath him in the summer sunshine. Around our feet was the grey shingle and the bare bluff granite, and the dizzy

precipice, over which we might look down on purple moor and foaming torrent, and a black still secret tarn. And here were the dark mountains, and there a blue streak of Loch Tay, and far away yonder in the horizon green woods and yellow corn-fields brightening the lands that lay beyond the Highland line. Yet our eyes were fixed on high in vain and impotent longing. What were we, a wretched pigmy with our miserable muzzle-loader, that we should war with the monarch of the air? How was a niggardly ounce and a half of No. 5, with a drachm or so of powder behind it, meant only for inglorious war on ptarmigan and blue hares, to reach that soaring object poising itself so steady and secure, a mere speck in the infinity of the sky?

It is years ago, but we can hear his scream still. Alas, we have never shot an eagle in all our life, before nor since.

But what think you of a sportsman—a foreign sportsman, too—Count Arco by name, who not only shoots a brace of royal eagles, almost right and left, so to speak, but carries the Crown Prince away from the eyrie in his hand? How he built himself a little nest apparently on the pattern of the eagle's, and at a similar elevation, which none but a Tyrolese mountaineer could have attained without wings; how he watched and waited for fourteen hours at a stretch, sometimes in glaring sunshine, sometimes in pouring rain, till he had bagged both the old birds, and could turn his undivided attention to the capture of the young fledgeling alive; how, on the eighth day, and not till then, he constructed a dangerous scheme of ladders and ropes, by which he paid a visit to the eyrie in person, and at a risk which makes one shudder when reading it, and of which the *vignette* to the title-page gives a faint idea, extracted and brought away captive the young bird;—his own diary describes in glowing language, translated, we conclude, from the Teutonic, by his friend Mr. Boner.



To our mind this is the most interesting portion of the book. We know so little about eagles, we who crawl here on the surface of the earth, and Mr. Boner tells us just that which is most interesting as to their food and habits, and all about the royal bird, that people who are not naturalists really care to learn.

On the red-deer he is much more diffuse, and truth to tell, a little tiresome. The science of the slot, or that series of observations by which a deer's age, weight, sex, and size are to be infallibly predicted from its foot-marks, seems to be studied with extraordinary minuteness by the German foresters. Mr. Boner enters into these details *con amore*, and treats us to no less than a dozen engravings of the stag's tread, in different stages of his age and condition, with a list of the compound German words by which these marks are distinguished. In the deep, extensive forests of central Europe, the red-deer attains a size and majesty of which in our island we have little idea. You shall go to the choicest of our deer forests in the north, and stalk many a weary mile, and empty many a flask of 'mountain dew,' ay, and consume much patience and tobacco besides, ere you succeed in killing a 'royal hart;' that is to say, a stag of twelve points, the three topmost of which must form a 'cup' on either antler. Such at least is the conformation that gives a right to the regal title in Mar and on Dee-side; also, if we mistake not, in Atholl, 'and down by the Garry;' but in Germany it is no uncommon feat to bring home a head of fourteen, sixteen, or even eighteen points, and some magnificent antlers are still preserved, carrying as many as twenty-two and twenty-four. The weight of the animal is usually proportioned to the splendour of his coronet, and Mr. Boner informs us of a stag shot in Saxony, in 1762, by Maximilian von Lichtenstein, which weighed (we presume before it was 'cleaned') seven hundred weight ninety-five pounds; whilst in 1723, Count Stolberg shot

one near Agnesdorf, weighing nine hundred and ten pounds. Think of the noble beast rubbing that glorious head of his against an old oak-tree! Upwind of you, and a hundred yards off, point-blank—you are couched among the lady-fern, all unseen, with a rest for your barrel on the fallen trunk of a sycamore, and through the stillness of the impenetrable woodland,

The beating of your own heart  
Is all the sound you hear;

you are actually obliged to pause and compose yourself, for your whole frame is shaking with excitement, and you are aware it is no use 'drawing a bead' till you are cool—you have studied your rifle till you know her temper and peculiarities as well as your wife's—she always throws a hair's-breadth to the right, and you allow accordingly—slowly the finger presses the trigger, not with a jerk or tug, but a steady continuous pull. There is a dull, dead *thud*, for you scarcely hear the well-known crack of your rifle—threads of white smoke cling about the branches overhead—any number of legs seem to be kicking and whirling yonder in the air, and—you have got him at last!

*Io triumphe!* The cigar with which you celebrate your victory wraps you in Elysium, and when the stately haunch has been carved, and the stoup of red wine is travelling round the board, you detail to your applauding guests, not without exaggeration, the downfall of the deer, and enjoy once more a triumph almost equal to the moment of success.

But shooting, with all its attractions, is a short-lived enjoyment. It is even difficult to determine at what moment of that sport our pleasure is greatest. Far different is the charm of 'the noble science.' Protracted, continuous, and ever increasing in intensity, is the revelry of the chase. From the first whimper of the questing hound announcing the presence of his game, to the sonorous bay, or worrying growl that heralds its destruction, every instant is fraught



with the keenest excitement and delight, from the bound and plunge of your eager horse, ere he settles down to his stride in real earnest, to the last struggle of the game but exhausted animal, never flagging in his endeavours to reach the pack, every moment is one of triumphant activity, combined address, and successful skill. Quoth the inimitable Jorrocks—'I love the very mud on my top-boots, and the smell of the morning h'air!' And every man whose heart is *really* in the chase, knows exactly what he means.

It is a strange infatuation perhaps, and an inexplicable; one, moreover, we repeat, that will not bear analysis, yet to its charm for a large proportion of our friends in every part of England, the sporting column of any morning paper during the first week in November, will bear sufficient witness.

Happily, there are plenty of grumblers to be found in all classes of society, and partaking of all sports and pastimes. We say, *happily*, for we believe the grumblers, as a body, to be the salt and spice that preserve most earthly matters from putrefaction and decay, a seasoning that we are never likely to be without. Now the grumblers are continually complaining that their sport, in fox-hunting countries, is tame and uninteresting, that the runs are all the same line, with the same vicissitudes, the old story over and over again—that they know the fords, the gaps, the bridle-roads, and the hand-gates, of which knowledge, indeed, they are careful to avail themselves, and that they want something spirit-stirring and exciting, in 'fresh fields and pastures new.'

Well, there is a district still left in England, over which the noblest of all field-sports may yet be enjoyed in its pristine freedom and integrity—wild as in the reign of Charles Stuart, or good Queen Bess, are the wild red-deer to-day, in Exmore and through North Devon; nor, though civilization and farming have gradually hemmed him in to an area of comparatively but few square miles, has the monarch

of the waste lost one iota of his tameless desire for freedom, and his wary apprehension of man. In a book called *Notes on the Chase of the Wild Red Deer in the Counties of Devon and Somerset*, of which every page affords a glimpse at the free moorland scenery, and breathes the freshness of the keen moorland air, an author who is, in the very highest sense of the word, a sportsman, has shown us what wild hunting *can* be, even in the nineteenth century, and takes us up behind him to gallop over those boundless moors with an energy of language and force of illustration that can only be accomplished by a writer whose whole heart is in the subject he describes. Charles Palk Collyns, of Dulverton, surgeon, as he writes himself in his title-page, must be a man of mature age, having hunted, as he states in his preface, 'with the stag-hounds for forty-six years, and having regularly noted the chases which have occurred from 1816 down to the present time.'

He will excuse us for remarking that, as far as hunting is concerned, his leisure has not been thrown away. He has evidently studied the science all these years as a 'labour of love,' and there are some portions of his book that remind us of Mr. Kingsley's *Winter Garden*; to our mind, the best paper on sporting that has ever been written.

The forest of Exmoor, still the stronghold of the only wild red deer left south of the Tweed, was originally a royal forest, and as such strictly preserved by William the Conqueror; but in 1818, an Act of Parliament having been passed enabling the Crown to sell, the whole district was purchased by the late John Knight, Esq., M.P., at a price which, to all appearance, must have formed a somewhat unprofitable investment. With this transaction, however, we have nothing to do, save as far as it affected the dun denizens of the moorland. These were gradually driven inwards to the wildest portion of the moor, as its area was narrowed more and more by cultivation, till

at length, there was but a very small portion of its surface left on which the stag-hunter could be certain of escaping the disappointment of a 'blank day.' From a variety of causes also, poaching increased alarmingly, and many a fine hart sobbed his life out on the heather through a gun-shot wound, instead of dying what may be termed a *natural* death, before hounds. In 1825, the original pack of stag-hounds, which had been established for more than a century, was unfortunately broken up, and the sport seems at that time to have very nearly breathed its last. In fact, it must have done so, had it not been for the liberality of one or two country gentlemen, whom he honourably mentions, and the exertions of our author himself. Hear his lament on the departure of his deep-mouthed favourites. No doubt he had ridden every turn with them, whilst his horse lasted, through many a gallant run.

A nobler pack of hounds no man ever saw. They had been in the county for years, and had been bred with the utmost care for the express purpose of stag-hunting.

What the exact origin of this breed of hounds was, I am unable to state with accuracy. The blood-hound and old southern hound, however, were beyond doubt amongst the ancestors of the pack, which when sold (as before mentioned) consisted of about thirty couples. In height the hounds were about twenty-six to twenty-eight inches—colour generally hare-pied, yellow, yellow and white, or badger-pied, with long ears, deep muzzles, large throats, and deep chests. In tongue they were perfect; and when hunting in the water, or on half-scent, or baying a deer, they might be heard at an immense distance. Even when running at speed they always gave plenty of tongue; and their great size enabled them to cross the long heather and rough hedgy pasturage of the forest without effort or difficulty.

\* \* \* Alas! that these hounds should now be consigned to the kennel of a German baron, where, I believe, they still hunt their old quarry, the deer, or the fiercer game, the wild-boar; but the hills and woods of Devon and Somerset will never again ring to the melody of such a pack!

We cannot but coincide in our

author's regret that so noble a pack of stag-hounds should have been permitted to leave the country. All sportsmen are aware of the advantage of *time* in increasing the efficiency of a kennel by judicious drafting and breeding; nor can it be too strongly impressed upon a Hunt, that when they have succeeded in establishing a really good pack of hounds, they should endeavour, at any sacrifice, to retain that pack as long as their country continues to be hunted at all. Little does many a hard rider think, while in the enjoyment of one of those rattling bursts over the open that make his blood course through his veins like wine, how much pains and knowledge and experience has been lavished on the process of which he is enjoying the results. How many a morning's consultation in the kennel, how many a day's patience in the woodland, must be consumed to organize that combination of speed, sagacity, harmony, mettle, and mutual dependence, which is fleeting away yonder before him, like a wisp of wild-fowl on the wing.

Mr. Collins is evidently impressed with the truth of this position; but in accordance with his own west-country proverb, that it is 'no use to cry over spilt milk,' he dismisses the subject with a capital engraving of a couple of stately stag-hounds of 'the old pack,' and proceeds to enlighten us on the habits and peculiarities of their noble quarry, the deer.

Like his German fellow-craftsman, a west-country forester studies keenly the slot, or footmarks of his game. The Scottish Highlander, on the other hand, prefers to examine the animal with his own eyes, through his 'far-keeker,' as he calls a telescope; and taking advantage of the rugged nature of his ground to creep serpent-wise to within seeing distance of a hart before he gives an opinion as to its weight and classification; but in a comparatively open country like Exmoor or North Devon this is of course impracticable, and the slot becomes a most important



feature, the very beacon and standard of the chase.

In Devon and Somerset the male deer is still called for the first year a calf; in the second year he is termed a knobber, or knobler, or bracket; in the third year a spire, or pricket; in the fourth year a staggart; in the fifth, a stag, or warrantable deer; and at and after six a stag, or hart.

Now, all these yearly stages of increasing size and weight are to be distinctly traced on the slot; and although the North Devon 'harbourer' does not affect to calculate the weight of a stag to within fifteen pounds by the size and appearance of his footmarks, as is the boast of the German forester, he can assume the age and size of the animal from the track it leaves with sufficient accuracy to guard against disappointment to his employers. And now we must quote Mr. Collins as to the duties of this very important functionary on a fine summer's morning amongst the sunny hills that look down on the Bristol Channel:—

'Well, now,' says Farmer R——, as he comes to this page, 'surely the Doctor is not going to tell us what "harbouring" is and what "tufting" means. We know all about these matters down here in the west.' True, my good friend; but I write these pages for the benefit of those who know not the west, and have never enjoyed the sport, though I hope they may all live to do so. Depend upon it, there is many a good man and true, who keeps his horses at Melton, and rides in the first flight across the 'shires,' and who has seen as many foxes killed as you or I have, who would be uncommonly puzzled if he had to pass an examination in the duties of the 'harbourer,' or were required to explain the mysteries of 'tufting.' \* \* \*

Let us fix as a date the 30th of August—time, 4.30 a.m.—scene, outside the lovely cottage of James Blackmore, planted on the outskirts of the deep Haddon woods. The door opens, and forth in the drizzly rain stalks the best and most enthusiastic of his class and calling. We will pass over the four or five dreary miles which lie between the cot and the scene of the morning's labours, and again take up our friend as he peers cautiously through the hedge of the large turnip-field which lies between the road and wood. He turns away after strict

scrutiny. There are none of the brown-coated herd to be seen in that favourite feeding-place. Onward he goes down the lane, and carefully examines the field of oats, which he knows to be the favourite pasture of the deer. Again he is doomed to disappointment; and after marking the quarter from which the wind blows, and finding that the wind is full in his face, and therefore blows *from* the covert, he steals into the oat-field, and down he goes by the side of the hedge towards the wood, his eyes bent steadfastly on the ground. He knows, though he has never read the *Art of Venerie*, that 'the hart hath a propertie that if he goe to feed in a yong spring or coppes, he goeth first to seeke the winde, that he may finde if there be any person in the coppes which may interrupt him,' and that it is essential he should go up wind, when engaged in discovering the whereabouts of a deer. \* \* \* Suddenly the harbourer stops. There is a leaf bent, a blade of grass turned, or some sign which the adept in wood-craft can interpret, but which to the senses of the uninitiated would be a closed book. He looks carefully at the oat-stalks near. From two or three the ear is gone—bitten off, and recently: that to *his* eye is clear, but not by the animal of which he is in search. Those ears were bitten off by a hind, and not by a stag; for Jem knows well by long experience that a stag daintily bites off but half the ear, or even less, while the hind takes the whole \* \* \* he knows, too, that a stag never takes more than one bite at a turnip, and that in so doing he pulls up the root, and throws it over his head; while the hind will take two or three bites at the same root, if it remain firm in the ground, before she leaves it and passes on to another. Onward goes Jem, and lo! a row of turnips, recently rooted up, and that beyond all doubt by a male deer. But was it a 'warrantable' stag that did the mischief? Again he consults the ground, carefully, anxiously trying to get the print of the hoof well defined. \* \* \* Suddenly he stops. He has found what he wanted, in a soft piece of ground, the rounded track, the blunted toe-point, the wide-spread mark, the fresh 'slot,' in short, of a stag (measuring good two inches at the heel); ay, and one, too, that will make many a proud steed sob this day ere he turns to bay.

Having thus satisfied himself that the stately epicure who has done all this mischief to oat-stalks and turnip-field, is 'harboured,' or couched for his morning's repose,



taken with diurnal regularity after his morning's feed, in the adjoining coppice, our friend Jem reports himself forthwith to the master of the staghounds; bearing with him, as his credentials, a piece of square turf on which he has found the impression of his quarry's hoof, and which he has cut away and lifted for the purpose. We can imagine Jem's own self-gratulations and the cordiality of his reception.

Now, for many reasons it has long been a wholesome practice in Exmoor and the adjacent districts, to refrain from drawing holding coverts with an entire pack of hounds. Deer are somewhat gregarious: an old stag has all the cunning of the father of cloven-feet himself. He will push a hind or weaker hart out of its lair, and lying down therein, force the outgoing tenant to become an unwilling substitute and a vicarious prey. Also it is in the last degree subversive of discipline in the pack, that there should be several scents of the same nature, crossing and re-crossing each other with puzzling intricacy; and one of the first conditions of a *run* is, that hounds should settle well together, and if possible, simultaneously on the same quarry. Therefore, when the exact whereabouts has been ascertained of a *warrantable* deer—that is to say, of one whose age and weight warrant the assumption that he will be caught, and that he is worth the catching—it is the custom to select a couple or so of the oldest and steadiest hounds with which to make good the report of the 'harbourer,' and to drive the quarry from the thicket into the open. The 'tufters,' as these are called, soon acquire extraordinary sagacity, and are not to be diverted from their business by any amount of risk, or even by an over-abundance of that 'subtle essence,' which is the delight of their nostrils, the scent of their especial prey. Warily though speedily, and with fierce energy, they track the noble beast through all his 'doubles' and windings, till at length they drive him to the edge of the covert; and with an

elastic bound that seems less the result of effort than volition, he emerges in his strength and beauty, in all the pride of his presence, on the open moor.

One instant he stops. One instant stands erect and motionless, snuffing the keen moorland air with his dainty nostrils; then breaks into a darting trot, which, throwing his antlers back, he soon exchanges for a long, easy, springing gallop; and so sets his head straight for the horizon; and ere you have drawn your girths a hole tighter, and thrown away the end of your cigar, he is gone!

And over what sort of country! asks the newcomer, whom Mr. Collyns, like a second Orpheus, has wiled into Exmoor with his seductive periods,—Over what sort of country am I to follow a chase which by his own account may be prolonged to twenty, thirty, nay, even forty miles on a stretch? According to our author, it seems a fine open galloping sort of country enough, but one in which the sportsman should keep 'an eye forward,' and 'a good hold of his horse's head.' As the late Mr. Assheton Smith said of Leicestershire, that there was no fence in it which could not be got over *with a fall*, so Mr. Frederic Knight, a well-known West country sportsman, says of Exmoor, that there are no bogs in it, although he admits that here and there you may come to a *soft place*; and these soft places, if galloped into unawares, are as pretty a *certainty* as you can desire to meet with.

Horses bred in the country show extraordinary sagacity both in avoiding the danger, and in saving themselves when engulfed; but a stranger, however good a hunter he may be, gets frightened, struggles, and is soon hopelessly and helplessly in, up to his tail. We have ourselves, in years long past, seen more than one stirring gallop over an open moorland country near Kinross in Scotland, wild as the desert, and carrying a scent that it does us good to think of even now. There the bogs were easily seen and avoided, whilst the

inconvenience of occasionally diverging from the line of hounds was amply atoned for by the pleasure of seeing them stream away without interruption, and galloping after them knee-deep in heather every stride. The surface of Ex-moor seems to be of a kindred nature, and it is easy to imagine with what speed hounds must race over such a country, especially when in chase of an animal leaving so powerful a scent as that of the red deer. Up wind or down, in almost all weathers, and over nearly every kind of soil, the stag-hound can run his game at a pace with which no horses could contend, were it not for the frequent pauses occasioned by the amphibious habits peculiar to the deer.

And here we come to the great point of controversy between the followers of the fox and the stag, the former contending that when they *do* have a run it is a fine dashing gallop, straight away, with no leisure for deliberation; and that even if a check *does* take place, the sagacity of the hound or the skill of the huntsman hits off the line again almost instantaneously, and there is no intervening time for the limbs to stiffen or the blood to cool; while the latter with some appearance of reason, argue that the superior size and speed of their quarry, with the ravishing scent he leaves on his track, would make their work so severe and exhaustive, that were it not for his predilection for water, no horses foaled would be able to carry their riders through a run. Every sport has its own characteristic features. To our fancy, the deer 'taking soil' (by which expression, strangely enough, is understood the animal's immersion in water), should be one of the most interesting events of the chase!

We will suppose you have been going for some five-and-twenty minutes or so without a check. The turns have been in your favour, your horse is galloping on steadily and well, tolerably fresh still; nevertheless, you feel that a halt, if only for two or three minutes, would be no inconsiderable boon.

The hounds have just disappeared over the rugged brow of one of those brown acclivities which rise in continuous succession like the waves of a heather sea; they seemed to dash forward with renewed energy, as though their game were already in view. As you shoot over the crest of the hill, preparing for a long and judicious pull in your descent, what a noble scene arrests your eye in the grassy dell below.

A streamlet from the hills has here swelled into a shallow river; and up to his chest in water, with his back against a rock, like Fitz-James, you discern the graceful outline of the deer, nodding his head up and down as he raises and lowers his natural weapons with the practised skill of a professor in the art of self-defence. Your favourites are baying round him deep, musical and defiant; but the crafty quarry has selected a spot in which he can wade, whilst his enemies must swim. It is a beautiful sight! He looks such a *gentleman*, there at bay, with his stately presence and his lofty crest, and his full dark eye, which, even in the midst of strife, has never lost its deep, melancholy, and reflective glance.

Strange thoughts and memories sweep athwart your brain, foreign perhaps to the scene, and all unconnected with the sport in hand, but the glancing sunshine, and the sparkling water, and the fierce, red-eyed, crowding, splashing hounds, soon recal you to yourself. There is no time for 'mooning' and gathering your horse's bridle: you prepare to act your part.

When a deer is thus 'set-up,' as it is termed, it depends upon the state of exhaustion to which he has been reduced, whether he remains for a considerable period in the water, or, 'breaking soil' at once on your approach, scour over the moor again, refreshed and invigorated by his bath. In the latter case, the pace is of course first-rate, and the quarry is compelled to put forth its utmost powers to escape from the pursuers at its very haunches. So the joyous chase speeds on, fleet-



ing like a dream, over every variety of country and through every kind of scene. Now you are crossing an enclosed and cultivated district, where rasping fences must be bravely encountered, or where you must turn occasionally aside to spare the late and scanty harvest, not yet reaped or gathered in. Anon you are threading some wooded dell where noble trees, *black* with their summer foliage, screen you from the fierce afternoon sun, and the luxuriant tangled copsewood re-echoes the increasing music of the hounds. Rife and exciting—ay, and humorous—have been the vicissitudes of the chase. A fell at the draw-rails out of the last farmyard; B never got over the awkward bank into Dulverton Dingle; C lost his bridle and all annexed to it in a bog on Exmoor, and is even now finishing a long stern chase, *non passibus æquis*, in his boots. The rest of the alphabet, down to X, Y, and Z, have stopped their horses at different stages of the run. The sun gets lower—that which was this morning an elastic gallop, both in hounds and horses, has degenerated into a lurching, lobbing, and laborious crawl. We *ride* very fast, though we progress very slow, and yet to all appearance the chase is not near over yet.

Once more we mount a steep and rugged incline—once more we emerge upon the open moor, and catch the cool welcome breezes of the Bristol Channel. Reader, have you ever watched hounds running steadily and determinedly *for blood* at the close of a chase? There is a quiet, relentless, undeviating perseverance about them, that bodes no good to their prey. Stringing, over the moor, the staghounds are tracking their quarry with the stern certainty of Fate. The poor horse beneath us has arrived at a state of considerable helplessness and discomfort. It is a question whether he will go much farther. If that long regular canter once relapses to a trot; we know too well from certain previous experience how it will end. We begin to wish the run was over; so does our

reader, probably, by this time. Let us finish it out of hand.

Cooler and fresher the breeze plays on our cheek. Light misty clouds ahead denote the neighbourhood of the sea. Straight as a line the hounds strain eagerly forward, heads up, sterns down, fierce, pitiless, and frantic for blood. Now they disappear one after another over yonder ledge; ere this they must be round him on the beach below. We cannot paint a finish like Mr. Collins. Hark to his 'who—whoop!'

Nor are we mistaken, for as we turn into one of the steep paths of Glenthorne overhanging the channel, we see below it our quarry, dripping from his recent bath, standing proudly on a rock surrounded by the flowing tide, and watching his pursuers with anxious eyes. The hounds bay him from the land; one adventurer from the pack takes the water, and already is at the base of the cliff on which the deer stands. Poor victim! Scarce has he lifted himself from the waves, when he is dashed back again by an unerring blow struck quick as lightning by the fore-foot of the deer, and floats a corpse in the waters from which a moment ago he emerged. \* \* \* Dashing through the water the deer reaches the cliffs, gains a craggy path leading along them, and stretches away above Glenthorne House towards Yeanworthy. But it is evident his race is run. The heavy gallop, the faltering stride, and the lowered head proclaim that his strength is failing. He is unable again to face the open, runs feebly and painfully along the beaten paths, and turning through the woods towards the sea, he reaches the edge of the cliff just above the boat-house and beach of Glenthorne. His foes are close behind. He gives one wild and hurried look of fear, and dares the desperate leap. It is done. He has jumped from a height of at least thirty feet on to the shore, and in the next moment is floating in the salt sea waves. \* \* \* A few minutes suffice to man a boat and put a rope round the horns of the deer. The victim is dragged in triumph to the beach, the knife is at his throat, and amid the baying of the pack, and the loud whoo—whoops of the crowd, the noble and gallant animal yields up his life. 'Tyro,' who has distinguished himself on this his first opportunity of witnessing a stag-hunt, and who has gone well and boldly from find to finish, receives from an impromptu



godfather the mark of the blood in his face or ear, by which stain he is duly initiated into the mysteries of stag-hunting, and may rank himself as a sportsman, like

'Nepos of Laurentum  
The hunter of the deer.'

Well, indeed, he may! For in good truth the battle of the Lake Regillus itself could scarce have counted a greater show of 'grief' than must result from such a run as, taking our cue from Mr. Collyns, we have endeavoured to describe; and, doubtless, had the young Herminia's favourite been there, Macaulay might have sung once more, with perfect reason, how

After those strange horses  
Black Auster toiled in vain.

Nay, before the finish, it were well if his rider had not occasion to lament—

But like a graven image  
Black Auster kept his place,  
And ever wistfully he looked  
Into his master's face.

Well, the steed is at length stabled for the night, and the rider housed and settled in his easy-chair. Neither of them is likely to forget the day's sport in chase of the wild red-deer over Exmoor and North Devon.

We plead guilty to a childish predilection for an illustrated work, or, as the children themselves call it, a 'book with pictures.' Mr. Collyns indulges us freely in our taste. Some of his engravings are remarkably spirited and life-like, with a freshness about them peculiar to the productions of an *amateur*. In an appendix, too, he furnishes us with a map of his county, a sufficiently extensive district, extending from the Quantock Hills to Barnstaple, and of which the extreme points would seem to be Watchet, Lynmouth, Ilfracomb, Torrington, Chumleigh, Tiverton, and Wellington, the first named place and the last being in Somerset, forming an oval which encloses an area of several square miles. Whilst Grantham, Melton, Billesdon, Market-Harboro', Brixworth, Whittlebury, Bicester, &c., are familiar, at least by name, to every

hunting man in Britain, it seems strange that so fine a district as the above, the seat of so wild and spirit-stirring a sport, should remain comparatively unvisited and unknown. Many years ago, the late Lord Alford, the boldest, the best, and the best beloved sportsman of his day, spent an autumn amongst these wastes, and returned to his own Pytchley country much delighted with his excursion, bringing back with him a horse called 'Badgeworthy,' after a locality near which the animal had distinguished itself in a famous run, that turned out as speedy and enduring as the very wild deer it had been accustomed to follow; but since then, with few exceptions, the principal votaries of the chase in England, have been satisfied, when they *did* leave home for their favourite amusement, with the grazing grounds about Billesdon, Coplow, Staunton-Wyville, or Waterloo-Gorse. Nobody wants to hunt *all* the year round, nor to devote too much time to that which ought never to become a *profession* rather than an *amusement*; but still, once in a way, it would be a pleasant jaunt enough for the month of August, to run two or three horses into Devonshire, and taste the breezes of the Bristol Channel, blowing fresh and free in our faces, as we galloped after the stag-hounds over the wild surface of Exmoor.

And here we must take leave to fall out with Mr. Collyns, in that the information he gives us as to 'accommodation for man and horse' is too vague and unsatisfactory by half. His invitation, indeed, to all gentlemen in scarlet is cordial enough, and well we know that the West country sportsman is as hospitable as an Arab of the Desert; nevertheless, a few statistical facts would have been highly welcome to any one who meditated a hunting excursion at such a distance from London, and from everywhere else. We should like to know something about the branch lines of railway, the central spot from which to command the different meets, the towns in

which airy stables, and above all, good blacksmiths, are to be found; the price of forage, the rate of labour, and a few more practical details of a like nature.

On these he is inexcusably silent, considering the temptations offered by his exciting description of his favourite sport. On one point we have quite made up our mind, that it is not a country to which a man need take a *moderate* horse, or indeed anything but a *really* good one. A glance at the Appendix with its *crushing* accounts of runs ever since the year 1780, is quite enough to satisfy us on the question of horseflesh. We quote the following almost at random:—

Sept. 13th, 1804.

Found a stag in Chareott Wood, near Luxlow. Laid the pack on him by Witheburrows. He stopped in a deep pool on the hill to soil, and the hounds came in on him and raced him in view over Brendon Hill for four miles.

Here follows a list of the different places through which they ran, till

they crossed the turnpike-road for Flights, and then over Grant's Hill for Wonham Wood. The hounds here set him up, but he broke from them, and came down through the covert to Highleigh Weir. Here he was killed after a chase of *five hours and forty minutes, going over at least forty-five miles.*

We have hunted too many years not to allow a considerable margin for what we may term 'dead reckoning' in all accounts of so exciting a pursuit as the Chase. Nevertheless, pare down such a run as the above to the narrowest possible dimensions, and there remains a day's work of so severe and laborious a nature, as reminds us forcibly of the old joke, 'You may call this *sport*, but hang me if it's *pleasure*!' It seems to us that nothing but a thoroughbred horse would be of the slightest use in following hounds on the track, of so fleet and enduring an animal as the deer over an unenclosed and undulating surface like that of Exmoor; and even the thoroughbred one, game and good as he is, must be ridden with the utmost skill and patience, to struggle

through runs which are described not in minutes, after the fashion of 'the shires,' but in *hours*!

The truth is, that a deer's extraordinary powers are little known, because so seldom put to the test. His frame is the most beautiful mechanical contrivance possible for speed; his whole life and habits are calculated to keep that frame in the highest condition of muscular training, while, despite his timorous nature, he possesses in the last degree that most daring of all valour—the courage of despair.

Several anecdotes are related by Mr. Collyns bearing on this peculiarity of the animal; but perhaps the most remarkable is one which he illustrates by a startling engraving, representing a hind in mid-air, with nothing below her but a distant view of the ocean, and a few sea-gulls on the wing. Though of the weaker sex, she seems to have afforded an excellent run, which she terminated by a leap from the cliff down to the beach below—three hundred and sixty feet plumb!—and was of course killed by the fall. A dashing hound called Warrior went over with her, and shared her fate. It is to be hoped some of his progeny are still in the kennels at Pixton Park. This run took place in the hind-hunting season on May-day, 1858.

Our author, as is natural, seems inclined to undervalue the tamer sport of stag-hunting as practised by her Majesty's hounds and those of Baron Rothschild. He is of opinion that the stall-fed deer cannot vie with his moorland-bred brother in speed, courage, or endurance; and we fear he is not to be tempted from his native wilds to see a 'leap from a cart' on the heath at Ascot, or in the grassy plains of the Vale of Aylesbury.

But this is a point on which 'doctors differ,' and it is still a question whether the red deer, like the horse, though in an inferior degree, does not gain from ample food and attention more than he loses from confinement, at the hands of man. During the last season that Lord Suffield kept



staghounds in Norfolk, he had the good fortune to find one of his outlying deer, who, he it observed, had been eating his Lordship's old oats for months, previously to making a few weeks' foraging excursion for himself, on a small wooded island in the heart of his best country. Away they went in view, the master doubtless getting a good start, and *more suo* keeping close to his favourites. After a run of nearly twenty miles from point to point, the distance being accomplished in little over two hours (and we appeal to our hunting readers whether that is not pretty well for pace), the stag *took soil* in the German Ocean, and baffled his pursuers by fairly swimming out to sea. This occurred close to a Preventive Station, and Lord Suffolk, after getting his dripping hounds together with some difficulty, watched the quarry through one of her Majesty's telescopes as long as it remained in sight. This same stag was captured and taken on board by some fishermen a league or two out at sea, *twenty miles from the spot where it had first sought safety in the water*. The wildest denizen of Exmoor could scarce have outdone a feat of endurance like this.

Verily, when we reflect on such doings, five-and-twenty minutes over High Leicestershire seems dwarfed into insignificance by comparison, till we remember that even in that short space of time we have seen the best of hounds and horses reduced to a state of utter imbecility, and that after all, as Forester says, '*Sir, what kills is the pace!*'

Well, all pleasure must have an end. However sweetly the soft-eyed morning may smile upon our start; however cheerily the tramp of horses and the deep-mouthed baying of unkennelled hounds may echo in our ears, full well we know that the veiled goddess is waiting for us yonder in the twilight after sundown, and that the cavalcade which took the field so fresh and

fair and full of mettle at daybreak, must return ere the moon be up, wet, weary, and bedraggled—hounds filing after each other limping and footsore—horses jaded and faltering, with lowered crests, and reeking flanks in-drawn—riders sobered though exulting, resting their hands upon the pommels of their saddles, and reflecting on all the events of the last few hours with a sedate and quiet triumph as they cast their eyes downwards on daubed garments and spattered boots, and spurs not quite unstained with blood. So they wind homewards, and the darkness gathers round, and the stars peep dimly out, and the breeze moans up at intervals from the West. Presently night falls like a curtain, and to-day has followed yesterday to swell the total that makes up time—and eternity.

Life is little more than a day's hunting, after all. In anticipation consists more than half the pleasure of each. The hopes of morning are rarely equalled by the fruition of noon day. The rugged ground and the opposing fences give a zest to the performance, and the pursuit is of far more value than the prey. When night comes, would we have our day over again if we could?

In the meantime, *vive la chasse!* 'Tis an honest, manly, joyous recreation. If not a wiser, we cannot but think it makes its votary a better man. Its mishaps bring with them no sorrows, its successes create no heart-burnings, its excitement leaves no depression of spirits behind. And so, good luck to its followers, whether they pursue the noble stag, the wily fox, or the timid hare; whether they ride by the road or the fields, charging the 'raspers,' or pottering in the gaps. Each enjoys his favourite sport in his own way—each contributes his share to the general amusement—each, if he could do as he liked, would probably express his nightly wish, in the words of that noble joker who so shamefully hoaxed Christopher Sly—

Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds.  
To-morrow, I intend to hunt again!



## NORTH AMERICA.

TO say that these volumes\* are, for the most part, written with the lightest of hands, what is it but to say that they are the work of Anthony Trollope? To say that there is probably no other living Englishman who could have written at such length with such superficial knowledge, and been so little tedious, is nothing more than strictest truth. Yet, liking the author heartily, and by no means disliking his book, we cannot pretend that, as a success, it is nearly equal to his *West Indies*. Much may doubtless be said in its favour; and when we have to speak with disfavour, the apologetic tone of the concluding chapter, a half-conscious prescience of failure, or at least of imperfection, which there struggles to the surface, goes far to disarm any harshness of criticism. Mr. Trollope's uniform success as regards his last dozen books, will make him tolerant of dispraise, if such should be the world's verdict with regard to his latest production. He can well afford to descend from the high level along which he has so long travelled, because nothing is more certain than that, if he lives, he will not be long in regaining it. But not even to him is it given to write so hurriedly and copiously upon such a Titanic subject with entire success.

Let us make short work with the least gracious portion of our task. In the first place, the book is extravagantly long. A man or woman vastly Mr. Trollope's inferior, might have improved it immeasurably by reading it through, and expunging, by condensation and obliteration, not less than one-third. Secondly, it lacks system or organization. It is a clever man's desultory diary. Starting with Mr. Trollope at Boston, we follow him submissively to Rhode Island, Portland, the White Mountains, Canada, Niagara, Minnesota, Chicago, Buffalo, New York, again to Boston, again to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washing-

ton, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cairo, Kentucky, again to Cincinnati, again to Baltimore, again to Washington, again to Philadelphia; a third time to New York, a third time to Boston, a fourth time to New York. As we pursue Mr. Trollope's tortuous course, we are admitted to his unpremeditated thoughts *en passant*. But they grievously lack method and grouping, and are written *currentissimo calamo*. For a dozen years we have been surfeited with descriptions of rambles by Englishmen through the United States, and it must be confessed that, so far as mere narrative description, we have read more instructive books than Mr. Trollope's. Every English traveller in the White Mountains (and they are more numerous than Mr. Trollope thinks) will prefer his own tour to that which Mr. Trollope devotes several pages to inculcating, and when he comes to the well-known tourist's track, not even he can give charm to the *crambe repetita* of so many predecessors. Thirdly, his book is full of little inaccuracies. These are chiefly noticeable, because they will be eagerly pounced on in the United States, and will discredit a book written in the kindest spirit. It is not necessary to enumerate them *seriatim*; but how can Mr. Trollope make St. Louis sixteen hundred miles from New York? and who ever heard of 'Roxboro,' among the suburbs of Boston? M'Clellan (whose name, by the bye, is never rightly spelt) was never 'head manager' of the Illinois Central Railroad. When, accompanied by Messrs. Delafield and Mordecai, M'Clellan was sent to the Crimea, they all, upon their return, sent in reports to the War Office. Of these reports, most persons think M'Clellan's the worst; everybody confesses that Delafield's was the best: but Mr. Trollope is sadly out when he tells us, 'I have been informed that a very able report was sent in by them to their Govern-

\* *North America*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Chapman and Hall. 1862.

ment on their return, and that this was drawn up by M'Clellan.' We will not waste time by hitting more blots, nor do we insist even upon these as of importance, except as concerns readers in the United States.

Fourthly, what business has a man who has never been further West than Rolla in Missouri, or further south than the Green River in Kentucky, to give his book so grandiloquent a title as *North America*? Nothing throughout this book impresses us so constantly as the consciousness how little Mr. Trollope knows about the South, and how ill qualified he is to write disquisitions about their struggle for independence. Fifthly, and lastly, our greatest objection to Mr. Trollope's book is that, deriving many advantages, as it will, from its appearance at this moment, it is not the least in tune with the temper of the moment. To say that it does not profess to be a war narrative, or to owe its origin to the present convulsion, is hardly a valid excuse. Who can read anything about America at this moment otherwise than in the Drummond glare of passing events? A man might as well be in Westminster Abbey during the coronation of her Majesty, and not look at the ceremony.

On the other hand, there is much more to praise than to blame (barring that one great fault of prolixity), and we gladly turn to the pleasanter side of our task. In the first place, there is not a word in the two volumes which is not written in a truly catholic spirit. Mr. Trollope is one of the heartiest of Englishmen, but he never forgets that a true man should consider the interests of the whole human family before he considers those of his own country. Secondly, a long list of passages might be culled from his pages of which the sense is excellent, and the manner unexceptionable. It would be impossible to quote one tithe of them, but no man who has travelled in America, and suffered from the tyranny of women, can fail to endorse every word that he says

about the street cars in New York. The writer of these words was a few weeks ago a passenger in one of them. It was, as usual, crowded. A 'lady' and gentleman entered, and the former, seeing that this deponent's coat was better than those of his neighbours, who were working men, came opposite to him, and directed at him one of those mute peremptory stares which Mr. Trollope so well describes. He had no choice but to rise, and she swept into his seat with the normal silent discourtesy of an American woman. But not content with turning him out without a word of acknowledgment, she converted the ceded seat into two, and ensconced her gentleman by her side. A refined American gentleman was recently tempted to visit some mining property belonging to him on Lake Superior. He had never visited the West, and little knew the miseries of a steamboat journey on the Great Lakes. His companions on board were miners, compared with whom many of our Cornishmen would be Sir Charles Grandisons. But two of these men had induced a pair of Phrynes from Buffalo to accompany them to the head of Lake Superior. There were no other 'ladies' on board. At every meal (and he passed several days on board) the steamboat major-domo suspended all proceedings until the ladies and their companions had taken their seats. 'Wait for the ladies!' A hundred hungry men, than whom the world has no rougher, were content to wait the pleasure of these goddesses, whom American chivalry has so highly exalted, and who give chivalry so little back in return. A speculator in mining property would have got a good bargain had he fallen in with the gentleman in question when the latter got back to New York.

But to return to Mr. Trollope. Our third remark in praise of his book is, that he rightly discerns the perilous tendencies arising from the general toleration—we might almost say approbation—accorded to the rank pecuniary corruption which is eating into the vitals of



the American nation. It is too sore and pregnant a subject for us to venture upon. Suffice it to say, that if there be no civilized nation on earth wholly exempt from taint, it has been reserved for America alone to set the 'smart' man up on a pedestal, and to fall down and worship before him. Mr. Trollope thinks that increased taxation, less prosperity, and the pressure of affairs, will clear the political atmosphere. Would that we could see any reason for thinking so! He is an optimist about the future of the American Republic, and, like so many of the writers who are daily enlightening us, has a conception of the Northern section of the Republic which is as ideal as Plato's about his own Atlantis. Upon this subject we will defer any further remarks until we have done with Mr. Trollope's book.

Fourthly, there seems to us much to commend in Mr. Trollope's sketch of the two Canadas. That it is the interest, and almost the duty, of Great Britain to educate the Canadas without delay up to a capacity for plenary independence, is the one lesson which every wise Englishman is hourly learning. England would be a far greater gainer by the independence of British North America than by any other event which could happen on the American continent. Whether Canada is, or is not, absorbed into that great entity, the United States, is a vitally momentous question for Canada; to England it is a matter of very small moment. Let not Canada deceive herself. Upon the events of the next few weeks, and entirely upon her own action, will hinge for all future time the relations of the colony with the Mother Bountiful, which England now is to all her children.

Fifthly, there is no impartial Englishman who has sat at the feet of American Gamaliels, and rushed to hear the Everetts and the Phillipses of the States, who will not heartily echo Mr. Trollope's words upon the fraternity of public speakers. We have been present at many of these lectures, and have

seldom heard them without humiliation and sadness. To see a man of great parts prostituting his ability, and becoming, not the leader, but the follower, of his audience, to see him putting forth his sensitive feelers to gauge the popular sentiment, and crawling and writhing in his efforts to flatter and pamper it, is a sadder sight than the abasement of the daily press, which is, in the first place, impersonal, and secondly, addressed to the lowest tier of society. It is with sorrow that we quote and endorse Mr. Trollope's words:—

Listening to Mr. Everett, it was impossible not to perceive that he was anxious to utter the sentiments of the audience rather than his own—that he was making himself an echo, a powerful and harmonious echo, of what he conceived to be public opinion in Boston at the moment—that he was neither leading nor teaching the people before him, but allowing himself to be led by them, so that he might best play his present part for their delectation. . . . Mr. Everett has been Minister to England, and knows the people. He is a student of history, and must, I think, know that England's career has been not unhappy nor unprosperous. But England was at a discount in Boston, and Mr. Everett was speaking to a Boston audience. 'They are sending us their advice across the water,' said Mr. Everett. 'And what is their advice to us? That we should come down from the high place we have built for ourselves, and be even as they are. They screech at us from the low depths in which they are wallowing in their misery, and call on us to join them in their wretchedness.' As I thought of Mr. Everett's reputation, and of his years of study, of his long political life, and unsurpassed sources of information, I could not but grieve heartily when I heard such words fall from him. I could not but ask myself whether it were impossible that, under the present circumstances of her constitution, this great nation of America should produce an honest, high-minded statesman.

If it were possible that America could form such a statesman, it has never been our fortune, with some experience of her public men, to see or hear him. One speaker upon public themes she has, who is honest, gifted, and brave. We allude to Mr. Emerson.

Lastly, there are passages in this



book so instinct with the genial character of the writer, that they would redeem a far more indifferent performance, and carry us along with kindness and satisfaction. Such passages abound. We have only room for two.

On my return from Lowell in the smoking 'car, an old man came and squeezed in next to me. The place was terribly crowded, and as the old man was thin and clean and quiet, I willingly made room for him, so as to avoid the contiguity of a neighbour who might be neither thin, nor clean, nor quiet. He began talking to me in whispers about the war, and I was suspicious that he was a Southerner and a Secessionist. Under such circumstances his company might not be agreeable, unless he could be induced to hold his tongue. At last he said, 'I come from Canada, you know, and you—you're an Englishman, and therefore I can speak to you openly ;' and he gave me an affectionate grip on the knee with his old skinny hand. I suppose I do look more like an Englishman than an American, but I was surprised at his knowing me with such certainty. 'There is no mistaking you,' he said, 'with your round face and your red cheeks. They don't look like that here ;' and he gave me another grip. I felt quite fond of the old man, and offered him a cigar.

Again, when describing his experiences of the Mason and Slidell suspense, he says :—

'But there's Grotius,' I said, to an elderly female, who had quoted to me some half-dozen writers on international law, thinking thereby that I should trump her last card. 'I've looked into Grotius, too,' said she, 'and as far as I can see, &c. &c. &c.' So I had to fall back on the convictions to which instinct and common sense had brought me. I never doubted for a moment that those convictions would be supported by English lawyers.'

We have followed Mr. Trollope thus far only to find ourselves launched upon the stormy ocean of current American history ; and launched, it must be confessed, without a rudder. Mr. Trollope is generally an amusing companion, but a guide or prophet he scarcely professes to be. Prophecies there are in his book—somewhat shadowy ones, it is true—but they scarcely

amount to more than three. Of these the first is, that the disintegration of the Republic is inevitable, and that the line of demarcation between the future republics will run below Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri. The second is, that the national debt will be easily borne, and the taxation satisfactorily adjusted, though not without huge difficulty. The third and last is, that the future Northern republic, purified in the furnace of misfortune, will unlearn its all-pervading dishonesty, its government by little men, and retaining those noble qualities which we all acknowledge and admire—elastic industry, diffusive intelligence, indomitable enterprise—will ride back upon them once more into the front rank of nations.

From our hearts we join Mr. Trollope in exclaiming, May these two latter prophecies find realization ! For ourselves, we candidly own our belief that there is no man, either American or English, whose vaticinations upon such subjects are worth the paper they are written on. The United States have rushed into being under circumstances so exceptional ; they have so dazzled themselves and the world with a runaway and unprecedented material prosperity ; they have for so many months demonstrated that, without exporting anything but breadstuffs, they could remain the creditor nation of the world ; they have during the last year baffled so many prophets, native and foreign, that a man might almost fancy that their boastful and inextinguishable self-confidence is based upon a rock, and that political economy is for Europe and not for the young and unshackled giant of the West. As well might one endeavour to bale the vast Croton reservoir at New York with a lady's thimble, as to gauge the dimensions and prospects of the vastest convulsion the world has ever seen with the rule of European analogies. How Mr. Trollope proposes to raise the necessary interest on the debt, we know not, neither, we suspect, does he, any more than Mr. Chase ; but with

every wish to look favourably at the horizon, nowhere can we discern grounds for agreeing with Mr. Trollope's opinion that the American nation is sick of 'smart men,' and that the dawn of morality is near at hand.

It has been our fortune to read pages upon pages with regard to this mighty struggle, in American and English magazines, and in many cases to admire the ability and grasp of the writers. A more life-like portrait of Washington as it was twenty-five years ago, can scarcely be found than Miss Martineau's 'Brewing of the American Storm,' in the June number of *Macmillan's Magazine*. Mr. Mill's recent contribution to these pages is not unworthy even of his fame; but it errs, we venture to think, not in over-estimating the dangers of a slave-holding oligarchy, so much as the purity and elevation of purpose of the North. There are no papers on the other side the Atlantic more worthy of attention than those which appear in *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, an unpretending Roman Catholic periodical of much ability. But all these various articles, as well as the admirable book of Mr. Spence on one side, and the far less commendable work of Mr. Ludlow on the other, err lamentably in their one-sidedness and partisanship. It is most unphilosophical to assume that, in any period of organic political strife, all the wisdom and all the worth exclusively belong to one party. We say it with deep regret, but we are forced, after long observation of this deplorable struggle, to come to the conclusion that there is very little wisdom and very little worth upon either side. Bold indeed must be any man who has in some measure taken stock of this agonizing conflict, and who, by reason of what he knows, can fathom the depth of his ignorance should he venture to write *ex cathedra* either as prophet or commentator. The utmost that any spectator can hope to do is to gather up a few of the lessons which are being scattered broadcast. It is with this view that we

shall endeavour, in as few words as possible, to bring home to our readers a few facts which appear to us incontrovertible.

In the first place, this is not a struggle to test Democratic institutions. It is idle to say that Democracy has failed. What *has* failed is the attempt to bring together under one homogeneous Government two antipathetic and discordant civilizations. The South has never been Republican. The very essence of its peculiar institution makes it aristocratic. For fifty years it has ruled the Union, and has always ruled it as it ruled its own slaves. Lincoln's election brought this state of things to an end; and the South, having little of the old Athenian's spirit, that it is better to be second in Athens than first in Eubœa, was swift to rebel.

Secondly, let no Englishman take up the notion that slavery is the principal and only difference between the two sections. Slavery may go down, or go up, but within the old Union never again will the Southern States voluntarily be comprehended. Volumes might be written showing the incompatibility of the two partners. The union between them never fails to recall to us a wild Persian fable, revealed by Lord Macaulay:—

King Zohak gave the devil leave to kiss his shoulders. Instantly two serpents sprung out, who, in the fury of hunger, attacked his head, and attempted to get at his brain. Zohak pulled them away and tore them with his nails. But he found that they were inseparable parts of himself, and that what he was lacerating was his own flesh. Perhaps we might be able to find, if we looked round the world, some political union like this—some hideous monster of a State, cursed with one principle of sensation and two principles of volition—self-loathing and self-torturing—made up of parts which are driven by a frantic impulse to inflict mutual pain, yet are doomed to feel whatever they inflict; which are divided by an irreconcilable hatred, yet are blended in an indissoluble identity.

We hesitate to inflict another quotation on the reader, but there is an amusing scene in an old book published thirty years ago, and



long since forgotten, which illustrates more forcibly than language the long-existing state of feeling between the two sections. The author conducts his readers into the judgment-hall of Rhadamanthus, and reports the examination of the spirit of a departed Yankee :

Soon we heard one of the constables call out 'Virgil Hoskins !' 'Here,' answered our companion, the Yankee pedlar, quaking up to the bar. Rhadamanthus was seated with a number of huge account-books before him. 'Virgil Hoskins is your name, is it ? Here it is among the H's. Ah, Virgil ! there's a terribly long account against you. Let's see :

'June 27th, 18—.—To selling, in one peddling expedition, 497,368 wooden nutmegs, 281,000 Havannah cigars made of oak-leaves, and 647 wooden clocks. What say you to that charge, Hoskins ?

*Hoskins.*—'Why, that was counted in our place about the greatest peddling trip that ever was made over the Potomac.'

*Rhadamanthus reads:* 'June 29th, 18—.—To stealing an old grindstone, smearing it over with butter, and selling it as cheese.'

'December 13th, 17—.—To making a counterfeit half dollar of pewter, when you were six years old, and cheating your own father with it.'

*Hoskins.*—'Daddy was mighty glad when he found it out. It showed I had a genius.'

*Rhadamanthus reads:* 'July 2nd, 18—.—To taking a worn-out pair of shoes, found in the road, and selling them to a pious old lady as the shoes of Saint Paul.'

*Hoskins, chuckling:* 'I made four dollars twelve and a half cents by that !'

*Rhadamanthus:* 'It would occupy me a week, Hoskins, to go through all the charges against you. I am out of all patience with New England. It gives me more trouble than all the rest of the world put together. You are sentenced to be thrown into a lake of boiling molasses, in which nearly all your countrymen already are, with the same old grindstone tied to your neck, and to remain there for ever.'—*Memoirs of a Nullifier.*

In answer to this book, a retort appeared at the North, fully its equal in humour and point, entitled, *A Yankee among the Nullifiers*. Both books show vividly the feeling of the hour, a feeling which has grown more and more intense with advancing years. It has been truly

said, that neither section understands the other, because neither section sympathises with the other ; and there is no true knowledge without love. But no Englishman will rightly conceive of the present struggle unless he understands that the differences between North and South are identical with their points of contact, and are irreconcilable now and for ever. To prove that the South has split off for any one specific reason—like the Morrill Tariff, or Slavery, or the Navigation Laws—is a childish waste of time. The South is contemptuously intolerant of Northern rule, and will never again come under the yoke. The world will judge how far such men as General Butler are likely to change the Southern heart.

Thirdly, never let the North be blamed (as we so often hear it blamed in England) for having gone to war. If it had been possible to acquiesce in a peaceable separation between the Republics, no one, even in America, now doubts that it would have been for the best. But *was* it possible ? What would have become of Washington, with the Potomac as the boundary line ? Could the North, which for forty years had borne the dominion of the South rather than break the Union, permit the South to split off, when for the first time the North was supreme within the Union ? Could they submit to a peremptory dissolution of partnership, and to a settlement of property afterwards ? That the North had no alternative but to go to war, let the result be what it might, is altogether incontestable.

And here three questions may be asked with profit.

First, is the North strong enough to do what it has got on hand ? Its task is, not only to defeat, but permanently to hold down, eight millions of white men, to colonize eight hundred thousand square miles with citizens loyal to the Union, to emancipate and provide for four millions of slaves, to bear not only the debt which it has already incurred, but all the future expenses of a large standing army and navy,—and this with the whole Union impoverished



and desolated by interruption of profitable labour? There are few impartial persons who will have any difficulty in answering this question in the negative.

Secondly, ought we in England to wish that this programme were actually within the reach of the North? It requires something of Mr. Trollope's catholic spirit to answer this question, especially as we entirely dissent from his opinion that the bitterness of America against England will pass harmlessly away. That bitterness, the *spretæ injuria formæ*, can only be dispelled by the dissolution of the American nation, or by war. But, looking beyond the grave of a possible war between America and England, what fairer prospect on earth could there be for the family of man than that the boundless wealth of the Western Continent, the full-blooded hills and lavish valleys of the South, the teeming and inexhaustible bosom of the West, should be laid open to the hundreds of millions of free men for whose habitation they are designed, under the rule of a just, unaggressive, enlightened, incorruptible Republican Government? Such a Government would be as unlike to the existing Federal Government as it is to the Empire of Russia. The dream of the Washington Cabinet for fifty years, as regards their foreign policy, has never been avowed, but has been plain and unmistakeable. It has been, through evil report and good report, by justice or injustice, regardless of God's law or man's law, to hold the Union together, in the hope that at some not distant day England might not dare to lift a finger but by permission of the United States. This hope has held the North loyal to the Union for forty years; it has made and is making the Northerners put forth convulsive efforts to prevent the Union going down now. Let the North say what it likes, this is emphatically a war for Empire. Out of the success of the North in

such a war no Government such as we have sketched could possibly come. Is it more than can be hoped from poor human nature that such a Government should be possible upon earth? If it were, whether it worked well or ill for England, mankind would be the gainer; and poor indeed would be the English heart that could not rejoice. But we at least shall never see it.

Our third and last question is, assuming that the South gains her independence, will she grow into a great nation, the natural ally of England; or will she dwindle into a Spanish Republic, deprived of her monopoly in cotton, choked with 'mean whites' (the poorest living representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race), the laughing-stock of the North and of all other nations? Adequately to weigh the probabilities of the future in answer to this question would exact far more space than we can command. But we may briefly affirm that the Southern monopoly of cotton cannot be extinguished in three, or in twice three, years. It is a question of price; and if, satisfied to forego profits for a time, the South comes into the market four years hence with its four million bales of unequalled cotton, and sells them lower than Surat or Egyptian, she will in twelve months practically regain her monopoly, though the whole world be in competition with her. Secondly, to say that the South must necessarily languish, is to assert that she is irretrievably for all future time committed to the system of slave labour. We trust we have convinced the reader that the reason why she has split off from the North is not so much slavery as incompatibility upon a thousand subjects. If any Southern eye should chance ever to glance at these words, we would earnestly invite attention to one of the best books ever written by an Englishman upon Transatlantic affairs. We allude to Mr. James Stirling's *Letters from the Slave States\**, pub-

\* *Letters from the Slave States.* By James Stirling. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

lished in 1857. From its pages we take the following quotation, the last which we shall inflict upon our readers:—

It pains me to think that this plague of slavery should stand between England and the cordial affections of this kindly, and, at bottom, noble Southern people. But for this one hateful ground of quarrel, we should be the best friends in the world with the South. But the idea of a tabooed subject throws a spell over all intercourse with the Southern people. \* \* \*

The truth is, slavery cannot continue in the South. The governing class of the South is too highly civilized to co-exist with slavery. The incongruity is too great between a barbarous institution and a refined people. Slavery and high civilization are a contradiction, a monstrosity, an absurdity. The South has not had justice done her by the world, nor has she done justice to herself. Strangers have concluded that the South was barbarous, because she holds by a barbarous institution; while the South herself exalts slavery as a powerful element in her high civilization. Both are wrong. The South is a refined community, but it is in spite of slavery; and the contradiction between her social system and her state of culture is so gross that it cannot long continue. Slavery may subsist in Brazil or Cuba among degenerate sensual races, but it cannot subsist side by side with Anglo-Saxon civilization. The course of all modern civilization has been from serfdom to freedom. Are the Southern States of the American Union to exhibit the sole anomaly? Or is it not more probable that they, too, ere long, will rid themselves of this fatal anachronism? I respect the people of the South too highly to doubt it.

Let us be just to the South. Let us not wrong the slave-owner in denouncing slavery. The system is a vicious one; but there are conscientious men who regard it as a good institution, and yet more who look on it as a necessary evil. We must not forget that the slave owners have been born and bred in a land of slavery, and that they inherited the prejudices with the property of their fathers.

If we take a generous view of the position of the South, she will appear entitled to our kindest sympathies. Herself a high-spirited and refined community, she is brought into antagonism with all civilized society. The convictions of the world condemn her. She is the pariah of civilization. The consciousness of this moral outlawry galls a people at once

sensitive and proud; and hence those outbursts, which seem to us to partake almost of the character of frenzy, are but the exacerbations of that chronic irritation which is gnawing continually at its heart. The South, too, knows full well the evils connected with her social system. Who should know them better? With Spartan fortitude she smiles in the world's face, while her inward vitals are consumed.

The South feels, further, that the constant agitation to which she is subjected is fatal to her progress. She yearns for quiet, that she may follow peaceably her industrial concerns. But this desire of her heart is in vain. Unrest is the necessary condition of her existence. It is not the work of external agitation, as she vainly thinks; it is the necessary consequence of a social system antagonistic to civilized opinion, and incompatible with her own high culture.

We dare not encroach more upon our reader's time by quoting further from one of the strongest, soundest, and most cordial books ever written about the United States. But if the South succeeds in establishing her independence, and has no other thought but how to confirm and extend slavery, can we doubt that God will some day find a solution of this slave problem, and what solution can there be but a violent one? If, on the other hand, this frightful question is resolutely grasped, and some steps, leading ultimately to emancipation, or at least to an amelioration of the slave's condition, taken, will not the whole civilized world, and England at its head, be bound to come forward and assist morally and materially in strengthening the hands of the South? Upon this question, *and upon none other*, hinges, in our judgment, the future of the South. There is in the North a plague-spot as festering and corrosive as slavery, from the taint of which the South, when independent, will have shaken herself free. We allude to the deep-seated, all-pervading dishonesty which every American knows, and no American abhors, and which Mr. Trollope lightly thinks will easily be purged away. We think it a not less insidious, not less for-



midable difficulty than slavery itself, and one of which the dangers are much less fully understood. But be this as it may, if the South, whether independent or not, disregards the testimony of such men as Mr. Stirling and Mr. Olmsted, let her look well, and look soon, to the consequences. It is not for the black man that our fears arise. Can any man familiar with the South fail to see that, whatever slavery may be for the negro, it is ruin materially and morally for the white?

It would, in conclusion, be a graceless omission if any spectator of this bitter struggle should fail to notice the noble qualities shown upon both sides. Nowhere in the world has the ancient boast of Pericles, that each man in Athens places his person at the State's disposal in the greatest number of capacities, and with the most graceful versatility, been so literally fulfilled as both by North and South.\* Nowhere in the world have intelligent freemen consciously plunged into such an unfathomable gulf of difficulties with unbroken self-confidence rather than give up on the one side independence, on the other the lifelong dream of a mighty nationality. Say what anybody likes, the sight exhibited for six months past in New York is without a parallel, and challenges present admiration, be the thundercloud which is gathering as black as it may. No tax bill, scarcely any revenue, a debt which, let Mr. Chase or Mr. Dawes say what they like, cannot be less than £250,000,000, a country in which, boundless as are its resources, taxation by excise is an impossibility, and by aggravated customs duties a suicidal mistake—these are singular antecedents from which to deduce a conclusion of Government securities at a premium, at a moment when the expenditure of each day grows and increases like a tidal wave. Turn

again to the South, and estimate the privations to which she has voluntarily submitted, the efforts which for fifteen months she has sustained. Is this a country to be subdued and held down like Venetia or Poland? Venetia and Poland had no such anterior heritage of liberty, and were therefore incompetent to secure for themselves one tithe of the consideration already accorded by the world to the Confederate States. In the midst of gloom and perplexity, of doubt and dismay, there is only one fact which affords firm standing-ground to the spectator—the fact that already Southern independence is a *fait accompli*.

But there is another fact not less inexorably demonstrated to the Northern States, if they could only see it. This is not the place to emphasize the vast elements of greatness which they have shown in this struggle, or the many circumstances which make their pride and self-confidence excusable and natural. They have taught the world much; they have got one thing to learn. There is the noblest of futures still before them, if they will submit to learn one lesson. It is a lesson which the American nation never could have learnt without some such intensity of misfortune as they are swiftly and eagerly resolute to bring on themselves, and which a world in arms against them would have been powerless to teach. It is, that all the vast resources, the mighty growing population, the indomitable elasticity of character, the diffused intelligence, are nothing worth to make a great nation unless one element is added. Precious indeed will be the legacy bequeathed by this war, by the years of suffering, shame, and agony which it will entail, if the simple truism which we are about to enunciate is eventually learnt. It is—that there can be no true greatness without humility!

\* Συνελών τε λέγω, καθ' ἕκαστον δοκεῖν ἂν μοι τὸν αὐτὸν ἄνδρα παρ' ἡμῶν ἐπὶ πλείστ' ἂν εἶδῃ καὶ μετὰ χαρίτων μάλιστ' ἂν εὐτραπέλως τὸ σῶμα αὐταρκῆς παρέχισθαι.—*Thucydides*, ii. 41.



# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

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## ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Being a Sequel to Papers which appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine.'*

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

THE last paper having consisted of little more than definition of terms, I purpose, in this, to expand and illustrate the given definitions, so as to avoid confusion in their use when we enter into the detail of our subject.

The view which has been taken of the nature of wealth, namely, that it consists in an intrinsic value developed by a vital power, is directly opposed to two nearly universal conceptions of wealth. In the assertion that value is primarily intrinsic, it opposes the idea that anything which is an object of desire to numbers, and is limited in quantity, may be called, or virtually become, wealth. And in the assertion that value is secondarily dependent upon power in the possessor, it opposes the idea that wealth consists of things exchangeable at rated prices. Before going farther, we will make these two positions clearer.

I. First. All wealth is intrinsic, and is not constituted by the judgment of men. This is easily seen in the case of things affecting the body; we know, that no force of fantasy will make stones nourishing, or poison innocent; but it is less apparent in things affecting the mind. We are easily—perhaps willingly—misled by the appearance of beneficial results obtained by industries addressed wholly to the gratification of fanciful desire; and apt to suppose that whatever is widely coveted, dearly bought, and pleasurable in possession, must be included in our definition of wealth. It is the more difficult to

quit ourselves of this error because many things which are true wealth in moderate use, yet become false wealth in immoderate; and many things are mixed of good and evil,—as mostly, books, and works of art,—out of which one person will get the good, and another the evil; so that it seems as if there were no fixed good or evil in the things themselves, but only in the view taken, and use made of them.

But that is not so. The evil and good are fixed in essence and in proportion. They are separable by instinct and judgment, but not interchangeable; and in things in which evil depends upon excess, the point of excess, though indefinable, is fixed; and the power of the thing is on the hither side for good, and on the farther side for evil. And in all cases this power is inherent, not dependent on opinion or choice. Our thoughts of things neither make, nor mar their eternal force; nor—which is the most serious point for future consideration—can they prevent the effect of it upon ourselves.

Therefore, the object of the special analysis of wealth into which we have presently to enter will be not so much to enumerate what is serviceable, as to distinguish what is destructive; and to show that it is inevitably destructive; that to receive pleasure from an evil thing is not to escape from, or alter the evil of it, but to be *altered by* it; that is, to suffer from it to the utmost, having our own nature, in that degree, made evil also. And it will be shown

farther, that, through whatever length of time or subtleties of connexion the harm is accomplished, (being also less or more according to the fineness and worth of the humanity on which it is wrought), still, nothing *but* harm ever comes of a bad thing.

So that, finally, wealth is not the accidental object of a morbid desire, but the constant object of a legitimate one.\* By the fury of ignorance, and fitfulness of caprice, large interests may be continually attached to things unserviceable or hurtful; if their nature could be altered by our passions, the science of Political Economy would be but as the weighing of clouds, and the portioning out of shadows. But of ignorance there is no science; and of caprice no law. Their disturbing forces interfere with the operations of economy, but have nothing in common with them; the calm arbiter of national destiny regards only essential power for good in all it accumulates, and alike disdains the wanderings of imagination and the thirsts of disease.

II. Secondly. The assertion that wealth is not *only* intrinsic, but dependent, in order to become effectual, on a given degree of vital power in its possessor, is opposed to another popular view of wealth;—namely, that though it may always be constituted by caprice, it is, when so constituted, a substan-

tial thing, of which given quantities may be counted as existing here, or there, and exchangeable at rated prices.

In this view there are three errors. The first and chief is the overlooking the fact that all exchangeableness of commodity, or effective demand for it, depends on the sum of capacity for its use existing, here, or elsewhere. The book we cannot read, or picture we take no delight in, may indeed be called part of our wealth, in so far as we have power of exchanging either for something we like better. But our power of effecting such exchange, and yet more, of effecting it to advantage, depends absolutely on the number of accessible persons who can understand the book, or enjoy the painting, and who will dispute the possession of them. Thus the actual worth of either, even to us, depends no less on their essential goodness than on the capacity existing somewhere for the perception of it; and it is vain in any completed system of production to think of obtaining one without the other. So that, though the great political economist knows that co-existence of capacity for use with temporary possession cannot be always secured, the final fact, on which he bases all action and administration, is that, in the whole nation, or group of nations, he has

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\* Few passages of the book which at least some part of the nations at present most advanced in civilization accept as an expression of final truth, have been more distorted than those bearing on Idolatry. For the idolatry there denounced is neither sculpture, nor veneration of sculpture. It is simply the substitution of an 'Eidolon,' phantasm, or imagination of Good, for that which is real and enduring; from the Highest Living Good, which gives life, to the lowest material good which ministers to it. The Creator, and the things created, which He is said to have 'seen good' in creating, are in this their eternal goodness always called Helpful or Holy: and the sweep and range of idolatry extend to the rejection of any or all of these, 'calling evil good, and good evil,—putting bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter,' so betraying the first of all Loyalties, to the fixed Law of life, and with resolute opposite loyalty serving our own imagination of good, which is the law, not of the dwelling, but of the Grave, (otherwise called the law of error; or 'mark missing,' which we translate law of 'Sin'), these 'two masters,' between whose services we have to choose, being otherwise distinguished as God and 'Mammon,' which Mammon, though we narrowly take it as the power of money only, is in truth the great evil Spirit of false and fond desire, or 'Covetousness, which is Idolatry.' So that Iconoclasm—image- or likeness-breaking—is easy; but an idol cannot be broken—it must be forsaken, and this is not so easy, either in resolution or persuasion. For men may readily be convinced of the weakness of an image, but not of the emptiness of a phantasm.

to deal with, for every grain of intrinsic value produced he must with exactest chemistry produce its twin grain of governing capacity, or in the degree of his failure he has no wealth. Nature's challenge to us is in earnest, as the Assyrian's mock; 'I will give thee two thousand horses, if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them.' Baviaca's paces are brave, if the Cid backs him; but woe to us, if we take the dust of capacity, wearing the armour of it, for capacity itself, for so all procession, however goodly in the show of it, is to the tomb.

The second error in this popular view of wealth is that, in estimating property which we cannot use as wealth, because it is exchangeable, we in reality confuse wealth with money. The land we have no skill to cultivate, the book which is sealed to us, or dress which is superfluous, may indeed be exchangeable, but as such are nothing more than a cumbrous form of bank-note, of doubtful and slow convertibility. As long as we retain possession of them, we merely keep our bank-notes in the shape of gravel or clay, of book leaves, or of embroidered tissue. Circumstances may perhaps render such forms the safest, or a certain complacency may attach to the exhibition of them;—into both these

advantages we shall inquire afterwards; I wish the reader only to observe here, that exchangeable property which we cannot use is, to us personally, merely one of the forms of money, not of wealth.

The third error in the popular view is the confusion of guardianship with possession; the real state of men of property being, too commonly, that of curators, not possessors of wealth. For a man's power over his property is at the widest range of it, fivefold; it is power of Use, Administration, Ostentation, Destruction, or Bequest: and possession is in use only, which for each man is sternly limited; so that such things, and so much of them, are well for him, or Wealth; and more of them, or any other things, are ill for him, or Illth. Plunged to the lips in Orinoco, he shall drink to his thirst measure,—more, at his peril; with a thousand oxen on his lands, he shall eat to his hunger measure,—more, at his peril. He cannot live in two houses at once; a few bales of silk or wool will suffice for the fabric of all the clothes he can ever wear, and a few books will probably hold all the furniture good for his brain.\* Beyond these, in the best of us but narrow capacities, we have but the power of administering, or if for harm, *mal-administering*, wealth (that is to say, distributing, lending,

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\* I reserve until the completion and collection of these papers, any support by the authority of other writers of the statements made in them; were, indeed, such authorities wisely sought for and shown, there would be no occasion for my writing at all. Even in the scattered passages referring to this subject in three books of Carlyle's:—*Sartor Resartus*; *Past and Present*; and the *Latter Day Pamphlets*; all has been said that needs to be said, and far better than I shall ever say it again. But the habit of the public mind at present is to require everything to be uttered diffusely, loudly, and seven times over, before it will listen; and it has exclaimed against these papers of mine, as if they contained things daring and new, when there is not one assertion in them of which the truth has not been for ages known to the wisest, and proclaimed by the most eloquent of men. It will be a far greater pleasure to me hereafter, to collect their words than to add to mine; Horace's clear rendering of the substance of the preceding passages in the text may be found room for at once,

Si quis emat citharas, emptas comportet in unum  
Nec studio citharæ, nec Musæ deditus ulli;  
Si scalpra et formas non sutor, nautica vela  
Aversus mercaturis, delirus et amens  
Undique dicatur merito. Qui discrepat istis  
Qui nummos aurumque recondit, nescius uti  
Compositis; metuensque velut contingere sacrum?

With which it is perhaps desirable also to give Xenophon's statement, it being clearer



or increasing it);—of exhibiting it (as in magnificence of retinue or furniture),—of destroying, or, finally, of bequeathing it. And with multitudes of rich men, administration degenerates into curatorship; they merely hold their property in charge, as Trustees, for the benefit of some person or persons to whom it is to be delivered upon their death; and the position, explained in clear terms would hardly seem a covetable one. What would be the probable decision of a youth on his entrance into life, to whom the career hoped for him was proposed in terms such as these: ‘You must work unremittingly, and with your utmost intelligence, during all your available years; you will thus accumulate wealth to a large amount; but you must touch none of it, beyond what is needful for your support. Whatever sums you gain beyond those required for your decent and moderate maintenance shall be properly taken care of, and on your death-bed you shall have the power of determining to whom they shall belong, or to what purposes be applied?’

The labour of life, under such conditions, would probably be neither zealous nor cheerful; yet the only difference between this position and that of the ordinary capitalist is the power which the latter delights in supposing himself to possess, and which is attri-

buted to him by others, of spending his money at any moment. This pleasure, taken in the imagination of power to part with that with which we have no intention of parting, is one of the most curious though commonest forms of the Eidolon, Phantasm, or of Wealth. But the political economist has nothing to do with this idealism, and looks only to the practical issue of it,—namely, that the holder of wealth, in such temper, may be regarded simply as a mechanical means of collection; or as a money-chest with a slit in it,\* set in the public thoroughfare;—chest of which only Death has the key, and probably Chance the distribution of contents. In his function of lender (which, however, is one of administration, not use, as far as he is himself concerned), the capitalist takes, indeed, a more interesting aspect; but even in that function, his relations with the state are apt to degenerate into a mechanism for the convenient contraction of debt;—a function the more mischievous, because a nation invariably appeases its conscience with respect to an unjustifiable expense by meeting it with borrowed funds,—expresses its repentance of a foolish piece of business by letting its tradesmen wait for their money,—and always leaves its descendants to pay for the work which will be of the least service to them.†

than any English one can be, owing to the power of the general Greek term for wealth, ‘useable things.’

Ταῦτά ἄρα ὄντα, τῷ μὲν ἐπισταμένῳ χρῆσθαι αὐτῶν  
ἐκάστοις χρήματά ἐστι, τῷ δὲ μὴ ἐπισταμένῳ, οὐ  
χρήματα· ὥσπερ γε αὐλοὶ τῷ μὲν ἐπισταμένῳ ἀξίως  
λόγου αὐλεῖν χρήματά ἐσσι, τῷ δὲ μὴ ἐπισταμένῳ  
οὐδὲν μᾶλλον ἢ ἀχρηστοὶ λίθοι, εἰ μὴ ἀποδιδόιτό γε  
αὐτούς. \* \* \* Μὴ πωλούμενοι μὲν γὰρ οὐ χρήματά  
εἰσιν οἱ αὐλοὶ· (οὐδὲν γὰρ χρήσιμοι ἐσσι) πωλούμενοι δὲ  
χρήματα· Πρὸς ταῦτα δ’ ὁ Σωκράτης εἶπεν, ἣν ἐπίσθηται  
γε πωλεῖν. Εἰ δὲ πωλοῖη αὐτὸς πρὸς τοῦτον ὅς μὴ  
ἐπίσθηται χρῆσθαι, οὐδὲ πωλούμενοι εἰσὶ χρήματα.

\* The orifice being not merely of a receptant, but of a suctional character. Among the types of human virtue and vice presented grotesquely by the lower animals, perhaps none is more curiously definite than that of avarice in the Cephalopod; a creature which has a purse for a body; a hawk’s beak for a mouth; suckers for feet and hands; and whose house is its own skeleton.

† It would be well if a somewhat dogged conviction could be enforced on nations as on individuals, that, with few exceptions, what they cannot at present pay for, they should not at present have.

Quit of these three sources of misconception, the reader will have little farther difficulty in apprehending the real nature of Effectual value. He may, however, at first not without surprise, perceive the consequences involved in the acceptance of our definition. For if the actual existence of wealth be dependent on the power of its possessor, it follows that the sum of wealth held by the nation, instead of being constant or calculable, varies hourly, nay, momentarily, with the number and character of its holders; and that in changing hands, it changes in quantity. And farther, since the worth of the currency is proportioned to the sum of material wealth which it represents, if the sum of the wealth changes, the worth of the currency changes. And thus both the sum of the property, and power of the currency, of the State, vary momentarily as the character and number of the holders. And not

only so, but a different rate and manner of variation is caused by the character of the holders of different kinds of wealth. The transitions of value caused by the character of the holders of land differ in mode from those caused by character in holders of works of art; and these again from those caused by character in holders of machinery or other working capital. But we cannot examine these special phenomena of any kind of wealth until we have a clear idea of the way in which true currency expresses them; and of the resulting modes in which the cost and price of any article are related to its value. To obtain this we must approach the subject in its first elements.

Let us suppose a national store of wealth, real or imaginary (that is to say, composed of material things either useful, or believed to be so), presided over by a Government,\* and that every workman, having produced any article

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\* The reader is to include here in the idea of 'Government,' any branch of the Executive, or even any body of private persons, entrusted with the practical management of public interests unconnected directly with their own personal ones. In theoretical discussions of legislative interference with political economy, it is usually, and of course unnecessarily, assumed that Government must be always of that form and force in which we have been accustomed to see it;—that its abuses can never be less, nor its wisdom greater, nor its powers more numerous. But, practically, the custom in most civilized countries is, for every man to deprecate the interference of Government as long as things tell for his personal advantage, and to call for it when they cease to do so. The request of the Manchester Economists to be supplied with cotton by the Government (the system of supply and demand having, for the time, fallen sorrowfully short of the expectations of scientific persons from it), is an interesting case in point. It were to be wished that less wide and bitter suffering (suffering, too, of the innocent) had been needed to force the nation, or some part of it, to ask itself why a body of men, already confessedly capable of managing matters both military and divine, should not be permitted, or even requested at need to provide in some wise for sustenance as well as for defence, and secure, if it might be (and it might, I think, even the *rather* be), purity of bodily aliment, as well as of religious conviction? Why, having made many roads for the passage of armies, they may not make a few for the conveyance of food; and after organizing, with applause, various schemes of spiritual instruction for the Public, organize, moreover, some methods of bodily nourishment for them? Or is the soul so much less trustworthy in its instincts than the stomach, that legislation is necessary for the one, but inconvenient to the other?

There is a strange fallacy running at this time through all talk about free-trade. It is continually assumed that every kind of Government interference takes away liberty of trade. Whereas liberty is lost only when interference hinders, not when it helps. You do not take away a man's freedom by showing him his road—nor by making it smoother for him (not that it is always desirable to do so, but it may be); nor even by fencing it for him, if there is an open ditch at the side of it. The real mode in which protection interferes with liberty, and the real evil of it, is not in its 'protecting' one person, but in its hindering another; a form of interference which invariably does most mischief to the person it is intended to serve, which the Northern Americans are about discomfortably to discover, unless they think better of it.

There is also a ludicrous confusion in many persons' minds between protection and



involving labour in its production, and for which he has no immediate use, brings it to add to this store, receiving from the Government, in exchange, an order either for the return of the thing itself, or of its equivalent in other things,\* such as he may choose out of the store at any time when he needs them. Now, supposing that the labourer speedily uses this general order, or, in common language, 'spends the money,' he has neither changed the circumstances of the nation nor his own, except in so far as he may have produced useful and consumed useless articles, or *vice versa*. But if he does not use, or uses in part only, the order he receives, and lays aside some portion of it; and thus every day bringing his contribution to the national store, lays by some per-centage of the order received in exchange for it, he increases the national wealth daily by as much as he does not use of the received order, and to the same amount accumulates a monetary claim on the Government. It is of course always in his power, as it is his legal right, to bring forward this accumulation of claim, and at once to consume, destroy, or distribute, the sum of his wealth. Supposing he never does so, but dies, leaving his claim to others, he has enriched the State during his life by the quantity of wealth over which that claim extends, or has, in other words, rendered so much additional life possible in the State, of which additional life he bequeaths the immediate possibility to those whom he invests with his claim. Supposing him to cancel the claim, he would distribute this possibility of life among the nation at large.

We hitherto consider the Government itself as simply a conservative power, taking charge of the wealth entrusted to it.

But a Government may be far other than a conservative power. It may be on the one hand constructive, on the other destructive.

If a constructive, or improving power, using all the wealth entrusted to it to the best advantage, the nation is enriched in root and branch at once, and the Government is enabled for every order presented, to return a quantity of wealth greater than the order was written for, according to the fructification obtained in the interim.† This ability may be either concealed, in which case the currency does not completely represent the wealth of the country, or it may be manifested by the continual payment of the excess of value on each order, in which case there is (irrespectively, observe, of collateral results afterwards to be examined) a perpetual rise in the worth of the currency, that is to say, a fall in the price of all articles represented by it.

But if the Government be destructive, or a consuming power, it becomes unable to return the value received on the presentation of the order.

This inability may either (A) be concealed by meeting demands to the full, until it issue in bankruptcy, or in some form of national debt;—or (B) it may be concealed during oscillatory movements between destructiveness and productiveness, which result on the whole in stability;—or (C) it may be manifested by the consistent return of less than value received on each presented order, in which case

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encouragement; they differ materially. 'Protection' is saying to the commercial schoolboy, 'Nobody shall hit you.' 'Encouragement,' is saying to him, 'That's the way to hit.'

\* The question of equivalence (namely, how much wine a man is to receive in return for so much corn, or how much coal in return for so much iron) is a quite separate one, which we will examine presently. For the time, let it be assumed that this equivalence has been determined, and that the Government order in exchange for a fixed weight of any article (called, suppose, *a*), is either for the return of that weight of the article itself, or of another fixed weight of the article *b*, or another of the article *c*, and so on.

† The reader must be warned in advance that the conditions here supposed have nothing to do with the 'interest' of money commonly so called.



there is a consistent fall in the worth of the currency, or rise in the price of the things represented by it.

Now, if for this conception of a central Government, we substitute that of another body of persons occupied in industrial pursuits, of whom each adds in his private capacity to the common store: so that the store itself, instead of remaining a public property of ascertainable quantity, for the guardianship of which a body of public men are responsible, becomes disseminated private property, each man giving in exchange for any article received from another, a general order for its equivalent in whatever other article the claimant may desire (such general order being payable by any member of the society in whose possession the demanded article may be found), we at once obtain an approximation to the actual condition of a civilized mercantile community, from which approximation we might easily proceed into still completer analysis. I purpose, however, to arrive at every result by the gradual expansion of the simpler conception; but I wish the reader to observe, in the meantime, that both the social conditions thus supposed (and I will by anticipation say also, all possible social conditions,) agree in two great points; namely, in the primal importance of the supposed national store or stock, and in its destructibility or improveability by the holders of it.

I. Observe that in both conditions, that of central Government-holding, and diffused private-holding, the quantity of stock is of the same national moment. In the one case, indeed, its amount may be known by examination of the persons to whom it is confided; in the other it cannot be known but by exposing the private affairs of every individual. But, known or unknown, its significance is the same under each condition. The riches of the nation consist in the abundance, and their wealth depends on the nature of this store.

II. In the second place, both con-

ditions (and all other possible ones) agree in the destructibility or improveability of the store by its holders. Whether in private hands, or under Government charge, the national store may be daily consumed, or daily enlarged, by its possessors; and while the currency remains apparently unaltered, the property it represents may diminish or increase.

The first question, then, which we have to put under our simple conception of central Government, namely, 'What store has it?' is one of equal importance, whatever may be the constitution of the State; while the second question—namely, 'Who are the holders of the store?' involves the discussion of the constitution of the State itself.

The first inquiry resolves itself into three heads:

1. What is the nature of the store?
2. What is its quantity in relation to the population?
3. What is its quantity in relation to the currency?

The second inquiry, into two:—

1. Who are the Holders of the store, and in what proportions?
2. Who are the Claimants of the store, (that is to say the holders of the currency,) and in what proportions?

We will examine the range of the first three questions in the present paper; of the two following, in the sequel.

I. QUESTION FIRST. What is the nature of the store? Has the nation hitherto worked for and gathered the right thing or the wrong? On that issue rest the possibilities of its life.

For example, let us imagine a society, of no great extent, occupied in procuring and laying up store of corn, wine, wool, silk, and other such preserveable materials of food and clothing; and that it has a currency representing them. Imagine farther, that on days of festivity, the society discovering itself to derive satisfaction from pyrotechnics, gradually turns its attention more and more to the manufacture of gunpowder; so that an increasing number of labourers, giving what time

they can spare to this branch of industry, bring increasing quantities of combustibles into the store, and use the general orders received in exchange to obtain such wine, wool, or corn as they may have need of. The currency remains the same, and represents precisely the same amount of material in the store, and of labour spent in producing it. But the corn and wine gradually vanish, and in their place, as gradually, appear sulphur and saltpetre; till at last, the labourers who have consumed corn and supplied nitre, presenting on a festal morning some of their currency to obtain materials for the feast, discover that no amount of currency will command anything Festive, except Fire. The supply of rockets is unlimited, but that of food, limited in a quite final manner; and the whole currency in the hands of the society represents an infinite power of detonation, but none of existence.

This statement, caricatured as it may seem, is only exaggerated in assuming the persistence of the folly to extremity, unchecked, as in reality it would be, by the gradual rise in price of food. But it falls short of the actual facts of human life in expression of the depth and intensity of the folly itself. For a great part (the reader would not believe how great until he saw the statistics in detail) of the most earnest and ingenious industry of the world is spent in producing munitions of war; gathering, that is to say the materials, not of festive, but of consuming fire; filling its stores with all power of the instruments of pain, and all affluence of the ministries of death. It was no true *Trionfo della Morte* which men have seen and feared (sometimes scarcely feared) so long;—wherein he brought them rest from their labours. We see and share another and higher form of his triumph now. Task-master, instead of Releaser, he rules the dust of the arena no less than of the tomb; and, content once in the grave whither man went, to

make his works to cease and his devices to vanish,—now, in the busy city and on the serviceable sea, makes his work to increase, and his devices to multiply.

To this doubled loss, or negative power of labour, spent in producing means of destruction, we have to add in our estimate of the consequences of human folly, whatever more insidious waste of toil there is in production of unnecessary luxury. Such and such an occupation (it is said) supports so many labourers, because so many obtain wages in following it; but it is never considered that unless there be a supporting power in the product of the occupation, the wages given to one man are merely withdrawn from another. We cannot say of any trade that it maintains such and such a number of persons, unless we know how and where the money, now spent in the purchase of its produce, would have been spent, if that produce had not been manufactured. The purchasing funds truly support a number of people in making This; but (probably) leave unsupported an equal number who are making, or could have made That. The manufacturers of small watches thrive at Geneva;—it is well;—but where would the money spent on small watches have gone, had there been no small watches to buy?

If the so frequently uttered aphorism of mercantile economy—‘labour is limited by capital,’ were true, this question would be a definite one. But it is untrue; and that widely. Out of a given quantity of funds for wages, more or less labour is to be had, according to the quantity of will with which we can inspire the workman; and the true limit of labour is only in the limit of this moral stimulus of the will, and of the bodily power. In an ultimate, but entirely impractical sense, labour is limited by capital, as it is by matter—that is to say, where there is no material, there can be no work,—but in the practical sense, labour is limited only by the great original capital\*

\* The aphorism, being hurried English for ‘labour is limited by want of capital,’ involves also awkward English in its denial, which cannot be helped.



of Head, heart, and hand. Even in the most artificial relations of commerce, it is to capital as fire to fuel: out of so much fuel, you *can* have only so much fire; but out of so much fuel you *shall* have so much fire,—not in proportion to the mass of combustibles, but to the force of wind that fans and water that quenches; and the appliance of both. And labour is furthered, as conflagration is, not so much by added fuel, as by admitted air.

For which reasons, I had to insert, above, the qualifying ‘probably;’ for it can never be said positively that the purchase-money, or wages fund of any trade is withdrawn from some other trade. The object itself may be the stimulus of the production of the money which buys it; that is to say, the work by which the purchaser obtained the means of buying it, would not have been done by him, unless he had wanted that particular thing. And the production of any article not intrinsically (nor in the process of manufacture) injurious, is useful, if the desire of it causes productive labour in other directions.

In the national store, therefore, the presence of things intrinsically valueless does not imply an entirely correlative absence of things valuable. We cannot be certain that all the labour spent on vanity has been diverted from reality, and that for every bad thing produced, a precious thing has been lost. In great measure, the vain things represent the results of roused indolence; they have been carved, as toys, in extra time; and, if they had not been made, nothing else would have been made. Even to munitions of war this principle applies; they partly represent the work of men who, if they had not made spears, would never have made pruning hooks, and who are incapable of any activities but those of contest.

Thus then, finally, the nature of the store has to be considered under two main lights; the one, that of its immediate and actual utility; the other, that of the past national character which it signi-

fies by its production, and future character which it must develop by its use. And the issue of this investigation will be to show us that Economy does not depend merely on principles of ‘demand and supply,’ but primarily on what is demanded, and what is supplied.

II. QUESTION SECOND. — What is the quantity of the store in relation to the population?

It follows from what has been already stated that the accurate form in which this question has to be put is—‘What quantity of each article composing the store exists in proportion to the real need for it by the population?’ But we shall for the time assume, in order to keep all our terms at the simplest, that the store is wholly composed of useful articles, and accurately proportioned to the several needs for them.

Now it does not follow, because the store is large in proportion to the number of the people, that the people must be in comfort; nor because it is small, that they must be in distress. An active and economical race always produces more than it requires, and lives (if it is permitted to do so) in competence on the produce of its daily labour. The quantity of its store, great or small, is therefore in many respects indifferent to it, and cannot be inferred from its aspect. Similarly an inactive and wasteful population, which cannot live by its daily labour, but is dependent, partly or wholly, on consumption of its store, may be (by various difficulties, hereafter to be examined, in realizing or getting at such store) retained in a state of abject distress, though its possessions may be immense. But the results always involved in the magnitude of store are, the commercial power of the nation, its security, and its mental character. Its commercial power, in that according to the quantity of its store may be the extent of its dealings; its security, in that according to the quantity of its store are its means of sudden exertion or sustained endurance; and its character, in that certain conditions of civilization cannot be



attained without permanent and continually accumulating store, of great intrinsic value, and of peculiar nature.

Now, seeing that these three advantages arise from largeness of store in proportion to population, the question arises immediately, 'Given the store—is the nation enriched by diminution of its numbers? Are a successful national speculation, and a pestilence, economically the same thing?'

This is in part a sophistical question; such as it would be to ask whether a man was richer when struck by disease which must limit his life within a predicable period, than he was when in health. He is enabled to enlarge his current expenses, and has for all purposes a larger sum at his immediate disposal (for, given the fortune, the shorter the life, the larger the annuity); yet no man considers himself richer because he is condemned by his physician.

The logical reply is that, since Wealth is by definition only the means of life, a nation cannot be enriched by its own mortality. Or in shorter words, the life is more than the meat; and existence itself, more wealth than the means of existence. Whence, of two nations who have equal store, the more numerous is to be considered the richer, provided the type of the inhabitant be as high (for, though the relative bulk of their store be less, its relative efficiency, or the amount of effectual wealth, must be greater). But if the type of the population be deteriorated by increase of its numbers, we have evidence of poverty in its worst influence; and then, to determine whether the nation in its total may still be justifiably esteemed rich, we must set or weigh, the number of the poor against that of the rich.

To effect which piece of scale-work, it is of course necessary to determine, first, who are poor and who are rich; nor this only, but also how poor and how rich they are! Which will prove a curious thermometrical investigation; for we shall have to do for gold and

for silver what we have done for quicksilver—determine, namely, their freezing point, their zero, their temperate and fever-heat points; finally, their vaporescent point, at which riches, sometimes explosively, as lately in America, 'make to themselves wings':—and correspondently, the number of degrees *below* zero at which poverty, ceasing to brace with any wholesome cold, burns to the bone.

For the performance of these operations, in the strictest sense scientific, we will first look to the existing so called 'science' of Political Economy; we will ask it to define for us the comparatively and superlatively rich, and the comparatively and superlatively poor; and on its own terms—if any terms it can pronounce—examine, in our prosperous England, how many rich and how many poor people there are; and whether the quantity and intensity of the poverty is indeed so overbalanced by the quantity and intensity of wealth, that we may permit ourselves a luxurious blindness to it, and call ourselves, complacently, a rich country. And if we find no clear definition in the existing science, we will endeavour for ourselves to fix the true degrees of the Plutonic scale, and to apply them.

QUESTION THIRD. What is the quantity of the store in relation to the Currency?

We have seen that the real worth of the currency, so far as dependent on its relation to the magnitude of the store, may vary within certain limits, without affecting its worth in exchange. The diminution or increase of the represented wealth may be unperceived, and the currency may be taken either for more or less than it is truly worth. Usually it is taken for more; and its power in exchange, or credit-power, is thus increased (or retained) up to a given strain upon its relation to existing wealth. This credit-power is of chief importance in the thoughts, because most sharply present to the experience, of a mercantile community: but the conditions of its

stability\* and all other relations of the currency to the material store are entirely simple in principle, if not in action. Far other than simple are the relations of the currency to that 'available labour' which by our definition (p. 790) it also represents. For this relation is involved not only with that of the magnitude of the store to the number, but with that of the magnitude of the store to the mind, of the population. Its proportion to their number, and the resulting worth of currency, are calculable; but its proportion to their will for labour is not. The worth of the piece of money which claims a given quantity of the store, is, in exchange, less or greater according to the facility of obtaining the same quantity of the same thing without having recourse to the store. In other words, it depends on the immediate Cost and Price of the thing. We must now, therefore, complete the definition of these terms.

All cost and price are counted in Labour. We must know first, therefore, what is to be counted as Labour.

I have already defined labour to be the Contest of the life of man with an opposite.† Literally, it is the quantity of 'Lapse,' loss, or failure of human life caused by any effort. It is usually confused with

effort itself, or the application of power (*opera*); but there is much effort which is merely a mode of recreation, or of pleasure. The most beautiful actions of the human body, and the highest results of the human intelligence, are conditions, or achievements, of quite unlaborious, nay, of recreative, effort. But labour is the suffering in effort. It is the negative quantity, or quantity of de-feat which has to be counted against every Feat, and of de-feat which has to be counted against every Fact, or Deed of men. In brief, it is 'that quantity of our toil which we die in.'

We might, therefore, *à priori*, conjecture (as we shall ultimately find), that it cannot be bought, nor sold. Every thing else is bought and sold for Labour, but labour itself cannot be bought nor sold for anything, being priceless.‡ The idea that it is a commodity to be bought or sold, is the alpha and omega of Politico-Economic fallacy.

This being the nature of labour, the 'Cost' of anything is the quantity of labour necessary to obtain it;—the quantity for which, or at which, it 'stands' (*constat*). It is literally the 'Constancy' of the thing;—you shall win it—move it—come at it—for no less than this.

Cost is measured and measurable only in 'labor,' not in '*opera*.'§ It

\* These are nearly all briefly represented by the image used for the force of money by Dante, of mast and sail,—

'Quali dal vento le gonfiate vele  
Caggiono avvolte, poi ch'è l'alber fiacca  
Tal cadde a terra la fiera crudele.'

The image may be followed out, like all of Dante's, into as close detail as the reader chooses. Thus the stress of the sail must be proportioned to the strength of the mast, and it is only in unforeseen danger that a skilful seaman ever carries all the canvas his spars will bear; states of mercantile languor are like the flap of the sail in a calm,—of mercantile precaution, like taking in reefs; and mercantile ruin is instant on the breaking of the mast.

† That is to say, its only price is its return. Compare 'Unto this Last,' p. 80, and what follows.

‡ The object of Political Economy is not to buy, nor to sell labour,—but to spare it. Every attempt to buy or sell it is, in the outcome, ineffectual;—so far as successful, it is not sale, but Betrayal; and the purchase money is a part of that typical thirty pieces which bought, first the greatest of labours, and afterwards the burial field of the Stranger; for this purchase-money, being in its very smallness or vileness the exactly measured opposite of the '*vilis annona amicorum*,' makes all men strangers to each other.

§ Cicero's distinction, '*sordidi quæstus, quorum operæ, non quorum artes emuntur*,' admirable in principle, is inaccurate in expression, because Cicero did not practically know how much operative dexterity is necessary in all the higher arts;



does not matter how much *power* a thing needs to produce it; it matters only how much *distress*. Generally the more the power it requires, the less the distress; so that the noblest works of man cost less than the meanest.

True labour, or spending of life, is either of the body, in fatigue or pain; of the temper or heart (as in perseverance of search for things,—patience in waiting for them,—fortitude or degradation in suffering for them, and the like), or of the intellect. All these kinds of labour are supposed to be included in the general term, and the quantity of labour is then expressed by the time it lasts. So that a unit of labour is ‘an hour’s work’ or a day’s work, as we may determine.\*

Cost, like value, is both intrinsic and effectual. Intrinsic cost is that of getting the thing in the right way; effectual cost is that of get-

ting the thing in the way we set about it. But intrinsic cost cannot be made a subject of analytical investigation, being only partially discoverable, and that by long experience. Effectual cost is all that the political Economist can deal with; that is to say, the cost of the thing under existing circumstances, and by known processes.

Cost (irrespectively of any questions of demand or supply) varies with the quantity of the thing wanted, and with the number of persons who work for it. It is easy to get a little of some things, but difficult to get much; it is impossible to get some things with few hands, but easy to get them with many.

The cost and value of things, however difficult to determine accurately, are thus both dependent on ascertainable physical circumstances.†

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but the cost of this dexterity is incalculable. Be it great or small, the ‘cost’ of the mere authority and perfectness of touch in a hammer stroke of Donatello’s, or a pencil-touch of Correggio’s, is inestimable by any ordinary arithmetic. (The best masters themselves usually estimate it at sums varying from two to three or four shillings a day, with wine or soup extra.)

\* Only observe, as some labour is more destructive of life than other labour, the hour or day of the more destructive toil is supposed to include proportionate rest. Though men do not, or cannot, usually take such rest, except in death.

† There is, therefore, observe, no such thing as cheapness (in the common use of that term), without some error or injustice. A thing is said to be cheap, not because it is common, but because it is supposed to be sold under its worth. Everything has its proper and true worth at any given time, in relation to everything else; and at that worth should be bought and sold. If sold under it, it is cheap to the buyer by exactly so much as the seller loses, and no more. Putrid meat, at twopence a pound, is not ‘cheaper’ than wholesome meat at sevenpence a pound; it is probably much dearer; but if, by watching your opportunity, you can get the wholesome meat for sixpence a pound, it is cheaper to you by a penny, which you have gained, and the seller has lost. The present rage for cheapness is either, therefore, simply and literally, a rage for badness of all commodities, or it is an attempt to find persons whose necessities will force them to let you have more than you should for your money. It is quite easy to produce such persons, and in large numbers; for the more distress there is in a nation, the more cheapness of this sort you can obtain, and your boasted cheapness is thus merely a measure of the extent of your national distress.

There is, indeed, a condition of apparent cheapness, which we confuse, in practice and in reasoning, with the other; namely, the real reduction in cost of articles by right application of labour. But in this case the article is only cheap with reference to its *former* price, the so called cheapness is only our expression for the sensation of contrast between its former and existing prices. So soon as the new methods of producing the article are established, it ceases to be esteemed either cheap or dear, at the new price, as at the old one, and is felt to be cheap only when accident enables it to be purchased beneath this new value. And it is no advantage to produce the article more easily, except as it enables you to multiply your population. Cheapness of this kind is merely the discovery that more men can be maintained on the same ground; and the question, how many you will maintain in proportion to your means, remains exactly in the same terms that it did before.

A form of immediate cheapness results, however, in many cases, without distress,



But their price is dependent on the human will.

Such and such a thing is demonstrably good for so much. And it may demonstrably be had for so much.

But it remains questionable, and in all manner of ways questionable, whether I choose to give so much.\*

This choice is always a relative one. It is a choice to give a price for this, rather than for that;—a resolution to have the thing, if getting it does not involve the loss of a better thing. Price depends, therefore, not only on the cost of the commodity itself, but on its relation to the cost of every other attainable thing.

Farther. The *power* of choice is also a relative one. It depends not merely on our own estimate of the thing, but on everybody else's estimate; therefore on the number and force of the will of the concurrent buyers, and on the existing quantity of the thing in proportion to that number and force.

Hence the price of anything depends on four variables.†

1. Its cost.
2. Its attainable quantity at that cost.
3. The number and power of the persons who want it.

4. The estimate they have formed of its desirableness.

(Its value only affects its price so far as it is contemplated in this estimate; perhaps, therefore, not at all.)

Now, in order to show the manner in which price is expressed in terms of a currency, we must assume these four quantities to be known, and the 'estimate of desirableness,' commonly called the Demand, to be certain. We will take the number of persons at the lowest. Let A and B be two labourers who 'demand,' that is to say, have resolved to labour for, two articles, *a* and *b*. Their demand for these articles (if the reader likes better, he may say their need) is to be absolute, existence depending on the getting these two things. Suppose, for instance, that they are bread and fuel, in a cold country, and let *a* represent the least quantity of bread, and *b* the least quantity of fuel, which will support a man's life for a day. Let *a* be producible by an hour's labour, but *b* only by two hours' labour.

Then the *cost* of *a* is one hour, and of *b* two (cost, by our definition, being expressible in terms of time). If, therefore, each man worked

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from the labour of a population where food is redundant, or where the labour by which the food is produced leaves much idle time on their hands, which may be applied to the production of 'cheap' articles.

All such phenomena indicate to the political economist places where the labour is unbalanced. In the first case, the just balance is to be effected by taking labourers from the spot where the pressure exists, and sending them to that where food is redundant. In the second, the cheapness is a local accident, advantageous to the local purchaser, disadvantageous to the local producer. It is one of the first duties of commerce to extend the market, and thus give the local producer his full advantage.

Cheapness caused by natural accidents of harvest, weather, &c., is always counter-balanced, in due time, by natural scarcity, similarly caused. It is the part of wise government, and healthy commerce, so to provide in times and places of plenty for times and places of dearth, as that there shall never be waste, nor famine.

Cheapness caused by gluts of the market is merely a disease of clumsy and wanton commerce.

\* Price has been already defined (pp. 787, 788) to be the quantity of labour which the possessor of a thing is willing to take for it. It is best to consider the price to be that fixed by the possessor, because the possessor has absolute power of refusing sale, while the purchaser has no absolute power of compelling it; but the effectual or market price is that at which their estimates coincide.

† The two first of these variables are included in the *x*, and the two last in the *y*, of the formula given at p. 81 of 'Unto this Last,' and the four are the radical conditions which regulate the price of things on first production; in their price in exchange, the third and fourth of these divide each into two others, forming the Four which are stated at p. 136 of 'Unto this Last.'

both for his corn and fuel, each would have to work three hours a day. But they divide the labour for its greater ease.\* Then if A works three hours, he produces  $3a$ , which is one  $a$  more than both the men want. And if B works three hours, he produces only  $1\frac{1}{2}b$ , or half of  $b$  less than both want. But if A works three hours and B six, A has  $3a$ , and B has  $3b$ , a maintenance in the right proportion for both for a day and half; so that each might take half a day's rest. But as B has worked double time, the whole of this day's rest belongs in equity to him. Therefore the just exchange should be, A giving two  $a$  for one  $b$ , has one  $a$  and one  $b$ ;—maintenance for a day. B giving one  $b$  for two  $a$ , has two  $a$  and two  $b$ ;—maintenance for two days.

But B cannot rest on the second day, or A would be left without the article which B produces. Nor is there any means of making the exchange just, unless a third labourer is called in. Then one workman, A, produces  $a$ , and two, B and C, produce  $b$ :—A, working three hours, has three  $a$ ;—B, three hours,  $1\frac{1}{2}b$ ;—C three hours,  $1\frac{1}{2}b$ . B and C each give half of  $b$  for  $a$ , and all have their equal daily maintenance for equal daily work.

To carry the example a single step farther, let three articles,  $a$ ,  $b$ , and  $c$  be needed.

Let  $a$  need one hour's work,  $b$  two, and  $c$  four; then the day's work must be seven hours, and one man in a day's work can make  $7a$ , or  $3\frac{1}{2}b$ , or  $1\frac{3}{4}c$ .

Therefore one A works for  $a$ , producing  $7a$ ; two B's work for  $b$ , producing  $7b$ ; four C's work for  $c$ , producing  $7c$ .

A has six  $a$  to spare, and gives two  $a$  for one  $b$ , and four  $a$  for one  $c$ . Each B has  $2\frac{1}{2}b$  to spare, and gives  $\frac{1}{2}b$  for one  $a$ , and two  $b$  for one  $c$ .

Each C has  $\frac{3}{4}$  of  $c$  to spare, and

gives  $\frac{1}{4}c$  for one  $b$ , and  $\frac{1}{4}$  of  $c$  for one  $a$ .

And all have their day's maintenance.

Generally, therefore, it follows that if the demand is constant,† the relative prices of things are as their costs, or as the quantities of labour involved in production.

Then, in order to express their prices in terms of a currency, we have only to put the currency into the form of orders for a certain quantity of any given article (with us it is in the form of orders for gold), and all quantities of other articles are priced by the relation they bear to the article which the currency claims.

But the worth of the currency itself is not in the slightest degree, founded more on the worth of the article which it either claims or consists in (as gold) than on the worth of every other article for which the gold is exchangeable. It is just as accurate to say, 'so many pounds are worth an acre of land,' as 'an acre of land is worth so many pounds.' The worth of gold, of land, of houses, and of food, and of all other things, depends at any moment on the existing quantities and relative demands for all and each; and a change in the worth of, or demand for, any one, involves an instantaneously correspondent change in the worth of, and demand for, all the rest—a change as inevitable and as accurately balanced (though often in its process as untraceable) as the change in volume of the outflowing river from some vast lake, caused by change in the volume of the inflowing streams, though no eye can trace, nor instrument detect motion either on its surface, or in the depth.

Thus, then, the real working power or worth of the currency is founded on the entire sum of the relative estimates formed by the population of its possessions; a

\* This 'greater ease' ought to be allowed for by a diminution in the times of the divided work; but as the proportion of times would remain the same, I do not introduce this unnecessary complexity into the calculation.

† Compare 'Unto this Last,' p. 115, *et seq.*



change in this estimate in any direction (and therefore every change in the national character), instantly alters the value of money, in its second great function of commanding labour. But we must always carefully and sternly distinguish between this worth of currency, dependent on the conceived or appreciated value of what it represents, and the worth of it, dependent on the *existence* of what it represents. A currency is true, or false, in proportion to the security with which it gives claim to the possession of land, house, horse, or picture; but a currency is strong or weak, worth much, or worth little, in proportion to the degree of estimate in which the nation holds the house, horse, or picture which is claimed. Thus the power of the English currency has been, till of late, largely based on the national estimate of horses and of wine: so that a man might always give any price to furnish choicely his stable, or his cellar; and receive public approval therefore: but if he gave the same sum to furnish his library, he was called mad, or a biblio-maniac. And although he might lose his fortune by his horses, and his health or life by his cellar, and rarely lost either by his books, he was yet never called a Hippo-maniac nor an Oino-maniac; but only Biblio-maniac, because the current worth of money was understood to be legitimately founded on cattle and wine, but not on literature. The prices lately given at sales for pictures and MSS. indicate some tendency to change in the national character in this respect, so that the worth of the currency may even come in time to rest, in an acknowledged manner, somewhat on the state and keeping of the Bedford missal, as well as on the health of Caractacus or Blink Bonny; and old pictures be considered property, no less than old port. They might have been so before now, but that it is more difficult to choose the one than the other.

Now, observe, all these sources of variation in the power of the currency exist, wholly irrespective

of the influences of vice, indolence, and improvidence. We have hitherto supposed, throughout the analysis, every professing labourer to labour honestly, heartily, and in harmony with his fellows. We have now to bring farther into the calculation the effects of relative industry, honour, and forethought; and thus to follow out the bearings of our second inquiry: Who are the holders of the Store and Currency, and in what proportions?

This, however, we must reserve for our next paper—noticing here only that, however distinct the several branches of the subject are, radically, they are so interwoven in their issues that we cannot rightly treat any one, till we have taken cognizance of all. Thus the quantity of the currency in proportion to number of population is materially influenced by the number of the holders in proportion to the non-holders; and this again, by the number of holders of goods, or wealth, in proportion to the non-holders of goods. For as, by definition, the currency is a claim to goods which are not possessed, its quantity indicates the number of claimants in proportion to the number of holders; and the force and complexity of claim. For if the claims be not complex, currency as a means of exchange may be very small in quantity. A sells some corn to B, receiving a promise from B to pay in cattle, which A then hands over to C, to get some wine. C in due time claims the cattle from B; and B takes back his promise. These exchanges have, or might have been, all effected with a single coin or promise; and the proportion of the currency to the store would in such circumstances indicate only the circulating vitality of it—that is to say, the quantity and convenient divisibility of that part of the store which the *habits* of the nation keep in circulation. If a cattle breeder is content to live with his household chiefly on meat and milk, and does not want rich furniture, or jewels, or books—if a wine and corn grower maintains himself and



his men chiefly on grapes and bread ;—if the wives and daughters of families weave and spin the clothing of the household, and the nation, as a whole, remains content with the produce of its own soil and the work of its own hands, it has little occasion for circulating media. It pledges and promises little and seldom ; exchanges only so far as exchange is necessary for life. The store belongs to the people in whose hands it is found, and money is little needed either as an expression of right, or practical means of division and exchange.

But in proportion as the habits of the nation become complex and fantastic (and they may be both, without therefore being civilized), its circulating medium must increase in proportion to its store. If every one wants a little of everything,—if food must be of many kinds, and dress of many fashions,—if multitudes live by work which, ministering to fancy, has its pay measured by fancy, so that large prices will be given by one person for what is valueless to another,—if there are great inequalities of knowledge, causing great inequalities of estimate,—and finally, and worst of all, if the currency itself, from its largeness, and the power which the possession of it implies, becomes the sole object of desire with large numbers of the nation, so that the holding of it is disputed among them as the main object of life :—in each and all of these cases, the currency enlarges in proportion to the store, and as a means of exchange and division, as a bond of

right, and as an expression of passion, plays a more and more important part in the nation's dealings, character, and life.

Against which part, when, as a bond of Right, it becomes too conspicuous and too burdensome, the popular voice is apt to be raised in a violent and irrational manner, leading to revolution instead of remedy. Whereas all possibility of Economy depends on the clear assertion and maintenance of this bond of right, however burdensome. The first necessity of all economical government is to secure the unquestioned and unquestionable working of the great law of Property—that a man who works for a thing shall be allowed to get it, keep it, and consume it, in peace ; and that he who does not eat his cake to-day, shall be seen, without grudging, to have his cake to-morrow. This, I say, is the first point to be secured by social law ; without this, no political advance, nay, no political existence, is in any sort possible. Whatever evil, luxury, iniquity, may seem to result from it, this is nevertheless the first of all Equities ; and to the enforcement of this, by law and by police-truncheon, the nation must always primarily set its mind—that the cupboard door may have a firm lock to it, and no man's dinner be carried off by the mob, on its way home from the baker's. Which, thus fearlessly asserting, we shall endeavour in next paper to consider how far it may be practicable for the mob itself, also, in due breadth of dish, to have dinners to carry home,

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ERRATUM.—No. CCCXC. p. 790, line 2nd from bottom, for '*moneys*,' read '*always*.'



## A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.

## CHAPTER IX.

## MADAME RECEIVES FRIENDS.

OF course my suspicions turned out to be correct. On the receipt of the next letter from home, I felt no doubt that Mr. Clifford the entomologist, and Mr. Louis Wilson the ubiquitous, were one and the same person. I was not long in surmising the object of the man's visit to my father's house.

It was probably an impudent stratagem to find out whether my journey to France had any connexion with the Rutters' disappearance from Elmfields. Though I knew not the nature of the intimacy that existed between my friends and this man, I knew enough to be aware that he possessed a secret influence over the family, and had a strong hold of some kind upon Mrs. Rutter's forbearance and goodwill. Since that last night at Elmfields, Rutter and I had never again alluded to the circumstances that had led to their departure from England; but I strongly suspected that Mr. Wilson was in some way connected therewith. It was an uneasiness on this score that made me feel anxious to know what had taken place during his interview with my father. Could the man have made use of this device in order to find out where I was staying? Was it to discover whether I was about to join the Rutters abroad that he had intruded himself into our house? Did he wish to find traces of their flight, and track them to their new home? These, and questions like them, disturbed my peace for several days. I was haunted by a fear lest I might (unintentionally and innocently enough) be the means of causing my friends' retreat to be discovered, and of bringing fresh troubles upon them. It was not until I had received a second letter from my father, detailing the conversation that had taken place, that my anxiety was at all removed. Mr. Clifford, it appeared, had con-

finied himself to expressing a strong interest in myself, and had made no allusion to the Rutters.

'I can safely state,' wrote my father, 'that I did not acquaint him with any of the particulars you refer to in your letter. He did *not* ask your present address, or appear to be aware that you were going further than Paris. If I have been duped by a swindler, as your letter leads me to infer, he was at least no common one. Not only were his manners irreproachable, but he refused to accept the price of the work (two guineas) until such time as I should receive a copy of it. I suppose he must have found my name in the *Clergy List* or the *Directory*. You say you have some knowledge of the person. Where have you met him?'

As there seemed no reason to apprehend that Mr. Wilson had gained any information from my father respecting the Rutters, and as I could not make out that he had even sought any news of them, or trace the slightest connexion between his visit and his previous acquaintance with my friends, I determined to think no more of the matter, but ascribed it to mere curiosity on Mr. Wilson's part to inspect my father's house and play off a joke at my expense. As such, I resolved not to mention the occurrence to Rutter, or give myself further uneasiness about it.

I have alluded to the cheerfulness and gaiety of our lives during the first few weeks I spent at St. Barbe. I suppose the affection with which I still regard that sunny time is in some measure due to later events that have endeared to me the memory of those days. It was a bright period whilst it lasted. I had taken vigorously to the study of French, and with the aid of Rutter and his sister, worked away with my grammar and dictionary every morning. I know

no pleasanter thing than learning a language from the lips of a sweet-voiced woman ; and as I used to sit and listen to Miss Rutter, blundering over the words after her, and introducing an accent that moved her mirth every few minutes, I felt that, under such circumstances, study was a new and delightful experience.

Sitting thus engaged one morning, there came a rap at the *salon* door. Nannette, the old servant of Madame de Longueville, entered with a note, prettily twisted into a fantastic shape, which she handed to Miss Rutter.

'From Mam'selle Victorine. I will wait for an answer, if you please,' said the old woman, placing her hands in the pockets of her apron; and glancing round the chamber with her keen black eyes.

Nannette had lived with Madame de Longueville ever since her youth. She was a little, thin, dry old woman, with a yellow skin, small hands and feet, and a long nose and chin. She was scrupulously neat and clean in appearance, dressed always in grey and stone-coloured stuffs, wore the whitest of caps, and prided herself on being a Parisian by birth, education, and feeling. Her contempt for the 'barbarians of Auvergne' was something magnificent: twenty years' residence amongst them had not abated it in the least. She and her nephew, Monsieur Jules, who had been recently imported from Paris, indulged in sarcasms of the most withering nature against the benighted dwellers in St. Barbe.

'Tell mademoiselle that we shall have great pleasure in joining the little party this evening,' said Kate, when she had read the note. 'We will be with Madame at eight.'

'Thanks, mademoiselle; I will convey your reply. There will not be much society this evening. mademoiselle need not make a toilette, I imagine, for the few friends madame expects. We live very tranquilly here, as mademoiselle knows, and the fine world of this poor St. Barbe is not like that of Paris; quite otherwise, indeed!' and the old woman smiled in de-

cision at the provincial ideas of 'society.'

'You are, of course, included in the invitation, Hamilton,' said Rutter, taking up the note. 'What neat and delicate writing this is!'

Whilst her brother was occupied in examining Mademoiselle Victorine's penmanship, Miss Rutter went on with the lesson which engaged us when Nannette entered.

At eight o'clock that evening we ascended to the upper floor and tapped at the ante-room door of Madame de Longueville's apartments. The door was opened by Monsieur Jules—a dark lithe man, with eyes like black beads set in deep sockets, a closely cropped bushy beard, and no hair worth speaking of on the top of his head. He was dressed in black, with a spotless shirt-front and white cravat; and there was 'Garçon de Restaurant au Palais Royal' written in every gesture of his lithe limbs and every lineament of his sallow face. In that capacity, indeed, Monsieur Jules had passed the flower of his youth in an atmosphere of gravy, absinthe, and 'petit plats au choix' that had considerably damaged his complexion, but had added infinitely to the distinction of his manners, as Nannette, his aunt, firmly believed.

Preceded by this distinguished person, who waged unrelenting war against 'these boorish Auvergnats' and their disregard for the refinements and amenities of life, we entered Madame de Longueville's *salon*, where an odour of coffee, a lustre of wax lights, and a subdued murmur of conversation, announced that madame's guests were assembled. There were about a dozen persons present in the old-fashioned low-roofed chamber, where madame sat in state, surrounded by her friends. The room had probably been a boudoir or bed-room in the days of the Marquises of St. Barbe; but now, fitted up with a few handsome remains of the ancient furniture of the château, and decorated with lights and flowers, it served for a by no means inelegant reception room.



The first impression made on me upon entering the chamber was, that I had never heard twelve persons talking in such a soft, modulated tone of voice, or beheld so many well-fitting pairs of kid gloves amongst the same number of people, in all my life. The suave manners, restrained voices, and elaborate courtesy of madame's guests were truly overpowering. Such an atmosphere of courtly politeness carried one back to the days of powder, patches, and perriwigs. The dozen persons present to-night were the very cream of the society of the neighbourhood. No Clermont bourgeois, nor rich roturiers of the district, admitted on sufferance, but the selectest of madame's select acquaintance. Mrs. Rutter and family were already known to these aristocratic personages, and so it was only their English friend who required an introduction. The deep reverences and amiable speeches that ensued on Madame de Longueville presenting that young Briton to a lady with a *de* before her name, and on her head a tower of grey hair, fortified by an immense tortoiseshell comb, quite disconcerted him, especially as the lady was introduced on the ground that she spoke English 'like a native.' Whether the lady had learned the language at a period when the natives spoke it otherwise than now, or there had been a conspiracy among them to delude her into learning a false tongue that never existed on the face of the earth, I cannot decide; but I only know that her speech was as unintelligible to me as the language of the Grand Lama would have been, and reduced me to the painful necessity of making imbecile replies to incomprehensible questions for the space of half an hour.

But ere long the conversation going on throughout the room was hushed. At a signal from Madame de Longueville, Jules removed the silver coffee urn and the delicate porcelain cups from the little table in the centre, and placed thereon a shaded reading-lamp, a glass of sugared water, and a couple of

volumes handed to him by Monsieur de Bois-sec.

'What game is this?' whispered Rutter in my ear. 'We are not going to have cards and music, then, to-night. Pray, mademoiselle, may I ask what is going to be done?' he inquired of Victorine, who was passing at the moment.

'Don't be impatient, monsieur, and you will see. Ask grand-mamma, and she will tell you we are going to have a highly intellectual treat. Ask messieurs and mesdames on each side, and they will tell you the same. Ask me, and I reply, that I reserve my judgment. We shall see;' and with a gay air and a smile, mademoiselle passed on.

It was then announced by madame herself, seated in her velvet chair of state, that Monsieur de Bois-sec, 'whose gifts of rhetoric and poetic taste were well known to all her friends,' had undertaken to read aloud selections from the *Iphigénie* of Racine, for their amusement this evening; at which announcement a soft murmur of applause flowed around, and Monsieur de Bois-sec—a spare old gentleman in a puce-coloured coat, black silk stockings, buckled shoes, and a very unmistakeable wig—got up, and seated himself at the table in the centre of the room.

Forthwith the soft voices and subdued flow of conversation ceased. Monsieur de Bois-sec opened the book, turned up the lamp, sipped his sugared water, and began—

Oui, c'est Agamemnon, c'est ton roi qui t'éveille,

in a voice which, if not exactly that of the commander-in-chief of the Grecian army, was not without a certain pompous dignity and theatrical effect, in keeping with the stiff, classical style of Racine. The attention of Monsieur de Bois-sec's auditors was profound. For half an hour, perfect silence reigned in the little *salon*, the points and beauties of the dialogue being only marked by mute expressions of approval. At the end of that time, Mademoiselle Victorine began to

yawn behind her handkerchief, and look as if she wished the winds in Aulis would change their quarter, and set Iphigénie and the Greek ships free. Rutter, too, began to grow impatient; for, to tell the truth, Monsieur de Bois-sec's reading, if appropriate, was monotonous, and the effect of it was to make you feel that rhymed verse conduced to lowness of spirits and nervous sensations in the calf of the leg. Thus it was a decided relief to certain of the audience when Monsieur de Bois-sec at last reached the end of the second act, and laid down the book. Whilst monsieur refreshed himself with sugared water, and received the congratulations and thanks of his friends, Mademoiselle Victorine and Kate discussed with Rutter and myself, in one corner of the room, the success of the entertainment.

'Tiresome, is it not? I am fatigued to the last degree. A grand poet, it is true, and of the high school; but monsieur does not read with intensity, does not move one.'

Mademoiselle raised her brown eyes to Rutter's face, and gave just a tiny shrug to her shoulders as she spoke.

'May not that be the fault of the poet as well as his interpreter, mademoiselle?' asked Rutter. 'Are you really an admirer of Racine and the high school?'

'Oh, monsieur, how can you ask the question? Like Racine? Why, how dare I answer anything but yes. Would you have me taken for a heretic, and excommunicated from the pale of polite society by Monsieur de Bois-sec and these learned critics? Between ourselves, I abhor Racine, and have done ever since the time when I had to recite the whole of the speech of Thérémène from *Phèdre*, beginning,

A peine nous sortions des portes de Trézène,

at the half-yearly distribution of prizes at Auteuil; but I dare not confess this for the world.'

'Not being tied to any poetical creed myself, I am bold enough to avow a limited admiration for the

poet who took to his bed and died because his majesty Louis XIV. passed him in the gallery at Versailles one day without looking at him,' said Rutter.

'You forget, Rob, the poet's sensibility and his declining state of health at the time,' remarked Kate. 'Besides, if I recollect, Racine had incurred the King's displeasure by a memorial he had drawn up on the distress of the people and the prodigality of the administration, and so he knew how to interpret the royal slight. For my part, I believe Racine was an honest man, and it was just like that wig-pated monarch to wound the poet by an epigrammatic bit of satire about an ability for verse-making not being the qualification of a minister of state, and then crush him with royal indifference the next time they met.'

'Bravo, mademoiselle!' cried Monsieur de Bois-sec, who had overheard Kate's vindication of the great classic. 'Your sentiments do you honour. I applaud them with all my heart. Were I not addressing so young a lady, I would say—Take the book, and let us hear how well one who thus appreciates the poet's character will interpret the inspirations of his genius.'

Monsieur de Bois-sec placed his hand upon his heart, and bowed and smiled with courtly benignity. He was an enthusiastic lover of poetry, this spare old gentleman in the buckled shoes, and had dabbled in literature himself, having composed a series of essays on the principles of philosophical criticism, and a play that had had a run of thirty nights at a theatre in Paris. Kate began to deprecate the compliment paid her, but I did not hear what ensued, for at that moment Madame de Longueville beckoned me to her chair, and whispered in my ear, 'Do you think we could persuade Madame Rutter to favour us with a reading from Racine or Corneille this evening? I have heard her read amongst ourselves, and it is a marvellous talent she possesses; not the least foreign accent in the world, so unlike her countrywomen



generally, who *sifflent comme des oiseaux*. Will you aid me, monsieur?

'I shall be very happy to do so,' I replied.

'Then call my grand-daughter and arrange it amongst you. I leave it to your diplomacy, monsieur.'

Mademoiselle Victorine entered into the idea in a moment.

'Ah, that will be worth hearing. What a charming reader Madame Rutter is! You have heard her, monsieur?

And Mademoiselle Victorine hastened to lay her request before Mrs. Rutter, who was engaged in conversation with two grey-headed gentlemen decorated with orders and crosses of military service at the further end of the room. Our petition was so stoutly backed by the grey-headed gentlemen, and Mademoiselle Victorine was so winning and earnest in her entreaties, that, without the aid of Kate who was called in and made a party to the conspiracy, Mrs. Rutter could hardly have declined.

I returned to Madame de Longueville to inform her of our success, when at that moment the door opened and Jules entered and laid a card on the little table at madame's side.

'The gentleman waits in the anteroom,' said Monsieur Jules.

'What is the name?' inquired madame, looking at the card. 'I cannot read it. Ah, you will do me the favour, Monsieur Hamilton, will you not? I have mislaid my eye-glass.'

I took the card and read 'Ludovic Hippolyte Sabreton,' with 'filleul de ta cousine—Jeanne, Comtesse de Mèlèze' written below in pencil in a fine feminine hand.

'What, the godson of the poor Jeanne, my cousin, of the Faubourg St. Germain! Bid monsieur come in, Jules, I beg; he will be very welcome.'

Madame rose from her seat to do honour to her guest, and the next minute a swarthy young soldier, with closely-cropped hair, and a tight-waisted uniform, entered the room. As Jules pronounced the

visitor's name, I heard a crash of glass behind me. Mademoiselle Victorine had let the vase of flowers she was removing slip from her hand, and a momentary confusion ensued. Undisturbed thereby, Madame de Longueville received her guest with distinguished politeness, assuring him that a friend of her beloved cousin carried with him the best credentials a stranger could offer under that roof.

'Sit down, monsieur, I beg, and let me hear the news of Paris and my friends. How is the dear Countess? I have not seen her for ages. I wrote to congratulate her on attaining her seventieth birthday, last week. Is she much altered, monsieur?

This inquiry answered, madame desired to be informed whether Monsieur Sabreton was stationed at the barracks at St. Barbe with his regiment; also, how long he had been in the neighbourhood. To which the young officer replied that he was quartered at St. Barbe, and had been a few (he forgot how many) weeks in Auvergne.

'Then it was very wicked of you not to pay me a visit before, Monsieur Ludovic. I knew your grandfather well; he served in the Italian campaign of '97 with my husband, Colonel de Longueville, then a simple captain of cavalry, though a descendant of the ancient house of St. Barbe. You find us, monsieur, living in seclusion, and leading a very simple life; but though the St. Barbès have lost their title and possessions, they have not, I trust, forgotten the hospitality that has always distinguished their name. Let me hope you will sometimes deign to put my words to the proof, monsieur.'

Whereupon monsieur bowed, and madame looked as dignified as though she had really been a lineal descendant of the house she so plumed herself on representing before the world. The magnificent allusion to the hospitality of the establishment rather amused me, for madame's table, though neatly, was always meagrely served, and the china and plate greatly preponderated over the eatables on



the board. Victorine even hinted at times that grandmamma's parsimony was inconceivable and vexatious, and one day had entertained us all with a lively account of the innumerable ways in which the old lady could serve up artichokes to cheat into the belief that it was a new dish. But madame was now wearing her society airs and personating *la dame de haute naissance*, and it was treasonable to be thinking of her counting lumps of sugar in private life, or preparing a scanty salad for dinner from the produce of her garden, as I had seen her before now.

'Victorine, my child, come here to me.'

Madame summoned her granddaughter from the further end of the room, and taking her by the hand, presented her formally to the young lieutenant.

'Your fathers fought side by side in Algiers. You, monsieur, lost a parent there, and I a son.'

As madame gave utterance to this announcement with an air of tragic dignity, mademoiselle curtsied to the ground, and the young soldier bowed low before her. Their eyes were fixed on the floor, and either modesty or reserve held them both silent.

'This gentleman, Victorine, comes from Paris, and is a friend of the Comtesse de Mèlèze, with whom you occasionally spent your vacations when at school. He brings me a letter from my dear cousin, which I long to peruse at leisure.'

'I hope, Madame the Countess was quite well when you quitted Paris, monsieur,' inquired Victorine, in a low, modest voice, her eyes still bent on the ground.

'Perfectly, mademoiselle, I thank you,' replied Monsieur Ludovic Hippolyte Sabreton, with a stately inclination of his closely-cropped head.

'You arrive opportunely, monsieur,' continued Madame de Longueville. 'We are about to be highly favoured this evening. My friend Madame Rutter (the handsome blonde you see there in the black silk and lace) is going to read aloud to us, and I promise you a

rare pleasure. Victorine, see if madame has enough light, and entreat silence, will you? Monsieur, be seated. Hush!'

In another minute every one was in their places again, and the room silent. Mrs. Rutter, sitting near one of the windows, with the small table and lamp before her, looking slightly flushed, but calm and self-possessed, opened the volume she had chosen, and in a clear deliciously distinct voice commenced reading from a translation of Schiller's *Marie Stuart* she had selected. It was the living soul after the galvanized semblance of life—the core and heart of poetry after its dry husk and barren shell. I recollect how gradually the interest, the sympathies, and at last the whole feelings and attention of the hearers were enchained and held fast by the combined spell of the poet and his interpreter. Perfect in intonation and thoroughly cultivated, Mrs. Rutter's voice possessed not only the natural qualifications of a fine reader, but also that sympathetic power which moves the feelings of the listener, and the dramatic expression that gives individuality to character and stamps words with meaning. The influence on her hearers was absorbing. Victorine sat on a low seat, with her eyes fixed on Mrs. Rutter, her lips parted open, and her beautiful face (from which the old air of levity and restlessness had fled) breathing almost painful attention. The young officer had scarcely stirred hand or foot since Mrs. Rutter began. Monsieur de Bois-sec's very wig expressed latent enthusiasm, and Madame de Longueville's keen grey eyes shone with excitement. Even Kate and Rutter were carried away by their mother's impassioned earnestness to-night, and hung on her words and looks with an admiration they could not conceal. At every pause in the reading I could hear through the open window the drone of the night beetle and the shivering of the leaves outside, so profound was the stillness of the chamber. I confess that I never until that night knew what potent and subtle

influences dwell in human tones. The voice that filled the room, now hot with a passionate sense of wrong, now tender and pathetic with womanly grief, moved me as I had never been moved before. It seemed as though Mrs. Rutter's old enthusiasm for her art, long smothered and repressed, had to-night burst forth afresh and reasserted its empire over her. Absorbed in the emotions she was giving utterance to, she sat with a radiant face and kindling eye, regardless of, and unrestrained by, the presence of her hearers. When at length she ceased, she seemed overpowered for a few moments, and turned away her face. Probably the recollections that had been awakened to-night were powerful enough. But no sooner had the short pause that followed her last words, and that marked the suspended attention of her hearers, given place to a general burst of admiration, than Mrs. Rutter regained her composure, and turned to receive the compliments that were showered on her.

The excitement that had taken possession of the little *salon* was tremendous. Every one present was in raptures with the talents of Madame de Longueville's charming friend, and unable to find words to express their delight and surprise. As for Monsieur de Bois-sec, he did nothing but run about the room and exclaim '*Merveilleux!*' '*Un talent prodigieux!*' &c., while the grey-headed gentlemen with the military orders vowed they had heard nothing to equal it since the days of Talma. Even the stately Countess Sangpourpre, whose affability was always of the icy order, threw off her patrician frigidity, and clasping Mrs. Rutter's hand, put it to her ancient lips with a '*Que je rende hommage à votre génie, chère amie.*'

Mademoiselle Victorine embraced Kate with enthusiasm, and looking up at her and her brother, murmured—

'Ah, how you are privileged! You do well to be proud of such a mother. How I love these great emotions!'

It was evident that Mrs. Rutter felt gratified by the warmth of her friend's praises, and the unfeigned delight she had created. The graceful way in which she received their compliments seemed to charm them no less than her performance.

'What distinction in her manners!' murmured in a friend's ear the lady with the tower of grey hair on her head. 'Truly, Madame de Longueville has been fortunate to meet with such a charming tenant. This beautiful and talented Englishwoman will be an immense acquisition amongst us.'

'Yes; she is evidently a woman of mind, and has seen a deal of the world,' replied the friend. 'They have resided a long time in our country, and all three speak the language remarkably well. Undoubtedly, they are a family of talent. The daughter yonder, though retiring, talks almost as well as her brother, who is decidedly original. See, they are both chatting yonder with Mademoiselle Victorine.'

Whilst this conversation was proceeding, Monsieur Ludovic Sabreton was hovering about the table where I sat, turning over the leaves of a portfolio of drawings.

'You have the honour of the acquaintance of this agreeable family, monsieur?' said the young officer, inquiringly. 'They reside in the château of Madame de Longueville, I believe? Ah, so I supposed.'

Monsieur Ludovic took up Mademoiselle Victorine's album and began to turn over the pages in a nonchalant manner, twirling his moustache the while with one hand.

'Charming!' he ejaculated, after a while, looking at a sketch before him,—'the portrait of my god-mother, the Comtesse de Méléze!'—and whilst he was studying the sketch, I observed Monsieur Ludovic take out a pencil and write on a piece of paper, which he inserted between the sketch and the sheet of cardboard it was fastened to. That done, he closed the volume, and remarking that they seemed gay over yonder, joined the group at the other end of the room.



It was nearly midnight ere the guests separated. Monsieur Ludovic was the last to take his departure. He approached Madame de Longueville's chair, and, with a low bow, expressed his unbounded gratification at the delightful evening he had spent.

'Amongst other pleasures, mademoiselle,' he continued, turning to Victorine, who stood beside her grandmother's chair, 'you have afforded me that of gazing on the revered features of my excellent godmother, the Comtesse de Mélèze. I believe, mademoiselle, this portrait is the work of your pencil. I feel flattered by the regard it implies for the original.' With elaborate politeness, Monsieur Ludovic handed the album to Victorine, open at the page that contained the portrait.

The brilliant flush that had dyed mademoiselle's dark cheeks all the evening deepened for a moment, but she took the book without a word, and only made a profound and stately reverence to the young soldier as he bowed his farewell.

'Then to-morrow we are to make an excursion on the hills; is it not decided so?' inquired Victorine of Kate, as we bade madame good-night. 'Oh, charming! I already wish the night ended. Till to-morrow, dear friend,' and the last glimpse of Mademoiselle Victorine revealed her standing in the ante-room, lamp in hand, to guide us down the staircase, lighting up the darkness with her brilliant beauty and her smiles.

## CHAPTER X.

### A PICNIC PARTY.

Ere the sun had risen high in the heavens next morning, we were all assembled in the garden in front of the house, ready for the excursion on the hills. We were to visit some holy wells and springs, celebrated for their miraculous properties, on the mountain side, and then bivouac in any sheltered nook that might strike our fancy. A guide and four mules had been provided, and Rutter and I had been busy packing up eatables,

and collecting parasols, walking-sticks, &c., ever since sunrise. At last it was ascertained that everything essential to the success of a pic-nic had been got together, and the ladies having mounted, we issued from the garden door in high spirits and amidst much laughter. Madame de Longueville was naturally to stay at home, but the old lady was greatly interested in the preparations going on, and when we set off, she stood smiling down upon us from an upper window, wafting kisses to us with her well-gloved hand.

'Mind you bring them all safe home, Baptiste,' cried madame to our guide, the swarthy, good-humoured fellow who had conducted me to the château the evening of my arrival at St. Barbe.

'Ah, madame, trust Baptiste for that. He will bring them safe home, or never set foot in St. Barbe again. Allons, mon petit Tamerlan,' and pricking forward the sumpter mule that carried our baskets, Baptiste looked up smilingly at madame's window, and waved his cap in farewell salute.

Our way, when we had left the steep and narrow streets of the town and skirted by the vineyards, lay through a ravine which wound upwards amongst the hills in a continuous ascent. The valley beneath and the wide plain beyond, seen here and there through a break in the forest chestnuts and gigantic walnuts of Auvergne that overshadowed our path, lay bathed in the clear sunlight of a southern summer's morning, free from mist or cloud. The fragrant air, as yet unheated by the midday sun, was of a transparency that heightened the beauty of every object. Below us in the distance the Allier wound its course; while towering behind the mountain range we trod, rose the lofty summit of the Puy-de-Dôme against the clear blue sky. At every step we took, the mule-bells tinkled cheerfully in the morning air.

'And what are the names of the other three mules, Monsieur Baptiste?' inquired Kate, who had been greatly amused at the expense



of the one addressed as the little Tamerlan. 'Do you provide classical titles for all your mules?'

'I hope so, mademoiselle. That is Artémise you are riding. Madame Rutter has le vieux Bélisaire, and Ma'mselle Victorine is mounted on Aristote. I have Caton, Cléopâtre, and Sophocle at home; besides Polyphème, who has but one eye, and Esope, who is lame of a forefoot. Why not give the poor beasts a fine name, ma'mselle? There are no godfathers or godmothers to please in the matter, so why not choose names that confer distinction on the beasts, and show one knows something of history?'

'Certainly, Monsieur Baptiste. And so you study history sometimes, do you?'

'Well, ma'mselle, not me exactly, but my brother—that is to say, my cousin—that is my—. Frankly, mademoiselle, it is Ma'mselle Euphrasie, the sempstress of the street of the Little Apostle, behind the church of St. Etienne yonder, my affianced, who reads as well as Monsieur le Curé himself; it is she who finds me these names, and I always take my mules to her to be christened; and Baptiste smiled and showed all his fine teeth as he spoke.

The mention of Ma'mselle Euphrasie's name had started Baptiste on a topic on which he was more eloquent even than on that of his mules, and Kate and I were so interested with the man's unaffected account of the virtues of his affianced—who supported a blind mother by her needle—and so taken up with the difficulties, hopes, and disappointments of their courtship (they were both poor, and Baptiste had an idiot brother), that we were soon left lagging behind, and the others out of sight.

'Ma'mselle Euphrasie has promised me that our union shall take place the next St. Barnabas, if all goes well; so we put our faith in the good God and work away gaily, ma'mselle.'

Kate had contrived to find out that the young sempstress embroidered muslin and made collars

so she gave Baptiste an order then and there, and bade him ask Ma'mselle Euphrasie to come up to the château the next evening with her work; a request that caused the good fellow's eyes to sparkle with delight.

'And now let us push forward. You are a pretty sort of guide, Baptiste, to be last of the party; and Miss Rutter quickened her mule's pace, and we hastened on to join the others in advance.

Under the umbrageous trees we wound our way upwards, catching fine glimpses of the plain below, and then plunging again into the dark, cool shades of the forest path from which we had emerged. At length we reached the neighbourhood of the wells, and dismounting at a small hut where the woodcutters kept their tools, left the mules in charge of Baptiste, and proceeded on foot, under the guidance of a gaunt woman in sabots, of a walnut-juice complexion and an incomprehensible patois. She was engaged in cutting wood with a long knife when we came up; but as soon as she espied visitors, she finished off the faggot she was making up in a twinkling, plunged the knife into her belt, and pounced down on us with a cry to follow her. We did so, and as she strode on before us, the lady's manners and appearance instantly reminded me of a certain affectionate wife I had read of in my youth, who made a practice of standing every evening at a cross-road in a forest, for the purpose of guiding lost travellers to a neighbouring cave; arrived at which, her husband always knocked them down with a club, and grilled them for his supper. The affectionate wife was generally found engaged in cutting wood, I recollected, and always carried a long knife; she also spoke her native language so imperfectly that she had to have recourse to signs—another point of resemblance between her and our guide, who was now motioning to us to advance with her long knife, just as though our heads were going to be cut off when we turned the next corner. With a

hoarse sort of cry (to the effect, we presumed, that we were expected to make haste), the gaunt woman hurried us along the path, and at last, as we came upon an open platform of rock, announced, 'The well of St. Ursula; its waters cure leprosy and blindness. Two sous for the use of the cup.' At least, so my friends translated the fierce nasal sounds in which the intelligence was conveyed.

We advanced into a chamber cut in the rock, where a bubbling spring, gushing from out the heart of the great mountain, fell into a sculptured basin. This was the first and lower well. An image of the saint, adorned with votive offerings, occupied a niche above the spring. Two peasant women, with yellow handkerchiefs knotted round their heads, and a travel-stained man, with a swarthy face and gold ear-rings, were kneeling before the shrine when we entered. *Mdlle. Victorine*, too, dropped on her knees, and dipping her finger in the basin, crossed herself and said her prayers. Seen in the soft green light that fell around (the delicious dim daylight of the overhanging trees), *mademoiselle*, in her robe of delicate muslin, looked exceedingly well in this picturesque attitude; a consciousness of which, it is possible, added to the length and fervour of her devotions. *Rutter* stood looking at her as she knelt, with earnest admiration, and murmured something in my ear about 'the charm of this spontaneous devotion,' and 'feeling bettered' by the sight—a feeling I scarcely shared with him.

Whilst *mademoiselle* was on her knees, the gaunt woodcutter's wife tried to induce us to partake freely of the water which she handed about fiercely in her cup, as though she were offering an enemy poison. Finding its virtues were lost on us, she gave up extolling the spring, and taking out her knife, struck the rock savagely in a place where it emitted a dull musical sound.

'St. Ursula's lyre,' she cried, looking round upon us with her fierce eyes. 'Any one like to strike it?'

No one expressing a wish to do so, the gaunt woman plunged her knife into her belt again, and retired; but only to surprise us afresh. A minute or two afterwards, there came a wild, unearthly cry that made us all turn pale, and woke a ghostly echo amongst the rocks. It was the weird woman's playful way of showing off the acoustic effects of the grotto; and having now exhibited the features of the place and sufficiently tried our nerves, she collected our offerings (with one hand on the handle of her knife all the time ready for recusants, I observed), and strode off to convoy another party, whose voices we could hear amongst the trees, to the scene of her entertainment.

I turned aside to watch the approaching travellers emerge from under the trees that overhung the path by which we had ascended. The party was large, and was preceded by a servant in livery carrying shawls and a camp-stool. At a glance, one could discern they were English tourists. The ladies wore rich silk dresses, and the gentlemen displayed that pleasing variety of costume peculiar to our countrymen abroad.

'Oh, mamma,' lisped a young lady in advance of her friends, 'look what a dear little place there is here. Do, pray, come on, and see these nice peasants praying to the Virgin.'

The *mamma* appealed to—a short, fat lady, in a fiery-hued silk—was advancing with a flushed face and a general air of apoplexy, vainly endeavouring to look cool and resigned.

'Arabella, my fan. James, reach me the stool and my smelling salts. There, that will do.' The lady sank upon the seat the footman placed for her, and closed her eyes on the beauties of nature, in a gasping condition.

The rest of the party came sauntering up listlessly and loungingly, as though the whole affair were a great bore, but a sense of duty compelled them to go through with it. They talked very loudly, but not about the scenes around



them; comparing notes, it appeared to me, about Sir John This, Lady That, and other home acquaintances, just as though they were at Leamington or Clifton. There was no interest exhibited in the place they were visiting, no vulgar curiosity or enthusiasm, but a genteel placidity of demeanour and an air of lofty indifference to everything about them that showed their undeniable good-breeding.

I had singled out from the group a tall man with grey hair, who, had he been the authorized representative of the British aristocracy to the foreign world generally, could not have impressed one with a higher sense of his social importance; when, approaching nearer, I discovered that it was Mr. Pierpoint, our old neighbour at Elmfields. He had been regarding us attentively for some moments, when his double eyeglass encountered Mrs. Rutter in the circuit it was performing. He gave a start.

'Pon my word; how very singular!' I heard him exclaim. 'Mrs. Rutter, of all persons. How very surprising, to be sure!'

Mrs. Rutter was at that moment speaking to a young lady of his party who had addressed her for some information.

'Julia, my love, come here!' Mr. Pierpoint whispered something into the young lady's ear, and looked, not at Mrs. Rutter, but right through her to the wall of rock behind, so utterly was he unconscious of her visible presence.

Whatever the whispered communication might be, it caused Miss Julia Pierpoint to raise her eyeglass likewise, and examine Mrs. Rutter curiously.

'How very remarkable, papa! And you say she was once a professional actress, and lived at Elmfields. How very interesting! See! she is looking this way, and recognises you. I must be introduced, I suppose.'

As the young lady spoke, Mrs. Rutter's face wore an air of visible embarrassment.

'No, Julia; certainly not. I don't approve of indiscriminate in-

troductions. Mrs. Rutter never visited in our circle. I met her first at a good house, it's true—the Mainwarings of Richmond—very well-connected people; but then they received all sorts of celebrities, and were rather odd themselves. No; we had better proceed.'

Mr. Pierpoint did not stay to inform his daughter (though it was within my knowledge) that when first he met Mrs. Rutter, it was under a roof where she was an honoured guest, and where he—taking his cue from nobler minds—was proud to show her courtesy. But being one of those small aristocrats whose social status is somewhat equivocal, and requires vigilant protection, seeing that it may be easily compromised, he thought it best to cut Mrs. Rutter, as the safer course for a well-bred man. So he turned away, and communicated to his friends the fact he had just made known to his daughter.

A buzz ensued amongst them, and then the whole optical force of the party was turned upon us. Mrs. Rutter's face flushed, but she stood quietly as before, though I saw what the effort cost her. Happily, her son had quitted the grotto with Mademoiselle Victorine as the tourists came up.

'A fine woman, Mr. Pierpoint,' remarked a tall lady, critically, with a bass voice and Roman nose, as they prepared to move off. 'A classical contour, I observe—no doubt handsome when you knew her at the Mainwarings. Very quietly dressed, too, which is good taste in her position;' and then, as though a person of taste herself, she was interested in Mrs. Rutter as she would be in any other phenomenon, whether sentient or otherwise, the lady raised her glass again as she turned away, and greeted us with another bland stare.

The *cortège* passed on, as it had approached, leisurely and genteelly. The well-bred Mr. Pierpoint inspecting nature through his double eyeglass with an amiable condescension that was pleasant to behold; and the fat lady, the footman, and



the camp-stool bringing up the rear.

'We shall have the mid-day sun upon us ere we have found our retreat. Come, let us be moving,' I exclaimed, as Mrs. Rutter drew down her veil and hurried on before us. We issued out again on the mountain path.

In a few minutes we had rejoined Rutter and Victorine, who were awaiting us lower down with Baptiste and the mules.

'Who do you think I have just met, Hamilton?' whispered Rutter in my ear. 'Why, that prig Pierpoint, of all persons—that old neighbour and friend of mine at Elm-fields! We stumbled on a whole party of English folks just as we left you. Did my mother see them? Did Pierpoint recognise her?'

'I have a great mind to go back and knock the fellow's hat over his ears. An impudent fool!' cried Rutter, as I related the interview.

'You had better conceal from your mother that you even know anything about the matter. Your annoyance will only add to hers,' I replied.

'You're right, I suppose. It's of no use bothering oneself about that ass, and I won't, either.'

It was another proof to me of the change that had lately come about in Rutter's character—the way in which he bore this annoyance. At one time, he would have fumed and chafed for hours under a less affront to his mother or himself, and its effects upon him would have been apparent for days to come. But now, after a few minutes' silence, and a temporary overshadowing of his face, he was himself again, and the wood was ringing with his gay and hearty laugh as before. Whether it was that his sensitiveness was losing its morbid character, or that old modes of thought and old feelings were giving way to new hopes and new interests connected with the new circumstances of his life, I could not determine; but I rejoiced in the change I beheld, as evidencing a healthier tone of mind and of good augury for the future.

That Mrs. Rutter had also re-

marked the same change in her son was proved by her own words to me that day. We were all sitting shortly after in the shade of a projecting rock covered with foliage, in a secluded ravine higher amongst the mountains, where we had located ourselves for dinner, when she called me aside to show me a rare botanical specimen she had found.

'My son met Mr. Pierpoint, did he not? And you told him of the interview at the well? Yes. I thought so.' Mrs. Rutter drew my attention again to the plant she held, and, after a few remarks about it, added, 'You are an old friend, and we have few concealments from you. I can say to you, then, that it delights me to find that Rob is not so easily wounded or put out by occurrences of this kind as he used to be. For myself, these mortifications are but temporary, and are felt most through my children. When *they* are not affected thereby, I care little for them. I know that you must have noticed and rejoiced in this change, as well as I. They are calling us; let us return.'

'Oh, mamma, will you believe it! These clever gentlemen who packed the hamper have left out the knives,' cried Kate, down on her knees, with her face and curls half buried in the hamper as we approached. 'And here's a jar of cayenne pepper labelled jam, and another of butter turned to oil put in instead of the honey. Ah! ah! I have a mind to send you all the way back, Mr. Hamilton. Never offer to pack me a hamper again. You would never rise to distinction in the commissariat department, that's clear. Oh, do somebody come and help me to lay the cloth.'

Thus appealed to, we were all busy as bees the next minute. The hamper was unpacked, a site chosen, the cloth laid, and a delicious array of golden apricots, cool cream cheeses wrapped in green leaves, brown loaves, and white and red wine, was soon spread before us. Mademoiselle Victorine had gathered a handful of wild flowers to adorn the banquet, and when she had displayed her artistic taste in

arranging them, we fell to our pastoral meal 'as though we had been bred and brought up to it in Arcadia,' as Rutter observed. Baptiste, in attendance on the mules, came in for his share of the feast; and when Kate ran to him with a bottle of wine, and he drank off a bumper to her health, it was pleasant to witness his polite salute and the expression of his fine dark eyes as he returned her the glass. Mrs. Rutter was in a cheerful mood, and her son as lively as though there were no Mr. Pierpoints in existence. Mademoiselle Victorine was looking her loveliest, and Kate, as usual, was a perfect sunbeam amongst us—good and gay enough to have made up for the deficiencies of half a dozen ill-tempered people. We sang songs, proposed toasts (*à l'Anglaise*, as mademoiselle said), and then, in the great heat that followed after mid-day, sat indolently grouped about in the shade, chatting drowsily.

The long summer's day flowed quickly away, however. There were visits to be paid to the upper wells and the petrifying spring, and then, when these were accomplished, we threaded our way homewards in the golden light of the setting sun glinting through the shade of the forest trees overhead. The path was wild and solitary. Here and there we came on a sunburnt woman gathering the early chestnuts that had fallen from the trees, or a heavy-footed bow-backed woodcutter returning home, or a mule-driver who hailed Baptiste by name and bid us 'good evening' as he passed with his faggot-laden string of mules; but, for the most part, we had the forest path and the twilight and the silence to ourselves; and there were times when one could almost hear the flowers and grasses folding up their leaves for the night, so perfect was the stillness around.

Mademoiselle Victorine's mule led the way, and Rutter walked along by her side; now guiding her through rough places, now lifting up a branch that hung low over the path. From time to time they stopped. Mademoiselle had

many caprices. Here, it was a flower she desired; there, some unattainable spray of leaves; and anon, it was the flies that must be driven away, or the saddle re-adjusted. But her good knight, right happy in her smiles (of which she was no niggard, forsooth), obeyed her behests with untiring zeal.

As we passed by the vineyards lower down, Victorine prayed for vine-leaves. She had soon a heap before her, and ere long had woven a coronet for her hair. When Rutter placed it on her head, she looked so triumphant in her beauty, so happy in the effect seen written in the admiring eyes bent on her, that she might have stirred admiration in a colder breast than his. But her beauty seemed to me then, as it did many a time afterwards, to have something baleful and cruelly exultant in it, as I caught the gleam of the rising moon upon her face through the trees. It was a momentary look, a mere expression, that came and went like the shadows of the leaves, but it flashed upon me like a revelation, and that look has remained stamped on my memory till this day.

The evening bell was ringing in the old church tower, and the stars were out overhead, when we re-entered the town. As we passed through a narrow street, darkened by the shadow of the neighbouring barracks, where a rolling of drums or a braying of trumpets was generally going on, mademoiselle discovered that her mule was fatigued.

'See, then, the poor little one is lame! it is ready to die with fatigue,' she cried, and so slackened her pace, and they were soon far behind us.

I stood waiting for them coming up, in the twilight, at the garden doors. Mademoiselle's hand was on Rutter's shoulder, and they were talking in a low tone.

'Ah, Victorine, you misjudge me. You little know the English heart, after all,' murmured Rutter, as he held her other hand in his, and looked up into her face.

She whispered a reply, released her hand, and then, as her eye

caught my figure, cried, 'Ah, here we are at last! The poor Aristote is heartily glad, I am sure,' and springing to the ground she waved her hand and ran off to the house. Rutter turned quickly from me and hastened down the garden.

From that night, a cloud, as yet no bigger than a man's hand, but ere long to overspread the heavens with darkness, began to gather on the horizon.

## CHAPTER XI.

### VICTORINE.

It was a glorious summer's morning, and I had risen betimes to take a turn at the French grammar before breakfast. We were all early risers at St. Barbe, and on descending to the English garden below the terrace, my eye caught the figure of Mademoiselle Victorine amongst the trees. Desiring to be alone, I turned into a side path and sought a secluded arbour where I often sat with Rutter at this hour. On entering, I found an open book lying on the wooden bench. It was a French novel, in a yellow paper cover, adorned with the exaggerated woodcuts peculiar to that class of French literature. Whilst I was turning over the leaves, a shadow fell across the page. I looked up; it was the young French girl.

'Oh it is you, Mr. Hamilton. Pardon me, I knew it not. I have left a book here. Ah, that is it; thank you, monsieur.'

Mademoiselle Victorine looked charming in her morning dress of white muslin and with a bouquet of fresh roses in her hand.

'It was very stupid of me to leave it. I ask monsieur a thousand pardons for disturbing his studies. I fear you find our language tiresome, but with diligence such as yours, monsieur, you will soon overcome all difficulties, and speak as well as the rest of us, I doubt not.'

'Mademoiselle is kind, but she flatters me, I fear.'

'On the contrary, monsieur. You already translate to perfection, I believe. You were looking over

my little book; has monsieur ever read it? It is a beautiful history, is it not?'

'Mademoiselle admires the work, then?'

'Oh, without doubt! The poor André! what devotion, what a heart was there! Ah, monsieur, one rarely finds such fidelity in this world, I fear.'

She sighed and cast down her eyes from excess of sensibility.

'I hope that one does not often find such depravity as his mistress Thérèse exhibits,' I could not help ejaculating, for I had lately read the work, and formed a somewhat strong opinion thereon.

'The beautiful — the unhappy Thérèse? Ah, certainly, you like her not.' Mademoiselle was playing with a rose-bud, but eyeing me closely all the while from under the sweeping lashes that fringed her olive cheek. 'Perhaps monsieur has more sympathy with the friend Jacques—that paragon of disinterestedness? As for me, I confess I do not appreciate the character. I have no sympathy for meddlers. I would have served him, as—as—'

As the poor black beetle she crushed wantonly under her dainty foot, I added to myself.

'You speak of sympathy, mademoiselle. I can assure you that I feel none for either the one character or the other. Indeed, I am happy to say that my admiration has never been called forth, that I am aware of, by any creation of this same author's prolific brain.'

'Ah, yes, I understand perfectly now. I forget whom I address. You have the national taste, I suppose.' Mademoiselle smiled, and gave a little derisive shrug to her shoulders. 'Your countrymen, I am told, only read Shakspeare and your journals; therefore your judgment is imperfect. Besides, monsieur is to be priest, I hear, and so takes ascetic views, and cannot be expected to comprehend the more beautiful emotions of our nature. I regret to have interrupted you, monsieur.'

With a curling lip that showed all her pearly teeth, the young lady



curtsied and swept out of the arbour.

As I had for some time past suspected mademoiselle of a growing antipathy towards me, I did not feel much disconcerted by this curious little interview, but fell to my books ere the morning prime was past.

That evening, I and Rutter sat together in the garden pavilion, in the sultry dusk of a hot summer's day. Rutter was smoking, and I lounging on an old couch that we had brought from the house, with a volume of Pascal in my hand. The pavilion had undergone a thorough cleaning and purification since the night I first entered it. With its marble floor, high roof, and cool pilastered walls, it made a pleasant lounging place on hot summer's days, and we often resorted there to take dessert or coffee in an evening. I had been reading aloud from the volume I held, but the *Pensées* of Pascal, in spite of their intrinsic attractions and the additional interest they acquired from local associations (we had that very day trodden the streets of the neighbouring town, where he was born), did not occupy my thoughts. I don't know how I approached the subject I had been revolving in my mind ever since the twilight compelled me to close the book, but in whatever way I did so, my words—and they were guarded and temperate enough—provoked no smooth reply from my companion.

'I don't quite understand you, Hamilton. Is it Mademoiselle de Longueville you are alluding to? If so, I think your remarks are very unjustifiable, to say the least.'

I was silent for a minute, for the tone of the speaker took me by surprise.

'I'll tell you what it is, Hamilton,' continued Rutter, after a few further observations had fallen from my lips. 'You are illiberal, and judge all people from one point of view, and that a narrow one. Remember, the English standard, however correct and irreproachable in itself, wont do to measure the whole human race by.'

Mademoiselle de Longueville has not been brought up as my sister Kate has. You make no allowances for differences of education and temperament, besides forgetting that the girl was left an orphan at five years of age, under the guardianship of a doating grandmother, whose conscience is probably in the keeping of Monsieur le Curé of St. Barbe, against whom I've nothing to say, by the way.'

Rutter flung away the end of his cigar as he spoke, and rising, stood with folded arms leaning against one of the columns of the porch. His face was turned away from me, but I knew by the sound of his voice that there was a frown there.

'Making due allowance for the differences you allude to, I still see in mademoiselle's character traits that I don't admire, and which, justly or not, prejudice me against her,' was my reply.

'Ah, that's the word! prejudice! you have it now, Hamilton. There is the secret of these severe comments. You are *prejudiced* against Mademoiselle Victorine. I suppose you are not the first Englishman, however, who has entertained a similar feeling towards foreigners. *Cælum non animum*, you know the rest. The true Saxon will go on hating the Gaul to the end of the chapter, I expect.'

I could not help thinking that this tone of banter concealed feelings more serious than he cared to show, and that he had dragged the question into this wide field, to avoid a more direct continuation of it. Seeing his evident disinclination to hold any further discussion on Mademoiselle Victorine, I said no more. Indeed, when we returned to the house soon after, and I beheld the young French girl seated by Mrs. Rutter's side, sewing away industriously at some shirts she was making for a poor family whom Monsieur Brissot, the good priest, had recommended to her charity, I could not help asking myself whether I had not judged her harshly, and questioning if I had done well or kindly in hinting my suspicions in another's

ear. She was talking so prettily about the poor people she was interested in, and looked so good and winning as she sat before the shaded lamp, plying her needle with dainty fingers, that I half-repent of the part I had just played. In truth, it was no easy task to fathom the depths of the soul that looked out through those large brown eyes. I have formed a dozen different judgments on mademoiselle, in the same day, now regarding her artless airs and impulsive manners as the genuine expressions of a guileless, light-hearted nature, and now looking on them as nothing better than the cunning frauds of an accomplished intriguante. Nothing could be more charming and prepossessing than her whole tone and manner this evening. When Mademoiselle Euphrasie, the sempstress, arrived with her embroidery and collars, as previously arranged, it was pleasant to witness the real and unaffected interest Victorine displayed in the young workwoman. She had so many questions to ask about Euphrasie's blind mother, and her birds, and her needlework, and was so anxious to know whether she read the *Meditations* she gave her last New Year's Day, and how many times she had been to church in the month, &c., that I was not surprised at the look, half of reproach, half of triumph, Rutter turned upon me. For days together, at times, I felt myself captivated by this brown-eyed, olive-cheeked fay who had cast a spell upon us all, and wondered at and blamed the suspicions I had formed. Again the hoof would peep forth from the fairy skirts of this nymph, and my old distrustfulness return. To the others, however, these vacillations were unknown. Mrs. Rutter and Kate regarded Mademoiselle Victorine with very friendly feelings, and in Rutter's eyes, I could see, she was fast becoming the embodiment of all that was fair and good. It was a subject though, which, after the short discussion above, we tacitly ignored.

Whatever slight and indefinable

difference may at this time have begun to arise in the old relations between myself and my friend, I am convinced that we neither of us willed or aided it by any conscious act of our own. We spent our time as before, rambled together all over the neighbourhood, read geology or French on rainy days, and once made a week's excursion in the autumn amongst the mountains. Rutter was gay and cheerful as the day was long. His whole nature seemed to have thriven under the new influences about him. He was broader shouldered, browner, and (Kate said) three inches taller than ever. I know that wherever he went he was liked and admired, and many a time have I seen some rough wearer of sabots doff his cap, or heard a brown peasant-woman wish us a pleasant good day, won by the handsome face of '*ce brave jeune Anglais*' as he passed them on the road. Coming home from the seven days' tour I have alluded to, we passed through a wretched village where there was dearth and destitution, owing to the long summer's heat having dried up the water springs and burnt the vines and standing corn. It was a poor outcast sort of place, on the confines of an arid tract of barren lava-like soil. We should probably have hurried through the place quickly enough, for we were anxious to reach home ere nightfall, had not a sudden desire to peep into the interior of the little church by the wayside seized Rutter, and leaping the low wall that skirted the small enclosure of graves and crosses, he disappeared in the shadow of the porch, whilst I awaited him on the bench of the dirty auberge opposite.

He was longer absent than I expected, and I turned into the little inn to ask for some wine, for the afternoon was sultry though the summer was drawing to an end. Whilst I was consuming the dubious liquid, that the sullen, sickly-looking host lounging at the door in a red cap and wooden shoes had placed before me, I observed a shabbily-dressed priest coming



along the street. He was a tall man, but he walked with his head cast down and with a slow toil-worn gait, not in character with the size and muscular development of his limbs.

'There goes the poor curé,' I soliloquized, 'worn out with the cares of this miserable place.'

The priest's features were overshadowed by his broad flapping hat; but as he drew near the door he raised his head for a moment, and a pair of hollow eyes and a closely-shaven cadaverous face were turned on me. I recollect the strange sort of shock that ran through me under that momentary gaze. That single glance from the priest's piercing eyes haunted me for days to come. It was not that my sympathies were in any way interested, for on inquiry I found that the toiling parish priest, as I had supposed, was in reality a stranger, and unknown to the sullen host, who had raised his cap to his reverence as he passed by. It was more a vague passing fear that seized me—a fear as indescribable as it seemed unreasonable and unprovoked. But reason with myself as I would, I could not help associating the priest's pale face with bygone occurrences in which it was impossible he could have had any share, and connecting him with coming danger in the future. The glance of those hollow eyes troubled my rest for nights to come. Rutter re-appeared a few minutes after, and we resumed our journey.

It was late ere we reached home, and the lights were gleaming from the *salon* windows as we tramped along the broad path up to the house, with our knapsacks on our backs.

'Let us take a peep at them,' said Rutter, and we stole quietly up to an open window in the shadow of the orange-trees.

Under the soft lustre of the wax lights in the candelabra overhead sat Mrs. Rutter, reading aloud, with the two young girls, dressed in white muslin, seated at her feet on either side. Madame de Longueville, in her pearly grey silk, dozed

in her arm-chair as usual; and the young lieutenant, Monsieur Sabreton, in his tight uniform, stood leaning against the chimneypiece, regarding the group in the centre of the room.

'Sabreton, there?' muttered Rutter. 'They are all so intent on the reading, we might stand here unobserved all night. They make a pretty group, don't they?'

But it was not so easy to remain unnoticed as Rutter thought. One sharp pair of eyes roaming round detected us ere long, and a little scream from Mademoiselle Victorine announced the discovery. In another minute we had made our entry through the window, and Rutter was embracing his mother and sister, who were delighted to welcome us home again.

Monsieur Sabreton had been a frequent visitor since the evening of his first introduction, and as he played the flute and could take a part in charades when well drilled to his part, he was accounted an acquisition. He stood high in the good graces of Madame de Longueville, who pronounced him a model for the young provincials; but with Mademoiselle it was difficult to tell what position he occupied, her behaviour towards him alternating between the most distant coldness and a certain curious cordiality she at times assumed. Tonight the cold fit was on, and her treatment of Monsieur Ludovic was magnificently disdainful; so much so indeed that her *hauteur* actually drove the young lieutenant away, notwithstanding Mrs. Rutter's invitation to him to stay supper. With a frown upon his face that deepened as he bowed to Mademoiselle Victorine, Monsieur Ludovic quitted the *salon* shortly after we entered.

'Oh, I am so glad he has left us to ourselves,' cried Victorine. 'Now you can enjoy the adventures of the travellers without interruption. I know you wanted to get rid of him, did you not?' Victorine put her arm round Kate's waist, as she spoke, 'so I did not care being guilty of a little rudeness to Monsieur Ludovic.'



It certainly was a relief to find ourselves alone, and Rutter brightened up so that we sat over the supper-table till midnight, recounting the exploits of the past week, and displaying the various results of our botanical and geological researches contained in our knapsacks.

The next time Monsieur Sabreton favoured us with his society, Mademoiselle Victorine made amends for her conduct by a more gracious demeanour towards the young officer. It was an occasion of some little ceremony. We had taken to acting charades since the evenings grew longer, and one night somebody had proposed that we should get up a little play of Scribe, and act it amongst ourselves for our own amusement. It had passed off so well that Monsieur de Bois-sec, the only stranger present, begged that we would repeat the performance before our friends. We were hesitating as to whether we should do so or not, when Monsieur de Bois-sec turned the scale by proposing to write a play for us suited to the capabilities of the troupe, and giving a strong rôle to Mrs. Rutter.

'I have a manuscript by me half finished. I will complete it and adopt any suggestions you like, madame,' concluded the amateur poet with enthusiasm; 'only comply with my request.'

It was difficult to refuse, and so it was agreed that the play should be written, and Monsieur de Bois-sec had come this evening to give us the first reading.

The audience comprised no one but our own household, and Monsieur Sabreton, who had taken a part with us in the comedy of Scribe. We were all of course on the tiptoe of expectation to hear what Monsieur de Bois-sec had produced. To our great satisfac-

tion, we were quickly interested in the piece. As soon as it was done, everybody expressed approval. Monsieur de Bois-sec had furnished us with a very effective drama.

'Let us do the thing in proper style, mother, if we undertake it at all,' cried Rutter, all fire and animation, now he was once roused. 'I propose that we issue invitations for all our acquaintances round, and that Madame de Longueville also asks any of her friends she pleases. Why not have the old music saloon fitted up for the occasion? It would make a first-rate theatre. What say you, Hamilton,' he added, aside, in English, 'to our opening "Theatre Royal" St. Barbe, and giving representations from our great poet Williams Shaks-père, as our neighbours here call him?'

Seeing the eagerness with which her children entered upon the idea (Kate was quite as enthusiastic as her brother), Mrs. Rutter's consent was not long withheld. We set about the distribution of the parts, and fixed a first rehearsal then and there. It was resolved that the large saloon should be converted into a theatre, and a committee of management (with Monsieur de Bois-sec at the head) was formed to carry out the arrangements contemplated.

'It is the most charming idea in the world,' cried Mademoiselle Victorine, clapping her hands with delight. 'How often have I wished to take a part in a real play! And then to see that dreadful hall of phantoms changed into a beautiful theatre, all bright with lights and flowers and decorations—oh, it will be superb! Did I not always say you were the good fairy of my existence, dear, dear madame? And the tears actually glistened in the young girl's eyes as she pressed Mrs. Rutter's hand to her lips.



NORTH AND SOUTH.  
THE CONTROVERSY IN A COLLOQUY.  
BY A WHITE REPUBLICAN.

PART I.

*Scene*: Washington. *Time*: Before the Election.

**NORTH.** I'll bet ten thousand dollars that Abraham Lincoln will be the next President of the United States.

**South.** And I will bet twice ten thousand dollars that he will be *the last*!

**North.** What do you mean?

**South.** I mean that in the event of the election of a sectional President, the Southern States will secede from the Union.

**North.** But we shall not let you go.

**South.** Then we shall go without your 'letting.'

**North.** Then we shall *force* you to come back.

**South.** You cannot force us. In the first place, you have not the right; and in the second place, you have not the power.

**North.** Nonsense! As to the *right* of a State to secede from the Federal Union, I admit that it is a question about which people differ; but as to the *power* to prevent it, why we can out-number you five to one. Have you forgotten South Carolina's 'nullification' threats in the days of President Jackson; and how 'Old Hickory's' by-the-eternal oath to hang the first man who dared to raise his hand in rebellion against the Union, brought the nullifiers to terms, and has kept them quiet for thirty years?

**South.** And have you forgotten that your pet Massachusetts, which balances South Carolina in ultraism, sectionalism, or 'State pride,' has repeatedly threatened to retire from the Union in consequence of unpalatable legislation at Washington! Would to heaven she had gone out and all New England with her. The remaining States might possibly have got on in har-

mony. The fact is, your New England Puritanism, or Pharisaism, is an incompatible element in the 'body politic.' Having seceded from Old England for the ostensible purpose of enjoying 'religious toleration,' you have always been, from the time of the landing of the *Mayflower* at Plymouth, in 1620, down to the present time, the most intolerant and bigoted people on earth. You have burnt Quakers, hung Baptists, drowned witches and slaughtered Indians, all in the name of religion—all for the sake of 'liberty of conscience!' And now you are going to play the tyrant with the South, and give us a taste of your meddling, proselyting, persecuting spirit, the moment your sectional party comes into power. I tell you very emphatically we shall not submit to it.

**North.** You cannot help it. We have the power, and the will to enforce it. You cannot scare us any longer with the bugbear of Secession. It is an old dodge of the 'Fire-eaters' to frighten us into supporting the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. But it won't do; the game is played out. Besides, with the radical split in the Democratic party—thanks to 'Old Buck'—between the two candidates, Douglas and Breckenridge, 'Old Abe' will walk over the course. So I will leave you until after the election, with the renewal of my offer—ten thousand dollars—that the Republican candidate, the honest Illinois Rail-Splitter, will be our next President.

**South.** *Union-Splitter*, you may say; for I repeat that, if elected, he will be the *last* President of these thirty-four United States.

## PART II.

*Scene* : New York. *Time* : After the Election.

**NORTH.** Well, I told you so. We have won the victory. 'Old Abe' is elected. We have got you now.

**South.** You have got more than you bargained for.

**North.** What do you mean?

**South.** I mean that if you carry out your threats, you have got *war with your election*, and a war in which you will get the worst of it in the end.

**North.** Pooh! pooh! You might as well get off of that high horse at once, and come down gracefully, like the coon to Captain Scott, without waiting to be fired at. All this gas and bluster before the election was only meant for political effect. Let us talk soberly now. Surely you can't deny that Lincoln is constitutionally elected, and, of course, there is nothing left but submission to the voice of the people. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, you know.

**South.** That blasphemous proverb is a lie; and never more so than in the application you give it. Lincoln is *not* the choice of the American people. He is in the minority by a million of votes. And had not Buchanan schemed for his own re-election, thereby breaking up the Democratic party, this Union-Splitter would not have been elected.

**North.** You admit, then, that he is elected according to law; and that, when legally inaugurated on the 4th of March, he will be the Chief Magistrate of the United States, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, and clothed with the highest Executive functions of the Government?

**South.** I admit it.

**North.** And do you not also admit the duty of submission?

**South.** No. And what is more, we will not submit. We regard your President and your party, not only as political but as personal enemies; and despairing of having justice done us in the Legislative halls of Congress, we intend to take

no further part in the administration of the Federal Government.

**North.** But we shall compel you.

**South.** What, compel us to remain in the Union against our will! Compel us to send representatives to Washington, to sit in a helpless minority, the impotent witnesses of your hostile legislation! Compel our senators to remain in the Chambers, listening to sectional abuse, while powerless to check partizan patronage and political corruption! Why, the old proverb that tells us, we 'cannot compel a horse to drink,' should teach you a wiser philosophy than this compulsion doctrine; it is a direct violation of the first principle of Republicanism, which professes to derive all authority from the people. I do not believe the Government will be mad enough to attempt it.

**North.** No more do I believe that a single State in the Union will dare to secede. (*Noise in the street.*)

**South.** What is all this rabble in Broadway, with music, banners, fireworks, and yells that 'make night hideous'?

**North.** These are our glorious 'Wide Awakes,' celebrating the Lincoln victory. They are composed, mainly, of our noble firemen, target companies, trades unions, German turners, Irish associations, &c. &c.:—hard-fisted, rough-and-ready fellows, who can fight as well as vote. We are mainly indebted to them for yesterday's triumph; and they are all impatient for a march 'away down South in Dixie,' on the first overt act of Secession. (*Hisses from the crowd on the steps of the New York Hotel.*)—Charge! Wide Awakes, sack the hotel! Drive every d—d Southerner from the house! Hang the proprietor who harbours them!—(*Police interfere; the riot is quelled.*)

**South.** I see the violent and vindictive spirit of your people; and if wiser counsels do not prevail at Washington, war between the North and South is inevitable; and, to



quote the words of Patrick Henry to the Virginian Legislature in the days of the Revolution, 'Let it come.'

*North.* And come it will like a whirlwind, and sweep you all into the Gulf, unless you submit and become loyal to the incoming Administration. But we have no fear of civil war; the contest would be too unequal. We have the money and the means to crush out every State south of 'Mason and Dixon's line,' even were they all united in a body against us. But that is not possible. I believe, notwithstanding all your threats of Secession, that the Union feeling in the South is quite strong enough to keep the South in the Union; and that such fire-eaters and demagogues as Davis, Yancey, Slidell, and Benjamin would be in danger of their lives among their own constituents were they to make the first move for the dissolution of the Union.

*South.* How little you know us! The demagogues, as you designate our political leaders, are slower than the people who are urging them on. For more than thirty years, under the adverse legislation of the Federal Congress, and the malignant misrepresentations of your Anti-slavery pulpit and press, the people of the South have been morally preparing for the inevitable separation; and we have now an entire generation thoroughly convinced of the necessity, and thoroughly educated for the conflict it may cost. The movement springs from conviction, not from caprice; and so you will find it, should the new Administration be so blind as to adopt the policy of coercion.

*North.* But pray, what is your grievance! How and where does the Union hurt you?

*South.* It would take a volume to answer these questions. But I will give the burthen of our complaint in few words. The interests of the North and South are incompatible—antagonistic; and mutual harmony and happiness depend on mutual interest. There can be no profitable or lasting union between parties, where all the benefits of the

partnership are on one side. The Federal Union is now composed of Free and Slave States; and I do not believe that they can possibly get on together peacefully; not so much in consequence of your anti-slavery sentiment, as of your anti-Southern legislation. As for the abolitionism of the North, we regard it simply as hypocrisy—a mere excuse for political and social hostility. It is comparatively but a few years since all the Northern States tolerated slavery, and only abolished it because it did not pay; and as for the Slave Trade, which the South does *not* approve, there is scarcely a port in the North that is not now, directly or indirectly, engaged in it. Many of your richest merchants of Boston, Providence, Newport, and New York laid the foundations of their fortune by importing 'live stock.' New England and Old England combined to sow the South with the seed of Africa; and now they lift up their hands in holy horror at the black harvest. 'O ye hypocrites!' But this is not our greatest grievance. The Abolitionists annoy us by their buzzing; and now and then steal a thousand dollars from our pockets by seducing a negro from a comfortable 'situation for life,' into the 'land of liberty,' to freeze or starve. Both the nuisance and the theft are trifling in comparison with the injury inflicted by Federal legislation; and the moment the Free States numbered a majority, our condition became hopeless. We might as well be without representation at Washington, as to go there merely to encounter an inexorable majority in favour of protective tariffs, and other measures designed to rob the South and enrich the North. When the colonies separated from the 'Mother country,' taxation without representation was the sole cause of complaint. And what did the taxation imposed by Great Britain amount to in comparison with the clippings of your Morrill Tariffs? Why, every bale of cotton we ship to Europe is clipt thirteen times by bankers, brokers, and 'agents,' before it reaches the consumer;

and the manufactured products which we get in return are taxed all the way back to us. And yet you expect to go on shearing us like sheep, who must neither bleat nor kick! I tell you the Union has become the synonym of oppression; the Stars and Stripes the ensign of tyranny. We have deliberately resolved to throw off the yoke, and to establish our independence.

*North.* You will find it hard to kick against the pricks. We have ten bayonets to your one. Besides, there are four millions of slaves to rise up under your feet, and glut their thirst for vengeance; while England and all Europe would join us, if need be, in putting down the rebellion. Think twice before you rush to swift destruction.

*South.* Our slaves will rise to fight for us, not against us. The interest of England will over-ride her sentiment. She will have our cotton in spite of Exeter-hall. She has £70,000,000 invested in three thousand cotton mills; giving employment to 500,000 persons, enriching 100,000 'cotton lords.' For the last five years our crop has averaged above 3,650,000 bales, and these bales freight Northern ships and supply English mills. The destruction of one year's cotton crop will cause a famine in Europe. As for thinking twice, we have already done it, and are now quite beyond it. Our people have counted the cost before going into this warfare, and they are determined to stake everything upon the issue. In the meantime, we do not believe the Federal Government will ever attempt to carry your threat of coercion into execution. He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword. We do not intend to commit any act of aggression. All we ask is to be let alone; to retire in peace; and to establish friendly relations with the North. People may be friends who cannot agree as partners in business. Men and women may live on good terms with one another, who could not

endure to be yoked together by the bonds of matrimony. When the bee-hive is too full, the bees 'swarm;' when families are too large, they divide and colonize; and when Republics spread too far and involve incongruous elements and opposing interests, they break to pieces. If we do not separate now, we must hereafter. If 30,000,000 cannot live together in peace, surely 100,000,000 could not; and this will be the census of the United States before the year 1900, if the ratio of increase continues. Do you suppose the Government of England could last a year, Conservative and excellent as it is, if her 200,000,000 of subjects were all compacted on one continent, or even on one hemisphere? It is only the balancing of remote colonies that keeps the machinery of the British Government in harmonious operation. But even this system of political adjustments and compensations could not stand the collision of Freedom and Slavery—that 'irrepressible conflict,' which sooner or later must result in the dissolution of the American Union.

*North.* In answer to all this, we say in the words of Jackson, 'the Union must and shall be preserved;' and if 'Old Hickory' had hung John C. Calhoun, an omission of duty which he regretted on his death-bed, we should not have heard a whisper of Secession, during the present century, at least.

*South.* Is not this very conversation a proof conclusive that we never can agree? Is it better to keep up an eternal wrangle *in* the Union, than to live in peace *out* of the Union? With such incompatible opinions, tempers, and interests, is it not wiser to separate than to remain tied only to quarrel?

*North.* It is our interest to hold on to you, and we will not let you go.

*South.* Thank you for the honest confession. It is indeed for your interest to tax us, to subordinate us. But we WILL GO.

## PART III.

*Scene : Washington. Time : During the War.*

**NORTH** (*solus*). It was a mistake not to evacuate Fort Sumter. It was a mistake not to listen to the Commissioners of the South. The difficulty might have been settled. But it is too late now. We are in for it. Governments must never repent. We take no steps backward. The alarm for the safety of Washington, and the appeal to the patriotism of the people to avenge the insult to the flag, have produced the desired effect. The 75,000 men called for by the President, have come with great alacrity to defend the capital; the war will be popular. No Northern politician will dare oppose it. It will give employment to hundreds of thousands of voters who make Presidents, and it will enable partizan speculators to make fortunes. We shall have an easy victory over the South, while making military titles by thousands, and dispensing money by hundreds of millions. If there should be any hard fighting, which we doubt, we will push the vagabond democracy, consisting mostly of German and Irish emigrants, into the front ranks, and thus get rid of our political enemies and paupers while thinning the lines of our Secession adversaries. This will be killing at least two birds with one stone. And then the epaulettes we will put upon the shoulders of our Republican friends, while the knapsacks are strapped to the backs of the democrats. Oh, isn't it capital, a sort of 'poetic justice' that must delight the gods! Never before did a party come into power with so glorious an opportunity of rewarding its friends and punishing its enemies. We will conciliate our shipping merchants by purchasing their ships; our manufacturers by increasing tariffs; and our farmers and butchers by unlimited contracts for grain, and whisky, and beef. If any Northern sympathizer with the South dares to speak, we will send him to prison; and if any journalist utters a voice for peace, we will silence

his press, and him too. It is true, the President has no right to declare war, nor to move the military from one State to another; but necessity knows no law; and the Constitution must give way to the emergency. Neither has the President the right to arrest and imprison citizens without due process of law; but never mind that, the people will sustain him; and as every friend of the South must be a traitor, Fort Lafayette is the best place for him. The war is popular with the masses; all wars are; and woe to him who presumes to oppose the cataract of Avernus. Our three living ex-Presidents, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan, who have always been specially friendly to the South, will keep discreetly quiet; while such orators as Everett, Cushing, and Dickinson, the distinguished champions of Southern rights and interests, will chime in with the music of the masses, and sing peans to the glorious Union; although Mr. Everett did say a few months ago that, 'if the South was determined to go, in God's name let her go in peace.' Charles O'Coner, the logician, and James S. Thayer, the rhetorician of the Conservatives, will maintain a dignified and indignant silence; Fernando Wood will subside during the storm; the *New York Herald* can be bought; and the *New York News* can be suppressed. The Border States can be kept down by the bayonet, until the Cotton States are whipped back into the Union. We shall blockade every Southern port, and no foreign Power will dare to interfere. All looks well. The taking of Fort Sumter has thoroughly aroused the North. The city of Charleston shall be burnt, and sown with salt, and its harbour shall be destroyed for ever. South Carolina, first in the Secession movement, shall be the first to suffer, the last to be forgiven.

**SOUTH** (*solus*). The North is mad. The war is begun. We are eleven



States against twenty-three ; ten millions against twenty millions ; and a third, at least, of our population slaves. So much the better ; they can take care of the crops while we take care of the enemy. The North has the advantage of us in numbers, and in munitions of war. But we are strong in the unity of our people, and in the justice of our cause. The favour of the God of Battles must ever be with those who are acting in self-defence—fighting for their families and their homes—for their lives and their liberties.

Our people have an absolute belief in the right of Secession ; and the formidable preparation to force us back into the Union has not only weaned us from all attachment to the North, but converted every man, woman, and child of the South into a bitter, persistent, and conscientious enemy. We have hitherto counted on friends in the North, who, by their votes in Congress, by public speeches, newspaper articles, and personal assurances, have led us to believe that they were 'friends indeed,' who would be 'friends in need ;' but, with here and there an exception, we do not hear from them now, except in the ranks of our adversaries. Some have been frightened, or bribed into silence ; and others have been bought by military or diplomatic 'honours and emoluments.' The rare and honourable instances of Northern men who have remained true to their life-long professions, sacrificing everything to the integrity of their principles, reminding us of the fidelity of that Miltonic hero, who—

Faithful among the faithless stood,  
Faithful only he—

we shall remember more befittingly hereafter. There will ever be a place for them, and for their children's children, in the warm heart of the South in the better days that are coming. The eleven states now constituting our new Confederacy have seceded *pro forma* and for ever. Each State in formal convention has solemnly declared the

deliberate will of the people. We have sent Commissioners to Washington to propose an equitable settlement of the affairs of the late partnership. We were willing to assume our proportion of the Federal liabilities, and to account for the Federal property then in our possession. Our Commissioners, like those sent to King George before the Declaration of Independence, to quote the language of that day, 'were spurned from the foot of the throne.' We are charged with stealing Federal property, which belonged to us as much as to the North. Our people keenly feel the insult ; and they will fight to the death. We have well-trained generals ; and, if fewer men, better soldiers than the North. They will blockade our ports, but not so stringently that it will not be now and then broken ; and, if European diplomatists stick to the letter of international law, they will not respect a blockade unless it is 'effective.' President Davis and Vice-President Stephens have the fullest confidence of the people ; and they have called to their aid a Cabinet of patriotic and practical men. Beauregard, Lee, Johnston, Jackson, and Magruder, are brave and skilful officers, who know how to train men, and how to handle them. The clergy are with us ; the women are with us ; and we go into the conflict sustained by a sense of duty and a feeling of solemn joy.

*North.* This Bull Run defeat is a 'stunner.' We must have more men. The road to Richmond is not so easy to travel as we imagined. The South has managed to scrape together a larger army than we expected ; and they fight like devils. It is a wonder they did not follow our retreating troops into Washington ; they could have taken the capital without resistance ; the panic was so great that our army would not have stopped running before they reached Philadelphia, had the 'Black Horse Cavalry' with a bugle kept on chasing them. This confession is humiliating ; but we have made the foolish and fatal mistake of

underrating the enemy. The lesson will do us good. M'Dowell will not be caught napping a second time. Another month for the army to recuperate, and we'll be in Richmond. Curse the *New York Tribune*, that kept urging us 'on to Richmond;' and telling us the day *before* the battle the South had not 30,000 men under arms, and the day *after* the *run* that it had 110,000 soldiers at Manassas! These newspapers must publish no more war news without permission of the Secretary of War; and, by the way, Cameron must leave the Cabinet. He is giving out contracts to his friends and relatives by *hundreds of millions*. We must get rid of him. But we can't afford to lose his influence. He has too many friends in Pennsylvania. Let us reward him for his 'patriotism' by the Mission to Russia—and 10,000 dollars a year. Stanton will be more economical, if less yielding. Scott also must be sacrificed as General-in-Chief of the army. The impatient masses, at the malignant dictation of the *Tribune*, attribute to 'Old Fuss and Feathers' the defeat at Manassas, and the delay in getting to Richmond. It is a delicate business; but a flattering speech from the President, complimentary resolutions from Congress, and a 'roving Commission' to Europe, with Thurlow Weed to write a few letters for him to the newspapers, will save the *amour propre* of the veteran generalissimo; while 'Young Napoleon McClellan' will galvanise the 'Boa Constrictor' stratagem into new activity, and crush out the rebellion 'before next frost.' All right. The Bull Run mishap has woke us up, and done us good. Call out 500,000 more men; issue a few hundred millions more of Government paper, and the job will be finished. By the way, England and France have recognised the South as belligerents. This is an insult. But it will keep.

*South.* Heavy work. Thus far our victories over the enemy have rather served to strengthen him, and to weaken us. We are feeling too secure, too confident. A defeat

or two would prove a tonic to the South. No doubt we shall have them, for such is the fortune of war, but in the end we shall triumph. In the meantime, it is sad to contrast the *calibre*, or quality of the two armies. Our ranks are filled with gentlemen; with men who own the soil they are defending; the ranks of the enemy are more than two-thirds made up of hireling foreigners. It is said that Colonel 'Billy Wilson,' formerly an 'emigrant runner,' afterwards a New York alderman, made a speech to his regiment of 'gaol-birds,' on leaving home for Pensacola, of which the following is a verbatim report:—'Feller sogers! we are going to subdergate the South, and then to confiscate their property. We belong to the Angola Saxony race, which can't be beat, by ——!' This gallant regiment afterwards mutinied because their trousers were not provided with pockets for the watches which they expected to steal from the corpses of Southern gentlemen! Is it any wonder that we are growing desperate? The marvel is, that the 'black flag' has not long since been adopted.

*North.* More men and more money. Over 700,000 soldiers in the field, or rather on the muster rolls—the largest army in the world. We have only to move, and Richmond is ours. The arch-traitor Davis must be already preparing for a flight into Texas; but Curtis will be there to catch him.

*South.* Yancey returns from England disappointed at the giving up of the *Trent* prisoners. He says there is no hope at present from abroad. The battle-field is our only field of diplomacy. Vessels are constantly being fitted out from London and Liverpool with arms and munitions of war: some will get in, others will be caught, and we must trust entirely to our own resources. There are plenty of English speculators who will hazard the blockade in the hope of large profits, especially since the underwriters at 'Lloyd's' will take the war risks at fifteen per cent. on the vessel and cargo. These men make

loud professions of their friendship for us, whereas they are simply taking advantage of our necessities to get exorbitant prices for their goods. It is a selfish world we live in, and much of what passes for patriotism and philanthropy has its mainspring in the pocket.

*North.* A glorious victory in the South-west! We have beaten the rascally rebels at Corinth and taken ten thousand prisoners. A few days more and the job is done. True, our losses are large; but like the pilgrims at Plymouth, we must conceal the graves of our dead, lest the savages learn our weakness. Send off the reporters.

*South.* The Yankees will long remember Corinth, or Shiloh, where not less than twenty thousand of them were counted among the dead, wounded, and missing. Beauregard's masterly retreat, or rather removal of his great army, is one of the grandest military exploits of the war. After gaining an unequivocal victory over superior numbers, he suddenly

Folds up his tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steals away.

This adroit movement on the part of the Wellington of the South sorely puzzles and baffles the North. They know not where he will 'uncover' next. His command is a sort of locomotive 'masked battery,'—a mode of 'surprise' particularly annoying to the enemy. Halleck's petulant 'order,' suppressing the letter-writers, shows that he is afraid of the truth. But the facts will leak out. The dead will all be counted by eyes watching for them at home, and the sergeants will know who do *not* answer to the roll-call. We have lost thousands on the battle-field of Shiloh; but our officers are more proud than ashamed of the sacrifice. They conceal nothing in their official reports. Regiments that went into the fight a thousand strong glory in having left half their number 'dead on the field of honour!' Such competition for posts of danger was never before seen; and the last words of many a dying soldier of the South, whispered in his com-

rade's ear, are, 'I die for my country, and I die contented. Bury me on the field, boys!' Heroes like these never die in vain; and we all feel that the cause is worthy of the martyrs, and the martyrs worthy of the cause. Never were a people so loyal to their country, and yet our enemies denounce us as traitors!

*North.* Another glorious victory—most glorious of all! New Orleans, the great commercial capital of the South, the proud and boastful 'Crescent City,' with her 150,000 inhabitants, is ours; and the Stars and Stripes again float triumphantly from the flagstaff of the Custom-house. We have now the control of the Mississippi from its source to its mouth—with the exception of Vicksburg, a nut easily cracked—and, with the reduction of Richmond and Charleston, soon to be achieved, this great and wicked rebellion will be ended. Before the coming anniversary of the ever-glorious Fourth of July—never so glorious as we shall make it in this eventful year of 1862, by the commemoration of a series of brilliant Union victories—the South will succumb, and Jeff. Davis will be on his knees at the White House, begging for mercy. We mean to give him justice instead. With the rebellion 'crushed out,' we shall then take Canada and Cuba, which will about indemnify us for the costs of the war. If these acquisitions are not sufficient, we will have a slice of Mexico, on which our cunning Minister, Corwin, has already negotiated a mortgage. The fact is, we are a great people; and ours is a great and growing country. What is there on the face of the earth to compare with the Mississippi River, the Alleghany Mountains, Niagara Falls, the Mammoth Cave, the enterprise of the New York press, or the Grand Army of the Potomac, with the Young Napoleon at its head! Hip, hip, hurrah, for Old Abe, General M'Clellan, and the American eagle!

*South.* The North is hilarious over the fall of New Orleans, a bloodless and a bootless victory. The city might have been saved,



but it was not; and we leave the investigation to the Court already summoned at Richmond for the trial of General Lovell. In a military point of view the loss of the city is a gain to the Southern army, while the tyrannical and infamous conduct of the Federal General Butler has added a hundred thousand volunteers to our ranks, besides exciting the indignant sympathy of all Europe in behalf of the insulted and outraged ladies of New Orleans, who are treated as 'women of the town plying their vocation,' simply because they could not entirely disguise the honest hatred they felt for the invaders! Did these Yankee hordes who have waded two thousand miles through the blood of our citizens expect to be received with smiles of welcome by the widows and orphans of their victims—by the mothers and wives whose gallant sons and husbands they had slain? Rather let us 'welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves.'

We pity New Orleans; the heel of the oppressor is on her neck; but the day of vengeance and of redemption draws near. The Confederate army now consists of 500,000 men, 'whose bosoms are one.' Never were a people so united, so determined, so confident in the justice and the ultimate triumph of their cause. The loss of New Orleans, Nashville, and Memphis neither discourages nor weakens us; on the contrary, it liberates an army more needed elsewhere, while it occupies 50,000 Federals in 'garrison duty.' A few more such victories will ruin our adversaries.

*North.* A great battle near Richmond, with heavy loss on both sides, followed by a masterly 'strategic movement' by M'Clellan, who has retired to a more safe and healthy position on the banks of the James River, under the protection of the gun-boats. Richmond is not quite taken, although it is nearer being taken than it was, in point of time, before our army retired thirty miles back! This is good enough logic for the masses, and will serve to keep their spirits

up and bring out the 300,000 fresh volunteers which the President thinks are now wanted to finish what he calls 'the big job.' The fact is, we have again been deceived by the lying newspapers, and while counting on an easy victory, we have been outnumbered two to one, and out-generalled by still greater odds. This seven days' fight has been fearful, and M'Clellan's army is reduced since landing on the Peninsula from 110,000 men to 55,000. Probably full one half of the loss is caused by the fevers of the marshes. But the public must not know the extent of the mortality, as drumming for recruits already is like calling 'spirits from the vasty deep.' The question is, Will they come? The Northern cities have been well skimmed of their scum; we must try and see what 'bounties' will do; appeal to the poor man's pocket, if we cannot fetch him by 'patriotism.' But then, if we offer a premium of a hundred dollars to each recruit, the aggregate cost of enlistment, without equipment, of 300,000 men is 30,000,000 of dollars more to be added to the war debt. However, this is but a trifle in comparison with the grand total; and Mr. Secretary Chase's steam paper-mill is running night and day. We have already contracted the magnificent debt of 1,600,000,000 of dollars since the beginning of the war, about eighteen months ago, and we can afford to owe it. Why should England have a larger debt than the United States? Are we not a greater country than England, and have we not always been told that the debt of Great Britain has consolidated and conserved the Government of Great Britain? The American people do not mean to be outdone in anything, neither in the magnitude of their territory, their army, nor their indebtedness. They like to look at 'big figures,' and if they 'burst up' or repudiate their liabilities, they will do it on the grandest scale the world has ever witnessed. Is it not considered more respectable in Wall-street to fail for a million dollars than a

thousand? It is an old proverb that 'one might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.' But this is a digression. We need not begin to bother our heads about payment yet. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof; and this discomfiture of M'Clellan is the most disastrous event that has occurred during the war. Our poor President is in a state of sad tribulation, and flies for counsel and consolation to the veteran General on the Hudson, and to the verdant General on the James. 'More men' is the universal demand, and bounties are piled on bounties. Congress offers a premium, the States offer premiums, and the cities offer premiums—a triple bribe for men to volunteer for the salvation of the Union already destroyed, the saving of a vessel already broken! Such is really the melancholy state of the case, but the masses must not know it. We begin to be conscious of fatal mistakes, but it will never do to confess our errors. The King can do no wrong. The people must believe in the infallibility of the Government. The moment they begin to think and to criticize the management of affairs at Washington, there is no predicting what may happen. Already there are divisions in the North, and symptoms of reaction by no means agreeable to the official champions of the war. The democratic party is reorganizing for the local elections, and the issue they mean to make will place the Lincoln Administration on the defensive. The origin and conduct of the war will be discussed by every stump orator of the North, and the complaints of the democracy will be loud and deep; and more than all, the Abolitionists are splitting the North as they have split the Union. The President, in his pathetic appeal to the Border States, complains that 'they are crowding him,' and begs that the pressure may be relieved by emancipation of the slaves at a liberal compensation; to which the Border States representatives in Congress reply by the following stubborn facts. According to the census of 1860:—

Kentucky had . . .	225,490 slaves.
Maryland . . .	87,188 "
Virginia . . .	490,887 "
Delaware . . .	11,798 "
Missouri . . .	14,965 "
Tennessee . . .	275,784 "

Making in the whole 1,106,112 "  
 At the usual rate of valuation  
 these would amount to \$358,833,600  
 Add for deportation and co-  
 lonization \$100 each . 119,244,533

And we have the enormous  
 sum of . . . . \$478,078,133

But should Congress, in accordance with the President's suggestion, appropriate 500,000,000 of dollars to purchase the slaves in the above named States, and send them all off to 'somewhere' in South America, as Mr. Lincoln proposes, it does not follow that we should be able to prevent the Border States from joining the Southern Confederacy, to which already they more than half belong; while the balance is only kept in the Union by the force of Federal bayonets. Besides, the North would never consent to be taxed for such an object. Even the most zealous of the Abolitionists have never shown the disposition to make any very great pecuniary sacrifices for the sake of their 'coloured brethren.' On the contrary, they have made merchandize of their 'philanthropy,' and used the negro hobby to ride into political power and notoriety. Difficulties increase as we progress, or rather as we retreat, and everybody feels that there are breakers ahead; while the pilot, who seems to be a little shaky, is evidently 'perplexed in the extreme.'

*South.* A solemn joy, too deep for utterance, pulses throughout the entire Confederacy, as the electric news flashes from city to city. Men's eyes moisten with emotion as they silently grasp each other's hands, while all hearts swell with feelings of devout thankfulness for the great victory we have won. Women cry for joy, rather than grief, whose dear ones lie cold upon the field of death, waiting an indiscriminate burial, heroes with-

out tombs, and only their country for their monument. President Davis's eloquent 'Proclamation' gives fittest expression to the gratitude beaming from every eye, and quivering on every lip. Brief, earnest, patriotic, and devout, the *London Times* has said well, that it is a manifesto of which no writer of the English language need feel ashamed:—

SOLDIERS,—I congratulate you on the series of brilliant victories which under favour of Divine Providence you have lately won; and as the President of the Confederate States I do hereby tender you the thanks of the country whose just cause you have so skilfully and heroically saved. Ten days ago an invading army, vastly superior to you in numbers and materials of war, closely beleaguered your capital, and vauntingly proclaimed its speedy conquest. You marched to attack the enemy in his entrenchments. With well-directed movements and death-daring valour you charged upon him in his strong position, drove him from field to field over a distance of more than thirty-five miles, and, spite of his reinforcements, compelled him to seek shelter under cover of his gun-boats, where he now lies, cowering before the army he so lately derided and threatened with entire subjugation. The fortitude with which you have borne the trials and privations, the gallantry with which you have entered into each successive battle, must have been witnessed to be fully appreciated; but a grateful people will not fail to recognise your deeds and bear you in loved remembrance. Well may it be said of you that you have done enough for glory; but duty to a suffering country and to the cause of constitutional liberty claims from you yet further efforts. Let it be your pride to relax in nothing which can promote your own future efficiency; your own great object being to drive the invaders from your soil, carrying your standard beyond the outward boundaries of the Confederacy, to wring from an unscrupulous foe the recognition which is the birthright of every independent community.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The aggregate loss of life in this memorable week of victories will probably never be accurately known until the final resurrection, when that awful 'aceldama' shall give up its dead; but we believe 35,000 Federals and 20,000 Confederates is an estimate as near the truth as

the future historian of the war will ever be able to come. Enough of slaughter, one would think, to glut the vengeance of the combatants, and sicken the heart of the world. But even the most painful uncertainty in regard to the number and the names of the dead, cannot repress the joyous demonstrations of our jubilant people. The bonfires and illuminations of Richmond, now no longer menaced by hordes of invaders, gleam triumphantly upon the broken lines of the flying foe far away beyond the banks of the Chickahominy. The material 'spoils' of the victory are immense, but these we do not stop to calculate. The moral effect of M'Clellan's defeat will hasten the recognition of the Confederacy, and thus virtually end the war. Our people are more than ever united, and therefore more than ever unconquerable. We have great wrongs to avenge; but let us remember mercy, and not vengeance, in the day of our triumph. The inhuman outrages of such brutes as Butler, and such fiends as Turchin, have excited the protectors and defenders of our wives and daughters to a fearful pitch of exasperation; and the honest wrath of a gallant people will not easily be restrained. But the day of legal as well as righteous retribution is coming, and we have a Government that will not wait for the mob to administer justice. Be assured we shall make no peace with our enemies so long as that vilest of villains, who 'shuts his eyes for two hours,' while his beastly ruffians riot in rape and rapine, remains unhung. The cries of the innocent school-girls of Athens will bring to our aid the intervention of heaven. There are crimes which God alone has power to punish; and there are devils incarnate for whom nothing less than the burning torments of an eternal hell can satisfy the divine idea of justice.

*North.* A feeling of despondency and uneasiness is spreading among the masses. For the first time since 1776, the celebration of the Fourth of July dragged. There



seemed to be no elasticity in the crowds, no heartiness in the 'salutes,' no ring in the huzzas, no soul in the fireworks, and no life in the sky-rockets. Everything fell flat, amid the general gloom cast over the North by M'Clellan's defeat—M'Clellan, of whom everything was promised, and everything expected. What resemblance his admirers can now discover between the 'Young Napoleon' and the Great Napoleon, we really cannot conceive, except that both have had their 'Waterloo,'—with this difference: the one found it in his first battle, the other in his last.

The Orleans Princes have suddenly left us, and returned to Europe; so much the better for them and for our cause. Pleasant and brave young fellows enough; but the presence of royalty, petted and promoted, has only excited feelings of jealousy in our democratic ranks; and the Emperor of the French is not likely to regard us with more friendly eyes while 'the seed of Banquo' is flourishing in our midst. 'A pleasant trip home,' shout the disrespectful Democracy, 'to Mr. Paris and Mr. Chartres!' The South is terribly indignant against the Princes, insisting that they had no business here, except as lookers-on, like other military gentlemen from various parts of Europe, who are practically studying 'the art of war' on both sides, for the same reason that we sent officers to the Crimea. Certain it is, they have done us no good, and made themselves hosts of Confederate and other enemies. It is supposed, however, they had an ulterior object in view in volunteering to 'flesh their maiden swords' in the cause of the Union; and that assurances were held out to them of both pecuniary and military aid in the day when the House of Orleans shall strike to recover the throne of France! But there is too much Napoleonism lingering among our people to permit the Government ever to take side with the Princes against the 'usurper.'

The following hint from the *New York Times* may prove an eye-opener to the Emperor:—

The complications growing out of the attempts of European Powers to interfere in the affairs of this continent are looming up in tremendous proportions. Napoleon III. now stands in the foreground, but in the background other potentates are plainly visible. The Orleans Princes, too, are just entering upon the scene, and their sudden departure from the army of the Potomac for Europe may, we believe, be fully accounted for. As Napoleon advances in his Mexican schemes, Bonaparte stock falls and *Orleans stock rises*. If England dreads Louis Napoleon more than she does a reconstructed and powerful American Union, we may yet see England and the United States indirectly co-operating with the Orleans party to overthrow the French Emperor, and the logical consequence of this must be to render both England and France the friends of the North, and disposed to sustain the unity of the Republic.

Absurd as these threatenings sound, they may be taken as indications of the future programme of the North.

*South.* A great change has come over the spirit of the North. The smoke of the late battles hangs heavily over them like a gloomy cloud; while the most rabid and warlike of their journals and speakers begin to utter notes of hopeless despondency, giving 'signs of woe that all is lost.' The *New York Times*, the organ of Mr. Seward, thus expresses the prevailing feeling of the Government and the people:—

In spite of all well-meant endeavours to conceal the fact, a profound gloom has settled upon the public mind in regard to the conduct and prospects of the pending war. The great mass of the people are discouraged and disheartened. . . . They have poured out their treasure and their blood like water; and they do not see the fruits they were promised for such sacrifices. They have given their confidence without stint to the men who wielded the weapons they had placed in their hands,—and they do not find that confidence justified by success. They have waited patiently week after week, month after month, through the slow revolving seasons of a whole year, for victories, brilliant and decisive, promised them from day to day; and though every home mourns its dead, and every heart grieves for friends who will return no more for ever, the victories are yet delayed, and seem, indeed, further off than when the war began.

President Lincoln, on visiting M'Clellan's lines ten days after the retreat from Richmond, finds 70,000 men missing! He is consoled, however, by the assurance that 'probably not more than half of this number are among the killed and wounded;' the rest 'may possibly turn up *somewhere*!' Thousands of the better class of men in the North, whose latent sympathies with the South have been repressed by Federal force, and the fear of Federal prisons, are beginning to make themselves heard and felt. From the commencement of the war they have been in favour of peaceable separation as the only possible solution of the difficulty; and the recent triumph of our arms gives force to their early predictions of the ultimate triumph of our cause. The North has never been an 'unit' in this unholy war; and the recent Confiscation and Emancipation Acts of the Federal Congress have only widened their divisions and weakened their armies. The barbarous attempt to enlist the slaves to fight against their masters has disgusted the better portion of the Northern army; and even the employment of 'contrabands' as menials in the service is offensive to the lowest privates in the ranks. Upon this point, we have conclusive proof in the following extract from a letter in the *National Intelligencer*, written by an officer in M'Clellan's army:—

The question as to the social position of the negroes being equal to ours is nonsense, and the effort to elevate them into soldiers by our side tends to disgust the troops, and the moment we have negro troops to use in the field good-bye to a white army, and good-bye to the institutions we are fighting for. *Our people will not work by the side of the negro.* Even when the two races are united as teamsters in the same train, the white man revolts. He gets sick of the negro and of the authority which puts him by the side of his inferior, and he gives up.

The Emancipation Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln excites more laughter than alarm among us. A strange fallacy these Northern Abolitionists have that our slaves are our enemies,

who wish to be free, even at the cost of cutting our throats! On the contrary, they are our very best friends, and have proved their attachment in the day of need by taking unusual care of the crops, and of our defenceless women and children. Instead of a disposition to harm us, they are willing to lay down their lives in our service; and such as can be spared from the work of the plantation beg permission to go and help us 'drive off the Yankees,' whom they regard as detestable crows in their corn field. A proclamation from Washington declaring the slaves to be free, would have no more effect than a similar proclamation from Queen Victoria. The North, and Europe too, will get new and truer views of the 'peculiar institution' by the effects of the war upon the relations existing between the slaves and their masters. Our four millions of African servants have been our only friends during this unequal contest. They have not only worked with extraordinary energy in cultivating the land, but have been our faithful allies on the field of battle; and, better still, they spurn the hollow bribe of 'freedom' by which our heartless enemies have endeavoured to incite them to rise and massacre their masters! The South will never forget the fidelity of her coloured children; and in sickness and age she will nurse them all the more tenderly and gratefully for their increased devotion to our persons and to our interests in the day of trial and of temptation.

*North.* We have been deceived. There is absolute unity, but no *Unionism*, in the South. Had we known this fact eighteen months ago, there would have been no war. Either we should have conciliated the South by conceding to their demand of 'equal rights in the territories,' or we should have let the seceding States go without a blow. It is a bad business. We have made irreconcilable enemies of our neighbours; and thereby lost our best customers. What will our manufacturers do for cotton; and where will they find a market for

their manufactured goods? And then this mountain of debt will hang like a millstone upon the neck of the North for generations to come, unless we cut loose by repudiation, and let the loss fall on the holders of Government *insecurities*. As a large portion of this 'inconvertible paper' is in the hands of conscienceless 'contractors,' the people will be less scrupulous in adopting this summary mode of 'liquidation.' Besides, our Western farmers never can and never will pay their *quota* of the war debt. Already the approaching visit of the tax-collector is dreaded like a plague; and the Democratic party is beginning to mutter angrily against the 'Republicans' who caused the war, and who alone ought to pay for the war. Paper money has fallen twenty per cent. below the specie standard; and is likely to become as worthless as the old 'Continental currency' that ultimately went in the 'rag-bag' back to the paper-mills. What shall we do? Who will advise us how to get honourably out of the difficulty? It is time for the Government, as well as for the army, to begin to think of a 'strategic retreat!' Perhaps the European Powers will lend us the aid of their good counsel; and, by remonstrating against the universal evil of the war, induce us to accept an armistice that may lead to peace. But the masses are not yet prepared to listen to the voice of reason. Possibly the enforcement of a Conscription Act may bring them to terms. In the meantime troubles thicken all around the horizon. Vicksburg remains invincible; while another 'surprise,' in the shape of the ram *Arkansas*, dashes out of the Yazoo river, making sad havoc with the bombarding fleet, pouring hot shot and scalding water into our gun-boats, while her own iron cuticle remains as impervious to our heavy broadsides as the hide of a rhinoceros to a shower of hailstones. And then one Morgan has risen in the West, whose ravages are not exaggerated in the following description from the *New York World*:—

He crosses two States, and enters a third. He captures Harrodsburg, Lawrenceburg, Versailles, and Henderson, Kentucky; rips up the track and burns Elkhorn Bridge, of the Louisville and Lexington Railroad; burns another bridge on the Kentucky Central, thus severing the communication of Lexington with the North and West; blockades the Ohio river; impresses hundreds of horses, and enlists riders for them all; and halts to get breath in the town of Newburg, Indiana.

He indulges his 'lines of communication,' or his 'lines of retreat,' or his 'base of supplies,' with not the syllable of 'an order,' nor the glance of an eye. He pushes ahead. What he can do he does; what he can't do he don't do. What he can take along with him he does take along with him; what he must leave behind he does leave behind. He tells one citizen that he comes to raise recruits and steal horses, not to fight. He replies to another: 'Well, we're here to ride around the country, and play h—ll generally.' He tells the good people of Henderson, on the Ohio, that 'he has come to protect the citizens against insults and ruling despotism.' He tells the floating population of the river that he don't intend to interfere with any except Government boats; navigation may go on until further orders. This is John Morgan. These are his doings. They are marvellous in our eyes.

And still our recruiting goes slowly, notwithstanding the large 'bounties,' public and private, and all the patriotic eloquence of Irish and German 'Colonels' seeking to fill up their regiments or to raise new ones. But, alas! thousands of maimed and wounded soldiers daily arriving from the scenes of defeat and disaster counteract by their wretchedness 'the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely.' During the first thirty days after the call for 300,000 more volunteers, only some 10,000 names were enrolled, and many of these are said to be 'bogus' It is a question of very simple but most discouraging arithmetic to calculate how long it will take, at this rate, to raise the number called for—*two years and six months* at least—as the men will come faster during the first month than the last. Drafting therefore is inevitable, and to avoid this harsh and always



unpopular alternative, we begin to hear that men are flying into Canada, and thousands of 'unnaturalized citizens' are seeking exemption from military duty through the protection of their national flags. While our army is wasting away by sickness and casualties at the rate of over four thousand a week, the prospect of subjugating the South not only appears distant and dubious, but absolutely impossible, and this, we believe, is now the 'private opinion' of the majority of the Cabinet at Washington.

*South.* The North is losing heart, while the South is gaining hope. Our enemies lack inspiration. There is nothing worth fighting for in the abstract idea of 'Union;' and surely the North has no grievance, no cause of complaint. We do not molest them, nor intend to invade their territory, unless it be to hasten peace by compelling an acknowledgment of our independence, the right to govern ourselves—that 'inalienable right,' as the original 'declaration of independence' runs, 'to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' of which we will not be defrauded by king or congress. Separate from the North, we are a homogeneous people, with no opposing interests, contented with our country and our constitution, with our government and with ourselves. When recognised as an independent Power, we propose to sit quietly 'under our own vine and fig-tree,' and enjoy the fruits of our labours, while through the beneficent operations of absolute Free-trade we shall exchange the rich products of our soil for the comforts and luxuries of the world—the natural surplus of other climes and countries. The first nation to 'recognise' us will be first in our hearts and foremost in our commerce; and during the first year of peace the trade of the South, whose markets are so bare, and whose people are so destitute of the common necessities of civilized life, will amount to not less than 400,000,000 of dollars! What animation this will give to the idle wheels of industry throughout the

world! England, France, Germany, and Switzerland are starving for our cotton, which we are consigning to the flames to save it from our enemies, in whose hands it would be converted into instruments of death to be used for our destruction. If Europe deplores this waste of war, it is no fault of ours. The South destroys its own property for the same reason that guns are spiked when about to fall into the hands of the enemy. If Europe is suffering from a cotton famine, let Europe take steps to end it. Let the Great Powers jointly REMONSTRATE against the coercive, tyrannical policy of the North; let the remonstrance be followed by recognition of the South, and the recognition by the opening of our ports, and peace is at once established. France and Russia, we are assured, are ready for the move, but England holds back from fear of incurring a demonstration of Northern wrath against her Canadian colony. Then let her avoid the difficulty by cutting loose from Canada, which is only a political bother and bill of expense to the 'mother country.' Let the British North American colonies confederate, and separate from the Imperial Government. We cannot understand why England wishes to protect a colony which only repays the favour by a protective tariff on English manufactures. But this is none of our business. The recognition of the South by Great Britain, or any other Power, would not only be no cause of war, but no violation of the doctrine of neutrality. Upon this point we find our own views explicitly stated in a pamphlet recently published in London, entitled *The Flag of Truce*, and dedicated to the Emperor of the French. The writer says:

When the great Republic was split asunder by the throes of Secession, eleven of the sovereign States of the Union, carrying a population of some 12,000,000 out of 30,000,000, with a territory of 800,000 square miles, and larger than all Western Europe, formed a new Union, under an improved Constitution, which they called 'The Confederate States of

America.' Under this new Government, a little more conservative, but not less essentially republican than the old Union, the Confederate people of the South have lived and fought, and bled and died, for eighteen months, in defence of their independence, acknowledging allegiance to no other Power, and recognising the existence of no other laws for the regulation of society, the administration of justice, and the general management of civil and military affairs. And yet they remain unrecognised by all other nations, except as a belligerent Power, or People. But in recognising the Confederates as belligerents, why not go one step further,—and a logical step it would be,—and recognise them as an organic political body, a People, a Government *de facto*, if not quite *de jure*? This would only be acting in accordance with England's boasted love of fair play, and without espousing the cause of either party. It would only place the belligerents, externally, and in relation to Foreign Powers, on a footing of just equality. The recognition of a Government involves representation and diplomatic relations with foreign countries. But Europe refuses to receive the Ministers of the Confederacy, consequently the South has no official advocate abroad, while the North has its diplomatic plunders and special agents at every Court in Europe. And not only are the ears of Kings and Cabinets open to the representations of the North, but all the ports and markets of the world are open to its commerce; while the forges and manufactories of every land are employed in supplying them with the means and instruments of death. Is this fair play? With all these fearful physical odds in favour of the Northern Government, while all the moral sympathies of the world are in favour of a peaceful separation—the simple act of recognition, instead of being a *casus belli*, would be approved, even in the North, by men of 'wisest censure,' as an act of duty and of justice, and in strict accordance with the precedents of nations. The United States have always been especially prompt to recognise every people 'struggling for liberty,' and not over-scrupulous about waiting for the credentials of a *de facto* government; whether the bearer represents at Washington the result of the last head-and-tail-toss-up in Mexico; some improvised Republic in South America; or, what Mr. Webster called, some 'pea-patch province' in Europe.

All the Great Powers have recognised from time to time the Governments of Brazil, Greece, Belgium, Lombardy, and Italy; and all these countries combined

are of less importance, commercially, to England and France, than the Cotton culture alone of the Southern Confederacy. France, we are assured, is ready for the recognition; but England is not—'letting I dare not wait upon I would.' And wherefore does she hesitate? The answer to this question, which everybody is asking, may be gathered from the debates in Parliament, and the despatches of the Government. But these we propose to look into a little more critically hereafter. In the meantime, England, occupying as she does the very highest position among the nations of the earth, seated on her island throne, with her feet upon the seas, and her crown among the stars—England, whose meridian sun leaves no shadow on her Empire, has a sacred duty to perform in behalf of her own suffering people at home, and in behalf of her more sadly suffering offspring in America.

To the humane instincts and Christian impulses of the nation, rather than to the diplomatic policy of the Government, we look, and hope, and pray for some discreetly proffered, some wisely arranged interposition in behalf of peace. It has been clearly shown in the recent debate in Parliament on Mr. Lindsay's motion for the Recognition of the Southern Confederacy as an independent, *de facto* Government, that the act of recognition is entirely consistent with the position of international neutrality; and numerous instances were cited to show that while England and the United States had always been prompt to recognise new Governments, they had not thereby actively espoused the cause of the new State, nor involved themselves in war with the old. The authority of Sir James Mackintosh, among English Statesmen, is strong and conclusive on this point. He says:—

'I wish to add one striking fact on the subject of recognition. The United States of America accompanied their acknowledgment with a declaration of their determination to adhere to neutrality in the contest between Spain and her colonies. A stronger instance cannot be adduced of the compatibility of recognition and neutrality.'

In 1849, the United States, under the administration of President Taylor, sent an envoy to Hungary with instructions to recognise the revolutionary Government if it maintained its position for only thirty days; and in the famous controversy with Austria which followed, conducted by Chevalier Hulseman and Mr. Webster, the latter declared that 'independent Governments were recognised by the leading countries of Europe and by the United



States before they were acknowledged by the State from which they had separated.' And no opinion ever uttered by Mr. Webster was more applauded by the American democracy than this declaration. But we need not quote authorities, nor point to precedents, since Lord Palmerston concedes the whole argument in the following extract from his speech in the House of Commons on the 18th of July last :—

'But then, many people who talk of acknowledgment seem to imply that that acknowledgment, if made, would establish some different relations between this country and the Southern States. But that is not the case. Acknowledgment would not establish a nation unless it were followed by some direct active interference. Neutrality, as was well observed by the right hon. gentleman opposite, is perfectly compatible with acknowledgment. You may be neutral in a war between two countries whose independence you never called in question. Two long established countries go to war; you acknowledge the independence of both, but you are not on that account bound to take part in the contest.'

The question recurs, then, with an urgency that will be heard—why delay the recognition? Again, we can only refer to Ministers and to Parliaments for an answer. We have already adverted to the experiment of a combined offer of mediation on the part of the Great Powers addressed in the spirit of friendship and of neutrality to the contending parties. Should these words of kindness be unheeded, then recognition might follow; and neither the recommendation of an armistice, nor the recognition of the Confederacy would be a cause for complaint or hostility on the part of the North. On the contrary, we are assured by high authorities, by gentlemen of the best intelligence and largest influence in the Northern States, that the conservative and wealthy class of citizens on both sides would hail such an act of friendly interposition with delight.

Recognised or not, we shall continue to struggle on until our independence is achieved; and our liberty will be all the more sweet for the sacrifice it has cost. Our people are knit together like a band of brothers by the sacred ties of sympathy and suffering, and our Confederacy is cemented by the best blood of our citizens. As for our women, God bless them! their self-sacrificing devotion extorts the

following tribute of praise even from their enemies, which we find as a 'note of admiration' in the columns of a New York newspaper:—

It is the impetuous, fervent spirit of the Southern women that has infused into the rebellion its intensest life and fire. Feminine influence has been a tremendous power for the Confederacy. Jeff. Davis, to-day, would rather part with a hundred thousand bayonets than miss the flash of female eyes.

And the flash of those burning eyes has lighted and cheered many a brave soldier on his way to 'dusty death.' The North has no such jewels to defend; the women of the North are not in danger. No wonder our enemies lack inspiration for the contest. 'A sinful heart makes feeble hand.' A war for conquest is essentially wicked; the lust of power is an unholy passion. We pity the dying soldier on the battle-field who wants the consoling thought of dying in a just and righteous cause. He obeys the 'order' of his general, which is loyalty to his country; while we, in defending all that is dear to us, obey the highest impulse of humanity, which is loyalty to God. The North, like the tyrant Gessler, raises the symbol of 'Union,' and bids us bow down to its authority; the South, like the liberty-loving Tell, will sacrifice the life-blood of her best loved son rather than submit to such ignominy of despotism.

*North.* There is serious political trouble brewing in the West. The reviving democratic party have spoken through the Democratic State Convention of Iowa, strongly denouncing the Tax and Tariff Bills; the latter as highly injurious to the interests of the West; and the former as discriminating against the poor, and in favour of the rich. What will they say when the tax-gatherer stands at the door, demanding of the owner of every log-hut in the wilderness *his money or his homestead*? for if the ready-money is not forthcoming, the sheriff's sale must follow the tax-collector's call! Ah! there's the



rub; and this is what we fear will cause a revolution, or at least 'repudiation' of the War debt, in the North; when the West will go with the South; New England, perhaps, with Canada; and California will assume an independent position as the Great Republic of the Pacific. To prevent the breaking up of our Star Republic into half a dozen insignificant asteroids is really what we are fighting for; but, it must be confessed, with daily diminishing hope of success. Well, if this is our 'manifest destiny,' the sooner we make up our minds to it the better. There is truth in the denunciation of Scripture against the fool who goeth into a warfare before counting the cost. The Democratic party are making the most of M'Clellan's defeat to render the war unpopular. The cry they are now raising for 'the Union as it was,' is but the rallying cry for peace and separation; and they quote with great force the words of their idol Jefferson, who, on the occasion of the cession of Louisiana, speaking in his capacity as President of the United States, concedes the whole right of secession in the following paragraph:—

I see no objection to the apprehended severance of our confederation into two or more separate Republics, since I consider the earlier, and the more recently planted States, in the light only of elder and younger brethren, who need remain no longer united than may suit their interest and their happiness.

And worst of all, the Southern sympathizers among us are throwing in President Lincoln's face the following 'revolutionary doctrine,' taken from a speech delivered by him as member of the Federal House of Representatives from the State of Illinois on the 12th of January, 1848, and which they call *good Secession seed*:—

Any people, any where, being inclined, and having the power, have a right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is

this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, intermingled with or near about them, who may oppose their movement. It is a quality of revolution not to go by old lines or old laws, but to break up both and to make new ones.

Indeed, the South seem to have the best of the argument, as well as of the fight, with the highest political 'authorities' on their side; and we are beginning to see that the course of the North has been a series of blunders, from the election of Lincoln down to the late 'run' from Richmond. We made a great mistake in calculating on the Unionism of the South; on the disposition of the slaves to rise against their masters; on the anti-Slavery sentiment of England; on the inability of the rebels to raise an army; and on the 'moral sympathies' of the whole world. Last of all, we have mistaken the temper of our own people, in supposing that they would promptly and patriotically respond to the President's call for 300,000 more men, to come forward for the 'speedy crushing out of the rebellion.' At the recent mass meeting in New York, got up by well-known Irish military orators for the purpose of exciting enthusiasm for volunteering, the women turned out *en masse*, to prevent their husbands and friends from being carried away by the eloquence of the speakers. The appalling fact that the 69th New York regiment (exclusively Irish), which left that city a year ago, 1500 strong, has only 240 survivors, proved a powerful detriment to enlistment, and the meeting was literally a 'dead failure.' When our wives and mothers say to the recruiting officers, with most significant gesticulation, 'You shall not take from us our husbands and our sons, unless you cut them from our arms!' there is little prospect of filling up the ragged regiments of the Northern army. And when

men, 'liable to do military duty,' stand out waiting for 'bids' before enlisting, there certainly cannot be much enthusiasm for the cause. In certain towns in Massachusetts these reluctant or speculating 'patriots' have received sums as high as 1000 dollars for 'volunteering' to fight against the South!

Conscription is the only alternative; and we learn that by the application of this method of raising men, the Confederates got together 60,000 recruits from the States of Georgia and Tennessee during the first ten days after our Richmond disasters. But we fear that our *impressed* soldiers will not fight as bravely when drawn out as *invaders*, as our enemies do who are summoned to take the field as *defenders*; and this is the distinction, with a tremendous difference, between the Union and the Rebel armies. Many of our men who *volunteered* to go after the Seceding South, could not help sometimes asking themselves, in the lull of the battle, what harm the South had done them, to incur the terrible punishment of death and devastation; and men who are *forced* to go against their will to butcher their Southern brethren, will be likely to question the justice of the cause still more severely.

If the call for conscripts should be answered by a general revolt, the wheels of the war are blocked; and we can go no further. It is whispered that the Government foresees this result, and regards it as the shortest way out of the difficulty. If the people won't fight, the President cannot compel them. Forced soldiers would be apt to *shoot high*, and only waste ammunition. The Northern bayonets are beginning to *think*; and the more they reflect, the less inclined will they be to go forward in this horrible carnage. The Government at Washington is growing uneasy; and it is whispered that more than one member of the Cabinet is not only anxious to leave his seat, but to quit the country. Certain persons, known as 'sporting politicians,' are offering to bet odds that the Lincoln Adminis-

tration will not winter in Washington! There is on all sides a 'fearful looking for of judgments to come;' and we know not what a day may bring forth. Even Beecher's *Independent* newspaper has 'gone over to the enemy,' denouncing the war and all its conductors, from the Commander-in-Chief to the captains of squads. What are we coming to!

*South.* News from Europe! Messrs. Mason and Slidell have demanded, respectively, of the Governments of England and France the immediate recognition of the Confederacy. They ask no intervention, no aid; nothing but the simple act of recognition to which we are entitled by the custom and courtesy of nations. They demand it merely as a right; and surely it is one that can no longer be questioned, nor much longer be refused. While we have been fighting for our liberty, our enemies have recognised the independence of Hayti; and they have never been slow to recognise a people, black or white, claiming even the shadow of a Government. We believe the answer to the demand of our Commissioners is 'under consideration.' There is no excuse for delay, since even our enemies, by a formal exchange of prisoners, have given us a *quasi*-recognition; and the acknowledgment of the Confederate Government on the part of the European Powers would in no wise change the relative positions of the belligerents; while the effect could only be favourable in putting an end to this accursed war, of which both parties have had more than enough. England and France are suffering for the want of our trade; and self-interest must prompt them to take steps that will lead to peace. The exports from England to the United States during the past year have fallen off about 75,000,000 of dollars. But once our ports are open, and free-trade proclaimed with all the world (except our enemies), and we will make up the balance to England within a twelve-month. According to the estimate of Lieutenant Maury, it takes 20,000 ships and 200,000 men to

transport the annual surplus of Southern products. The crops of a single year, springing from our inexhaustible soil, will pay for more than a year's imports; while our war debt is a private affair of our own, which will trouble nobody. The Confederate scrip is payable in six months after the signing of a treaty of peace with the United States; or convertible into twenty year bonds, bearing interest at eight per cent. per annum. And there will be no better negotiable 'securities' offered in any market of the world. The soil of the South is a mine of exhaustless riches; while our Government is an *elastic conservatism*, free from all the practical defects of the Republic from which we separated. Even our enemies universally admit the manifold improvements of our Constitution. The North is sadly embarrassed with its troublesome element of Free-Negroism. The number of free negroes in the North has increased in the last seventy years from 60,000 to 500,000; and they are everywhere regarded as a *nuisance*, degrading white labour, and contributing largely to the number of convicts and paupers. Many of the Free States have taken steps to get rid of them. In the Slave States the negro is never a pauper, and rarely a criminal. Being always provided for, he has little temptation to steal. Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, who has made his fortune out of Southern Cotton, is now recruiting a black brigade to cut the throats of his benefactors! He will find that he has in his hands a two-edged sword that will cut both ways. That brigade of vagabond niggers, if Lincoln should be mad enough to

accept them, will be the signal of 'no quarter' on the part of the South. Our slaves even will meet them with the 'black flag' flying.

When the war-cloud rolls away, and the sun of peace again smiles on our blood-stained fields—when the sickle and the scythe, in place of the sword and the bayonet, shall reap for us harvests of life instead of death, we shall spring at once to a career of happiness and prosperity without a parallel in the history of the world. Our nonage is already passed. Like a new-born, full-armed Minerva, the Southern Confederacy begins her independent existence in all the plenitude of wisdom and of power; and as the mother loves her babe the more for the anguish it has cost her—'the day of woe, the anxious night'—so shall we cherish a more profound and patriotic devotion to our country for all those 'pangs and fears which wars and women have,' through which our national being has been won.

Midnight is past; the dawn is breaking. Alas! for the sleepers who wake not! Already the warm bosom of the 'sunny South' begins to thrill to the Memnonian music of the morning, and exult in the glories of the coming day. Let the *Te Deum Laudamus* be our first matin hymn; while all the nations of the earth rejoice to swell the glad and grateful anthem—as it was in the beginning—PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO MAN.

*North.* The night thickens; the storm increases; and our poor ship rolls heavily in the trough of the sea. The passengers are praying in the cabin, and the Pilot is trembling in the wheel-house. God of mercy, send us deliverance!



## THE POST-OFFICE.

THE history of no other single institution would throw so much light on the progress of improvement throughout the world, as that of postal establishments, in their two great branches: the one which gives facility for travelling, and the other—in modern times far more important—which is charged with the transmission of correspondence, public and private. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that the amount of its correspondence will measure with some approach towards accuracy the height which a people has reached in true civilization. As when, for instance, we find that the town of Manchester equals in its number of letters the empire of all the Russias, both in Europe and in Asia, we obtain a means of estimating the relative degrees of British and Russian civilization, which will, it is true, require to be corrected by the application of other criteria, but which, nevertheless, will of itself supply us with a standard not far wide of the truth. On a little reflection this view, startling as it may appear at first sight, will cease to create surprise. For if we examine the constituents of genuine civilization, each will, I believe, be found to act its part in the augmentation of correspondence. And first, as to commerce. It will not be doubted that as commerce expands, letters receive a proportionate increase. So again, every advance in the diffusion of knowledge—whether by directly promoting education in all classes of the community, or by placing books and newspapers within the reach even of the poor—must be followed by a similar consequence. The progress of society tends to the dispersion of families, by freeing individuals from the many restraints which in the days of our forefathers made man, according to Adam Smith, the most difficult of all commodities to remove from its place of growth; while on the other hand, genuine civilization knits together more and more closely the ties of family and of friend-

ship, and thus greatly strengthens the desire for intercommunication among the separated.

When from the various causes which go to stimulate this desire, postal correspondence attains an amount which makes the Post-office a department of primary importance in a State, the attention of the public is gradually drawn to the necessity of so conducting postal affairs as to enhance and multiply all possible facilities for the interchange of letters, — first, by cheapening postage; next, by frequent dispatches, by celerity of transit and promptitude of delivery; and again, by the employment of every practicable safeguard which may ensure security. Thus if the post-office, while under all the imperfections incident to the early state of every institution, has by the operation of external causes had letters thrust upon it until it has been raised into importance in the State, it then begins, by reason of the improvements which I have indicated, most powerfully to assist from within towards the further development of correspondence. And when the course of improvement has carried it to a high pitch of excellence, offering in addition prospects of future advancement, it will itself be regarded as a monument of civilization, of which the country erecting it may be justly proud. Then again, extreme facilities for correspondence bring forth whole classes of letters which otherwise would never have come into existence. The experience of my readers will suggest to them how societies for religious, literary, scientific, or philanthropic purposes have been founded of late years which the rate of postage formerly exacted would have rendered it impossible to organize, and how the correspondence thus created swells their letter-bags. And yet this is but a small class of letters as compared with many others which might be enumerated, the contributors to it being pretty much limited to the higher and middle orders of society. It is

when we consider the operation of a good postal system on the affairs of the poor, that we shall find it most potent in stimulating correspondence, since in descending, the social pyramid so rapidly enlarges, that whatever increases the letters of the poor must have an effect far beyond any which it is reasonable to attach to causes operating exclusively on those of the rich. Not until the epoch of penny postage, however, had we in any practical sense a post-office for the poor. The minutes of evidence of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Postage, appointed in the session of 1837-8, are replete with proofs of this allegation. In one case a poor man remained unaware of the death of his relative for six or eight months, because neither family had been able to afford the cost of postage. Mr. Emery, Deputy-Lieutenant for Somersetshire, adduced instances in abundance which proved both the desire and the inability of the poor to correspond.

A person [said he] in my parish had a letter from a grand-daughter in London, which she could not take up for want of means. She was a pauper receiving her allowance of half-a-crown a week. The post-office keeper, at her request, retained the letter for a time, in hopes of her being able to squeeze out the postage from her pittance, a task the woman found impossible. At last a lady gave her a shilling. But by this time the letter had been returned to London. She never had it! That led me [said Mr. Emery] to inquire further, and by going to the different offices in the neighbourhood (I went to almost every one of them within a circle of fourteen, fifteen, or twenty miles), I made inquiry into the effect of dear postage on the poor. The postmaster at Banwell said, 'My father kept the post-office for many years. He is lately dead. He used to trust poor people very often with letters. They generally could not pay the whole charge. He told me, indeed I know, he lost many pounds by letting poor people have their letters. We sometimes return them to London, although we frequently keep them for weeks, and when we know the parties, let them have their letters, taking the chance of getting our money. One poor woman once offered my sister a silver spoon in pledge till she could raise

the money. My sister did not take the spoon, and the woman came in a day or two with the postage and took up the letter. It came from her husband, who was in prison for debt; she had six children, and was very badly off.' At Congresbury, the postmaster said, 'The price of a letter is a great tax on poor people. I sent one charged eightpence to a labouring man about a week ago. It came from his daughter. He first refused it, saying it would take a loaf of bread from his other children, but after hesitating a little time he paid the money.' The postmaster of Yatton said, 'I have had a letter waiting lately from the husband of a poor woman, who is at work in Wales. The charge was ninepence. It lay many days in consequence of her not being able to pay the postage. I at last trusted her with it.'

Probably the memory of such of my readers as took part in the business of life prior to the year 1840, will furnish them with instances of this hardship as falling within their own experience. I may mention one which occurred under my own eye. Being then in Parliament, I was asked by an aged woman for a frank to be addressed to her brother, who lived at Reading, the sister residing at Hampstead. She told me she had not seen him for thirty years, and that although they both could write, there had been no correspondence between them for that long period, their silence not arising from alienation or indifference, but simply from neither being able to bear the expense of postage, then amounting, from Reading to London, to sevenpence per letter. The suppression of correspondence produced by the dearness of postage had been a frequent subject of conversation in my family, and I was desirous to avail myself of every opportunity for estimating its extent. In giving her the frank, I therefore informed her that her brother's answer might be sent under cover to me, and if she wished to write again she might apply for another frank. Her letter was promptly answered, and a brisk correspondence between the two old relatives immediately sprang up. Sevenpence, then, constituted a barrier sufficient to preclude all

communication between brother and sister (although living within forty miles of each other) for the space of thirty years!

Postal communication is, therefore, not only a subject of vast importance, but its history would be rich in varied and curious anecdote, and would be suggestive of most interesting inquiries. Why, for instance, has Asia, which would seem, prior to the reach of history, to have established in some of its various and mighty kingdoms a system of relays for carrying dispatches, never developed that system into one for the interchange of private letters?

And this establishment of relays we may trace through sacred and profane writers, ancient and modern, down to our own time. Marco Polo, the celebrated Venetian traveller, writing in the fourteenth century, pronounced a glowing eulogium on the ample provision for change of horses which he found in China at every stage, there being sometimes as many as three hundred stationed at one post. And yet, although the relays continue, they are now, as they ever have been, entirely confined to the transmission of dispatches to and fro among the various ministers of the Government. Of late years it is true that private companies have instituted letter posts. Whether these have survived the recent disturbances I do not know. The accommodation afforded was but limited, and the postage was high; a letter carried a distance of seven hundred miles was charged five shillings and sixpence.

Doubtless the letter-writing and letter-reading public of Asia must, in ancient times, have been very small, as indeed it now is compared with that of Europe. Still paucity of correspondents has for ages been insufficient to account for the fact that in no part of that quarter of the globe has any provision ever been made for the transmission of private letters, except what is of recent date, and clearly the offspring of European settlement. Can any further explanation of the fact be offered

than that it ranges itself under that general law which seems to arrest Asiatic progress whenever it has arrived at a certain point? That point reached, the stream would appear always to freeze; knowledge to become stationary, and improvement impossible. No such law stunts our growth in Europe, and yet an improvement apparently so slight and obvious as the addition of a letter-post to any system of intercommunication which furnished the means of cheap and rapid transmission, was a step never taken by the ancient world, either Greek or Roman. That Athens should have missed it is all but incredible. When the duties and interests of her headship in the naval affairs of Greece had covered the *Ægean* with swift vessels plying among its islands, and perpetually entering and departing from the ports which studded them, as they did the continental shores of Europe and Asia, how could it be that a postal system in some sort analogous to our own should not have sprung up? To be sure an epistle in those days was a somewhat cumbrous article, being written on thin boards spread over with wax, so that the letter, when finished, if it ran to any length, would probably resemble piled slices of bread and butter. But although when even comparatively few, such letters might, in addition to the rider, overburden a horse, yet they could be a matter of no moment in a ship, however small. In Rome, we should have learnt from the letters of Cicero, even if no other sources of information had been open to us, that his countrymen had not the advantage of a post-office; and although Augustus established relays of horses for the conveyance of dispatches and of the officers of Government, which relays were gradually extended from the *Euphrates* to the shores of Gaul opposite to Britain, and although the prohibition of private persons to avail themselves (even upon adequate payment) of this accommodation for travelling was gradually relaxed, yet so far as I have



been able to ascertain, no proof exists that the Roman postal system was ever applied to the transmission of private letters. The probabilities no doubt are, that individuals would avail themselves of such an obvious and desirable mode of transmission whenever opportunities were afforded them; but it would seem that never was provision made by the Government to supply this great want—a want extensively felt, as is evidenced by the large number of Roman letters, copies of which have been preserved to our own times.

My researches, however, have been far too slight and scanty to justify me in the conclusion that, because I myself have found no evidence to connect the postal establishments of the ancient world with the transmission of private letters, leisure, industry, and learning would be thrown away on such an inquiry; and I must confess my astonishment that while a multitude of topics, certainly of less moment, and (if I may judge) of much inferior interest, occupy a host of acute intellects, that of which I am taking a few hasty glimpses has attracted the attention of so small a number of students, and of each, as it would appear, for so short a time. I have not been able to find that even Germany has produced a single work which affects to furnish more than a sketch or outline of postal history.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, we may search the chronicles of Europe for ages without discovering any trace of a postal system, even for dispatches or for the conveyance of travellers. The first indication of a letter post is stated by German authors to have been found in the republic of the Hanse Towns, about the thirteenth century. Shortly afterwards it was adopted, as the same authorities inform us, by the Teutonic Knights, who, like him of the *Canterbury Tales*, made war on the infidel in Lithuania and the adjacent districts eastward. As regards the Hanse Towns, the state-

ment appears to me to bear marks of trustworthiness; and it is not unlikely that a postal system, established in what might be called their neighbourhood, would be imitated by the Knights during their long terms of absence from their homes. The probabilities in favour of the priority claimed for the Hanse Towns seem to me to arise as follows. They were a federation of republics, each planted at a distance from the others; each therefore exposed to dangers which rendered sure and speedy intercommunication almost a necessity of their existence. But the Hanse Towns were also commercial cities, and the demand for an interchange of private letters would be almost equally urgent. Considering, then, that the merchants were the rulers, nothing can be more natural than that they would accommodate themselves and their fellow-traders by making the transmission of letters a prominent feature in their postal arrangements, in addition to the conveyance of travellers and of public dispatches. Nor would they be the last to observe the fiscal advantages derivable from letter-postage, whether it merely diminished the cost of the establishment, or became so large as to yield a balance of profit.

We next trace a line of posts in the Tyrol, laid down in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, who naturally desired to connect Lombardy with his Austrian dominions. The merit of this project is given by historians to the Lombard princes of the house of Thurn and Taxis, as they were designated after their removal to Germany. Under the Emperor Charles V., they established a line from Vienna to Brussels, thus connecting the Empire with its outlying possessions in Flanders. These were both lines of letter posts; and after their institution, the advantages of a post-office, and the method of administering it, could be no secret throughout Europe. Yet until the reign of Henry VIII., I have found nothing to show that England had taken even the preliminary step of an official establishment of post-

horses for travelling and for dispatches. Letters were conveyed by special messengers, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback ; and again by carriers, who, as we learn from Shakspeare, had no relays, the same horse either carrying its pack or drawing its cart from day to day. Correspondence could hardly be expected to flourish when obstructed by so many impediments to safe and quick transmission.

If the historian of the British Post-office, whenever he shall arise, should desire to introduce his narrative by showing the state of things prior to its establishment, he will be embarrassed in his choice of facts by the multitude which will press themselves upon his attention, each clearly illustrating the difficulties our ancestors encountered in the pursuit of such knowledge as was to be sought through correspondence. But I must resist the attractions of the subject, and hurry forwards. How far England was behind some other nations in very important social arrangements, is indicated by the circumstance that long before we had a post for inland letters, the foreign merchants resident here enjoyed a stated interchange of correspondence with the Continent. This undertaking had its origin during the reign of Henry VIII., or perhaps even prior to its commencement. In that of James I., on complaint by the English merchants that the foreign postmaster delayed their letters, the king took the appointment into his own hands.

It might be fairly presumed, even in the absence of direct evidence, that the post-boy who carried dispatches, or accompanied the traveller during a stage of his journey to take back the post horse, would be induced now and then to carry a private letter, and that in the course of years a usage profitable to all parties would grow up, which would engraft a letter post (of a rude kind, perhaps) on a system which the law intended only for dispatches and for travellers. The hypothesis is confirmed

by history, and the practice to which I have referred eventually became so extensive as to attract the attention of the Government. The years 1635 and 1637 witnessed the issue by Charles I. of his famous proclamations, establishing our Post-office on its present foundation, and directing that it should extend to Scotland and Ireland. The merit of this enterprise would seem to belong to Thomas Witherings, who was appointed first Inland Postmaster-General, he being already one of the masters of the foreign post. The loss, however, on the undertaking was for those days considerable, amounting to £3400 per annum. Yet the lines of communication were but few, and the dispatches of letters followed each other at long intervals. Soon afterwards the ever-memorable conflicts of that unhappy reign broke out. The proclamations had claimed for the Crown a right of monopoly. It will create no surprise to learn that this prerogative was questioned by Parliament, nor that when the Houses became paramount over the King, they confirmed the monopoly (transferring it, however, to themselves), and that they closed a rival post-office which, after Parliament had contested the King's right, had been set on foot by the City of London, with some advantage to the public from the effect of competition. As the controversy between the Parliament and the City (no such unequal combatants in those days as they would be in our own) would call for legal knowledge on the part of the Postmaster-General, his office was united to that of Attorney-General, in the person of Mr. Prideaux. Of this gentleman's proceedings not very much is known ; but he claimed, probably with justice, the merit of having so improved and expanded the system as to make it not only self-supporting, but even to yield a profit. Taught by the success of the City enterprise, he lowered the rates of postage, and increased the frequency of dispatches, thus evincing that he not only apprehended but acted upon principles

which, although they have ever since received lip-homage, have too often been disregarded in practice, official men preferring immediate petty gain to large profits in the not distant future. Thus, in the early part of the last century, a request having been made from Warwick that the London letters should be sent direct to that town instead of through Coventry, by which latter route much time was lost, the Postmasters-General refused the concession; and their reason, given probably to the Lords of the Treasury, is thus recorded: — ‘From London through Coventry to Warwick is more than eighty miles, so that we can charge three pence per letter going that way; whereas we can only charge two pence per letter if they went direct.’ But they add, ‘perhaps we may get more letters at the cheaper rate.’ It is possible that the difficulty lay not with the Post-office, but with the Treasury, as we find that the same Postmasters-General upon another occasion applied for authority to improve the circulation and lower the rates of postage in a particular district, stating, ‘we have indeed found by experience that where we have made the correspondence more easie and cheape the number of letters has been thereby much increased, and therefore do believe such a settlement may be attended with a like effect in those parts.’

In spite of great deficiencies in the service, the revenue of the Post-office, says Lord Macaulay, was from the first increasing. In the year of the Restoration, a Committee of the House of Commons, after strict inquiry, had estimated the net receipt to be about twenty thousand pounds. At the close of the reign of Charles II., the net receipt was little short of fifty thousand pounds, the gross receipt being about seventy thousand. But these proceeds, it must be remembered, came partly from the monopoly of post-horses for travellers, which appears at this date to have been a considerable source of profit. The monopoly was retained until the year 1779; but as it

attached only to horses for riding, and not for drawing carriages, its profits gradually dwindled. About the year 1683, Robert Murray, an upholsterer of London, set up a penny post, which delivered letters and parcels six or eight times a day in the busy and crowded streets near the Exchange, and four times a day in the outskirts of the capital, the Royal Post-office having made no provision for correspondence between one part of London and another. This undertaking he assigned to William Dockwra; but as soon as it became clear that the speculation would be lucrative, the Duke of York, on whom the whole net revenue of the Post-office had been settled by his brother, complained of the penny-post as an infraction of his monopoly, and the courts of law decided in his favour. Murray’s invention, which had not been established without a large outlay, was thus wrested from Dockwra, and its profits went to swell the income of the Duke. But the fusion of the two systems was imperfect, the letter-carriers belonging to each being still confined to their former duties. This division of labour, which had been unavoidable while the two establishments were separate, became after their union absurd. Two letter carriers, one of each class, would often be found in the same street, and not seldom would meet at the same door; whereas if one had handed over his letters to the other, and had then retired, the work might have been performed just as well. Or if the walk had been divided between the two, the inhabitants of the metropolis would have received an adequate return for the double salary in the accelerated delivery of their letters, which in those days and for a century onwards was a duty performed with tardiness and great uncertainty as to the particular hour. The rule was, not to begin the distribution until every post had arrived, an event which, owing to the bad state of the roads and to other hindrances, frequent robbery of the mails being among the number, was subject to constant



variation. It would hardly obtain belief but for the notoriety of the fact, that the waste of labour just pointed out, which to the public was a waste of money constantly increasing, survived to the year 1854. So dear from long association had this absurdity become to men in office, that although it was attacked in the Report of Commissioners of Inquiry as early as 1829, and although its abolition was an object of earnest desire with the author of Penny Postage, who included the change in his project when he submitted it to the nation and to Parliament, yet it was not until fourteen years after he entered upon the administration of the Post-office that he was able to overcome the impediments which the usage of nearly two centuries had accumulated in the way of this obvious improvement: so all but unextinguishable is the vitality of abuses which have the good fortune either to be self-evident, or to be clearly demonstrated!

Reluctantly passing over events of interest, I pause for a moment at the year 1720. Up to this date the lines of postal communication had been radial from each metropolis of the three kingdoms, the number of cross posts being inconsiderable. But in that year the well-known Ralph Allen, then at the head of the Bath Post-office, made a contract with the Government to establish a cross post between the City of Exeter and that of Chester by way of Bristol, Gloucester, and Worcester; thus connecting the West of England with the mail route to Ireland, and giving postal intercommunication with many towns of importance. His terms were to bear himself all the cost of the service, to pay a fixed rent, and to retain the surplus. This contract was renewed and extended from time to time so as to include other branches of road, and it terminated only with his death in 1764. According to Mr. Palmer (a great name in the annals of the Post-office), who professes to speak from a narrative in his possession, written by Mr. Allen himself, the net profits of this contract to its

holder amounted to £12,000 a year, or in the total to rather more than half a million sterling! What inventive powers were displayed by the contractor, or what were the improvements introduced by him into the management of cross posts, I have not been able to learn. But however great his merits, they can hardly have been superior to his good fortune, which was not confined to his pecuniary gains. He is perhaps yet more enviable in having accomplished his objects without controversy. Entering the Post-office by the wicket-gate, and not by leaping over the wall, he excited no jealousy among the powerful body of officers attached to the department, but, on the contrary, had all the advantage of their *esprit de corps*. It is no secret that the hearty co-operation of experienced officers will rarely fail in removing every obstacle incident to carrying a new measure into practice, if that measure be sound in principle; or that hostility, whether openly manifested or concealed under the guise of good-will brought to a stand by insuperable difficulties, may ensure defeat to the same enterprise. Further, it will be obvious to such as are acquainted with the biography of this good man—the Allworthy of *Tom Jones*—that even greater happiness than his exemption from the bitterness of controversy must have flowed from the large-hearted generosity with which he diffused his wealth. He won the friendship of Chatham. Pope, Warburton, and Fielding were his companions, deriving benefit from his purse and his exertions in their behalf. To Fielding indeed, and to his family, left unprovided for at his death, Allen was a munificent benefactor.

I have dwelt on this instance of unclouded good fortune in the career of postal reformers, because it is the only one presented by the history of the Post-office from its foundation to the present day.

Eighteen years after the death of Allen appears John Palmer. Like Prideaux and Murray, Palmer was a stranger to the institution which he aspired to improve. He was

the proprietor and manager of the theatres of Bristol and Bath. Struck with the intolerable slowness and the countless other defects in the transmission of letters, and aware that stage-coaches and other vehicles for the conveyance of passengers far outstripped the post-boys travelling on horseback, the mode in which the inland service was then chiefly conducted, he devised, with great skill, and with a thorough knowledge of his subject, a variety of comprehensive measures for raising postal communication to as high a pitch of excellence as the expedients then at command permitted. His main object seems to have been to extract the largest possible amount of revenue which correspondence could be made to yield; but he was thoroughly imbued with the conviction that the means to such an end were to perfect the service in every one of its branches, thereby furnishing to the public an article so good that a high price for it should be cheerfully paid. The most obvious feature in his plans was the substitution of mail coaches for boys on horseback or for mail carts. But it were to wrong his memory to found his reputation on that one change. Many improvements which cannot be described without tedious explanations, and to understand the value of which would imply a knowledge of details certainly not possessed by myself, and probably by very few of my readers, cost him, I dare to say, more labour of thought and research than the one by which he is known to posterity.

No sooner did he reveal his plans than the Post-office declared war. I have read the story of his conflict, so far as it has been recorded, with mingled feelings of disgust and amusement. Every artificial regulation of the service was mistaken by Palmer's opponents for a law of nature, and reasoning upon this foundation, they quickly proved to their own entire satisfaction that the scheme was impracticable—indeed, most fortunately so, since both the revenue and the interests of commerce were thus protected from utter destruction at the hands

of ignorant strangers, whom the Chinese would, in a similar spirit to their own, call outside barbarians! Fortunately Palmer had to do with a Minister who inherited from his father a contempt for impossibilities. When stretched upon his bed in the agony of gout, it was reported to Chatham that one of his official subordinates pronounced an order impossible of execution. 'Tell him,' said he, rising up, and marching across the room on his swollen feet, his face streaming with perspiration from the excruciating effort, 'tell him it is the order of a man who treads upon impossibilities!'

Pitt, the son, adopted the new plans, and Mr. Palmer was employed to carry them into execution. With great labour, with an absolute devotion of time and health to the service, Palmer overcame innumerable obstructions to his acquirement of the minute knowledge essential to the framing of arrangements which should work smoothly in the hands of unwilling agents, and in 1784 the first mail coach performed its journey from London to Bristol. But his opponents were far from subdued. They bided their time; and two years afterwards, when his plans were yet only in partial operation, the season at which the chances of attack on a new project stand at their maximum, Palmer had to encounter another struggle, and was defeated. Still the Minister, although he gave up the inventor, retained the invention. And here let me admit that Palmer had not been proof against the temptation to carry his objects by indirect means, whereby he weakened the hands of his great protector. Time does not permit me to tell the story of Palmer's fall. It had been agreed that he was to have £1500 a year for his personal services, and two and a half per cent. upon all excess of revenue beyond a fixed sum. When ejected from the Post-office, not only did his salary terminate, but instead of his two and a half per cent., he was obliged to accept a life annuity of £3000. This amount, which, if measured by



later scales of reward, may appear a large concession, was, even at that early date, below the proceeds of his per-centage, while the rapidly advancing revenue soon made the difference far wider. He never ceased to protest against this treatment. His son, General Palmer, urged his claims from time to time upon the House of Commons, and in the year 1813, five years prior to his father's death, succeeded in obtaining by way of compromise a grant for £50,000. What deductions from that sum ought to be made in respect of the costs of this conflict, so often renewed, I know not; but my experience as counsel for twenty years in the case of the Baron de Bode leads me to the conclusion that the balance in Palmer's favour could not be large; and that the best feature in the General's victory was a Parliamentary verdict that his father's claim was just, and that the all-powerful authorities arrayed against him had been in the wrong.

That the dismissal of Palmer should not have been followed by the abandonment of his plans, so far as they had been carried into operation, was fortunate for the country, and must to some extent have allayed the mortification of their author. But while the increase of the revenue, and the obvious benefits to commerce and to all other interests promoted by correspondence, secured the vigilant supervision of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, yet the loss of the original thinker to whom the improvements owed their birth must have wrought most injuriously on the affairs of the department. And although it could not destroy what Palmer had accomplished, yet in all probability it deprived the nation of much that such a man would have achieved if he had been maintained in his position; still more, if he had been left to the unfettered exercise of his talent and energy.

To what foster-parents the young system was consigned on the loss of its father, may be gathered from certain criticisms proffered by the gentlemen of the Post-office on

Palmer's proposals, after they had had some brief and partial trial. Mr. Draper objects to mail-coaches as running too fast. He declares that the post cannot travel with the expedition of chaises and diligences, on account of the business needing to be done at the office in each town through which it passes—the fearful velocity which Mr. Draper deprecates rising possibly to six, or in some cases even to seven miles an hour! Be it remembered, however, that prior to Mr. Palmer's innovations, the average rate of the mail (including stoppages) was only three miles and a half per hour; which, in the opinion of the office, left nothing to be desired! In truth, speed appears to have been looked upon with great suspicion. Palmer had maintained that the post should outstrip all other conveyances; but the judicious Mr. Hodgson says:—‘I do not see why the post *should* be the swiftest conveyance. Personal conveyances, I apprehend, should be much more, and particularly with people travelling on business.’ Palmer, with his speculative notions, had objected to robberies of the mail, then, to be sure, very numerous and expensive, not only to the plundered correspondents, but to the department, a single prosecution having cost £4000. He suggests the employment of a guard. Practical knowledge, however, speaking by the lips of the officers, scouts the proposal of a guard, who ‘would have to be waited for at every alehouse he should pass by,’ and suggests, as the only expedient for mitigating an evil which could not be overcome, that correspondents should cut bills of exchange and bank-notes in two, and send each half by a different post, adding that ‘there are no other means of preventing robbery with effect, as the strongest cart that could be made, lined and bound with iron, had been quickly broken open by a robber:’ further as an admonition against futile attempts at safety, we are solemnly warned that when desperate fellows have once determined upon a mail robbery, the



consequence of resistance will be murder ! Thus, the faithful officers make a stand in united front against the scheme, which they denounce as 'chimerical;' which they predict 'will fling the commercial correspondence of the country into the utmost confusion,' and 'will,' they affirm, 'justly raise such a clamour as the Postmaster-General will not be able to appease!'

On the other hand, we are kindly solaced with the assurance that 'the constant watch which has been kept on the improvement of the Post-office, in all situations and under all circumstances, has made it now almost as perfect as can be without exhausting the revenue arising therefrom.' The acmè of perfection having been thus laboriously reached, no wonder a thoughtless proposal by Mr. Palmer, to receive and consider the suggestions of commercial men as to the management of the posts in their respective neighbourhoods, should have been rejected with scorn. 'It is not probable,' says Mr. Hodgson, 'that any set of gentlemen, merchants or out-riders, can instruct officers brought up in the business of the Post-office. And it is particularly to be hoped, if not presumed, that the surveyors need no such information.'

I grieve that its length compels me to omit all but the first words of a wonderful piece of argumentation by the same ingenious person. Probably, however, from my sample my readers may form some estimate of the value of the bulk. 'But suppose,' he says, 'an impossibility, viz., that the Bath mail could be brought to London in sixteen or eighteen hours!'—the distance by which Bath and London are separated being just one hundred and eight miles! These hoary sages, it is evident, were persuaded that they had drunk from the fountain-head of official knowledge,

Till old experience did attain  
To something like prophetick strain.

Let it be noted, however, that every prophecy was signally falsified.

Among 'the ills that flesh is heir to,' there are few more difficult to

bear with equanimity than that endured by an inventor in beholding his thriving offspring snatched from his tutelage and given over to narrow-minded opponents, who gladly torment it, and who, even if they wished it well, would be utterly incompetent to carry their good intentions into effect. On the contrary, they would endanger its life by experiments begun without forecast and conducted without caution. Though not to be stigmatized as wicked, yet the tender mercies of such are cruel, and would remind the thoughtful spectator how the Brobdingnagian monkey handled poor Gulliver, when, mistaking him for a young one of its own species, it seized and carried him out upon a roof five hundred yards from the ground, set him on the perilous ridge, and in all kindness crammed him with repulsive and odious morsels!

Palmer found the net annual revenue of the Post-office about £150,000. By the year 1814, in the face of an enhanced tariff, it had risen tenfold, namely, to £1,500,000, an augmentation chiefly attributable to the greater speed and punctuality secured by his improvements, though aided unquestionably by the national advancement in population and wealth. But thenceforward, until the epoch of penny postage, the impulse given to the increase of letters by the causes pointed out, and indeed by all others, especially by Macadam's admirable invention for bettering our roads, which enabled the mails to attain a rate of ten miles an hour including stoppages, proves to have become all but exhausted. For twenty years the number of letters passing through the Post-office remained well nigh stationary, amidst the rapid development of our manufactures and our commerce, the concentration of the national mind on the arts of peace, the consequent expansion of correspondence, and the innumerable facilities for its distribution which had been thus created, and had been necessarily displayed before the slumberous eyes of the postal authorities—legitimate suc-

cessors of the *faineant* dynasty whose *vis inertiae* Palmer had found was not to be overcome.

As postboys on horseback had been superseded by the more rapid mail-coach, which had surpassed the means of transit furnished by the stimulus of open competition, so in its turn emulation once more gradually improved stage-coaches, until the Government mail again lagged behind. In this state of things penal laws were set at defiance, and the number of contraband letters became enormous. On one occasion, the agents of the Post-office made a seizure of eleven hundred such letters, which they found in a single bag in the warehouse of certain eminent London carriers. The head of the firm hastened to seek an interview with the highest authority in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and proffered instant payment of £500 by way of composition for the penalties incurred, accompanying his offer with a stipulation that the letters, being thus redeemed, should be despatched through the Post-office that night. He averred, no doubt with truth, that the delay of so much correspondence might expose both senders and receivers

to great inconvenience, loss, and possibly to ruin. The terms were accepted.

So rigorous was the system of repression, that it extended to cases in which the object of sending a particular letter could not be attained through the medium of the Post-office. A merchant at Hull had an auxiliary establishment at Goole. In one instance his clerk stationed there found it requisite to communicate with his employer more promptly than was possible by course of post, in order to enable the latter to send out advices to Hamburg by a vessel then about to sail. He wrote by a carrier. The contraband letter was seized. The principal did not protect his agent, and the man was thrown into prison, for an amount of penalty far beyond his means to discharge. After he had lain there some months, his friends applied to me, as Member for Hull, to intercede with the authorities, which I did, but found them inexorable. The Genius of the Post-office turned eyes of stone upon me, like those with which Dido met the faithless Æneas in the shades :—

*Illa solo fixos oculos averna tenebat :  
Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur,  
Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.*

But in spite of harsh laws harshly executed, of a straitened service, and of exorbitant rates, the Post-office still remained a popular and respected institution. I remember once when insisting, in conversation with Lord Abinger, the Chief Baron, on the necessity for postal reform, he answered, 'I always bear in mind the opinion which the Duke of Wellington holds, and that is, that the English Post-office is the only one in Europe which can be said to do its work;' and Lord Abinger intimated that so long as it bore that character, we must pause before we ventured upon changes.

At length, however, the office discovered that it had traded too long on its reputation. Murmurs were heard among the people, and the discontented found a champion

in the late Mr. Wallace, then Member of Parliament for Greenock, who frequently called the attention of the House to the preposterous rates of our postage. For a long time, however, he called attention much more frequently than he gained it. Still, the desire for change grew with a steady growth. In the year 1837, Mr. Rowland Hill, then filling the position of Secretary to the Commissioners for managing the affairs of South Australia, a person scarcely known beyond the circle of his family and his friends, put forth a scheme of postal reform, which, being named after its most striking feature, is called Penny Postage. He proposed the uniform rate of a penny for all letters under half an ounce, to whatever part of the United Kingdom they might be carried. Hi-

therto, if a letter consisted of two pieces of paper, however small, it was charged double postage, that is to say, if it went to Edinburgh it would cost 2s. 3d., the rate for a single letter being 1s. 1½d. Treble letters paid treble postage; quadruple letters and all other multiples paid according to weight, but on a scale still increasing in proportion to distance. Taking all matters into account, he struck an average, whence it appeared that by his plan the public might command for one penny as much postal service as could be had on the then established rates for ninepence.

A proposal for so vast a reduction, should it escape the peril of contemptuous disregard by reason of its apparent extravagance, stood a chance of being eagerly embraced by such classes of the community as, not being responsible for the revenue, would naturally confine their contemplation to the relief to be derived from a very low tariff; while financiers were likely to look upon such a project as self-condemned by a reckless contempt of consequences. And so it proved. The people at large, the manufacturing and mercantile classes, the clergy, who witnessed every day the privations endured by the poor for want of a post-office within their means to use—all united in loud and earnest prayers to the Legislature to confer upon them the boon which had been held up before their eyes. On the other hand, the heads of both the great parties in the State were impressed with the fiscal dangers of the proposed experiment; many believing that the project involved not merely an extinguishment of all revenue from letters, but, in addition, a ruinous subsidy to defray the expenses of the service. Not that Mr. Hill had left his plan unsupported by allegations of fact, and by arguments which, in the event of the facts being sustained in proof, showed that the attractive results promised might be achieved without any ultimate diminution of the net revenue to a more serious extent than some three hundred thousand pounds.

For a long series of years prior to 1837, the state of the Post-office had been a favourite subject of inquiry both by Royal Commissioners and by Parliamentary Committees, although the only very conspicuous product of these investigations was a formidable pile of Blue-books. To Mr. Hill, however, who had never entered a post-office in his life, these books were a mine of knowledge, requiring, to be sure, very laborious digging, but which, nevertheless, recompensed him with invaluable information upon the working of the system as then in action; and his acquaintance with postal affairs thus obtained, enabled him to frame a set of queries, to some of which, through the intervention of friends who had influence at St. Martin's-le-Grand, he succeeded in procuring answers.

But these were neither abundant nor accurate. For instance, it was essential that he should ascertain, within certain limits, the number of chargeable letters passing through the British post-offices in each year. No satisfactory information on this head was the Post-office able to afford. Upon the best *data* within his reach he computed the annual number at about eighty-eight and a half millions; but after some time, having to a certain extent been able to correct his *data*, he revised his estimate, which he finally settled at seventy-nine and a half millions. Meantime, an estimate was attempted by the office, which was announced by the Postmaster-General in the House of Lords to make the true number not more than forty-two or forty-three millions—a computation preposterous on the face of it, because, as the gross amount of postage was at that time £2,340,000, it would have followed that the average rate of each letter must amount to 1s. 1½d., which every one knew from his own experience to be obviously extravagant.

Towards the close of the same year, 1837, the House of Commons appointed the Committee to which I have referred, to investigate Mr. Hill's plan. In the course of the inquiry, which was pursued through-



out the session of 1838, the gentlemen of the Post-office submitted an amended estimate of the number of letters, which brought it up to fifty-eight millions. These figures being sifted were soon shown to be fallacious, and the office again amended its return, augmenting the amount to nearly sixty-seven millions, and finally advancing it to seventy millions. But the Committee, after a most laborious and searching scrutiny, conducted with untiring zeal and with a degree of ability which cannot be too highly appreciated, arrived at the conclusion that the real number was seventy-seven millions and a half. Eventually it was admitted by the Post-office itself to amount to seventy-six millions, which number was finally adopted.

As the scheme of penny postage was based on the understanding that the ultimate loss to the revenue would not exceed three hundred thousand pounds per annum, a tolerably accurate computation of the real number of letters was one of the *data* indispensable to the calculation of the amount of increase in correspondence required to fulfil that condition; it being self-evident that if the Post-office had been correct in its estimate of forty-three millions, the expected multiplication must be very much larger than if the then existing number, as was now conceded, amounted to seventy-six millions. Indeed, the Postmaster-General had contended that a twelvefold increase would be required, while Mr. Hill calculated that a fivefold increase would suffice. The long-vexed question as to the then existing number of letters having been set at rest, his next step was to enable the Committee to form a judgment as near to the truth as the nature of the subject permitted, regarding the probability that his estimate of a fivefold increase would be realized.

He began by adducing evidence to prove the vast multitude of contraband letters daily conveyed, which, if postage were reduced to a penny, there would be no longer

any temptation to transmit through a surreptitious medium.

He then proceeded to show that the number of contraband letters, great as it was, must sink into insignificance when compared with that which the high tariff prevented from being written at all. This, in the opinion of competent witnesses drawn from various ranks and orders of the community, was a prodigious mass, and the soundness of the opinion has been amply verified by experience.

It is believed that on the institution of penny postage, contraband transmission ceased altogether, and yet the first year added but ninety-three millions of letters to the seventy-six of the old system; while some portion of this ninety-three must clearly be placed to the account of letters which, but for the reduction in postage, would not have come into existence. How far these ninety-three millions have been surpassed by the augmentations of subsequent years, I will not stop at the present moment to compute, my hearers are well aware that they have exceeded the limits of the wildest aspirations.

But Mr. Hill did not depend altogether on the effect to be produced by swelling the grand total of letters. He laid great stress on diminishing to the Post-office the expense of the service. Of course I mean the cost per letter, not the total expense. *That*, by the expected great increase of correspondence was sure to be enhanced. This important end he proposed to attain by the combination of two expedients. One was what has been called uniformity of postage—that is to say, uniform postage for letters of the same weight. The other, the relief of the Office by the employment of stamps from the onerous duty of collecting postage. That both these changes must be highly economical is obvious. The taxation of letters, as it was called, meaning thereby the task of ascertaining the amount of postage for each letter and registering it upon the letter itself, was a slow and complex process. First, the taxing officer had to

ascertain whether the letter were single, double, treble, or if beyond treble, what was its weight. And as the sender often evinced considerable skill in hiding enclosures, it was frequently necessary to hold the letter up to a lamp before an accurate judgment could be formed as to its contents. This task accomplished, the officer was prepared to affix the amount which would be due for a letter which had not to travel beyond the distance marked as lowest upon the scale. But if it had to travel further, he was called upon to vary the postage accordingly. Uniform postage, however, relieved him from the greater part of his duty. All letters bearing a penny stamp, and not reaching half an ounce, instantly pass muster; and as it is found that on the average letters heavy and light, weigh little more than a quarter of an ounce, the large majority are so far below the half-ounce limit that the clerk seldom resorts to the scales. But the principal item of cost has always been the delivery of letters from house to house. Under the old system, the all but universal usage was for the sender to post his letter unpaid. The inevitable consumption of time thus caused in the collection of postage, will be fresh in the memory of a large portion of my readers.

Neither of the two branches of postal service thus cheapened presented any obstacle to the application of the principle of uniformity; but the third, *viz.*, the journey which the letter makes from the office of reception to that of destination, would appear at first sight of necessity to demand different rates of remuneration. No one was prepared to believe that the transit of a letter from St. Martin's-le-Grand to Barnet, the first stage on the road to Edinburgh, would cost, practically, the same as the whole journey; and yet Mr. Hill found, on laborious investigation, that such was the fact—the sum for the whole journey only amounting to one-ninth of a farthing! Thus it is clear that strict justice, to say nothing of convenience to

the Post-office (which means economy to the revenue), is more closely approached by making no variation of charge in respect of greater or smaller distances of conveyance, than could be attained by acting on any differential scale imaginable, unless indeed we had a coinage descending far below farthings. By the result of this investigation, which I think I am justified in calling a discovery, all objections to adopting the principle of uniformity, were fully answered and Mr. Hill's case was complete.

The Committee reported in his favour, the project was embodied in a Bill, passed the Legislature in the next session, and at the commencement of the year 1840 was carried into effect.

And here space warns me to break off my narrative. I will conclude with a brief comparison of postal affairs as they stood at the publication of Mr. Rowland Hill's plan, with their present state, premising that the results which I have now to exhibit could not have been obtained without hearty and intelligent co-operation on the part of many gentlemen in the Post-office, who in the discharge of their respective duties, have laboured with ardour and fidelity to promote and perfect the new system. I cannot bring myself to pass their exertions by in utter silence, although I have no space for a more explicit notification of their services.

As late as the year 1838, out of the 2100 districts of the Registrars of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England and Wales, about 400, then containing 1,500,000 inhabitants, were destitute of a single post-office. The average extent of each district was nearly twenty square miles; indeed, several of these postal deserts were considerably larger than the county of Middlesex! The average population of the chief place in each district was 1400, and its average distance from the nearest post-office between four and five miles. Yet the ramifications of our postal system pervaded England far more thoroughly than they did the remaining divisions of the United Kingdom.



Many other English and Welsh districts, though possessing post-offices, were yet so scantily supplied with them in proportion to their area, that in all probability four millions of the population of England and Wales, amounting at that date to one quarter of the whole, must be held to have been destitute of postal accommodation.

The great extent of the deficiency may be also gathered from this single fact, that while England and Wales contain about eleven thousand parishes, the total number of their post-offices of all descriptions was only three thousand. Constant additions are now making, and doubtless will always continue to be made. At the present day the comparison stands thus. The number in England and Wales, instead of 3000, is (including pillar-boxes) raised to 11,000, making it scarcely possible that any one of the Registrars' districts should now remain unsupplied with a post-office. While the numbers in England and Wales have thus rapidly increased, those of Scotland and Ireland have also received considerable augmentation, the number in the United Kingdom having risen from 4518 to 14,358.

In 1837, Mr. Hill suggested the institution of day-mails. Prior to this improvement, letters passing through London (say from Liverpool to Dover or Brighton), arriving in the early morning and waiting for the evening mail, lay fourteen hours at St. Martin's-le-Grand; whereas now a mail by day as well as by night is despatched to most of the towns in England and Wales, and to many in Scotland and Ireland. A large number have the advantage of two day-mails, and some have even three or more.

In the Metropolis, under the old system there were but six deliveries per diem. There are now eleven. So late as in 1842, a letter posted at any receiving office in London after two in the afternoon, was not delivered, even at so short a distance as that of Brompton, until the next morning. At present, a letter can be posted up to six o'clock, and still be delivered

the same night at any place within a circle of six miles from St. Martin's-le-Grand. Meanwhile, the number of deliveries in the country part of the area stretching twelve miles from the General Post-office, has been much increased, several of these places now having six.

The measure which rendered these improvements practicable, was the division of the metropolis into ten postal Districts. It came into partial operation in the year 1856, and is now almost complete. Each of these districts is treated as a separate post town. Formerly every letter posted within the twelve mile circle was, with few exceptions, carried from the receiving houses to St. Martin's-le-Grand, there to be sorted and re-distributed. But now the letters, when collected from the receiving boxes, are conveyed at once to the principal office of the district in which they are posted—those for that district being delivered forthwith, the others being forwarded direct to the chief office of their respective districts. Thus, a letter from Cavendish-square to Grosvenor-square, instead of travelling, as formerly, to and from St. Martin's-le-Grand, a distance, counting both journeys, of four or five miles, has not now to travel more than about half a mile. How much the new arrangement has expedited the exchange of letter and answer, my readers can judge for themselves. Certain it is, that it has been followed by a vast and rapid increase in this class, *i.e.*, letters both posted and delivered within the London district. During the five years preceding 1856, the average annual advance in the number of Metropolitan letters was only  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. Since that year it has been upwards of 7 per cent., and in 1858 rose to 12 per cent. These letters now exceed the total number from all sources—home or foreign—delivered throughout the whole island of Great Britain (London included) in the year 1839. They amount to sixty-eight millions, being only eight millions less than the grand total in the United Kingdom for that year.



Subdividing London has also effected a considerable acceleration in the first delivery of each day—by far the most important, as it includes letters from all parts, in addition to those posted in the Metropolis. The letters for London arriving about five o'clock in the morning at the terminus of each railway, instead of being all conveyed, as heretofore, to St. Martin's-le-Grand, are now with few exceptions, carried direct to the chief office of each of the ten postal districts in the separate bags, into which they have been previously sorted, either at the country offices, or in the travelling post-office during their journey. The first delivery is now completed by 9 A.M., the hour at which, so lately as the year 1843, it only began.

Postage to and from the colonies and foreign parts has been much lowered; while the transit has been greatly quickened. The tariff for a letter to a town in Canada, India, or Australia, or in any other British colony, is less than that charged up to 1840 on a letter from London to Reading or Chatham. In 1839, the lowest postage on a letter from London to Paris was one-and-eightpence, and on one from London to Marseilles, two shillings and one penny, the charge to either city being now only fourpence.

In 1839 the number of newspapers delivered by the Post-office throughout the United Kingdom was about forty-four and a half millions. At that date every copy by law bore a stamp, which, however, had the advantage of franking it when sent by post. This privilege furnished a strong motive to proprietors and newsmen to distribute their impressions through that channel; whereas at present, if copies are sent by any other means than through the post, no expense is incurred in stamps. Nevertheless the number despatched through the Post-office last year reached seventy-two millions and a half. This fact puts in a striking light the wonderful spread of journals at the present day, since the facilities

for cheaply and rapidly distributing them through the land in other ways have been so greatly multiplied. In all probability the seventy-two and a half millions passing through the Post-office are but a small proportion of the whole number published.

The privilege of sending books and works of art by post at a reasonable charge is another of Mr. Hill's improvements. I may add that medicines, watches, patterns, botanical specimens, seeds, and many other articles, now pass largely through the Office, to the convenience of all, but more especially to that of residents in the country; for it is not undervaluing the great benefits we have derived from railways to remark that they do not, and probably never can, without the aid of the Post-office, distribute parcels even to all our towns, much less to our villages and single houses; whereas the proportion of letters and other postal packets delivered by the letter-carriers at the homes of those to whom they are addressed is now probably not less than ninety-five per cent. of the total number despatched. Of late years the rapid development of the book-post has been remarkable. The book-post dates from 1848. In 1854 the number of such packets was only 750,000, yet last year it had swollen to twelve millions.

An important branch of the service largely developed since the institution of penny postage, is the system of money orders. In 1839 the total number issued for the United Kingdom was 188,921, and the amount of money £313,124. In 1861 the number reached 7,580,455, the amount in money being £14,616,348. And during that interval, although the prices of money orders have been reduced one half, the growth of the system has been accompanied by a change most advantageous to the department. In the earlier years the service entailed a loss which, for 1847, amounted to £10,000. Last year it brought a profit of £30,000.

Intercommunication of every kind

tells upon the increase of letters, and no doubt the last addition to the benefits conferred by the Post-office—namely, its savings-banks, now rapidly spreading over the land—will be followed by similar consequences, to which incidental circumstance I advert, rather than to their far more important purposes, not from underrating these, but because it is too soon to speak of results, respecting which, however, I entertain sanguine hopes. And here I gladly seize the opportunity of adverting to the services of Mr. Sikes, who, although he did not originate the project, yet revived it and urged its adoption with perseverance and success.

From the various causes thus co-operating to the increase of letters, let us pass to effects.

The number of chargeable letters delivered from the British offices in the last complete year before the reduction of postage, was, as I have said, taken at seventy-six millions. The number in 1861 had risen to the stupendous amount of five hundred and ninety-three millions, being nearly an eightfold multiplication of the former number. The imagination refuses to grapple with figures so enormous; probably, therefore, this vast increase will be more clearly apprehended if I give the following short table, which gives the proportion of letters to population at the two extremes. In 1839 the proportion stood thus: in England and Wales four letters per annum to each individual, in Ireland one, in Scotland three, being an average of three to each person in the United Kingdom. In 1861 the average had grown in England and Wales to twenty-four per head, in Ireland to nine, in Scotland to nineteen, being an average of twenty per head for the United Kingdom. It will be felt that a rise from three per head to twenty leads to inferences bearing on the social state of the nation which would of themselves furnish matter for a whole paper. Dwelling on these inferences, the mind would be led to inquiries far too extensive for my present purpose. For instance,

are there any facts which would throw light on the proportions in which correspondence is distributed among the various orders of the community, and the effects produced on each? With regard to the upper ranks, my readers will form their own judgment; and such of them as are connected by patronage and superintendence with schools for the poor, adult or juvenile, must know how cheap postage has stimulated the desire to learn the art of writing; while every one of my hearers could probably relate some anecdote, which circumstances have brought to his knowledge, as to the operation of penny postage on classes not immediately connected with the higher walks of life. Here is one such regarding the state of things in the Shetland Isles, in May, 1842, little more than two years after the reduction of postage. It is contributed by Mr. Frederic Hill, then Inspector of Prisons for Scotland:

The Zetlanders are delighted with penny postage. The postmaster told me that the number of letters is astonishing, and that during the six years that steam communication has been in operation it has increased eleven and a half fold, the greater part of the increase having taken place since the commencement of penny postage. Another gentleman who is well acquainted with the people told me, that although the desire of parents to keep their offspring at home is unusually strong in Zetland, yet that cheap postage has had the effect of reconciling families to the temporary absence of their members, and has thus opened to the islanders the labour-market of the mainland.

The enormous increase of correspondence may be placed in still another light. The total weight of letters, exclusive of newspapers and other matter, during the year 1839 was seven hundred and fifty-eight tons. In 1861 it had risen to four thousand three hundred tons. The increase of the average daily mileage of the mails, whether carried by railway, coaches, horses, or on foot, is very striking. It is estimated, although in the absence of records no very close approximation to the truth can be reached, that in 1839 it did not exceed fifty-four thousand

miles per diem, whereas in 1861 it has risen to one hundred and fifty-one thousand, being six times the circumference of the globe; so that although the Post-office still falls short of the activity of Puck, who could 'put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes,' yet it performs a similar feat to his every four hours of its existence. This increase would have been much larger but for the circumstance that each trunk railway, like the great North Western, for instance, draws to itself an aggregation of mails which formerly left London by several distinct routes.

The staff of officers of all ranks and both sexes constantly employed in the labours of the Post-office was in 1839, by rough estimate, about eight thousand. In 1861 it was, by exact enumeration, twenty-five thousand four hundred and seventy-three. In addition to this force, many assistants are engaged for a portion of their time.

Let me now compare the gross and the net revenue of the department as it existed in 1838 and in 1861. The gross revenue in 1838 was £2,346,278; in 1861 upwards of three millions and a half. Hence it appears that, notwithstanding the wonderful reduction, whereby the public now obtains far more of the article postage for the same price than it did formerly, yet that its expenditure in postage exceeds by more than one half the amount so spent under the old exorbitant rates. The net revenue for 1838, determined upon the principles of computation then in use, was £1,659,000; while the corresponding net revenue for 1861 had regained that sum within £134,000; so that as regards both gross and net revenue the facts have gone beyond Mr. Hill's original estimate.

Nor is the promise for the future less brilliant than the experience of the past. Correspondence is still

advancing by rapid strides. One incident in this vast accession cannot but give rise to sanguine expectations. Whatever the vicissitudes in our harvests, whatever the fluctuations of our commerce, whether we are in the enjoyment of peace or suffer the privations of war, each revolving year adds to the mass of our correspondence. The tide of our letters, like that from the Pontic to the Propontic sea, feels no ebb. Eighteen hundred and sixty-one, though by no means a year of general affluence, added an influx of twenty-nine millions—an addition even beyond the average of former years.

Such, then, is the success of penny postage, and such are its prospects—bright and cloudless. Still, though no peril can be discerned, the instinctive feelings of mankind and the lessons of history warn us to be prepared, if not for reverses, at least for some interruption in this course of unexampled good fortune. That, should checks occur, they will be casual and transient, we may reasonably expect, since correspondence does not flourish or fade with the changes of manners and fashions. Its growth is governed by causes not peculiar to any one country, but common to all;—a truth demonstrated by the rapid spread of the new system throughout the civilized world, everywhere followed by triumphant results. One source of danger is dried up. The Post-office no longer assumes to be perfect, and its conductors have renounced their claim to infallibility. Suggested improvements, if they can sustain the indispensable test of rigid scrutiny, are welcomed, and not, as of old, frowned away. The department acts under the conviction that to thrive it must keep ahead of all rivals; that it must discard the confidence heretofore placed in legal prohibitions, and seek its continuance of prosperity only by deserving it.



## HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

**I**N the year 1485 there appeared in Florence a young man who, from his illustrious birth and his natural endowments, would have attracted notice in any city, but whom that city of academies and home of the learned welcomed with instant wonder and applause. He was the most various, if not the most profound, scholar of his time. At the age of sixteen he ranked among the foremost canonists of Bologna. In the next six years he had ranged through all the circles of ancient and scholastic philosophy, and had explored the recesses of Jewish Cabbalism. His Latin compositions reflected the image of the Augustan age; his Italian verses delighted at once the Court of the Medici and the people in the streets. In his twenty-third year he propounded at Rome nine hundred theses or questions, upon every one of which he offered to dispute with any opponent. In these questions he embraced every department of knowledge, as knowledge then was—metaphysics and ethics, theology and law, magic and mathematics. Of this challenge the issue is imperfectly recorded, but it at least alarmed the Church, since two Popes were constrained to protect the challenger with their sacerdotal purple. His projects were even more vast than his performances. He aimed at reconciling with one another all the systems of philosophy, from the days of the Athenian Sophists to those of the medieval doctors. He aspired to defend Christianity against every class of heretics and infidels—against the Greek Church on the one hand, and the colleges of Cordova and Bagdad on the other. He meditated an allegorical commentary on the Scriptures, and even with greater hardihood a scheme that by the force of mere syllogisms should compel all men to be of one mind in religion. Of labours so unintermitted, an early death was almost the inevitable result, and Giovanni Pico di Mirandula—‘the phoenix of his age,’ as he was called by his con-

temporaries—was cut off by a fever in his thirty-first year.

With this universal student we are about to contrast a modern writer who, within the last few years, has achieved as sudden and nearly as extraordinary a reputation. The difference of the times in which they wrote is reflected in the different character of their works. The objects to which the Italian devoted himself comprised the learning and science of his time, and with that time they have for the most part passed away. The studies of the Englishman, embracing as wide a circle, have in them the seeds of greater permanence, inasmuch as they relate to the perpetual interests and not to the transient theories and opinions of mankind. In these respects these accomplished men resembled each other. Both of them had conceived the idea of a vast, perhaps an impracticable work; and each had scarcely passed its portal when he was summoned to rest from his labours.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE expired at Damascus on the last day of May in the present year. That they have been born and have died, is record enough for the greater portion of mankind; and it is well when the interval between birth and death affords no materials for censure or compassion. But, in the present instance, a laborious life and lofty aims establish a claim to a register of greater length. There has passed away from the world one of the heroes, if not one of the martyrs, of learning.

The claim is the more remarkable from its resting on no public services—unless, indeed, we account as such the conception and partial execution of an arduous and original work—on no official distinctions. Mr. Buckle was a man who trod in no one of the paths which confer early honours, and receive the sanction of the world. He was not, like Tweddell or Kirke White, ‘the young Lycidas’ of a university upon whose bier scholars strewed

Greek and Latin elegies ; nor, like Shelley, a brilliant meteor of the poetical firmament ; nor, like Henry Martyn, the pioneer of a Church in 'perilous lands forlorn ;' nor, like Francis Horner, a statesman struck down on the threshold of a political career. Mr. Buckle was no one of these ; and yet the announcement of his death has cast a shadow upon many who knew him only as an indefatigable wooer of knowledge, a bold explorer in the regions of historical and social science.

His life, so far as regards the world, was uneventful. He was the son of a London merchant. He was born at Lee, in Kent, November 24th, 1822. He was placed at an early age at Gordon-house, Kentish Town, where, under the training of Dr. J. T. Holloway, he rapidly gained distinction. The instinct for self-education was, however, strong, and indeed irresistible, in him. Having gained a prize for mathematics, and being desired by his parents to name his own additional reward, he claimed the privilege of being removed from school, and receiving thenceforth his education at home. When he made this unusual request, he was in his fourteenth year. We have not the means for determining whether his parents were rash or discreet in granting it. Mr. Buckle, however, was either dissatisfied with his instructors, or resolved to be the sole architect of his own mind. His tutors were dismissed ; and he, a boy of fourteen years, set forth without a pilot upon the sea of knowledge. In about four years his multifarious studies began to converge towards one focus—the intellectual progress and civilization of mankind. As soon as the idea of such a work presented itself distinctly to him, its fulfilment became the object of his life. Twenty years of labour, with scarcely an interval of rest, were devoted to it. On his method of study, or the merit of his book, we shall express some opinion presently : the book itself must always be regarded as an extraordinary proof of a mind at once sanguine

and persevering. As he rejected the assistance of masters in language or science, so he declined following the mercantile business he might have inherited from his father. In the good London merchant, who can scarcely be supposed to have watched without some misgivings his son's independent course, we are reminded of the lenient and trustful father of John Milton. He, too, permitted his studious son, after a university career of signal promise, to devote himself to 'a ceaseless round of study and reading ;' nor did he require him to enter a profession by which the cost of his education might be reimbursed. Till Milton was over thirty-two years of age, he did not earn a single penny for himself, and afterwards he travelled in France and Italy, also at the paternal expense, for a year and three months.

From such care for the morrow as would have interrupted his daily studies, Mr. Buckle was happily released by his father's liberality ; and by his death, in 1840, he came into possession of a handsome competence, of wealth, indeed, to one whose sole expenditure was upon books. These gradually lined the walls of his upper and lower chambers, and even his out-buildings were turned into libraries. If he kept a journal in any degree commensurate with his commonplace-books, we may one day learn how often he withstood the temptation to rush into print : how often he experienced the feeling inseparable from the composition of a great work, that he was farther from the beginning, and still but little nearer the end. It is recorded of the first explorers of the Amazon and Orinoco, that after voyaging for weeks amid the primeval forests and far-stretching savannahs that embank these rivers, each time that the mighty flood spread itself into some gigantic basin or lagoon, the weary and wondering adventurers deemed that they had at last reached the terminus of the ocean ; nor was it until the waters again narrowed their course, and ran once more

under overshadowing trees, and with an accelerated current, that they discovered their real bourne to be still remote. So it is with adventurers on the great tributaries of the ocean of knowledge: the fountain-heads of the stream lie far beyond the eastern horizon; but the time which marks the westering sun still lies far beyond the anxious gaze of the voyager. Mr. Buckle, 'taking not rest, making not haste,' in the year 1857—that is to say, about twenty years after the idea of a History of Human Progress in England first dawned upon him—committed the result of his steady ten-hours-a-day labour to the press, and followed the first volume with a second, published in 1861. The former of these volumes was at first received with indifference, but it speedily aroused curiosity, and next no small degree of indignation and alarm. The second was more coolly welcomed in England, and deeply resented in Scotland. 'An author,' says Gibbon, speaking of the reception of the second and third volumes of the *Decline and Fall*, 'who cannot ascend will always appear to sink; envy was now prepared for my reception, and the zeal of my religious, was fortified by the motives of my political, enemies.' Mr. Buckle had assailed more than one order of mankind: the political economist and the lawyer have, perhaps, long since ceased to resent, but the Scotch are not likely to forget, nor are the clergy prone to forgive, such an antagonist.

The former of these volumes has this expressive inscription: 'To my mother I dedicate this, the first volume of my first work: the second is dedicated to her memory.' With many readers the author has doubtless passed for a hard man, dealing with men's actions and thoughts as with so many links in the chain of causation, with the aspects of life as the mere products or phenomena of Fate or Necessity. In these inscriptions the rock is smitten, and the waters of love well freely forth. In this excellent mother

were centered the writer's affections: to her the philosopher became as a little child; for her the soul that dwelt apart reserved the treasures of his faith and love. Her death, and, we believe, the harbingers of that death—long bodily and mental decay were most painful to witness—prostrated her son, already enfeebled in body by the unceasing strain of his mind. His body he from earliest youth had treated as a slave, his mind as a sovereign: for the one no sacrifice was too great; for the other, no privations were thought excessive. It is in vain to inquire whether the usual sports of boyhood, and the manly exercises that prevail at our universities, might not have corroborated his physical, without any sacrifice of his mental, powers. Labour and sorrow had, however, done their work; and leisure and foreign travel came too late to relieve his enfeebled forces.

In this life, uneventful as it was, we have a very rare example of devotion to a fixed object, dating from a period at which literary plans are mostly dreams or

Like the borealis race,

That fit ere you can point their place.

The pages which he gave to the world, as well as those which remained to be written, were planned by him at a time of life when to most men study is irksome; and even to the few who conquer indolence, is either a means to an immediate end, or a stepping-stone to wealth or worldly position. With powers that might have won for him the highest university honours, he turned aside from that near goal, and set before him one which he might never reach at all, and which it was not destined for him fully to embrace. Nor does it lessen the merit of his devotion to study, that circumstances relieved him from caring too much for the morrow. Competence, no less than wealth, is often a hindrance to continuous labour. He whose bread is provided for him is too apt to say, with Rasselas, that 'the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow;' that



he is not an athlete to whom every moment is precious. But none of these Syren voices had charms for the ear of HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE: and he steered by the fatal island where so much of youth—'Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm'—has wrecked the hopes of life. In more than one memorable passage Cicero has put on record his own early diligence; and we still read with pleasure the honest pride with which he recounts how he 'scorned delights and lived laborious days'—how he, a *novus homo*, raised himself to the ivory chair of high-born Fabii and Manlii. Many records also have we of men to whom to study was to be happy—by whom a day spent in what Ben Jonson calls 'the cold business of life'—its ceremonies, holidays, and amusements—was reckoned a day lost. Isaac Casaubon's *Ephemerides* are full of lamentations for hours wasted on friends, kinsfolk, and acquaintance, instead of being turned to profit on Athenæus or Polybius. Adrien Baillet destroyed by intemperance in study the frail body that nature had bestowed on him. Robert Southey set a noble example to all who adopt the vocation of the scholar: the days of Immanuel Kant certified to each other of the duties and pleasures of the philosopher; and the elder Pliny, both by his life and death, merited a name among the martyrs of science. But none of these earnest students surpassed Mr. Buckle in firmness of purpose or diligence in business. He discerned, or at least he imagined, that a great void in the history of human progress awaited the filling-up: and however opinions may vary upon his fitness for his self-imposed task, there can be no question of the ardour and sincerity he brought to its performance.

His recluse life entailed upon his writings some serious disadvantages. The ingenuous arts are not more effectual in softening men's manners than intercourse with society. If from his 'study' he did not 'rail at human kind,' he formed, from his long commerce with books

alone, harsh and one-sided opinions of classes, that earlier and more free intermixture with them would have softened or corrected. Of the clergy he saw only one, and that not the more favourable side. He regarded them as writers or preachers alone, and not as active and humanizing elements in society. He is right in ascribing to dogmatic theology dark, cruel, ignorant and groundless theories, alike at variance with a divine Author and dishonourable to human nature. He is wrong when he represents the orator in the pulpit, or the scholar in the closet, as hard, bigoted, and severe as his doctrines. In the *Confessions of Augustine* we have the outpourings of a large and liberal heart: in his writings on Fate, Free Will, and Fore-knowledge, he appears only as the *durus pater infantium*, the precursor of the implacable and gloomy Calvin. That the nature of Luther was more harmoniously toned with nature and man than the nature of Erasmus, their writings do not permit us to doubt: but when Luther puts forth on the dark sea of theological speculation, he becomes, like his Genevan rival and contemporary, stern, acrid, and rancorous. The most earnest and tender of philanthropists, a Penn or a Howard, was not more deeply imbued with the love of mankind than were Richard Hooker and Jeremy Taylor: yet it would not be difficult to extract from their books passages that, taken apart from the context, are equally shocking to our reason and affections. The extracts from the Scotch divines that fill so large a space in the notes of Mr. Buckle's second volume, are atrocious enough to prove that Torquemada and St. Dominic were not better disposed to rack and burn their fellow men than were the Gillespies, the Guthries, the Halyburtons, and the Rutherfords, on some of whom Milton had already fixed the brand that 'new *presbyter* is but old *priest* writ large.' Yet perhaps many of these fiery tongues belonged to men abounding with active charities and sympathies, and illustrating by their lives the doctrines of peace

and good will. Again, in his strictures on national character, Mr. Buckle employs an intellectual standard only. The moral compensations for imperfect knowledge and progress he ignores or overlooks. His eye, directed to scientific progress alone, saw not many fertile spots that relieve even the barrenness between Dan and Beersheba.

On various occasions Mr. Buckle denounced the effects of seclusion and separation from human interests upon the monastic orders and the priesthood generally. He unconsciously partook of the mischief which he denounced. More acquaintance with practical life would have softened his asperities, and saved him from some hasty conclusions and even grave errors. One effect, indeed, of isolation which appears in the studious and solitary Benedictines, did not manifest itself in him. His heart was not closed or narrowed to the great interests of his kind. He may have weighed classes of them in an ill-adjusted balance, but to the progress of men in whatsoever delivers the human race from bondage to idols of the market, of the temple, or the tribe, he was never indifferent. In the cause of what he believed to be civilization, his energy was unflagging, his sympathy intense. Of the plan and execution of his *History* we are not in a condition to speak; we have portions only of the Introduction to it. Much that in the Prolegomena is incomplete or inaccurate, crude or rash, would probably, after maturer experience and enlarged insight, have been supplied or corrected in the historical sequel. The following remarks accordingly have reference to the fragment alone of his scheme.

First, the subject to which he devoted his life is vague. The term Civilization has a specious sound and a noble bearing; but objections to it instantly present themselves when we begin to ask its precise import. Can a History of Civilization, even in any one country, France or England, be comprised, like the *Esprit des Lois* or the *Politics* of Aristotle, within

scientific limits? Does the term admit of definition? Is it, in fact, more than a generality, coming under the legal ban of '*Totus in omnibus nullus in singulis*'? One writer on such a theme might choose to regard civilization as the greatest happiness of the greatest number—that is, sufficient beef, pudding, shelter, and wages; another might allege that man, not living by bread alone, requires, before he is civilized, a church establishment in prime condition; a third will say that neither the labour-market nor the meat-market, nor deans and chapters and lawn sleeves alone make men happy and keep them so; but that this boon must be expected from free trade, universal suffrage, and lightness of taxation. Jean Jacque sends us back to the time

When wild in woods the noble savage ran;  
and William Penn and John Bright  
look forward to the day when none  
shall refuse their cheek to the  
smiter.

Again, conceding for the moment that the term civilization is sufficiently intelligible, if not very precise, Mr. Buckle's manner of handling the subject is somewhat capricious and irregular. In history, we expect that the events recorded shall follow one another in the order of time, or if they depart from it and assume the order of space, that there shall be good reason for moving on parallel instead of direct lines. Gibbon was justified in leaving the main course of his narrative for such episodes as his chapters on the Northern nations, on the Monastic orders, or the rise and progress of Mohammedanism; since the assaults of barbarians, the withdrawing from active life of so many thousands of able-bodied men, and the birth of a new and aggressive faith, were so many combined and collateral elements of the decline and fall of Rome. Montesquieu, again, was warranted in passing from China to Peru in search of analogies with the laws of Europe, or of examples of institutions unknown or alien to the western world. But the



civilization of a single country does not admit of so devious a course. We require to have placed before us in their known succession each wave of the civilizing stream, to have marked out for us the effects of its spring and neap tides, and the several deposits which remain after the flood has subsided. Possibly—indeed most probably—this defect in the Introduction would have been corrected in the work to which the two volumes before are merely the porch; but even the porch is irregularly built. Its foundation-stones are properly the universal questions of the food, climate, and physical circumstances that have attracted men to certain centres, or propelled them from those centres, or affected by various causes—abundance, privation, the possession of ease or the necessity for toil—their forms of government and their habits of life. When, however, we expect to pass from the *incunabula* of society to its earlier phases, we are suddenly transported to the history or the preliminaries of the English Revolution of 1640 and the French Revolution of 1789—crises in history, indeed, which mark beyond any others a new birth in each of the respective nations, but which belong to advanced and not to incipient civilization. These objections, however, apply to the first volume especially; the second, being devoted to two opposite phases of religion, although, as regards a History of Civilization, its topics are somewhat premature, is the more coherent of the two both in respect of its premises and its conclusions. The second volume is, in fact, little more than an episode of the first; with a few inconsiderable changes, it might have stood alone as a record of the effects of perverted religion in Spain or Scotland. The discrepancies and inconveniences attendant on the vagueness of the term civilization might, in our opinion, have been avoided had the work been entitled a 'History of the Aspects of Society in England.' There would then have been no previous question about the import of a title

sufficiently elastic to include the era when Britons painted their bodies with woad and the era when they assumed trousers and paletots. The presentation of such *aspects* might have shifted without detriment to the work or inconvenience to the readers of it from direct to parallel lines, while the progress of civilization might have been traced or implied with equal, if not superior effect. The great bases of civilization—religion, law, commerce, arts and learning, with their several products and phenomena, and their mutual co-operation and counteraction—might have been exhibited in a series of osculating or concentric circles, while the laws of their generation or connexion would have appropriately formed, in Mr. Buckle's hands—and none were more able to supply it—a superb peroration.

From what appear to us defects in the structure, we turn with pleasure to the sterling merits of the *History of Civilization*. As to its language, too much praise can hardly be awarded to it. It is equal to the subject, precise enough for the demands of science, full, flowing, and flexible enough for every purpose of eloquence. Lucid when the business of the writer is to state, explain, or illustrate, it ascends, when anger at the oppressor or sympathy with the oppressed call upon it, to notes worthy of Edmund Burke himself denouncing the corruptions of England or the wrongs of India. Nor was such facility or such strength attained by a long apprenticeship in writing. Until 1857, when the first of these volumes was published, we believe that Mr. Buckle had not printed a line; nor, with the exception of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution in March, 1858, and an essay or two in this Magazine, did he permit fugitive literature to interfere with the great task he had in hand. His was the rare art of making immense reading subservient to general instruction. The abundance of his materials neither perplexed nor burdened him; the accumulated thoughts of others abated no jot



from the freshness of his own. No sources of information were too mean, devious, or recondite for his searching gaze. His command of ancient and modern languages, his bibliographical knowledge, were not less remarkable than Gibbon's or Southey's. Like theirs, his commonplace-books were well-ordered arsenals which yielded without stint or confusion the weapons and munitions required by him.

Of the duties and the province of the historian, he formed a conception most difficult, perhaps impossible, to realize; but it was noble in itself, and honourable to him. He perceived that history in its best forms is but an imperfect record of the thoughts and deeds of men. The writers of it, even those whose works are possessions for ever, select some particular crisis, or some exceptional phase: a great war, a single revolution, a long series of national events, or periods of time in which long hostile or distant streams of action are forcibly or spontaneously diverted into a common channel. Of all narratives, none equal in their comprehensive character those of Herodotus and Gibbon. The one opens with that cycle of events which committed together for centuries of strife Western Asia and Eastern Europe. The other begins with the breaking up of an empire which had slowly conquered and long held together with links of iron the civilized world. With Cyrus commences that fusion of the hill tribes with the dwellers in the plains that ended in the construction of the Great King's empire, 'a mighty maze' of satrapies, each one in its dimensions a kingdom, 'but not without a plan.' Then was put in act what was foreshadowed in the ten-years' siege of Troy, that mighty duel of opposing continents which was not destined to end before Rome asserted at Actium the predominance of Europe over Asia. The rolling together and condensing of races by Cyrus is one *terminus* of the series, the great Actian triumph was the other. With Commodus, on the other hand, the curtain of

history rises on the drama of dismemberment, and proceeds from act to act, until an unarmed priest fills the throne of the western Cæsars, and an infidel rides unchallenged through the Hippodrome of Constantinople, or profanes the great church in which Basil and Chrysostom preached. The latter is Gibbon's cycle, the former that of Herodotus and of those who continued his record of three of the empires of prophetic vision.

But in these and in other narratives certain elements are wanting, and Mr. Buckle, though not the first to perceive the defect, was among the first who attempted to supply it. War and peace, law and religion, forms of government, art, literature, and manners, are merely phenomena of national life, and presuppose the existence of laws which actuate and of conditions which shape and control them. It was Mr. Buckle's object to collect and place these phenomena upon a scientific basis, to discover the law of their growth, progress, and decline, to show why on some soils they withered, why on others they bore fruit an hundred-fold. How far he failed or how far he succeeded in his attempt to construct a science of history, we do not pretend to determine: we are merely pointing to the high and arduous object he set before himself.

Secondly, he sinned the sin of excessive generalization. It may be true that in certain cycles or shorter periods of time the sums of human acts are strangely alike. It may be true also that statistics afford to history one of its most sure and instructive auxiliaries. But it is no less certain that such tabular records are not only in their infancy, but as regards former times, either do not exist, or are most scanty and precarious aids to truth. At the best, also, they represent a few only of the elements of social life, and probably centuries of exact observation must elapse before they can be permitted to supersede the other grounds, moral, intellectual, and

religious, on which history hitherto has been constructed. In his anxiety, if not indeed his determination, to find a comprehensive idea, Mr. Buckle often strains, if he does not misrepresent facts. He is too prone to assume that men under similar circumstances will be similar themselves, and leaves scarcely a margin for the disturbances of passion, custom, or accident. Comets are tolerably regular in their paths; but Whartons are far from being plain in their motives or actions; and if fashion be very potent, and

Lucullus, when frugality could charm,  
Had roasted turnips on his Sabine farm,

yet it is unsafe to compute how many Luculluses are due at one period, or whether 'adust complexion' or other causes invariably compel

Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

We might proceed to specify other instances in which the wide grasp of Mr. Buckle's theory defeats its own purpose, and leaves us disposed rather to abide by imperfect light than to follow a possible meteor. But we must abstain from comment on its merits and defects alike, and hasten to the conclusion. We cannot, however, entirely omit mentioning Mr. Buckle's conversational qualities. He was not a sayer of smart or brilliant things: indeed, wit and humour were not among his gifts. He was no granter of propositions; nor, had his conversation been reported, would his periods have been found to flow into the smooth and regular moulds of the late Lord Macaulay's social discourse. His voice was unmusical and his manner rather defiant. But one could not be five minutes in a room with him without being aware that a talker unusually informed with book knowledge was present. From the news of the morning to the most recondite and curious recesses of learning, Mr. Buckle ranged freely; the topics of the day furnishing him with a wide round of illustration and analogy, and not unfrequently with hardy specula-

tions on the future. As, however, he mixed more with his fellow men, the current of his conversation considerably abated in its volume. He grew more willing to listen, less disposed to controversy or to monologue. The softening effect of increased intercourse with society, as it appeared in his conversation, so would very probably have gradually influenced the dogmatic and paradoxical tone of his writings.

That the *History of Civilization in England* should have excited some angry surprises, if not a deep feeling of indignation, in many quarters, it was natural to expect. The doctrines of Auguste Comte are not palatable on this side of the Channel; and although Mr. Buckle accepted M. Comte's creed with reservation, he is indebted to it for some of his theories. He thus ran counter to an order of men not indisposed to quarrel among themselves, as the Court of Arches can at this moment testify, but which, as soon as its conventional opinions are attacked, forms a compact phalanx for its corporate defence. 'The Highlanders,' says Baillie Jarvie, 'may give each other an ill name, and even a slash with a claymore, but in the end they are sure to join against all ceevelised persons who have money in their purses and breeks on their hinder ends.' Equally sure were Mr. Buckle's strictures on the Kirk and Predestination to draw down upon him the wrath of North Britain. Hero-worshippers, again, have no reason to be pleased with his speculations, since he resolves the course of history into cycles and a system, and ascribes but little permanent influence to individual soldiers, statesmen, or saints. Gibbon nettled the ecclesiastical body more by his inuendoes than by his direct imputations. Mr. Buckle fights against it, not with the foil of irony, but with the whole armoury of distrust and defiance. Some of the castigation he got, he merited: for some of his charges were ill-considered and unfounded; but these, the faults of seclusion and inexperience, do not, in the main, affect his assertion, that no class

of men is fit to be entrusted with irresponsible power, and of all classes, the clergy least.

This, however, is not the place, even did our limits allow of it, for analysing Mr. Buckle's work. That has been done by other hands at a more convenient season. We have sought, in this slight sketch of him, to delineate the author, and not his book. That the latter will remain a fragment is probable—neither the man nor the circumstances which favoured or hindered it are likely soon to recur. 'Dat Galenus opes, dat Justinianus honores:' we are not likely again to see so much learning and ability employed upon themes which remunerate the student with neither

present profit nor honour. Be what they may the faults of the book, the merits of the author are sterling. He sought knowledge for its own sake: for knowledge he gave up his youth, his talents, his fortune, and possibly his life. Truisms did not deter, nor shadows intimidate him; whatever, in his judgment, had hitherto retarded, or was likely to retard in future, the progress of men, he denounced; whatever, in his opinion, was likely to accelerate or secure it, he advocated. If we cannot inscribe it on the roll of historians or philosophers of the highest order, yet the name of HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE merits a high place on the list of earnest seekers for Truth.

## DESOLATA.

### AN APPEAL TO THE NATION ON THE DISTRESS IN LANCASHIRE.

**H**UMBLED she croucheth, wailing in the dust,  
Striving with bitter shame to rise again;  
Shame on thee, England, if with all thy wealth,  
The helpless and the homeless cry in vain!

Oh God, how long—how long this fearful cry,  
How long this growing list of infant dead?  
The bitterest pang a mother's heart can know—  
Dear children clamouring in vain for bread.

Think of it, happy mother, as thou claspst  
Thy fair-haired darling to thine own glad breast;  
Think of those crying little ones who pine,  
Un-nourished fledglings in a starving nest!

Think of it, fathers, in the dead night-watch;  
Think of it, husbands, and your happy wives;  
How Famine rides triumphant in her power,  
And Death stalks busy in those human hives!

Think of the baby-faces, pinched and wan;  
Think of the full church-yard where childhood sleeps;  
Think of the silent hearths and desolate,  
Where Rachel mourning for her children weeps!

Ah, think on thy soft couch of those sad homes:  
The wailing infant on the wasted breast.  
Give! of thy more than plenty—FREELY give,  
And God, who giveth all, shall hold thee blessed!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.



## A D R I A N,

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SISTERS.

I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
So filled, and so becoming.

SHAKESPEARE.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,  
In thy heart the dew of youth,  
On thy lips the smile of truth.

LONGFELLOW.

‘UN monsieur qui demande à  
parler avec mademoiselle.’

With these words, Lisette, a sharp-featured, dark-eyed country girl, who acted as butler and footman in the small household of the Château de Belleforêt, threw open the door of a large apartment where the two English girls were sitting; and darting back at once to her work in the kitchen, left Adrian L'Estrange standing on the threshold.

The room was very long, and of four large windows which opened on to the sunny garden, three had their jalousies closed against the summer heat; but the fourth and farthest from the door was open, and as Adrian entered, the figure of a man, who was seated in a distant corner of the apartment, slipped out and disappeared so quickly that, dazzled by the sudden transition from sunlight to the shaded room, his exit was unobserved by the new-comer.

The two girls rose, and both appeared agitated, though with very different feelings, at the sight of their unexpected visitor. Lilian's sweet face lighted up with smiles and blushes, and between pleasure and bashfulness, looked most bewitching; but the effect produced on Rachel was strangely different. She turned deadly pale, and clasped her hands nervously, glancing at the same time towards the end of the room where her father had been sitting, with an expression of terror on her countenance. Seeing that he was no longer there, she gave a deep sigh of relief; and then turning to Adrian, she addressed him with cold courtesy,

and begged to know the object of his visit.

‘Pray forgive me, if my intrusion is unwelcome,’ was his reply; ‘but I wished to return this locket to its owner. I found it after you left the shop yesterday, and Madame Blondel informed me it belonged to one of the ladies.’

He held out the locket as he spoke, and Rachel's face at once lost its cold expression, and lighted up with joy, even while her eyes filled with tears. She took the locket, and pressed it to her lips.

‘Oh, my dear locket! Thank you a thousand times, Mr. —’

‘L'Estrange,’ suggested Adrian.

Rachel made a graceful little bow to acknowledge the introduction.

‘And now, allow me to inquire after the health of Madame —’

‘Bontemps,’ said Lilian, and all three laughed.

This very small joke placed them at once on an easier footing; and Adrian, in pursuance of a plan which had suggested itself to him during his morning meditations, remarked,

‘This château is a magnificent building. I am staying at Alainville just now to study’ (he omitted to say *what*), ‘and I should be very grateful for permission to sketch here. The *façade* is remarkably fine.’

Rachel froze again at once; and regardless of an imploring look from Lilian, answered in her coldest tones,

‘That is a permission which the *intendant*, M. Bobinot, will, I believe, readily give. The principal part of the building is shown to

strangers by the order of Prince —, but the wing which we occupy is quite distinct from it; and as my father is a great invalid, and sees *no one* (with a stress on the words), 'it will be best for you to obtain admittance to all that is worth seeing in the château in the usual way.'

'Thank you. Then I have only to apologize for my intrusion. Good morning.'

He looked at Lilian, though he spoke to Rachel; and the poor child said, artlessly,

'Do not call it an intrusion, when you came to bring Rachel her dear locket. She cried last night when she missed it, and I think she might be civil, at least, to the person who has taken the trouble to come here to restore it to her.'

'Lily!' exclaimed Rachel, reprovingly; and Lilian, feeling very much ashamed of her unthinking outburst, coloured deeply, while her poor little heart, between timidity and the nameless joy it felt in Adrian's presence, fluttered like one of her own pet pigeons. Rachel turned again to their visitor.

'I am sorry if I appear uncourteous; it is out of our power to receive strangers, and we came here in search of complete retirement, so I hope you will forgive any apparent want of politeness on my part.'

She looked like an empress as she spoke those few words: there was much quiet dignity about this pale, sad-looking girl.

Adrian assured her that it was he who needed forgiveness, that he had been led by his wish to restore the locket, and perhaps to see his countrywomen once more, into what he now felt to be an intrusion; and with a bow to both sisters, and one look at Lilian which said more than he meant it should, he departed.

No sooner was the door closed than Lilian, with her cheeks all in a flame and her eyes full of tears, exclaimed,

'Rachel, do you mean to say that we are never to speak to another human being for the whole of our wretched lives?'

'Lily, Lily, what ails you?' said Rachel, looking at her sister in surprise.

'Why were you so rude and disagreeable to Mr. L'Estrange? I am sure he is a gentleman; and as we never see a human creature in this dreadful place——'

'Lilian, you know papa has important reasons for wishing to see no one.'

'So you tell me. I am treated like a child; I know nothing of your mysteries; I am not admitted into yours and papa's confidence; but one thing I do know too well—I am lonely here, and wretched, and miserable, and I wish I was dead.'

She burst into passionate tears. Rachel went up to her, and put her arm round her with infinite tenderness.

'Lily, my dearest, if anything is concealed from you, it is from love, because you are too young to bear the burden of a trouble that weighs us to the very earth.'

'And so I am too young to lead the life of a snail,' sobbed Lilian, enduring her sister's caress, but not returning it. 'I am too young to be shut up here in this horrible ruin, like a toad in a stone, as if I had a spare life to throw away, and could afford to have no enjoyment, no happiness, no comfort in this one.'

She cried passionately.

'Oh, Lily, my darling, you make me so unhappy! If I could give them to you, you should have all the joys your heart could desire; but it cannot be—oh, believe me, it cannot, cannot be. Lily, remember mamma left you to me with her last words for my own child; and trust me, my little darling, I would give my life to spare you sorrow.'

The wayward young creature was touched at once by these words, and in her turn wound her loving arms round her sister.

'Rachel, dear, forgive me. I am an ungrateful wretch. You know I love you with all my heart, and I ought to require nothing but your society to make me happy; but I have felt so wretched of late—'

more than ever since your illness—knowing that there is a secret between papa and you, and seeing how grave and sad it makes you. And then the strange way we left England, and this mystery about changing our name. I felt so thankful that Mr. L'Estrange did not ask it. I think I would rather have choked than have told him we were called Dubois. I do hate lying!

'So do I,' said Rachel, with unutterable sadness in her voice. 'But do not let us talk about it, Lily. It is not likely that we shall see Mr. L'Estrange again, and I hope nobody else will find us out.'

Poor little Lilian did not look as if this were a very cheering supposition; but she dried her eyes, and bravely resolved not to add to Rachel's troubles the knowledge of those vague, unsatisfied longings that filled her own throbbing heart. The only result of this momentary interruption to their seclusion was, that Rachel confined herself and her sister more strictly than ever to the narrow precincts of their own garden, till Lilian began to droop like a caged bird, and the same heavy gloom settled on her sweet young face that had already robbed that of her sister of its youth and freshness.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A DREAM.

Love! I will tell thee what it is to love.  
It is to build with human thoughts a shrine  
Where Hope sits brooding like a beauteous dove;  
When Time seems young, and Life a thing divine.  
All tastes, all pleasures, all desires combine  
To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.  
Above, the stars in shroudless beauty shine,  
Around, the streams their flowery margins kiss,  
And if there's Heaven on Earth, that Heav'n is surely this.

C. SWAIN.

VAINLY did Adrian L'Estrange linger day after day in the neighbourhood of the Château de Belleforêt after his first unsuccessful attempt to improve his acquaintance with the two sisters. Vainly did poor little Lilian's heart yearn in secret for another chance meeting with him who had stirred its depths with a glance. They did not meet again for some weeks. Sunday after Sunday Adrian watched the small congregation that attended the Protestant 'Temple,' and at length his perseverance was rewarded by seeing the young English girl, attended by Madame Bontemps, enter the chapel; and following, found himself, as if by accident, seated near Lilian. Of course, he had no hymn-book; and it was but an act of civility on the young girl's part to offer him hers. They looked over it together; and Adrian's rich tenor voice gave a beauty and expression to the grand old Lutheran hymns which Lilian had never per-

ceived in them before. She performed her devotions with scrupulous attention, feeling a calm and elevation of soul, poor child, which she had not experienced for long. In all real happiness there is something which raises the heart towards the Source of joy and bliss; and Lilian felt so very happy with Adrian by her side, that her prayers and thanksgivings were insensibly tinged with a new fervour.

When the service was over, he stood aside to let the sisters pass him, with a faint hope that Rachel might speak; but beyond a grave bow she took no heed of his presence, and they passed on.

It was a *fête* day at Alainville, and the 'place' was crowded. Madame Bontemps clutched the arm of Rachel with one hand, and was looking round to secure Lilian with the other, when Adrian interposed, and offered his arm, saying quietly to Rachel—

'You will allow me the pleasure



of seeing you safely through the crowd.'

Rachel could not very well refuse; and Lily, with a throbbing heart, found herself walking arm-in-arm with Adrian among the throng of holiday-makers; while, as far as her perceptions of outward things went, they might have been wandering in the great desert itself. They walked on in troubled silence: Adrian dared not trust himself to speak, for the bare commonplace words which were all that the situation appeared to warrant, were too strangely at variance with those that rushed into his mind; and Lilian could not have uttered a syllable, if her life had depended upon it. So the precious longed-for moments were slipping by; and at last, seeing they were within sight of the *auberge* of the *Lion d'or*, at whose door stood the *char-à-banc* waiting for the sisters, Adrian said, hurriedly—

'Am I never to see you again? Do you never leave the château?'

'Not often,' she whispered: 'Rachel does not like to walk on the *chaussée*.'

'But sometimes——?'

'Sometimes we walk out a little in the evening; but we have a large garden and a field of our own, and we scarcely go beyond them.'

'I am engaged on some sketches of the château, which I should so much like to show you. Do you never come on the south terrace?'

'Very, very seldom—now and then, if there is no chance of anybody being about.'

'Do you not think that Miss Dubois——?'

'Oh, please call her Rachel!' exclaimed Lily; then coloured painfully at the indiscretion of which she had been guilty. With difficulty concealing his delight, Adrian said quietly—

'Do ask Miss Rachel to come to the terrace to-morrow evening. It would give me so much pleasure to have your opinion of my drawings; and you know the château is not open on Monday to strangers, though I have a general permission to study there.'

'Lilian!' said Rachel, who had stopped, and was waiting for her a little in advance.

'We will come if possible,' Lily said, hurriedly, and withdrawing her hand from Adrian's arm, she darted off to join her sister.

All manner of innocent arts were vainly practised by the poor child on the following day to induce Rachel to accompany her to the south terrace of the château. Either Rachel surmised that she had some concealed motive—for Lily found it so impossible to help blushing when she mentioned Adrian's name, that she never alluded to him now—or the headache which she pleaded as an excuse was a true one. At length, poor little Lilian's inclination overcame her prudence, and she said, carelessly—

'I suppose there will be no harm in my going there after tea without you? It is quite safe there.'

'Go if you like, dear,' said Rachel, sadly. Her heart ached for this poor child, with the spring of youth and joy so strong within her, debarred from all the indulgences natural to her age. Sorrow had made Rachel old before her time; still it was but a little while since she, too, had been a young, joy-loving girl, and she sympathized only too deeply in the unsatisfied longings of Lily's heart.

The sun set, and the stars came out one by one in the clear evening sky. Adrian L'Estrange was once more losing all hope of that day seeing her who had suddenly become all the world to him; but, tempted by the beauty and stillness of the hour, and perhaps not without some latent hope lingering in his heart that she might yet come, he waited on the terrace.

There were stone seats placed on it at intervals, sheltered by projections in the building. He seated himself in the corner of one of these; and, as he was much in the habit of doing when alone, began singing softly to himself. His feelings found so faithful an interpretation in the 'serenade' in *Don Pasquale*, that, almost unconsciously, he sang it throughout; and though

'à mi- t face which awed ity of  
express t face which awed ity of  
unawar , even the roug' s quite  
A li o surrounded on the  
gravel was weepi Lilian  
stood t stop h Lilian  
listenin t ad been  
every n nates, and  
found her heart. She  
came ti half repenting  
of havi d in the object  
she had longed to attain.

'At la id, springing up.  
He took both her hands in his, and  
drew her gently nearer to him.  
Lily, poor child, unknowing in the  
world and its ways, felt only her  
own exceeding, trembling happi-  
ness at being there, and feeling  
that he was glad to see her; and  
she stood with her hands in his,  
without thinking of withdrawing  
them.

'I can hardly believe that this is  
not one of my dreams,' said Adrian,  
looking fondly at her. 'I have so  
often fancied that one day I might  
by a happy chance see you here, and  
speak to you; and now, now that  
you are really here, I can scarcely  
realize it.'

'Perhaps I did wrong to come,'  
said Lilian, simply. 'Rachel had  
a bad headache, and told me I  
might come alone; but then she  
did not know——' A deep blush  
finished the sentence.

'If she had known, I am sure she  
would not have forbidden you. Be-  
lieve me, I would not intrude my  
society on you, did I not feel and  
know that my motives would bear  
the closest scrutiny. I see that  
you and your sister are peculiarly  
situated; and without seeking to  
pry into your history, I know there  
must be some powerful reason for  
your absolute seclusion. But no  
one can be the worse for having a  
true and faithful friend; and if  
you and Miss Rachel could learn to  
consider me as one, and let me now  
and then have the privilege of see-  
ing you, it could surely do you no  
harm, and it would be such happi-  
ness to me!'

'It is on papa's account,' an-  
swered Lily. 'He wishes to see  
nobody, and Rachel does all he  
wishes.'

'But would he prevent you and  
your sister from seeing any one?'

'I do not know—I do not know  
what it is all about, for they think  
me too young; and when we left  
England, I was only told that it  
was necessary for us to come and  
live here, as papa had been very  
unfortunate. He said, too, that we  
must be called Dubois. Oh, I *hate*  
to be called Dubois!'

'If I may call you Lily, I want  
no other name: it suits you so well.  
Why should we not do without  
surnames altogether? and you can  
call me Adrian.'

'There is no occasion for that.  
Your name, you told us, is Mr.  
L'Estrange; and *you* have no reason  
to hide it,' she said, sadly.

'None; but I have a fancy to do  
without it; and after all, our  
Christian names are those which  
properly belong to us as individuals.  
So do let me hear you call me  
Adrian.'

'No, I would rather not,' an-  
swered Lilian, gently. 'You must  
see there is a great difference. I  
know your name, and need call  
you by no other; but having once  
admitted that ours is not Dubois,  
it would be absurd to go on using  
it. We can be Rachel and Lilian  
to you for the few times we are  
likely to meet.'

'Very well, Lilian—Lily—it shall  
be as you please,' replied Adrian,  
feeling that he loved her all the  
better for the intuitive modesty  
that thus showed itself amid her  
utter ignorance of all conventional  
rules of propriety. For the rest  
of that long evening walk, he stu-  
diously avoided all dangerous  
ground, and sought to engage her  
attention and please her fancy  
merely as an agreeable acquaint-  
tance. His great wish was to lead  
her gradually, by slow degrees, to  
the knowledge and comprehension  
of his infinite love for her; and the  
powerful control he exercised over  
himself met with its own reward.  
Lilian gained courage to tell her  
sister of their meeting; and Rachel,  
who could not but feel touched by  
the respectful interest shown by  
Adrian in their friendless condition,  
was soon persuaded to join in their

happy evening meetings on the terrace. The château gardens now became to Lilian the bright enchanted fairy-land which every spot appears when hallowed and glorified by the radiance of a first and all-absorbing passion. As Adrian's character developed itself in the unrestrained intimacy of daily association, the poor child learned to regard him with a love that was almost worship; while her calm, melancholy sister gradually threw away all her misgivings, and indulged in the charm of once more possessing a friend to be loved and trusted.

Of their father, Adrian saw nothing. He never entered the house; and the only indication of a male

presence to me for a moment in the night I believe that you might be disclosing to me the secret of the first ominous crack of the ice at the approach of spring, let in a torrent of emotions and discoveries which broke up the fair-seeming but false foundation of their happiness, and swept it away, as with a flood, for ever.

This several weeks to regard it, northern country on the frozen high river, where they if it would remain solid, to the end of a trifling incident, the first ominous crack of the ice at the approach of spring, let in a torrent of emotions and discoveries which broke up the fair-seeming but false foundation of their happiness, and swept it away, as with a flood, for ever.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WAKING.

Love is life's end ; an end but never ending,  
All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding,  
Love is life's wealth, (ne'er spent, but ever spending,)  
More rich by giving, taking by discarding.  
Love's life's reward, rewarded in rewarding ;  
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove :  
Ah ! should'st thou live but once love's sweets to prove,  
Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love.

SPENSER.

IT was now the vintage-time, and Adrian L'Estrange was one day taking a solitary walk in the thick wood which gave its name to the Château de Belleforêt, when he heard a confused sound of voices on the highway, from which he was not far distant. It was by no means uncommon at this season to meet with parties of peasants who had been doing their best towards creating a demand for the new vintage, by diminishing the stock-in-hand of the landlords of cabarets, and at first Adrian paid no attention to the sounds which met his ear. Presently, however, he stopped and listened intently; then dashing at once into the thick wood, he forced his way through brake and briar to the spot whence the noise proceeded.

He arrived just in time. Rachel and Lilian were standing clinging to each other in the middle of the road, surrounded by a crowd of

tipsy peasants ; who, after indulging in some merriment at their expense, were proceeding to more open insults. In his normal state, the French rustic is a harmless peaceable individual enough ; somewhat addicted to pleasantries of a not over-refined description, prone to laughter, and easily moved to tears ; but though coarse, not brutal in his outward demeanour. But no sooner is the *verre-de-vin* in the ascendant, than he becomes a changed being : the monkey element in his nature retires to give place to the tiger ; and of all forms of humanity there is scarcely one to be more dreaded or avoided than a drunken disorderly French peasant.

Surrounded by a cluster of these men, the two English girls stood, unable to advance or retreat. Rachel had thrown one arm round her sister, and stood erect and calm, with an expression in her



steadfast face which awed, for the moment even the rough, brutal men who surrounded her. Poor little Lily was weeping wildly, and trying to stop her ears with both hands, while the rude insulting jests of her tormentors dyed her cheeks with indignant crimson. One of the men, bolder or more cowardly than his fellows, stepped forward and laid hold of her by the shoulder, to separate her from her sister. Lily gave a wild shriek, and at the same moment a crushing blow from behind sent the ruffian down on the *pavé*, where he lay motionless. Two more well-directed and scientific efforts in the same style disposed of a couple of fellows who came to their comrade's assistance, and put an end to the strife; for the rest of the men, not feeling disposed to continue the combat, even with the enormous odds in their favour, slunk away, leaving their wounded on the field; and Adrian, quietly taking Lilian's arm in his, said,

'Don't do this again, Rachel; I might not have been so near.'

'Oh, thank God you were!' exclaimed Rachel, now giving way to her bravely-repressed terror; 'I was not afraid for myself, but for Lily.'

'Lily, my own darling,' said Adrian, to the weeping girl, who was clinging to his arm; 'you should have some one always near who would be better able to protect you than even this dear, brave sister. Lily, dearest, will you cling to me always as you do now; will you let my arm shield you from all danger?'

'Oh, Adrian! so gladly!' She lifted her face for a moment to meet his glance of love, then down it went again, and she wept over her exceeding happiness, even more than she had done a moment before with shame and terror.

'Stay, Adrian, stay!' exclaimed Rachel, hastily; 'this cannot be: oh, you do not know what you are saying; we are unhappy enough already—do not break her heart!'

'God forbid. He knows that I love her with the whole strength of my being, and you must surely

have seen it too, Rachel; you cannot have been so blind.'

'Alas, alas! I ought to have known it would come to this! How weak and wrong I have been! and yet it seemed so hard to deny her the one pleasure of her life.'

'And why deny it to her? though you may not think me worthy of such a treasure, I have an honest heart and an untainted name to offer her.'

'Oh, hush, hush; this is worse than all! I implore you to say no more now. Lily, my dearest, my poor little sister, come home with me, and God grant that you may not suffer too deeply for my weak indulgence!'

Lily instinctively withdrew herself from the arm which Adrian had thrown round her, and walked beside him, silent and trembling, while Rachel spoke. Adrian made no effort to detain her, but as they stopped at the garden door, he said, gravely,

'Lilian, listen to me. I tell you here, before your sister, who seems to be your only support and protector, that I love you more than my life—that I seek no blessing from heaven but your love, and that, with it, I require nothing more. A mystery—it may be a dark one—hangs round you. Be it what it may, I seek not to penetrate it—your name, your station, are nothing to me. It is you I love, you my soul longs for—and now answer me with one word, one look. Does your heart echo these words or not?'

'Rachel, Rachel, what must I say? what must I do?' implored Lily, without venturing even a look at Adrian.

'Answer him truly, my darling. Such a question must be answered as it is asked,' said Rachel, sadly.

'Then I *do* love you; oh Adrian, my Adrian, I love you with my whole soul!' and Lily found herself in Adrian's arms, with his kisses thrilling from her lips into her very heart. Rachel stood by, with an expression on her face such as an angel might have worn in Paradise, watching the bliss of

our first parents, and foreseeing their doom.

'You are answered now, Adrian,' she said, at length. 'Leave us for a while, there is much that I must say to my sister, still more that I must think and pray over alone.'

She drew Lilian gently within the garden, and shut the door; and scarcely knowing whether he was happy or miserable, Adrian L'Estrange returned in a tumult of feeling to the little village inn where he had taken up his quarters for some weeks past.

About an hour later, a knock at his chamber door was followed by the appearance of the black-eyed Lisette, who placed a small note in his hand, '*de la part de Mademoiselle,*' and begged for an answer.

Adrian opened it hastily—it contained these words,—

'Will you come to the south terrace to-night, at ten o'clock? I must speak with you alone.'

RACHEL.

Adrian looked into the keen eyes of the girl who stood watching him, and merely said, 'Tell mademoiselle that she shall be obeyed,' and the black-eyed messenger turned on her heel in silent contempt for the *niais* who did not even improve the opportunity by a compliment to her *jolis yeux*, and sulkily departed.

Rachel was pacing the terrace with hurried steps when Adrian went there at the appointed hour, but stopped suddenly when she saw him. Her heart seemed to throb till each pulsation shook the slight frame that held it, and every vestige of colour faded from her cheek and lips.

'I ought to have been prepared for this hour,' were her first words. 'Day and night, for weeks and months, the thought that such a moment would come, some time and by some means, I knew not how or when, has haunted me. How could I be so blind as not to know that it would be through you?'

'Rachel, I earnestly beg of you

to listen to me for a moment,' said Adrian. 'I believe that your strong sense of right is urging you to make me some disclosure which, whatever may be its nature, is painful to you. It is quite needless. Dear Rachel, you took me, a stranger, on trust; let me not do less by you. I know that in your heart you feel that I am true, and mean well and truly by you and Lily. I have the same confidence in you, and let this suffice for both of us.'

'So it would, amply, if we were but to be friends, as we have been hitherto. But the words you have spoken to Lily cannot be unsaid; and before another such word is uttered, you must know us as we are, our blighted name, and wretched history. Adrian,' she continued, in the strange, clear, rapid utterance of intense feeling; 'my father's name is Robert Denborough.'

Adrian made an involuntary exclamation, as though he had received a heavy blow. It was a name infamous at that moment throughout all Europe, as belonging to the perpetrator of one of the most gigantic of those commercial frauds which of late years have been the disgrace of the British nation. Forgery and other aggravating circumstances were connected with it, and the bearer of that name, under the greater—perhaps more wholesome—severity of former laws, would have forfeited his life at the hands of justice.

In another moment, the thought of all that poor Rachel must have suffered in making this confession, filled the heart of Adrian with pity; and he said, gently, 'It is not for me to visit the offences of the father on the children; this knowledge does not affect my feelings towards you or Lily.'

'It must, it must!' exclaimed poor Rachel, as, sinking on a seat, she gave way to a burst of tears, the more agonizing that they had been long and bravely repressed. 'Lilian can never be your wife—we can never meet the eyes of our fellow-creatures again. Go—leave

this place, and, for pity's sake, never return to it.'

'That will I not!' said Adrian; 'the tie that binds me to Lily is one that no outward circumstances can affect. If she is unhappy and desolate, suffering as an innocent victim for the faults of another, she has all the more need of my love, and it is all the more firmly hers.'

Rachel looked up at him with tear-laden eyes, and shook her head.

'It was not thus that *he* judged,' she murmured, as if to herself; 'and yet the world did not blame him. Adrian, before these terrible things happened, when we were rich and prosperous, one loved me as you love Lily—at least I thought so. The day was fixed for our marriage, when the crash came, and we were dishonoured beggars. Adrian—he left me without a word, without a line—I never saw him—I never, never shall see him again! But the world did not blame him, he was pitied and comforted, and nobody gave a thought to the poor broken-hearted creature who lost all—all at once. Why should he, with his unsullied name, keep faith with the daughter of a felon?'

'My poor Rachel, calm yourself; and if it has been your unhappy fate to know one such unworthy wretch, do not believe that there can exist another. Let the obstacles to our happiness be what they may, my love for Lilian shall triumph over all.'

'Never,' said Rachel, sadly; 'it must not, it ought not to be. I would have said the same in my own case, and nothing could have induced me to become Richard Musgrave's wife, though it *was* hard to be given up without a word. No, Adrian, no honourable name must be linked to ours. We are bankrupt in name and fame, sometimes I think even in our hopes hereafter. How can we look for God's blessing, feeling that He sees the misery of those who curse us as the authors of their ruin? the very bread we eat is a theft, for it is taken out of the mouths

of those who are starving for our crime.'

'Hush, Rachel, I beseech you; do not identify yourself with a crime of which you are entirely innocent,' exclaimed Adrian. 'It is a false and morbid idea.'

'I do not know that,' answered Rachel, mournfully. 'It seems to me that if I share in the fruits of the sin, I must share also in the sin itself and its consequences. We ought to be penniless—we are surrounded by comfort, even luxury: this cannot be right, and I bewilder myself by trying to reconcile it to my conscience. Oh that I could work for my daily bread! Life would not then be intolerable to me, as it is now!'

Adrian scarcely knew what to say in reply to this speech of poor Rachel's; his own high-minded sense of right echoed her words. So he tried another form of consolation.

'All the more reason why you should be glad that Lily and you may have another home, with one who loves you as a brother, dear Rachel. Thank God, I am not my father's eldest son, and I shall ask so little from him that I feel sure he cannot refuse me. Little will satisfy us, will it not, dear sister?'

'God bless you, Adrian,' said poor Rachel, warmly; 'your words do me good, though I feel it is all a delusion, and such happiness can never be ours. But we must say good night now. I suppose you will insist on seeing Lily once more before we part?'

'Once? a thousand times! I never mean to lose sight of her again, when I can possibly help it. Do not think me convinced, Rachel; I am ready to pledge myself by every vow that man can utter, to that sweet darling. Let me see her now, if only for a minute.'

'No, no; she was terribly shaken by all I had to tell her; for with a perhaps mistaken kindness, I had kept all the darkest features of our case, and the knowledge of our father's real position, from her. Let me go to her now, and you shall see her to-morrow.'



'And your father?' said Adrian, with an effort; 'I will do nothing clandestinely, Rachel. His consent is a mere matter of form, I own, and if he did not give it, I should not scruple to do without it; but I should like to see him, and make my proposals *en règle*.'

A burning blush overspread Rachel's pale face. 'You cannot see him to-night,' she said. 'Since his misfortunes, and since we have led this lonely life, he—he goes to bed early.'

'Very well,' replied Adrian; 'let it be to-morrow.' The village gossip had made him aware that a very disproportionate quantity of brandy formed the most important article of expense in the small household of the chateau, and he more than surmised that Mr. Den-

borough was probably not in a condition to carry on any conversation of importance. 'Good night, and God be with you, dear Rachel; tell me at what hour I may make my appearance, and perhaps you will prepare Mr. Denborough for what I have to say.'

'Come at twelve. I will speak to my father after breakfast. He never leaves his room till late, and you may have a talk with Lily before you see him. But oh, Adrian, do not make her too hopeful! poor child, she is very young, and will have so much sorrow.'

'Not if I can shield her from it,' said Adrian, earnestly. He parted from Rachel, as a brother from a beloved sister; and the poor girl's heart felt less truly heavy on that night than it had done for many a long and weary month.

## CHAPTER IX.

### AN UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY.

O most potential Love! vow, bond, nor space,  
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,  
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.  
When thou impresses, what are precepts worth,  
Of stale example? When thou wilt influence,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth,  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?

SHAKESPEARE.

THE first agitating meeting between Adrian and Lily in their new character of acknowledged lovers was over. Every good thing in this world has a peculiar beauty of its own, and mutual love—that chiefest of all good on earth—has various phases of beauty, each differing from the other.

It is a very blessed thing to be able to look freely into eyes that we love, and meet in them an answering look. It is good—how good!—to feel that every loving word we utter finds an echo in the heart that leaps to hear it spoken. But there is also a refined and spiritual beauty in unacknowledged love, which flies away with the first word of tenderness, and never returns again. It is the bloom on the peach, the rosy light in the morning cloud, the dew on the violet—too tenderly, exquisitely

beautiful to bear the gentlest handling, it dies in the utterance of the words 'I love you,' and can never be revived. And as a state of transition is always more or less one of pain, the first meeting of two between whom these fateful words have been spoken is generally uneasy and constrained, till the new and closer tie becomes familiar, and they learn its full strength and comfort.

In the peculiar position of Lily and Adrian there was much to make this feeling more than commonly obtrusive; and when Rachel first left them alone together, they felt almost as though a sudden coldness had sprung up between them. But they loved too truly, and were both too young and unsophisticated for this restraint to last long; and Adrian had drawn the little blushing, trembling crea-

ture to his side in one of the deep recesses of the windows, and was pouring all his heart into her ear in low loving tones, when a door behind them opened noisily, and a tall stout man, dressed in a flashy style, came towards them with an air something between shame and defiance, which he vainly strove to conceal beneath a forced gaiety and cordiality.

Adrian, looking at him, felt much as one does on pulling the string of a shower-bath on a winter's morning. Was it possible that this was the father of his lovely darling—this vulgar disreputable man, whom of all men living he had hitherto held in the most contemptuous abhorrence? In spite of himself, his manner was coldly distant as he addressed a few words to Mr. Denborough; but the latter had resolved to be friendly and familiar, called him 'L'Estrange' and 'my dear boy,' alluded quite graciously to the pleasure it would give him to receive Adrian into 'their little family party,' and joked Lily on her 'sly ways' with a horribly vulgar attempt at pleasantry. In short, he over-acted his part, and thoroughly disgusted his intended son-in-law.

Happily, Rachel soon came in, and it was evident at a glance that Mr. Denborough stood in great awe of his eldest daughter. He changed his tone at once, became subdued, sensible, almost gentlemanlike, and by the time dinner was over, and he and Adrian were left alone, began to appear in some degree sensible of the position in which he stood, and went the length of acknowledging that it would be a comfort to him to see one of his girls provided for.

'You see, my dear L'Estrange,' continued this exemplary parent, 'I am on the shady side of the wall just now. Something will turn up soon, I have no doubt. I generally light on my legs, though I came down by the run with a vengeance in that — business the other day. But I shall get through the Court somehow, as many others have done before me, and be none the worse; and then, with a fair field

and no favour, I will back myself to make my way in the world again at any odds you like.'

Adrian felt no disposition to make the bet, and proceeded with guarded civility to inform Mr. Denborough that since he made no objection to his marriage with Lilian, he should at once proceed to England, and tell the whole story to his father Sir Harry, on whom he was entirely dependent.

Mr. Denborough's countenance fell.

'Sir Harry L'Estrange, are you the son of Sir Harry L'Estrange of Harpenden Manor? How deuced unlucky!'

'Why?' inquired Adrian.

'Because I—we, that is—of course you know your father was in for a considerable sum in that — business. I don't clearly see my way in this, L'Estrange; I can't exactly go and put my head in the lion's mouth, and let your—my—the creditors know where I am gone to earth at this present moment.'

'I will engage,' said Adrian, eagerly, forgetting how impossible it was for him to keep the pledge he was about to give—that my father shall make no use of the information I must give him, which can prejudice you. He is truth and honour itself (Mr. Denborough winced), and I must be perfectly open with him; but he would scorn to take advantage of knowledge so acquired.'

'Perhaps so, and at any rate I am riding at single anchor here, and can be off to-morrow, if I smell a rat; and my nose is pretty keen for such game now, I can tell you.'

'Good heavens!' thought Adrian, with difficulty concealing his disgust, 'can this man be the father of my lovely Lilian and that noble creature Rachel?'

The thought that he might be the means of removing these two high-minded girls from the degrading position they now occupied acted as a wholesome check, and prevented him from openly expressing his sentiments; but he shortened his interview with Mr. Denborough as much as possible, and after bringing him to declare

that he would be satisfied with any provision that Sir Harry would enable his son to make for Lilian, he broke up the conference, and with a feeling of infinite relief, Adrian sought the society of the two sisters, and left Mr. Denborough to his farther potations.

The next day, after a long, loving, lingering parting, and many promises to write often, constantly, Adrian L'Estrange started for Eng-

land. In his own secret soul he dreaded the explanation with his father so intensely, that he felt as if he could not enjoy even the society of Lilian till the important interview was over. So he went, with many loving protestations, many tender assurances that they would soon meet again, and never part more; and poor Lily set herself with all her strength to the weary task of watching and waiting.

## CHAPTER X.

### DARCY PIERREPONT.

I have too deeply read mankind  
To be amus'd with Friendship; 'tis a name  
Invented merely to betray credulity:  
'Tis intercourse of interests—not of souls.

HOWARD.

'LET me hear no more about it, Adrian. The thing is impossible, and there's an end.'

Sir Harry L'Estrange was violently excited. Adrian sat in the library at Harpenden Manor, opposite to his father, looking very pale, but as resolute as the General himself.

'Father, nothing that truth and honour dictate, and the laws of God sanction, can be impossible.'

'And may I ask who made you so unerring a judge on this point? How can the laws of God, as you are pleased to appeal to them, sanction your flying in your father's face, and outraging your whole family by a disgraceful marriage? I tell you what it is, Adrian, you have been made a fool of by a lot of sharpers; and if ever you see or speak to the girl again——' Here the General forgot his usual dignity, and gave utterance to a very 'emphatic exclamation,' or, in plain English, swore like an old trooper, as he was. '—— it, sir, if you bring shame on us all by any such folly, I will never see or speak to you again.'

'Very well,' said Adrian, 'we will say no more on the subject; but I beg you, father, to reflect upon it in all its bearings; for if you force me to choose between obedience to you, and the redemption of my pledged word to one

who would be an ornament to any family, I have no alternative. There is a point beyond which parental authority does not extend; and with honour and happiness both at stake, one cannot give way to fanciful scruples.'

'Fanciful scruples! Insolent boy, do you dare so to call my determination to keep the honour of our name untarnished? Do you know that for the last four hundred years the name of L'Estrange of Harpenden has been handed down from father to son, and has only gained in fame as in age?'

'But I am not your only son; Basil——'

'What has Basil to do with it? If Basil married a Howard or a Cavendish to-morrow, and had twenty children, would that wipe out the disgrace of the younger branch, if you were mad enough to connect yourself with a daughter of that sneaking villain Denborough, who rose from a dung-hill, and is now a felon?'

'Her mother was one of the Montresors,' suggested Adrian.

'So much the worse for the Montresors. But that is a very different thing. If a woman in a family disgraces herself by a low marriage, her name can be wiped out of the family record, and no great harm done. But a man—do what you will, Adrian, you must



be a L'Estrange of Harpenden to the end of the chapter; and your disgrace would be that of all your family. Look you; it is not an insane pride, as you are pleased to think, that actuates me. If you had fallen in love, like a young ass, with Katie Miller at the lodge-gate, I should have done all I could to prevent your marrying her, of course; still, she is the honest child of an honest father; and I might have got over it in time. But this spawn of a rascally swindler——

'Say no more, sir,' said Adrian, rising. 'It is unworthy of you to heap insults on the head of a defenceless girl. If you think better of what you have said, it will, of course, make me very happy; if not, I have two hundred a year of my mother's, which will keep us from want; and the education you have given me will surely help us to a livelihood.'

'Don't flatter yourself I shall think any better of it, young man. I tell you, once for all, that scoundrel Denborough is the greatest rascal unhung. He swindled me out of five thousand pounds; and if you go and marry his daughter, in the face of my solemn prohibition, you may starve, and be ——, for anything I care.'

Sir Harry flung out of the room in furious anger; and Adrian sat down with a burning head and throbbing heart, to write page after page of unalterable love and devotion to Lily. He did not allude to the interview with his father, hoping that before he wrote again affairs might have taken a somewhat less unfavourable aspect; and, when his letter was finished, he posted it himself in the village, and then wandered sadly into the woods, and paced up and down among the fallen leaves, in anxious and perplexed thought.

Meanwhile, the General ordered his horse, and rode off in wrath and bitterness to Lightwood, the hunting-box of his friend Darcy Pierrepont, for counsel and encouragement in his decision. It was Darcy who had persuaded him to invest five thousand pounds in the con-

cern that had so disgracefully failed in the hands of Robert Denborough. Darcy was himself, to a far larger amount, a sufferer by the man's misconduct. The General resolved to tell him all, and be strengthened in his determination by his clever young friend's approval. To be sure—so mused Sir Harry as he rode along—he had promised that young idiot, Adrian, that he would make no use of his knowledge of Denborough's hiding-place; no more he would—he would not tell Pierrepont where the rascal was, but simply lay the facts before him, and ask his opinion. That, at least, could do no harm.

Thus musing, the old man pursued his way, sticking every now and then his heels into his cob's sides with an energy which quite enraged that respectable quadruped, who resented it by sundry awkward gambols; while the groom on the fiery 'Sir Brian' behind him, wondered at his master's unusual speed.

A very pleasant-looking group met Sir Harry's eye as he cantered up the approach to the house of Lightwood. Lord Medway and Mr. Pierrepont, in red coats and muddy top-boots, were standing on the steps, talking to Lady Medway and Catherine Vernon; and the bright colour of their scarlet coats contrasted well with the pretty little figure of Lady Medway in a brown and blue walking costume, and Catherine's tall slender form in a rifle-green riding-habit. The hall-door was open, and just within it—oh, shades of departed fox-hunters, look leniently on the degeneracy of the day!—stood a tea-table! and the group on the steps were talking, laughing, and drinking tea all at once. The cheering beverage was under the superintendence of Mrs. Monkton, a middle-aged lady, who acted as Catherine Vernon's companion during the time she spent under Mr. Pierrepont's roof; and who was only remarkable for a general grey-ness of dress and appearance, and a '*grand talent pour le silence*.'

Sir Harry L'Estrange was warmly greeted by all, and spent a few

minutes chatting with the two ladies; but his impatience to carry out the object of his visit could not long be restrained, even by the old-fashioned courtesy of his manners, and he said, presently—

‘Pierrepont, my good fellow, I owe you a thousand apologies for wishing to withdraw you from such agreeable society; but I have a matter of some consequence on which I came to consult you; and I should esteem it a favour if you would allow me five minutes’ conversation in your own den.’

‘I am at your service, General, in any way you please to command;’ and Mr. Pierrepont ushered his guest into the house, and led the way to a small room on the ground-floor, of which the principal furniture consisted of two large leather arm-chairs, with a reading-table beside each.

‘I believe it is useless to offer you a weed, Sir Harry?’ said Mr. Pierrepont, taking a cigar from a box on the chimney-piece.

‘With any expectation of my accepting the offer, perfectly so; but pray do not let me interfere with your practice of that or any other vice that suits you. If you will listen as well as smoke, I will tell you why I am here, and how I want you to help me.’

Sir Harry L’Estrange then informed his companion of Adrian’s unexpected return, and its object. At the first mention of the name of Denborough, Pierrepont slightly started, and concealed his surprise by a somewhat elaborate removal of the ash from the end of his cigar; a useless bit of acting, for the unconscious General was much too deeply engrossed with his subject to pay any attention to his little by-play. It was not until he had poured forth the whole story, with sundry comments of his own, that he paused and looked at his companion.

‘Now, Darcy, what do you advise me to do? I am very unwilling to drive the foolish boy to extremities; and yet such a marriage would be his utter destruction. Indeed, were it for nothing else, I should be puzzled how to set him

up in life. That unlucky five thousand——’

‘Don’t speak of it, pray. You cannot tell how I reproach myself——’

‘My dear fellow, you did it with a good motive; and I know you lost much more by the rascal. But I must allude to it, if only to tell you that I have saved little besides. Harpenden is strictly entailed; and in the event of my death, Adrian would have little more than his poor mother’s fortune—a couple of hundreds a year—to look to. Now, I only ask you—would it not be sheer madness in him to cut his own throat by such a marriage at three-and-twenty, with all the world before him? I have reason to know that he is getting on very well at the Foreign-office, and sure of a good appointment before long. Would it not, then, be madness to hamper himself with a penniless wife, to say nothing of the connexion with such a man as Denborough?’

‘Altogether out of the question,’ said Darcy Pierrepont, decidedly. ‘It must be put an end to by all means. Where did you say the Denboroughs are?’

‘Why, Adrian made me promise I would tell no one. It seems the rascal stipulated for this when he gave his consent to the girl’s marriage. What shall I do, Darcy? The young fool is in a state of mind that makes me fear he will go off and commit himself before he has had time to cool upon it.’

‘Temporize, if you can. Take time to consider, and do not pledge yourself either way, and then bring him here on a visit. Perhaps my niece Catherine’s attractions might draw him off the other scent. Now I think of it, it would be a very good marriage for him.’

‘I should think so,’ said the old General, warmly; ‘but a deuced bad one for Catherine. How handsome the lassie has grown this last year!’

‘Yes. She will be a fine woman at five-and-twenty: at eighteen she promises well enough.’

‘She is a lovely creature; and I should indeed be proud of her as a

daughter-in-law ; but that would be too great a piece of good luck, though it is like your friendly nature to think of it ; and I thank you for suggesting any means by which I can ward off a rupture with that desperate young donkey, Adrian. He seems perfectly wild about the girl.'

'She is a pretty, taking creature. I have seldom seen a better specimen of fair beauty,' said Darcy Pierrepont, carelessly.

'What, do you know her?' inquired the General. 'By the bye, I forgot you knew these people before the smash. What are they really like?'

'I have not seen them for nearly two years, and then the girl was scarcely more than a child, not yet seventeen. Her elder sister was engaged to young Musgrave, who afterwards married Clara Elliott ; and I saw a good deal of them all at that time. There was nothing to find fault with in the girls ; but Denborough himself was a pill which required a good deal of gilding. But to return to Adrian. You must bring him here, as I said, and we will try to rouse him up a little. Where has he been staying?'

'At a stupid little French town called Alainville,' answered the unconscious General, easily falling into the trap. 'If he had only stuck to Paris——'

'Ah, as you observe, there is safety in a multitude,' replied Pierrepont. 'So you will fix an early day for coming to us. The Medways will be here for another fortnight ; and in the meantime, if you take my advice, you will temporize with Adrian.'

'Thank you, Darcy, thank you ; I believe it will be the best plan. And now I must be going, for it will be quite dark before I reach home.'

Darcy Pierrepont accompanied his guest to the door, and saw him mount.

'If you please, Sir Harry, to be careful,' said the groom who held his horse ; 'it has come on to freeze pretty sharp, and the roads are very slippery.'

'I'll take care,' said the old man,

and proceeded leisurely down the avenue.

Darcy Pierrepont stood for a few minutes on the steps, looking out into the cold dark evening in deep thought.

'So! I had little trouble in finding out Denborough's whereabouts from the worthy General!' he thought. 'What a rare piece of good fortune! With the knowledge I now possess, I may make my own terms ; but it will require skilful management. If the lovely, provoking little creature has really taken a serious fancy to Adrian, it will complicate matters a good deal ; and I may have to come the stern creditor over her father, and owe to her filial devotion what she refused last year to my love. But I shall succeed sooner or later. When did I ever fail in what I set my heart on?'

The sound of a horse's hoofs coming rapidly along the avenue, disturbed these meditations. It was now nearly dark, but Darcy Pierrepont could distinguish Sir Harry's groom as he galloped hurriedly up.

'What is it? Has your master forgotten anything?' he asked.

'My master has met with a very bad accident, sir,' answered the man, breathless with speed and alarm. 'Will you please to send help, sir? He is lying insensible at the turn of the road beyond the lodge, and I don't like to leave him alone.' He turned and galloped off again.

In a few minutes men and lanterns, and a stable-door hastily torn from its hinges and covered with a horse-cloth, were despatched to the scene of the accident, and the senseless form of the old man was conveyed back to the house he had so recently quitted. An express was sent for Adrian, and another for the nearest surgeon.

Before the latter arrived, Sir Harry had recovered his senses ; but his leg was badly fractured, and he had also sustained some severe bruises, which at his age might prove even more serious than the greater injury. As he lay exhausted with pain, Adrian watched by his side, full of melancholy



thoughts. The last words that had passed between him and his father were still ringing painfully in his ears; and as he called to mind the strong, steady, life-long love of the only parent he had ever known, the bitter consciousness that they had parted in anger weighed so heavily on his spirit as to overshadow for the time even his love for Lilian.

Bending over the old man he whispered, 'Father, forgive the hasty words I spoke to-day. I will do nothing without your consent.'

Sir Harry looked fondly at his son, and answered in feeble tones, 'I was hasty, too, my boy. Think no more of what has passed; if I get better we will see what can be done.'

Darcy Pierrepont was all kindness and hospitality, full of concern for the accident which had befallen his dear old friend, and of arrangements for the comfort of both father and son during their unexpected residence under his roof. But when the rest of the party had retired for the night, and Adrian had taken up his post by his father's bedside, Mr. Pierrepont remained alone for a long while in deep thought. Passing into his sitting-room, he occupied himself with a number of papers; he took out a travelling writing-case, and placed in it a Foreign-office passport, together with a variety of other documents, and then seated himself in profound meditation before the fire. It was far in the night before he seemed to bring his cogitations to a satisfactory conclusion, and betook himself to rest.

The post came to Lightwood early in the morning, and when the party met at breakfast, Mr. Pierrepont announced that, to his great annoyance, he had received letters which made it necessary for him to go to London that day.

'It is most provoking, to be sure. Catherine, you remember I told you I might have to go to London next week?'

Catherine did not remember, but that made no difference in the present state of matters.

'I must be off by the mid-day

train. I hope only to remain a few days; but it is impossible to say: I may be detained longer, as all business connected with trust matters is apt to be carried on in a lingering and dilatory manner. Medway, you must promise me to remain here as long as you possibly can, to look after the poor old General; and I am sure you, Lady Medway, and Catherine, will do all you can to render his convalescence as little tedious as may be. But I shall hope for the best, and perhaps I may only be detained for a day or two.'

Mr. Pierrepont returned to his study, and rang the bell. The butler, who was also his valet and confidential servant, answered it. His master was busy with some papers, and asked, without looking up,

'Are my things packed, Charlton?'

'Yes, sir, and the carriage is at the door.'

'Very well; of course I leave you here in charge, and I wish everything to go on as if I were at home. I do not know how long I may be detained, but here is a cheque for your present use. And, Charlton, all my letters must be forwarded to the Albany—here is the key of the post-bag; and remember that I desire *all* foreign letters that are written by, or addressed to any person in this house, with the exception of Lord and Lady Medway, to be forwarded under cover to me. Do you understand?'

'Yes, sir; and I will attend to your instructions.'

'Do so, carefully, and here is something to pay the postage.' He threw the man a ten-pound note, and for the first time during their short colloquy, master and servant looked each other in the face. It was only a glance, but it sufficed. Charlton was a *very* confidential servant, and used to doing his master's bidding unhesitatingly, unless he were better paid for betraying him. All this time Darcy Pierrepont was writing a note, which he now folded and addressed. 'Give this' to Mr. L'Es-

trange when you see him, and tell him I would not allow him to be disturbed, and that I rejoiced to hear that Sir Harry had had some sleep.'

As Charlton amused himself after his master's departure by reading the note, before giving it to Adrian, we may as well enjoy the same privilege.

'MY DEAR ADRIAN,

'I am much annoyed at being compelled to leave my good old friend your father at this moment, but business which I cannot possibly postpone, calls me to London.

Pray let me hear as often as possible, and remember that all and everything in my house and stables is at your disposal. Should you be able to leave your father on Friday, do not forget that Horley Firs is our best meet, and that Mayfly will carry you like a bird. It will be doing me a kindness to ride the horses, as I never like trusting them to grooms.

'I shall be at my old quarters in the Albany, and hope you will be able to send me good news of my dear old friend.

'Ever yours, faithfully,  
'DARCY PIERREPONT.'

### IN THE DESERT.

'WHAT are these shallow shrunken pools  
That lie about us on the way,  
Whose brackish savour never cools  
A thirsty summer's day ?'

'That blithe broad river from the hills,  
That roll'd at sunrise through the land,  
Has sunk into a thousand rills,  
And perish'd in the sand.'

'What are these stragglers of the heath,  
Each cowering by his rusted blade,  
And slowly hungering to death,  
While no one gives them aid ?'

'A banner'd host went forth at day,  
To win their Prince his diadem :  
They fail'd, they fled, they fell away—  
And these are all of them.'

I speak but fancies : if there dwells,  
Perchance, such meaning in the words  
As comes to us from village bells  
Or from the song of birds,

Take it, ye loneliest and best—  
Ye secret ones who strive and fail,  
Who do not prosper in your quest,  
Nor find the Holy Grail ;

Who have no fruitage of your loins  
But labour, and the lifeless jar  
And jingle of those hated coins,  
That made you what you are !

Yea, Love is of the early morn,  
So frail, so sensitive, so shy ;  
A thing that with the dews is born,  
And with the dews must die.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

## OUR MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS AND OPERATIVE CLASSES.

BY A MANCHESTER MAN.

THE district of which Manchester is the metropolis, is regarded by the Southerner with a species of self-complacent aversion: the surface of the country is marked by no natural beauties; the manners of the people are characterized by but few artificial graces. And yet, as a mart of commerce, a hive of industry, a magazine of art, a nurse of invention, a workshop of constructive skill, a spring of wealth, it stands out, in its shroud of smoke, an object of more practical importance and scientific interest than the most fertile and sunny portions of our land. It owes its distinctive characteristics for the most part to human agency. If it be true, as in a modified sense it is, that 'God made the country, man the town,' the aphorism is especially fulfilled in its application to our manufacturing districts. Neither are they of ancient origin, as such. They are not like the green fields, which have supplied food for the cattle from the earliest times: in their distinctive features they are not a century old. A hundred years ago there were no tall factory-chimneys, no palatial warehouses, no colossal foundries, no gigantic workshops. But suddenly the coal-beds which had slept their deep sleep unheeded so long, were opened out, and the waste moor which covered them became thickly populated; the streams that had dashed down the hill-sides, and pursued their more sluggish course to the ocean, for a thousand years almost unnoticed, were now turned into yoke-fellows of art, as agents of motive power in the production of manufactures, and those hill-sides became instinct with human life; discovery and invention—discovery of power and invention in applying it—were born almost together, and grew and increased hand in hand, bidding the wilderness flourish and the lonely places teem with vast multitudes; the rumble of machinery was now heard on many a heath

which aforetime had echoed no other sounds than those from the splash of the cascade, or the bleating of the sheep, or the chirping of the moorfowl; fishing villages became seaports, and large towns sprang as it were out of the earth under the wand of the great magician, steam; within the last thirty years lines of railway have been spread as a network over these rough and rugged districts, exalting the valley and laying low the hill and perforating the mountain, bidding towns and peoples spring up by their side; and now if you draw a circle round our Exchange with a radius of thirty miles, you enclose within it a larger population than you would, if you were to do the same, taking for your centre the Metropolitan cathedral of St. Paul.

And indeed this district, not only in its physical but its economic characteristics, bears on it the mark of a late origin and a sudden rise. It wants the consolidation of centuries. It is variable in its condition, oscillating between extremes. It is like one of its own engines, often working with smoothness and precision, but sometimes breaking loose and spreading consternation and ruin. Like its own machinery, too, it is occasionally thrown out of working order by seemingly trifling causes. The mechanism that will turn the wheels of a factory, or measure to the millionth part of an inch, may be deranged by the point of a needle; and that stupendous organism of trade on which so many human beings depend for subsistence, may be thrown into confusion by causes so small in their origin as to have been entirely unforeseen. The principles of trade are neither uncertain nor imperfectly understood; and yet the interests of the manufacturer may be disturbed by forces almost as light and imperceptible as the breeze which agitates the smoke from his tall



chimney, while in his individual prosperity or adversity is involved the welfare or want of many hundreds of his poorer fellow-creatures.

These oscillations, however, so far at least as they depend on irregularities of opinion on the part either of the employer or the employed, seem to be gradually moving over a smaller arc. In the early period of our manufactures an inventor was in personal danger from the mob, and his new machine rarely escaped destruction. Hargreaves, Kay, and Arkwright had to fly for their lives. From the commencement of the present century commotions in our manufacturing districts have constantly recurred. Sometimes these have originated in disputes between masters and work-people on the question of wages, ending in strikes and lock-outs; sometimes in want of employment and consequent destitution, as springing from depression in trade; sometimes in a union of commercial stagnation and political discontent. At a season of distress, agitators, with certain properties to qualify them for popular leaders, have frequently risen up to impress upon the work-people that their trials were caused or increased by some defect in our legislation; and uneducated men in a state of privation are naturally ready to listen to any charlatan who declares that they are suffering under a grievance, and can suggest a remedy for it, as a patient in a lingering sickness is eager to try any specific which is suggested to him, even though it be one of the panaceas of a quack advertisement. Then riots and disturbances have often followed: there have been times, not a few, when a large portion of Lancashire has been under a reign of terror from these threatening demonstrations and fierce outbreaks. But of late years much more moderation and discretion have been displayed both by masters and operatives in their mutual relations. Even in the long lock-out at Preston in 1854, there was nothing approximating to a riot. Experience probably has taught a useful lesson, and sug-

gested juster sentiments to both sides in the antagonism of capital and labour.

The present condition of our manufacturing population in its cause is entirely exceptional; and in its effect it is singularly illustrative of the improved tone of all classes among us. It would be superfluous to allude at any length to the patience which the operatives have hitherto manifested under their privations. Eloquent testimony has been borne to it by the most distinguished orators and statesmen in our land, and it has been watched with silent sympathy by those whose duty has called them into immediate intercourse with suffering families. The pressure has elicited, not, as in former times, the noxious effluvium of hatred and disaffection towards all in authority, but the pleasant perfume of resignation and patience. And while, on the one hand, it has summoned forth the latent virtue of submissive endurance, it has called into being on the other an intensity of sympathy which no former period has witnessed. As yet the several classes among us—the upper, the middle, and the lower—have entertained but one feeling of mutual kindness and goodwill, from a general consciousness that there is a community of suffering springing out of an unavoidable cause.

From the period that this fratricidal war commenced in America we trace the gradual and progressive march of destitution throughout the whole of those districts which depend on the cotton trade. The manufacturer of limited means, whose stock of cotton was but scanty, soon began to feel the pressure, and to prepare for working short time. By degrees the larger capitalist experienced the same tightness of trade from the scarcity and dearness of the raw material, and reduced his hours of employment; till at length few mills remained in full work, except those in which the fine threads were manufactured or spun, and but little cotton comparatively was required. Ere long the doors of

many of the factories were closed, and the tall chimnies stood smokeless from morn till night. Then idlers were seen lounging about the streets; beggars, many of them impostors, became more importunate along the thoroughfares; the work-house gates were more thronged; the doors of the relieving office were besieged. The Poor Law Commissioner's returns are plain prosaic facts, and we gather from them that the increase of pauperism between June 30, 1861, and June 30, 1862, was of the following startling amount:—

Ashton-under-Lyne Union	458	per cent.
Blackburn Union . . .	322	"
Stockport Union . . .	306	"
Preston Union . . .	283	"
Burnley Union . . .	145	"
Manchester Township . .	127	"
Rochdale Union . . .	119	"
Haalingden Union . . .	108	"
Bury Union . . .	100	"
Chorley Union . . .	92	"
Oldham Union . . .	86	"
Salford Union . . .	84	"
Chorlton Union . . .	68	"
Bolton Union . . .	41	"
Wigan Union . . .	38	"

The painful characteristics of the present distress are its wide area and its long continuance. During an ordinary lock-out or turn-out an individual town may suffer very severely; but the mischief does not extend further. During a period of general commercial pressure there is often a considerable amount of distress equally spread over the manufacturing districts, but it passes away gradually when the temporary obstacles are removed that impeded the stream of commerce. Now, however, we are met by commercial stagnation in its widest and most enduring form. The fountain has been closed that poured forth its streams, and by its irrigating floods infused fertility into the parched desert. Our usual supply of cotton is cut off, our mills are deserted, our machinery is standing, our money is stagnating. We may have hoards of gold in our banks or strong chests, but it is comparatively useless unless it is circulating. Have you ever reflected upon that marvellous dis-

persation of Providence, whereby a livelihood accrues for the millions of a nation out of the mutual action of trade and the consequent interchange and diffusion of capital? If the blood stagnates in the body, life becomes extinct, but there is energy and vigour as it courses through the veins; and so is it with capital in relation to our body politic. When it flows on in one unceasing round, rushing out through the arteries and streaming back through the veins, permeating and winding through the smallest ducts to the very extremities of the system, there is life with a supply of all its necessities. Mark how slowly the life-blood of our manufacturing districts is now flowing, in what feeble streams it is trickling on, how many of its usual channels are dry.

It is computed that in round numbers 450,000 persons are employed in the cotton manufacture throughout the United Kingdom, of whom 315,000 reside in Lancashire. The total population of the Lancashire cotton districts may be set down as 2,000,000. Now, assuming that the average weekly earning of each of the 450,000 is 10s. 6d., the amount distributed in wages every seven days would be £250,000. At this time 80,000 are unemployed, whose united earnings would be £42,000, and 370,000 half employed, whose wages would be upwards of £97,000; so that now the weekly circulation of £139,000 is entirely cut off, and that mainly in one county. But this only represents a portion of the pressure. Some 200,000 persons are engaged in certain departments of business which are dependent on the cotton trade, and so suffer and rejoice with it in its depression and its prosperity. Indeed, in a purely manufacturing town it would be difficult to imagine any one of the inhabitants who was not in some degree affected by its trade. The manufacturer suffers of course in a time of commercial stagnation; the shopkeeper is often mainly dependent on the factory operatives for his trade, and as a consequence, when they



are out of work, his profits and his rates are in an inverse ratio; the owner of cottage property suffers much in the loss of his rents, and in certain cases the pressure upon him weighs very heavily—when, for instance, his houses are in a building club and to be redeemed by monthly payments, and when at the same time he is perhaps himself an operative out of employment, or a shopkeeper without profits from his business.

It is by no means easy to ascertain with perfect accuracy the relative amount of distress in our several manufacturing towns. We have endeavoured very industriously to procure this information for the week ending the 9th of August, and our returns are no doubt approximately correct; but from the varying phases of our trade at this time, rapidly changing as the shadows on the hill-sides, we have found it difficult to fix the fleeting shapes and dissolving numbers. The table on the following page, however, will give a tolerably accurate idea of the comparative degree of commercial distress in our principal manufacturing towns for the week ending the 9th of August, 1862.

The number of operatives given above applies to those only who are engaged in the cotton trade. In order, however, to understand thoroughly the actual condition of each of these towns, other elements than these figures must be taken into account. Such places as Blackburn, Preston, Stockport, Ashton-under-Lyne, Stalybridge, Hyde, are almost entirely dependent on the cotton mills, so that when these close a sad spectacle appears before us. Rochdale, on the other hand, is carrying on an active business in the woollen manufacture, in which some 2650 are now fully employed; it contains also extensive foundries, as well as some small silk-mills and dye-works. Oldham has several foundries and machine-shops, one of unprecedented magnitude. Bolton, too, has its large foundries, machine-shops, and bleach-works; in these there are now 5000 persons working full time. In Wigan

many of the residents support themselves and their families from the surrounding collieries. Manchester has an aggregate of 13,540 workpeople now fully employed in silk and small-ware mills, in print works, dye-works, machine-shops and foundries; while 4443, who are usually engaged in them, are on short time, and 5628 wholly out of work. Besides, the characteristic trade of Manchester is not that of the manufacturer but the merchant. Large numbers have their occupation in our warehouses.

During the last weary twelve months, while the manufacturing districts have been gradually sinking into a state of deeper gloom, we are thankful to believe that the poor have not been neglected. Much distress doubtless there has been and is, but we are convinced that vigilance and sympathy have not been wanting for its relief. The Government took a prudent step in sending their Commissioner throughout the distressed localities to advise and report; our boards of guardians, we think, have, as a rule, been faithful to their trust. Their duty is an invidious one; they have to watch over the interests of the rate-payer as well as the applicant for relief; they have to guard themselves against imposition on every side; they have to be watchful and firm lest the money entrusted to them be squandered on the dissolute and idle, for a season of distress is a signal ever for the impostor to come forward with his importunities, whether as an applicant to the board or as a beggar in the public streets. Then how very largely has parochial aid been supplemented by the funds that have been placed at the disposal of our relief committees! Soup kitchens have been established, and food of most kinds has been distributed gratuitously and largely. Sewing schools also, and institutions for the employment and instruction of our young women, are becoming most useful adjuncts in the combined efforts to sustain the wrestling spirits of our deserving poor.

The only subject worthy of notice on which a feeling of disaffection



	Population of the Borough or Town.	Number of Factory Operatives			Total Number of Persons receiving Parochial Relief.	Amount of Out-door Relief for the Week.	Normal Amount of Parochial Weekly Relief.	Amount Distributed by Relief Committees for the Week.	Number receiving Out-door Parochial Relief in proportion to Population.
		Out of Employment.	Fully Employed.	Partially Employed.					
Blackburn . . .	62,126	12,578	7,194	7,243	9,487	£ 557	£ 80	£ 260	1 to 6½
Ashton-under-Lyne . . .	36,791	2,628	2,073	7,388	5,337	270	45	70	1 to 6½
Stockport . . .	54,682	5,912	3,012	9,336	6,674	408	74	184	1 to 8
Rochdale . . .	40,123	4,139	292	2,721	4,728	260 (approx.)	50 (approx.)	7500 persons relieved.	1 to 8½
Preston . . .	82,888	11,260	5,991	1,897	9,116	599	80	£409	1 to 9
Burnley . . .	28,793	3,527.	1,361	4,284	2,500(approx.)	140 (approx.)	30 (approx.)	now commencing	1 to 11½
Staleybridge . . .	24,600	2,351	1,613	7,107	1,600(approx.)	140 (approx.)	30 (approx.)	£150	1 to 15
Hyde . . .	17,190	950	670	7,207	1,080	85	20	54	1 to 17
Wigan . . .	37,653	7,480	300	904	1,924	104	45	6700 persons relieved.	1 to 19
Bury . . .	37,554	2,649	3,272	6,886	1,800	124	60	no committee formed.	1 to 21
Chorley . . .	15,013	1,311	1,562	1,516	624	32	22	£30	1 to 24
Manchester . . .	357,604	5,905	8,388	10,011	14,341	929	230	£300 (approx.)	1 to 25
Oldham . . .	94,357	—	—	—	3,566	172	78	now commencing.	1 to 26½
Bolton . . .	70,396	1,807	9,589	2,433	2,700	243	80	none formed.	1 to 30

has yet been manifested among our operatives is the labour test, and even this is not such as to create any great uneasiness. Towards the Government of the country they do not seem to entertain any hostile sentiment; they do not attribute blame to the Ministry for the distress they are enduring; they have had their meetings to discuss the question of intervention between the American belligerents, but the predominance of opinion among them appears to be that premature interference would have rather an injurious than a beneficial effect upon the general interests of trade. The labour test, however, is a matter that comes home to them daily; and as there are always some among them who are gifted with considerable fluency of speech, it forms a suitable topic for their harangues. It is a question on which the guardians alone must be left to decide. To abrogate it altogether, as some boards have done, is undoubtedly to debase a spirit of benevolence into a lax tone of management, and is calculated to produce an injurious effect, however kindly may be the motive that suggests the course. It is opening a floodgate to great abuse, for the chronic recipients of relief are mostly those who have an utter objection to all work. At the same time it would be injudicious and unfeeling now to insist upon the test in its stringency. The honest independent workman would rather do something for his money than receive it in idleness. But let the law under which he has to labour be carried out in a generous and humane spirit, and with a becoming regard for the exceptional circumstances of men who are anxious to obtain employment, but cannot from the necessity of the time.

On turning our faces towards the future we look into darkness and gloom; the utmost we can see are indistinct shadowy forms that leave a melancholy impression on our minds. We sincerely wish that Mr. Villiers's expectations may be realized, and that in October we may experience a revival of trade

by a more abundant supply of cotton; but we fear rather than trust. What, then, is our prospect? We do not relax our confidence in the energy of the Lancashire will, and in the largeness of the national heart. Personal contributions in aid of our distressed operatives have poured in from all classes; from her gracious Majesty, who, as Duchess of Lancaster, extends a hand of sympathy in her widowhood to her lowly sister who is looking wistfully to her idle loom; from our titled aristocracy as well as our men of trade; from the millionaire as well as the humblest toiler for daily bread; and we do not doubt but that they will yet flow in abundantly according to our need. Strange to say, the difficulty lies, not so much in obtaining funds, as in rightly distributing them. Already great abuses have sprung out of the multiplicity of our relief associations. Our men of wealth still seem to want some assurance that the large funds placed at the disposal of our central organizations will be judiciously distributed. Give confidence to our people, and we have great faith in their large-heartedness.

With the Poor Law as modified for the next six months, we have no quarrel. Though the Bill passed in confusion and contention through the House of Commons, it could not perhaps have emerged in a more reasonable form. We could have wished to see the measure discussed in a less hurried manner; we reflect with but little satisfaction on the fact that it passed through the Legislature concurrently with a Game Bill over which the squirearchy were frantic; we acquiesce in the truth of that pungent, indelible rebuke which Lord Stanley administered to his noisy fellow aristocrats. Still, the measure seems to be one that will enable our Boards of Guardians to meet any emergency. It enacts, that if the expenditure of any parish on the relief of its poor is found, for the quarter ending at Michaelmas or Christmas, to have exceeded the rate of three shillings in the pound per annum on the

rateable value of its property, the excess may be charged proportionately on the other parishes in the union; that if the aggregate expenditure of the whole union be found to have exceeded three shillings in the pound, the guardians may meet that excess by a loan under certain conditions; that if the aggregate expenditure shall exceed the proceeds from a rate of five shillings in the pound, the Poor Law Board shall have the power to charge the excess upon the county at large. Now, we may test our prospects for the winter by considering, in connexion with this measure, certain returns that were laid on the table of the House of Commons in the last week of July. Out of nineteen Unions in the cotton districts, it is assumed that twelve only are likely to suffer from the commercial depression; the total population of these twelve is 1,106,100; the number within them entirely dependent on the cotton manufacture is 364,330, including families. Supposing then that not a factory operative was employed in these Unions, at the rate relief is now granted, an expenditure of £864,304 would be required for the whole year. How raise this sum? Taking the rateable value of the whole property in these twelve Unions as returned in 1856, we find it to be £2,629,176, a very low estimate for the present time; and this at five shillings in the pound—the limit fixed by the Act—would raise about £657,291. The whole rateable property in the county of Lancaster, was estimated in 1856, at £7,298,544; Lord Palmerston makes it now £10,000,000; but take the former sum as the basis of calculation. Assuming that all the operatives who are employed in the cotton trade in those twelve Unions, were out of work, and that the amount of relief administered to them was £864,304 for the year, there seems to be no insuperable difficulty in raising that sum; a rate of five shillings over the twelve unions would bring in £657,191, and the remaining £207,013 would be equal to a rate of less than sixpence in the pound

over the whole county. Allowance, we know, must be made for many who cannot pay the rate; it is said that in Stockport fifty per cent. numerically, are in that condition. We only throw out these statistics as a basis of calculation for any one who pleases to follow it out according to his views.

But it will enable the reader to judge more accurately of the present condition of our working classes, if we give him a sketch of their general characteristics and habits. The picture may involve neither romantic incident nor picturesque scene; but we almost think that to an aristocratic reader it will be as novel as a portraiture of domestic life and manners at Timbuctoo or the Fiji Islands.

As the afternoon is pleasant and sunny, let the idle reader join us in a short tour of inspection through some of the back streets, where factory operatives are for the most part resident. See here; we have one to our mind, long, straight, and somewhat narrow, opening out at the end into a broad thoroughfare. The houses contain one sitting-room and two bed-chambers, and average about three shillings in weekly rent. Here and there you observe the pathway is turned into a drying ground, where linen fresh from the wash is suspended on rails,—linen, the make-up of which we need not too closely scrutinize; only take care you do not get a flap on the eye from it as you pass. Of living objects, the first that attracts our attention is an ancient figure in somewhat dilapidated attire, bleary-eyed and dirty-faced, with a long beard, not cut in military fashion, and a hat out of all shape jauntily stuck on the side of his head. As he leads along a venerable donkey and a creaky cart, he is crying out something that sounds like 'weight for weight;' and as his mouth is slightly twisted, either from natural formation or habit, his words come out obliquely. In more intelligible mercantile phraseology, he is exchanging salt and sand for old rags, bones, and unconsidered trifles. His cart is stored with



rectangular blocks of salt—solid parallelograms twenty inches long—each of which we might imagine would be a half year's consumption for a moderate family; but the working people, to use their own expression, are 'heavy on salt.' The venerable merchant, so far as we can see, is driving a fair business in the humbler walks of commercial life, and we trust that he is kind to his donkey. As we pace along the parapet, we get an inside view of many of the houses, the doors of which are for the most part open. Some of the interiors seem to be neat and clean; while others exhibit a random scene, where everything is where it ought not to be, a confused grouping of chairs, tables, crockery, pots, pans, stools, many of the articles topsyturvy, and all more or less covered with dust and dirt, the whole still-life view suggesting in its graceful negligence an idea of the picturesque rather than the comfortable. Moving on, we come to a stout lady of forty sitting on a stool at her door and sunning herself, her baby stretched on her extended knees, with its head bent back and its mouth open—a pleasant posture, it may be, for the flexible, gutta-percha limbs of childhood, but by no means an agreeable one, we should fancy, for ladies or gentlemen in mature life. The mother is smoking her pipe leisurely and lazily, and seems to be in a state of comatose enjoyment, which, if not so sublimated, may be quite as real as that which, according to philosophers and poets, springs from the mental or emotional. That lusty matron, we will wager, has never read a line of Wordsworth, Tennyson, or *The Pleasures of the Imagination*, and yet as she puffs out her thin volume of smoke and gazes into space, she is in a most delectable state of ruminancy. Men may argue well without any deep knowledge of logic; they may speak fluently without any profound acquaintance with the principles of language; they may talk good prose all their life without thinking about it; and so our friend

there has attained to the philosophy of enjoyment without a study of Aristotle or any other profound writer upon Happiness. She has reached the *summum bonum* by a short cut. 'How's the baby?' we venture to ask. 'Well,' she replies lazily, the smoke curling slowly from her lips, 'middling, nobbut middling. Bless its little heart! it nayther dees nor does;' meaning that it does not thrive—it neither comes on nor goes back. As we advance, we come upon a group of children, some half-dozen of the rising generation. That little girl of six years is nursing her sister of six months, and they have occasionally a friendly roll together on the stones; but being used to it, they take no harm. She is looking on, as her companions are engaged in the game of 'hop-scotch,' the diagrams having been carefully drawn with chalk on the parapet; and after a while she expects to trust her baby to a companion, and take her turn at the hopping. But hear! a voice from a distance. 'Lucretia!' shouts the mother of the little nurse from her door. No reply. 'Lucretia!' an octave higher. No reply. 'Lucretia!' in a scream, 'come here, or I'll—' ending with a threat, which, in its plain, Saxon, monosyllabic terseness is in *striking* antithesis to the classical name of the chaste Roman matron. Inside this house we see a girl of seven scouring the floor, as old-fashioned as if she had scoured floors for forty years. Children here, you must remember, are not brought up with a nurse apiece. Now we meet a wandering tradesman, enveloped from his neck downwards in a swelling pyramid of bladders, glittering in their variety of colours. He might be some heathen deity clothed in his rainbow or sparkling cloud. He is much disturbed by the little children, who will follow him and play with his bladders, while, like a fashionable lady in her crinoline, he cannot come up to them within striking distance. He does not seem to be much patronized. The old man who passed through the street during the morning with his

paper flags and lath windmills has picked up the few stray coppers, and these are now very rare, that were among the juvenile population. Moving forwards, we pass a knot of matrons, who are standing in the middle of the street, of various sizes and forms, some fairly dressed, others in bed-gowns, with bare arms and hands on sides. From their earnest manner, they are discussing some mighty question, most likely of domestic economy: it may be the hygienic condition of Sally Jones, a neighbour who has just been 'brought to bed,' or it may be the conduct of one of their husbands. That thin-faced dame seems to be describing her lord and master in some such terms as these—'He's a nowt; he's alays either drinking or cowering i' th' neuik. I've had him thirty year, and he gets ever longer waur wi' keeping.\*' Now, sir, look to your feet here: a little boy is dragging along the parapet a hand-waggon containing coal, and he will not respect your patent leathers. And still further on, take care how you tread: see there a litter of children, or rather a mixture of several litters, some of them crawling on the parapet, some too young to walk, one or two fat and ruddy. Your twelve stone on that creeping cherub might interfere with its digestion, and summon a maternal tigress from a neighbouring cottage. Here comes another vendor of useful domestic articles,—toasting forks, gridirons, and such like commodities. He is a Cheap John, and a

wit accordingly. The following colloquy is passing between him and a brisk old dame, who is standing at her door. Cheap John—'Come, missus, buy a toasting-fork and a gridiron—only ninepence together, as we two, you know, are particulars.' Lively old lady—'What's th' use of gridirons if you don't bring us a beefsteak with 'em? More gridirons than beefsteaks now-a-days.' Cheap John—'Why, I see that a Papish archbishop in Ireland says you're starving on beefsteaks.' Lively old lady, handling the toasting-fork—'I'd like to let out some of his Papish blood wi' this, lad—I would.' Cheap John, holding up the gridiron—'Or what would you say to making a fourpenny frizzle on him?' Old lady—'He's fat enough for that, I'se warrant.' Cheap John—'Well, never mind; buy my gridiron, and you'll never want for beefsteaks, nor coals to fry 'em with.' Old dame—'I never could make it out why coal shouldn't lie at th' top o' th' earth sooner than so low down. It bides a vast o' getting.' Cheap John, who is clever at final causes—'Why, for this reason, missus,—if it was at th' top, women like yo' would fetch o' th' cobs first.' John, however, pursues his way without effecting a sale: his powers of persuasion are wasted upon the lady. Such, too, was the case with a more phlegmatic trader who passed along the street a few hours before, with a donkey-cart full of coarse, large washing mugs, upside down, and piled up like the Pope's crown, or

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\* A few months ago we witnessed a spirited feat by one of this order of gossips. Four women were standing, as we may suppose the above were, discussing the current topics of the hour, when some half-dozen lads came along, and passed them at a running pace. One of them, a lanky, hulking fellow of fifteen, who seemed, as he swung himself along, to be all head and clogs, kicked intentionally a can of water that belonged to one of the women, and sent it rolling to a distance. Not a moment was lost. The owner of the vessel sprung after him like a greyhound from the slip. She wore a short dress suitable for running, and black stockings, which you could follow nearly to the calf, and her legs were very thin. 'Well done, Dolly!' 'At him, Dolly!' 'Go it, Dolly!' the rest shouted in encouragement. The lad dodged here and there like a hare hard pressed, and Dolly was ever close upon him. At length, on emerging from a passage, she made her spring, caught him by the back of the neck, gave him two hearty cuffs, one on each side of the head, and returned to her gossips, rather 'puffed,' as she would have termed it, but recompensed for her efforts by a sense that justice had been satisfied, as well as by the shouts of acclamation that greeted her.



the hats of a dealer in 'old clo.' They both complain that there is 'no business doing,' and they have before them an indistinct prospect of selling off their effects at prime cost, realizing their floating capital, and retiring from public life into the workhouse. Children again! drat them. 'Children—children everywhere!' Here they are, swinging round a skipping rope right across our path, while two or three bare-legged girls are leaping up and keeping time as it passes under their feet. Where do all these children come from—who is responsible for them? Go where you will, you find them springing up like indestructible weeds. Married folks seem to blunder into families without premeditation, and then they allow their offspring to float away as carelessly as do zoophytes of the order of sponges. But now we come across a doleful-looking man, treading with a funereal step, carrying a basket on his arm, and moaning out a cry of 'Salad, ho!' Tea-time is approaching, and cresses, radishes, and lettuces are used, in technical phrase, as 'relishes.' His halfpenny bunches seem to go off. Now the vista of the street is opening out, and we catch a glimpse of the broad thoroughfare at the end. There you remark a youth whistling some negro melody, and dancing to it heel and toe with his wooden-soled clogs, and moving his elbows also in time; while near him is standing in meditative mood, with his tray before him suspended from his neck, a man called 'Toffy Jem,' quite regardless of his prancing and musical neighbour. Jem deals in parkin, a greasy compound of treacle and meal, and in a species of confectionary known among the rising generation as 'slap-up,' in Indian rock, and in prime Everton toffy—all of which he cracks with his little hammer as scientifically as a geologist, and with much greater assurance about the genuineness of the material he is handling. Jem is patronized by the little children far and near; they

look up in his face wonderingly, as if he held in his embrace all the spices of Arabia, and they know that he gives them honest pen'orths. He is, moreover, regarded in his silent manner as a philosopher by the aged. We never penetrated the depths of his wisdom. It may be with him as with many others who have acquired a reputation for profound thought from their taciturnity, or for fine writing because nobody could understand it. What Galgacus said of the fastnesses of Britain, may be true of the mental fastnesses of many who are in a higher station than Toffy Jem—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico est.*\*

Here we are in the broad thoroughfare; but as a penalty for dallying too long over the picturesque scene, we are now caught in a stream of human beings—men and women, boys and girls—and are in danger of being swept away by the flood. The mills are loosing; and at this point there happens to be the conflux of many tributaries. What a clatter of iron-ringed clogs on the flags! What a hum of many voices! As we are closely hemmed in by the lads and lasses, 'the light wings of Zephyr' come to us 'oppressed' with an oily 'perfume,' which may not be quite so agreeable as that in a fashionable drawing-room, but which is more healthy. You observe a great variety in the appearance of the young women. Some are neatly attired, and evidently pay due attention to the personal graces on work-days. Their bonnets, shawls, dresses, boots, are adjusted with care even in the hurry of leaving the factory. Others are but careless and slovenly in dress and manner; they have thick shawls wrapped round their heads in place of bonnets, and they are quite content to appear in clogs, gingham bed-gowns, linsey-woolsey petticoats, and coarse aprons. If one of this class happens to wear a bonnet, it is sure to be stuck full of artificial flowers, sadly changed from their pristine bloom. In all you remark that some care has

\* Tacitus, *Agric.* ch. 30.



been bestowed upon the hair: the comb is frequently in exercise even among the slovenly. Some of the young women, you see, are walking along with an imperturbable gravity, quite heedless of the noise around them; they are Sunday-school teachers, Sunday scholars, and operatives of the better class. Others—those chiefly of the shawled and bed-gowned order—are talking somewhat loudly, perhaps about their sweethearts, perhaps about an intended trip in Whit-week, and are perfectly indifferent whether we hear them or not. Those lively daughters of Eve are too natural to have many secrets. Mingled in the crowd, too, are factory operatives of the male order, and mechanics with broad shoulders and grimy faces. There are boys also in considerable numbers: tenters from the mill and sooty-visaged young Vulcans from the machine-shop. Some of the lads are making their way home quietly to their tea; others are showing their dexterity by a friendly interchange of scientific passes, whereby caps fly into the air and are trampled on or kicked by the crowd as they fall. In this great multitude, it must be borne in mind, a variety of employment is represented. Some work in mills where coarse cloth is manufactured; others where the finer yarn is spun or woven; some are engaged in cotton factories, others in silk. Some mills have a higher class of operatives than others; and even in the same establishment there is a great difference in the appearance and character of the workpeople. From the lively demeanour of most in the crowd, you would not say that their strength had been exhausted by their day's work; nor, indeed, can factory employment *per se* be now considered very heavy, even for females. They do not, as a rule, speak of it as such. They soon wear out and become old, it is true; but it is not the actual labour that causes this early decay so much as the impure atmosphere in which they have to work, the changes through which they have to pass from a very warm at-

mosphere to the cold air, their meagre dietary, their want of fresh air and out-door exercise, their ill-ventilated dwellings, and their neglect of sanitary rules. As we inspect the female faces in this crowd, we find that generally speaking they are far from handsome. Here and there the eye may rest upon a set of well-formed features, but this is undeniably the exception; their features are not of an attractive mould; their complexion is unhealthy, and their teeth are going or gone. Not but that we should see them under a more agreeable aspect in their Sunday dresses. In their Sunday school the most respectable of these young women have rather a pleasing look; many of the girls have a fresh and healthy appearance. Still, among our female operatives beauty must be regarded as exceptional. We should rejoice if we could say otherwise; but gallantry must yield to truth in a philosophic article, however much we might be compelled to modify or mould our sentiments face to face with one of the young ladies. Indeed, if this paper ever comes under their notice, we shall be careful not to walk up this way again at one or six p.m. for some time to come.

Our manufacturing populations in their peculiar characteristics and habits have been the subject of much description and discussion; but we who reside among them can but rarely discern the reality in the portraiture. Novelists have undertaken to depict them, but for the most part we only recognise a distorted photograph in their delineations, as indeed we might reasonably expect it to be, when it is taken from the facts of blue-books and the flights of imagination. Mr. Disraeli has produced but a fancy picture in his *Sybil*, and Mr. Dickens has not been more successful in his *Hard Times*. Philosophers and philanthropists again, who have started out on a tour of inspection may have caught some of the features in the living model; but these probably they have drawn on too large a scale, while they have overlooked others

that are equally essential for the achievement of a correct likeness. Government officials, too, are often more accurate in their tabular statistics and decimal calculations than in their descriptions of the mental, moral, and social characteristics of our manufacturing poor.

The cause of such inaccuracies may be easily explained. Among the working classes in our manufacturing towns there is a graduated scale of position, mainly regulated by moral worth, as indeed there is among our aristocracy and our middle ranks of society. Now, each writer relates what has come most prominently under his notice, and invests what was but a partial characteristic with the weight of a general truth. He has seen but a section of the diorama; he has witnessed but a fragment of the drama. His induction of facts is incomplete, and his conclusions accordingly incorrect.

To begin with the lowest stratum of society.\* We are under the necessity of introducing you here to a class who are emigrants, or descendants of emigrants, from the sister isle. Many of them cannot be ranked at all, except by a very wide system of classification, under the category of the working classes; many of them, being gentlemen born, are too proud or too lazy to do anything for their living, though not too independent to receive parochial relief; others are engaged as mill-hands, but their free spirits mostly chafe under the necessity of such stringent and periodic labour. In some parts of our manufacturing towns the Irish congregate in swarms, several families occupying the same house or even the same apartment; and they give full play in England to the frolicsome disposition they have brought from their native isle or inherited from their fathers, indulging in shillelagh practice and rejoicing in the luxury of broken heads at funeral wakes and weddings, on Sundays and St.

Patrick's day. There is a very broad line drawn between them and the English operatives both in daily labour and social life. The streets where the Irish locate get a bad name, and the English family avoids them. There is but little association between the races. The Saxon and the Celt differ in manners, habits, and most of all in religion. Among the young women of the two countries fierce theological discussions are carried on during the hours of work; among the men political controversies sometimes wax warm. The Irish, too, are supposed to reduce the price of labour, and are consequently regarded with jealousy. There are doubtless some decent, well-behaved families among them, but in general they are a low, brutalized class, ready to quarrel and fight for anything or nothing, for hate or love, with themselves or with others—mere waifs, moved by the breath of the priest or driven by their own wild passions, or both.

Among our English operative population also there is undeniably a very low order. The parents are degraded, and the children grow up in like manner; the young women from childhood know but little of the decencies of life, and the young men are equally ignorant, uncultivated, and debased. They attend neither school nor place of worship on the Sunday, and probably spend that day in their ordinary working dress. They frequent casinos, Sunday evening music-saloons, and places of a similar kind. Their language in the street is loud, indecent, and unrestrained by a sense of shame. They grow up, and in time perhaps become themselves parents of families, from which but little hope of good can be entertained.

A large body of our working people, again, evince, as parents, some anxiety about their families, but do not sufficiently give effect

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\* In any large town like Manchester there is a lower stratum of society than this,—a heterogeneous rabble from all nations—wandering musicians, organ-grinders, showmen, tumblers, prize-fighters, dog-fanciers, workers in plaster of Paris, coiners, pick-pockets, and such like—but they can hardly be ranked among the operative classes.



to their wishes by personal example and energetic control. They are glad to see their children attend their Sunday-school and place of worship, as they themselves perhaps once did; but they are content with looking on approvingly or without disapprobation.\* Out of this class many of the young people grow up creditably, and some of them make their way to a good position in the world. They use the advantages placed within their reach, and improve themselves gradually in mental and moral culture. In such cases it is not so much to parental control and direction that they owe their advancement, as to personal energy and a well-considered, steadily-pursued system of self-help.

We regret to say that the largest section is not that where parents and children are equally attentive to their several responsibilities, and follow one course of moral and religious duty. Still, such families are to be found among our working people. The young women, if they work in crowds, are careful to maintain a respectable demeanour, not mixing with the coarse and unmannerly: at home they spend their time in useful occupations; they are regular at their school and church, and take a pleasure in doing good according to their means and opportunities. In prosperous times they are able to earn enough for their immediate wants, and to lay up a little against future contingencies. Such a family might be envied by many a one which is moving in a much higher sphere: the parents are proud of the respectability of their children, and the children exert themselves to afford comfort and enjoyment to their parents. It is a very beautiful exhibition of the reflex action of moral training, when the young and healthy feel it to be a religious

duty to aid and support, along the downhill and closing stage of life, their fathers and mothers, who have brought them up under a sense of filial duty and self-respect.

But to pass from classes to personal characteristics. Much has been said and written of the manliness of our working people. We apprehend that in this quality they are much like others in the same rank of life: whatever difference there may be, springs out of the peculiar circumstances in which each is placed. The labourer in the country has been brought up in the custom of touching his hat to the squire or clergyman on the road, and receiving a 'good-day' in return: in this there is neither servility on the one side, nor assumption on the other; it is becoming in itself, and mutually agreeable. But the operative in the manufacturing districts rarely touches his hat to any one; he meets his employer, knowing him to be such, without any sign of recognition whatever. They who look charitably on such behaviour may call it manly; they who take an opposite view of it may consider it rude. We do not think, however, that intrinsically there is anything involved in it which is *per se* either manly or rude. Nothing offensive is intended by it; nothing unmannerly is understood by it. The rustic is generally in the neighbourhood of some families who are above himself—those of the landed gentry and the clergy, whom from childhood he has been taught to look upon with respect: the manufacturing operative has always lived apart from any class above him; he has grown up in the midst of his own order, and seen socially nothing beyond it. We do not mean that the uneasy, worrying jealousy between capital and labour may not render in some

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\* We heard of a lady who, not long ago, was inculcating on her Sunday school class the principles contained in the fifth commandment, when, addressing a girl of ten, she said,—'Now, Phœbe, you know what your mother does to you. What is it, Phœbe, that your mother does to you? I'm sure you know.' 'Ye-es,' replied Phœbe with a whine, which going on in a crescendo scale ended in a sob, 'ye-es, ma'am, she mills me every day near.' To mill—a common Lancashire phrase signifying to beat. A metaphor taken from the fulling mill.



degree more definite the line of demarcation between rich and poor in our manufacturing towns: still, what seems independent among our operatives is simply manner springing out of their bringing up.

Among the better order of the manufacturing operatives, strange as it may seem to some, there is a natural gentility, which is very pleasing to witness—a gentility not in manner so much as in a sincere disposition to oblige. 'Will you sit down, and take a cup of tea with us?—you're quite welcome, I'm sure,'—is a form of invitation not uncommon among them. Some might smile at it; others might think it presuming; but all who know them are assured that it is given in a spirit of kindness and goodwill. About the manners, too, of many there is a refinement which a stranger might not expect; and even under an uncouth exterior a delicate tone of feeling is often discernible. The other day we took shelter from the rain in a cottage where we were not known, and our dog rushed round the room after us, dirtying the floor, which had been just washed and cleaned for the Sunday. We were greatly annoyed at seeing how completely the woman's labour had been lost, and should have chastised the dog with our stick, had it not been too active in escaping; when she came up to its defence with great good humour, admiring its appearance, and at the same time saying of her floor, 'Ne'er mind, ne'er mind. Why, it'll wesh—it'll wesh!' We suspect that we have seen some black faces for a less cause, among ladies in a higher rank of life than our entertainer.

We have a kind of fondness for these matrons, who have fought through many difficulties in life, and still retain an amiable temper. They are pleasant company for a ten minutes' chat. Their freedom of speech in making known to you passing family ailments is occasionally startling. Their modes of expression are sometimes very comical, even when the feeling that dictates the remark is a kindly one. Medical terms, being mostly sesqui-

pedalian, are invariably a stumbling-block to them. One old lady told us that her daughter had been 'fair up o' th' skrike wi' this algeria,' a complaint which we had never met with in our medical reading, but which, from the diagnosis, we found to be the neuralgia. These 'pathies,' as they call our contending systems, are difficult for them to surmount in speech. A wheezy matron occasionally complains that she is 'fearfully stuffed at her chest, and warks in all her limbs.' A 'gastril faver' is a common malady with them. Now and then a neighbour dies of an 'apperplex.' One woman, being asked if a doctor had attended her husband, replied, 'No, lad, he dee'd a nat'ral death,' a remark, unconsciously perhaps, not very complimentary to the 'pathies.' Conversely it is often difficult to give them a correct idea of the meaning of proper names and long words. One Sunday evening, in the depth of winter, we were completely lost in Manchester through taking a wrong turn, and at length found ourself in a part of the town more abundant in people than in wealth. We stopped an old woman, and asked her the way to the Cathedral, a central point which, as we thought, might be familiar to both of us. 'The Casino!' she exclaimed; and here let me record this straightforward property of our people—they will always direct you on your way with pleasure, and never wilfully mislead you;—'the Casino! Here, Sally, Betty, his honour wants the Casino!' Now, the Casino is scarcely a place for a respectable gentleman to be seen at, especially on a Sunday evening; so we protested vehemently against her interpretation of our words, repeating once or twice, 'the Cathedral! the Cathedral!' Still, the three persisted in making it the Casino, and in asking each passer-by where it was, till they had gathered a crowd of some dozen dames around us, one saying that the Casino was here, and a second there, and a third in an entirely different direction, but all very anxious that we should find our way to the Casino.

A generous and liberal spirit, too, is frequently manifested among the working classes ; and especially is this observable towards those who are in distress around them. We are not alluding particularly to the present pressure ; this pleasing trait is found among them at all times. It is not uncommon to hear such a remark as this—' We should have clemmed, but our neighbours gave us bits o' things which they could spare.' Most of our working people have only a precarious subsistence ; almost all at one time or another have suffered from penury ; so that they seem to regard each other as members of one great family, where labour is the universal law, and poverty is often at the door. Into the hat of the beggar, often a worthless character, we see them drop their halfpennies very freely, when they are carrying home their wages ; and they who are members of a religious communion, and as such among the best of their class, are extremely liberal according to their means in promoting any society which has for its object the temporal and spiritual welfare of their fellow creatures. At the present season of distress, too, they who are in full employment are among the most willing and generous contributors to the aid of their suffering fellows.

We have observed another characteristic of working people in our manufacturing towns, which is much to be commended ; namely, an assiduous attention to those in their families who are sick. We mean not to say that this trait is universally found among them ; such a statement would be very far from correct. Still it is not uncommon to find great kindness and sympathy shown to a son or daughter, a brother or sister, a father or mother, who has become hopelessly ill. This may seem to be no more than the common dictate of natural feeling ; but attention to an invalid in a poor family, it must be remembered, is a much severer test of patience and sympathy than in the households of the wealthy. In the dwelling of

the rich man the wheel of life turns round as usual, even though one be there who is drawing nigh to the grave ; servants are in attendance ; rooms with every appliance are set apart for the invalid ; the family can scarcely be considered incommoded at all. No stranger would say that the cloud of sickness was brooding over that house. But it is very different among the poor ; their time is fully employed even when all are well ; their rooms are few, and the occupation of one by an invalid is a deprivation ; in the sick person there is probably a loss of earnings also, as well as an addition of inconvenience. And yet we have often observed among them, that every trial has been willingly undergone, even during a long illness, in order to mitigate the pain and lighten the weariness of the sufferer ; and we have remarked, too, that the loss has been regarded with genuine sorrow, even when the removal of the invalid has relieved them from the necessity of much personal privation and self-denial.

As a rule, we find a considerable amount of intelligence among our operative classes, certainly among the better orders of them. They live in crowds, and their minds are sharpened by attrition. Each individual, too, has to think and reason for himself in his daily duties. Our cheap newspapers also now penetrate everywhere ; and conducted, as most of them are, with great ability, and in a good moral tone, they are suggestive of constant thought and reflection to our working people. As a co-relative of intelligence, moreover, the higher class of them have a quick appreciation of humour. The young folks have their encounters of wit, especially at merry-makings. It is not long since we passed through Whit-week—the gala week of the year in Manchester—and a person who walks amidst such holiday scenes with a hearing ear and a seeing eye, may pick up there many characteristics of our working classes. He would not have remarked any symptom of the prevailing distress ; he would have



observed a determined effort to be jovial in the most unfavourable weather. We saw a body of Sunday-school lads marching in procession through the wet, and as the rain began to trickle down their necks, they commenced very heartily the popular melody, wherein the hero 'wishes he was in Dixie's land.' The young people, especially the females, have a singular aptitude for music and singing—a faculty which they exercise without any persuasion whatever on all festal occasions. Most of the Sunday schools have cheap railway trips into the country during Whit-week, when the trains are often vocal from one end to the other. On such occasions it is very pleasing to see the great fondness of the children for green fields, shady lanes, wild flowers, and rural objects generally. Then we catch many rough specimens of drollery among the passengers. 'Look, Jack,' we heard a lad say to his neighbour, as he pointed to a teacher smartly got up for the occasion, 'here comes master Johnson fresh fro' the dandy shop,' the dandy loom being the title of a particular weaving machine. 'Well, John, how goes?' a man shouted in our hearing, to a fellow-tripist at a distance, who was toiling up a hill by the side of his wife, having one child in his arm and leading another by the hand; 'how goes, lad?' 'Oh, well enough,' was the answer, 'I'm in fair fettle\* o' mysel'; but, you see, I'm mortal heavily handicapped.'

We might extend our catalogue of the commendable qualities to be found among our industrial classes; but after all, as we are wishful to convey the whole truth, we should have to enumerate others which are less attractive. There is a moral chiaroscuro, a shadow as well as a sunshine, which must be given to the picture, if it is to be complete. Among the most prominent evils to be found in our working populations, we

need scarcely mention that of intemperance. The reports of gaol chaplains, the records of our courts of justice, the charges of our judges, all testify to its prevalence. But we need no such testimonies: we who live in large towns, see too many illustrations of drunkenness and its effects, in our daily walk, to require extraneous evidence. We see them along our streets; we hear them from the brawls of the beer-shop and gin-palace; we observe them in wretched homes, poverty-stricken parents, and ragged children. The evil, we know, is not confined to the working classes; many a man of wealth dies of delirium tremens; many a tradesman goes to bed every night in a state of intoxication; many a farmer never returns sober from the market; still, among our manufacturing population it is seen in its worst form, and with its sorest consequences. By it the health of a working man, which is his subsistence, is ruined; the bread of his children is cast to the dogs; his wife lives in misery, and then sinks into recklessness; and his whole household is pervaded with an atmosphere of ignorance, wickedness, and social degradation.

A family can hardly be expected to grow up in respectability where the father, and perhaps the mother also, are drunkards; their example must be productive, it might be supposed, of every species of misery to those around them, and lead the children gradually as they grow up into the same fatal course. This, doubtless, is often the case; and yet, strange as it may seem, the parental example has frequently the very opposite effect upon the family; it teaches them prudence through the very exhibition of wretchedness. We have observed this in the young people that remain at their homes, as well as those who are lodging apart from their parents on account of domestic brawls and fightings—a numerous class. The very misery that

\* 'Fettle,'—a very common word in Lancashire, used sometimes as a substantive, sometimes as a verb. In its application above it signifies condition. *Unde derivatur*, it is difficult to say.



has been so long in their sight, especially if they are under any course of religious instruction, as members of a Sunday school, or attendants at a place of worship, teaches them after a stern fashion, like the exhibition of the Spartan slave, that to transgress the limits of sobriety is the first step to ruin. They consequently become members of Bands of Hope and Total Abstinence Societies, and rigid disciples of the creed. Many may regard such associations with disfavour; but on the whole, we are assured, they have been very useful. They who join them, it is true, often become crotchety and self-conceited, sometimes making the rules of their club the law of their religion; they are mostly, too, very intolerant even of moderate livers who do not subscribe to their doctrines. Still, we cannot doubt but that such associations have done good service in our manufacturing districts. They must be looked upon as instituted, not to regulate the conduct of temperate men, but to meet an exceptional state of society; and though the water-drinker, as officers of insurance companies tell us, is not the longest liver on an average, it must be admitted that if you can bind down one to the use of water only, who might otherwise have rushed into the opposite extreme, you are certainly his benefactor personally, and you are conferring a boon on his family and the neighbourhood where he resides.

With the drinking propensity of our people is closely associated the charge of improvidence which is so often brought against them. We do not deny that they might be more prudent stewards of their means; many, as we have seen, dissipate their earnings in a reckless and disgraceful manner. On the whole, however, we think that a somewhat too sweeping condemnation is passed upon our working classes for their want of forethought and care. So far as our own observation goes, the common charge against the young women of extravagance in dress is unfounded. Among the better orders of them,

we have never remarked any other than a becoming and consistent taste in this particular; among the lower, there may be vulgarity and absurdity in their attire, but there cannot be much extravagance. Besides, many of our work-people toil hardly for their money, and lay it up with a proper sense of its value. They become depositors in the Savings-bank, or members of a Building Society, adding a monthly sum to their store. Thus by degrees they accumulate a fund which enables them to launch out as masters into their own trade, or to enter into business as shop-keepers; or through Building Societies they become at length owners of cottage property sufficient for their support in old age. In some towns the provident workman invests his savings in co-operative associations, which are now becoming general, and are said to be successful. While, therefore, we admit that a great want of forethought may be found among our operative classes, we must not forget, on the other hand, that there are many instances of an industrious and saving disposition among them. It must not for a moment be supposed, as some seem to speak, that our working men are one and all chargeable with improvidence, and that they alone are obnoxious to the charge. What say the strong-boxes of the bankers, the archives of the lawyers, the ledgers of the tradesmen, and the records of our Bankruptcy Courts? There are dukes and earls, lord-lieutenants and high sheriffs, landowners and mill-owners, merchants and professional men, who may be ranked in the category of the improvident, as well as the artizan and factory operative, and with far less excuse.

As closely allied to habits of unthriftiness, an ignorance of all system of domestic economy, or an indifference to it, is frequently brought as a charge against the wives of our workmen. Here, too, we would beg our readers not to accept the condemnation without reserve. Daily labour in the factory, doubtless, is not the best school for household duties; but, it

must be remembered, the management of a cottage does not demand any very enlarged acquaintance with the intricacies of housekeeping and cookery. Besides, so far as we could ever ascertain, we do not imagine that the culinary schemes of our philanthropists would answer very well among our working classes. M. Alexis Soyer might have luxuriated in cooking for a regiment or a club, but his recipes would not be very suitable for the homes of our poor people. In respectable operative families the young women are brought up to household work, and their shorter hours of labour have afforded them of late years more opportunities for acquiring a practical acquaintance with home duties. Many of them are good sempstresses, and as such conduce to the economy and neatness of the family; some make their own dresses, even to their bonnets. There are undeniably many households where waste, carelessness, extravagance, and dirt are the prominent characteristics; but the statement from which we started must ever be borne in mind—that there are several grades among our industrial classes; and we may conclude that, according to their rank, so will be their domestic economy.

Early marriages have a direct bearing on domestic economy; and we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they are far too frequent. They follow upon the peculiar condition of society among our manufacturing populations. The young women are often without the guidance and protection of parents; then, there are none of those stiff conventionalities of life among them, which are found in the higher grades of society; they are thrown together at their work and at their Sunday schools; at fifteen or sixteen they are often able to support themselves. So that many begin to 'keep company' at the early age of fourteen, and are proud of being beaux and belles sufficiently attractive to captivate admirers. We once asked a young married woman how long she had been acquainted with her husband.

'Ever since I can remember,' she said. 'And were you engaged ever since you can remember?' 'Well, John and me kept company ever since I can think.' 'When did John propose to you, if it's a fair question?' we inquired. 'He never proposed at all,' she answered without any reserve; 'he kept company with no one else, and I kept company with no one else; so, you see, we took it for granted.' This, we have learned, is a very common rationale of courtship and marriage among our young people. Not long ago we said to a youth of nineteen, who was just starting a business on his own account,— 'Why, I suppose you have a wife ready to your hand?' when he answered in his genuine Lancashire vernacular, taking credit to himself at the same time for his self-restraint—'Well, noa—I hanna geet agate a coorting yet.' A few weeks since we said to a youth after his marriage, 'I suppose you have now finished your probation, and got fixed for better and worse.' 'Yes, sir,' he replied good-humouredly, 'and it's about time I should, for I've had about a thousand miles of courting,'—meaning that from beginning to end he had walked his young lady out about that distance.

The question of marriage is a very important one as influencing the condition of our working people. That event is the crisis in the lives of the young women. Some marriages are followed by comfort and respectability, where the family is brought up well, and society is improved. But it frequently happens that the wife sinks under her domestic cares into a kind of recklessness. Young women who, while unmarried, were cheerful, neat, almost elegant in appearance, as well as regular in attendance at public worship, and respectable in every duty of life, often change by degrees, under the pressure of family trials, till they lose all sense of what is becoming both in appearance and in conduct. Do not, however, judge too hardly, even in such cases as these, you who 'dwell in your ceiled houses.' The husband may prove but an in-



different one, and means of living may become limited. Then, after a time, children are born; and there is no nurse but the mother to look after them. Thus she is bound down to her house; and as the family increases, cares increase. We believe that many a young woman struggles hard to maintain her position in life after marriage, but is gradually compelled to succumb to the force of circumstances, and eventually to give up the contest.

Such is the estimate we have formed of our operative classes, after an intercourse of twenty years with every rank and degree among them, from those in the dark unventilated cellar to those in the airy suburban dwelling. If you compare, as some do, their moral and social condition with a certain ideal standard of excellence, you will doubtless find it low enough in the scale; if you compare it with society as it exists, making due allowance for natural disadvantages, you will discover that it contains the same elements of good and evil as any other social grade. If our operatives are deficient in some moral qualities, they excel in others. From the better class of them there is but a very small per-centage of the criminals of our country; and the fact that crime is not increased by poverty, as is evidenced at the present period, proves that the principle of honesty is not an unstable one among them. There is a scum of society which supplies the cases for our courts of justice; but this is not affected for good or ill by depression in trade. And in firm endurance our working people stand out from every other class; they are enabled by habit to live on a very little, and the precarious state of employment at most periods has brought them to look want boldly in the face. In protracted seasons of distress, however, they have to summon forth their utmost powers of endurance. Not that they all feel alike, even under the same weight of pressure. In sensibility to suffering there is a great difference among them,

according to the character of the individual or the family. Some go for parochial aid without any great degree of sensitiveness, and can rough the jostling with relieving officers and boards of guardians without much shrinking; though this is rather an Irish than an English characteristic. Others will bear the keenest pinchings of poverty without allowing even friends to know that they are in want. We have often observed this in the respectable class of young women upon whom depends the support of the house. When two or three are earning their ten shillings a week each, they can live respectably; but their wages, suppose, sink to one half, perhaps to a quarter—then comes the pinch; and yet we have found sometimes that they will live in the most sparing manner, in order to maintain an outward appearance of respectability; and probably one who might wish to render assistance to such will first discover their disguised penury from the fading colour on their cheeks, indicating a want of necessary food. Some, again, bear privation with a sullen endurance; they have never been provident, and they cannot come out of the furnace much worse than they went in, if only they can subsist at all. Others have prided themselves on their honest independence and provident habits; they have probably laid up money in the savings bank, or put it out in some other investment; they live in comfortable houses, they have gathered round them a sufficient stock of substantial furniture, their families have good clothes for weekday and Sunday. In such households as these the conflict is intense, and the more so, inasmuch as it is the struggle of sensibility rather than of material want. Investments are sinking, furniture is going, clothes are disappearing, and this gradual deterioration is accompanied by that dignified pride which shrinks from an appearance, much more a parade of poverty. Such cases as these it is always most difficult to relieve, while most of all they



claim the moral and material sympathy of every benevolent heart.\*

It is a painful reflection that long-continued distress invariably produces a marked reaction in the social progress of our working people; and we cannot expect to pass through the present without baneful results. Viewed, however, without reference to passing events, we believe that the state of our industrial classes is improving: indeed, the fine spirit they are now exhibiting is a proof of this. The sanitary regulations of our manufacturing towns are carried out with more strictness, though we regret that the dwellings of the poor, from their limited accommodation, are still, and probably must remain, sadly counteractive of a healthy moral tone in the minds of the inmates. The great increase in the number of our churches, as well as in the zeal of our clergy, is exercising a salutary influence on dense populations. Ragged schools and reformatories are doing their work. The compulsory education of the children working short time, has not been without its beneficial results. The greater attention that has latterly been bestowed on our day schools, combined with Government inspection and grants in aid, is leaving its impress on the juvenile classes. Our Sunday schools are powerful agencies in counteracting evil and promoting good. Our night schools are effectual in keeping alive and advancing the attainments of those especially who are employed at their work by day. Our Mechanics' Institutes and Mutual Improve-

ment Classes have their place in carrying on the education of our people. These may probably be too highly exalted on great occasions, as when Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli distributes the annual prizes of our Amalgamated Associations in Lancashire; they may be too much depreciated sometimes, as when Lord Osborne declares that he has seen Mechanics' Institutions, but never any mechanics in them: their true character and real influence will perhaps be discovered half-way between the two extremes. The students who attend such institutions may not be exactly of the class that you would wish to reach; they are fonder too, as we have generally found, of skimming over the surface of a subject than of mastering it from its rudiments: still, we have met with instances where youths by their own energy, in connexion with evening classes, have attained to a very remarkable standard of literary and scientific ability. But these agencies, it may be said, do not touch the lower strata of our manufacturing poor. This, no doubt, is partially true; and how these are to be reached is the great social problem. They are acted on, however, slowly though it be, by the classes immediately above them: the tendency of morality is to descend as by a law of gravitation; and however imperceptible the process may be, we still think that a better tone of thought and feeling will by degrees percolate deeper and deeper, like the fertilizing dews and rain, into the lower layers of ignorance, indifference, and sin.

R. L.

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\* In the five towns of Preston, Blackburn, Wigan, Ashton, and Stockport, £57,273 were drawn out of the savings banks during the six months ending with June, absolutely to provide the necessaries of life.



## CORNEILLE AND DRYDEN.

## PRINCIPLES OF THE DRAMA.\*

THAT men are everywhere the same, is a trite and an old saying. But yet, with all deference to the antiquity and the unanimity, the very contrary of the statement would be nearer to the truth; it would be less inaccurate to say that all are different. They do no doubt resemble each other more than they differ; it is the fact which constitutes or classes them of the same species. But in those common attributes they are not 'men,' but *man*; and even, for the greater part, subside towards animality, according as the generalization is extended. In the region strictly human which rises above this, and where alone the designation *man* can be appropriate, the law is, on the contrary, that men must all be different; and by the same consequence of their being *individuals* as that whereby the species resulted from resemblance.

The fallacy of the saw has accordingly arisen from proceeding upon only the lower strata of human nature; on those qualities men have in common, without looking to the differential. And the fact is both explained and excused by its necessity. The common features are in all things noted first, as being more obvious; or at least impressed the deepest, as most frequent of occurrence. The vulgar supposition, that the differences strike us most, commits a double error—one of absoluteness and of order; they only do so *jointly* with, and *consequently* to, the likeness. Nothing could be ever noted where things were *all* different; it is, in fact, the state which we describe by the word *chaos*. The differences become seizable but where resemblance is pre-known. For knowledge is a species of mental assimilation, and so the most digestible is first to be admitted. This milk dietary of the mind is the process of induction. But after that

the differences bring in play analysis, which might be called the act of laceration and manducation. And hence it is that the maxillaries—the conformation of the teeth and jaws—is a cardinal criterion in the zoologic series; descending step by step with the recession of intelligence, until they disappear in the mere swallow of fish stupidity. But as the fishes far outnumber all the creatures of the land, and as even these must all begin, moreover, in the state of fishes, so the branch of them called men must, as well mentally as physiologically, long swallow before they masticate—take in resemblances before differences—and indeed the vast majority continue swallowing all their lives.

But besides this ample reason for the oversight of difference in the spontaneous working of the public understanding, the writers for the public have an interest of ease, and perhaps sometimes of ability, in fostering it on this subject. What more easy than to deal upon the same set of principles—or rather perhaps frequently the same set of commonplaces—with the infinite particularities of individuals, times, nations? It is the physics of the Schoolmen or the philosophy of the Hindûs, where all things could be settled by the *maia* or the syllogism. One distinction with its binary division is found sufficient to seize the breadth and depth of the political or social universe. It sunders the whole lot, as, for example, with the Mandarins, into Celestial Chinamen and outer Barbarians; or, as with the British writer, into Englishmen and Yahoos. Thus, the Yahoos, or Barbarians, may be treated in a heap; demanding nothing more than the recital of facts—'news'—and obtruding no community of principles with the elect. On the other hand, within this

\* *Essai sur les Théories Dramatiques de Corneille, d'après ses Discours et ses Examens.* Par F. A. Lisle. Paris. 1860.

favoured side of the division, if comparisons be made, they are not 'odious' to the public. It is felt a mere decanting of national laudation among a set of vessels all belonging to the one owner. A single 'gill' imported would occasion far more umbrage, in the spirit of the old rivalry between the home trade and the foreign.

Moreover, at home also, the principles of difference in men of the same origin, community, and generation, are really less considerable, and thus fortify the error. By its favour and with the artifice or impotence described, writers perorate through volumes as through newspapers, to wondering readers, on the history, the interests, the destinies of nations, who could not pen a paragraph of half a dozen fresh lines upon the simplest of the exact sciences, without disclosing their ignorance. For the development of any branch of knowledge to the state of science has the effect, by multiplying the specifications, of merging, to the novice, the resemblances in the differences; while the case is just the contrary with the rude knowledge of mere sense, and is so in proportion as the subject is complex.

Thus the twofold proportion of complexity in the subject and deficiency in the knowledge, gives, with even the writing tribe, the predominance to this confused description of resemblances. Accordingly, what so vast, and therefore still so undefined, as the difference between the leading minds of the several nations, and which are all amalgamated by the name of genius, or catalogued, as Macbeth has it, 'all as dogs?' Who ever hears a word about a 'file of valuation,' unless it be the delicate and the profound one of national vanity? What a contrast within even the same rank or department, between Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz! Nay, in the narrow walk of wit, what a world of diversity between Cervantes, Swift, Voltaire, Martial, and Lucian! Does the entire biography of French and English poetry present a single instance of analogy in genius? We

say emphatically, in genius, in intellectual *character*; for where there is no character, there can be no comparison, according to the principle itself above illustrated. Addison and Pope were charged with glancing at French models; yet what do they show in common with Racine and with Boileau? That the former wrote a tragedy, according to 'Unities,' and the other composed satires, a comic epic, and an art of poetry.

There is, however, to this law, as we conceive, a strange exception, and one which must exclude the explanation of imitation. For though both the men have written as poets and as dramatists, the manner, tone, and subjects are totally different. The likeness is suffused through the genius alone. We allude to the 'great' Corneille, as he is styled by his countrymen; and on the English side, to the 'glorious' John Dryden. With this singular resemblance we have long been impressed. But the impression has been recently revived and re-enforced by the *Essay* on the Frenchman which occasions this notice.

A first point of similarity in the history of the two poets, is the vagueness of the current notions with respect to their kind of genius. It is, in fact, an indirect attestation of its common greatness. Objects small or irregular are seized more firmly than round and large ones. Thus, Wordsworth and the rest of the 'Lake school,' are more easily apprehended than Byron, Shakspeare, or even Scott. We mean, of course, in the local mind, for it is otherwise with the general. The latter poets are read and relished where Wordsworth is unknown by name. The French nation has enthroned Byron among the greatest of her own sons, by dedicating to his genius a street of her capital; the capital of England still refuses him a grave. In Dryden and Corneille, indeed, the genius is ranked high, if not the very highest, by both of the countries: the latter is at least the French pretension for Corneille. But what the high excellence



consists in is less determined. This, however, is the only ground for judgment or comparison. The point has been elucidated in the prefatory explanations. It is also well discerned by the new critic of Corneille, and assigned as even the object that induced his disquisition.

People, says he, all *feel* that the writings are excellent, and thence conclude that they understand them, and through them, the special art and genius of the poet. But the science and the sentiment are very wide asunder. One would learn, he illustrates, more about the art of painting from the simplest elementary treatise on the subject, than if he gazed for ever on the masterworks of Raphael. It is, therefore, this analysis—this evolution of distinctions—that M. Lisle intelligently purposes to offer; an account, not of the works, but of the workmanship, of Corneille. And accordingly his materials are drawn from the 'Défenses' by which the poet himself was forced to vindicate his writings, with the usual fate of those who seek to teach, not cheat, mankind.

This somewhat singular procedure, as the reader will remember, is another striking feature of analogy to Dryden. 'It was (says Scott in his biography) a singular trait in the character of our author, that by whatever motive he was guided in the choice of a subject, and his manner of treating it, he was upon all occasions alike anxious to persuade the public that both the one and the other were the object of his free choice, founded upon the most rational grounds of preference.' The purpose of Dryden was not, as Scott imagined, to persuade the public, about which he little cared; it was enough for him if he but *pleased* them, and they paid him. The motive was far deeper than the novelist discerned, who was himself accustomed to regard his thoughts less than his readers. He, however, inadvertently suggests it at the close, in the yearning to build upon '*rational grounds of preference.*' Dryden knew too well his public not to

have been fully sensible that, ratiocination, in even graver things than art, was not the way to win its approbation or its patronage. We then were in the age of 'the gentleman who wrote with ease,' and naturally of a public who would read in the same manner. Dryden braved the double bent, then, but to satisfy himself; that is to say, in obedience to the dictates of the attribute which will be found, we think, to characterize his genius. But it will be more perspicuous to keep to Corneille first, and to determine his distinctions of intellect and doctrine.

In the general course of his dramatic self-instruction, and in the preparation of each of his pieces, the Father of the French theatre was wont, he informs us, to put himself the following questions: First, what is the end of tragedy in general? Then, what is the aim of the piece he proposed? Next, what are the characters required to attain it? After, what the manners were that suited such personages? Finally, came the plot for marshalling and moving them throughout the three conditions of action, place, and time, so as to elicit the greatest interest to the particular public. This, it is perceived, was pretty logical for a poet. It was also philosophical in beginning from the *end*; as the epic, because ruder, commences with the middle. The end is, in fact, the proper beginning in all art; in everything, in short, that is an organized composition.

The end of the drama with Corneille was not high. It is no other, as he answers himself, than *To please*. It is thus not only low, but essentially false; and it is false to art, because untrue to nature. Nature contains nothing made for pleasure alone. The pleasure is an accessory, or rather an instrument to something superior in the animal or social system. It is even this disservice of pleasure as a means, from the higher end of progress, that we term its perversion, or its tendency to palling, and to final self-destruction. It is true that its concurrence with the end might

continue, although the pleasure only were in the poet's purpose. This was probably in general the state of mind with Shakspeare. In general, we say, for it was evidently not so always; he has often shown a consciousness of stooping to the public taste: still, undoubtedly, he wrote without a system on the subject; and while teaching the world still more than he pleased his audience, very probably had, in sentiment, an ideal audience for his criterion. But the sentiments of Shakspeare had the amplitude of systems. This is likewise largely true of the French Shakspeare as an artist, as there will be some signal occasions of exemplifying. But here we have to do with the artist turned speculator, playing the philosopher upon his own art, and so of course incurring the incident responsibilities.

The French critic recognises the defect of the poet's definition, but urges that he meant it but in irony of his adversaries. These would have the end of the drama be instruction, while professing to be rigorous adherents of Aristotle. Corneille, then, would oppose to them, with equal exclusiveness, the single end of pleasure, and upon the same authority; and then affect to mediate between the master and the followers.

But this appears too puerile, in even its *finesse*, for a mind like Corneille's to have devised or descended to it. He knew the real doctrine of Aristotle was the reverse; that this philosopher assigned as the end of the drama the purification of the passions, the moral nature. What he failed to discern was, that this is an instruction, and even the instruction appropriate to the drama. For all art instructs; but it is merely through the sentiments, while intellect is acted on through doctrine and discussion. To the latter, Aristotle would restrict the name instruction, and thus confounded the *end* of the art with its *exercise*. The error has been likewise fallen into by Cicero, with whom the greatest orator was he who best pleased the multitude. He would

have been the greatest in the bare act of exercise; but otherwise as to the general end of the art. For, with this abstract end unknown, of course the mere *effect* prevails. Now, this was, on the other hand, by no means the condition of the adversaries of Corneille, but confessedly the very contrary. The poet charges them with holding that a play should be a 'sermon.' They, therefore, only carried out the principle of Aristotle, by extending his end of pleasure to the aim of instruction: and so there was no conflict between them and the master. The posture really was one of error on both sides, and arising from the same misconception of instruction—the failure to distinguish the æsthetical from the logical. The great poet, feeling that the latter would not do, excluded in its name all instruction from the drama. The mere critics, on the contrary, in recognising the æsthetic species, supposed that in its quality of instruction it must be mental. The latter of the parties were, however, the more blameable, according to the axiom of their own boasted master. The agencies supplied for the instruction by Aristotle were not doctrines nor analysis, but 'pity and terror,' which not only appertain to the order of the sentiments, but also may be elements in Corneille's end of pleasure. They would to him be therefore a sort of confirmation; while they were, on the contrary, left in apparent rivalry with the higher grounds of his opponents, who neglected to reconcile them.

This is also the point on which revolved another contest to determine the true purport of this Aristotelian formula. The different interpretations might be numbered by scores. Some were even reduced to fancy that the 'terror and pity' must mean the subject-matter, not the means, of the purgation; that is, that the drama was to purify the soul *from* terror and pity, not to purify it *through* them. This, in fact, was as absurd in translation as in philosophy. But the graver discordances on the question had a twofold source: the lack of sys-



tematic conceptions in critics, and a serious incompleteness, we dare think, in Aristotle. The former did not see—nor, it is true, does the master say—that the sentiments in question—we mean pity and terror—were the poles of moral nature as developed in the ancients; and so were *then* the means of controlling its economy. The Terror was the Divine element, and had its causes in external nature; the Pity was the Human, and proceeded from within. This was likewise the order of their origin and influence. The power of terror is seen in religion, which long preceded the drama. For terror *was* the principle of heathen religion, which notoriously knew nothing of pity, not to speak of *love*, this sublime development distinctive of Christianity. And accordingly the *timor deos fecit* of Lucretius spoke a truth that gives, not scandal, but glory to this last religion. It indicates the vast evolution of mind and morals which must separate the Christian point of view from the early heathen, with which, however, it is still confounded by those who carp at the Roman poet.

Now, something similar to this progression must have passed in the drama also, as a kindred or co-ordinate expression of human progress. The consequence is written in the well-known facts of history. From heathen religion, the terror descended to the drama, where we find it quite, accordingly, the mainspring of Æschylus. The pity followed gradually, and rose to the ascendant with the climax of Greek tragedy in the pathos of Euripides. Beyond this second principle, the ancients never reached; a fact that solves the long-moot question why they never built on love: and their great analyser kept, as usual, to the facts before him. He thus had to present in his theory of the drama but the two counter sentiments supplied him by experience. He failed on this occasion, as on many others, to remember, that his own moral system required a third as 'middle.' And what he once declared, the learned world must adhere to, even

down to modern times, when the third principle predominates.

In fact, as *Terror was the sentiment of the Divine or cosmical, and Pity was the sentiment of the Human or personal, so the sentiment of the Social, which unites them, is LOVE.* The first relates to things *above* us, the next to things *beneath* us, the third to things *beside* us, and thus at last upon our level. And this accordingly is the grand characteristic of modern tragedy, as it had been already of the true and modern religion.

It is even what Corneille really meant by his 'end of pleasure.' He but saw it, like the rest, with the mere instinct of the poet, and thence disgraced it by a bad name, and distorted it by a worse argument. For instance, he asked if the *pity* experienced by the spectators of his own Chimène and Rodrigue, had ever in a single case led to renouncement of a passion which was seen to be productive of such a weight of woes? This passion was love, and the poet thus supposes it to be of those which 'pity and terror' were to purify; whereas it is not merely their co-equal in the function, but even is a purifier of *them*, on the contrary—of pity from selfishness, of terror from superstition. For he who pities another is said to think of himself; and the religion of Christ is a creed of love, not a cower of terror. He moreover confounded the distinction above noted between teaching through the sentiments and teaching through a system. The latter, which proceeds by demonstration, proves at once, and may determine the will to act accordingly forthwith. The sentiments are shaped but by repeated impressions, made to thwart the vicious tendencies by new trains of habit. So that Corneille's objection could be scarce more to the purpose than the more characteristic decision of Voltaire:—'What comes of all this idle disputation [namely, concerning pity and terror]? That people rush by throngs to see *Andromaque* and *Cinna* without the least intention of getting themselves purged.'



The principle is best illustrated by Corneille's own masterpiece, the play of the *Cid*, to which we saw himself appeal. The plot of this celebrated piece is made to turn on the conflict of love with filial duty. Chimène is enamoured of the Cid Rodrigue, who in a duel has slain her father, and she marries the murderer on the same day.

For such a personage the poet was violently assailed; nor alone by private critics, but by even the Academy. This body—then young indeed, and influenced hostilely by Richelieu—declared in a report (conceived, however, with taste and temper) that the character of Chimène, in consenting to such a marriage, was a 'moral inverisimilitude; that it is contrary to the decorum (*bienveillance*) of the sex; that she is made too fond a lover and too unnatural a daughter; and is at least scandalous, if not quite depraved.'

Two writers of eminence as critics and as dramatists—Voltaire and La Harpe—have defended Corneille; but they do so upon grounds scarce more than technical or empirical. Voltaire denied the fact that Chimène gives consent; she but obeys the King, who had ordered the marriage in gratitude to the Cid for his defeating the Moors. 'She says (as he sums up) I *must* obey, but not I *will* obey.' The point is true in terms, but it does not meet the question. It merely shifts the conflict with her filial affection from the passion of love to the duty of loyalty; and to make this prevail, would but aggravate the character. So abstract a notion would be lost on a popular audience, and never could account for their approval of Chimène.

The defence of La Harpe is of much the same calibre. He makes, however, one very just distinction. The Academic strictures bore chiefly on the marriage, describing it as being the special subject of the piece, and conceding that the love itself was natural and even excusable, as having existed before the father's death. But La Harpe rightly answers that the marriage

was the mere *dénouement*, and the love, in its conflict with filial piety, the true *subject*; and so, that the Academy, in excusing the impulsion, effectually subverted its own censures of the poet. Yet although just in point of fact, and also fair perhaps in argument, this stricture, too, does not at all advance the real question. The critic was aware of this, and seeks to supplement it. To extenuate the scandalous triumph of love, he finds the heroine, in addition to the orders of the King, the further motive of a sense of the chivalrous honour which would render it imperative on the Cid to fight her father. Such a plea is, in fact, countenanced by the language of the poet. He not only makes her feel the obligation in her lover; but profess to act herself upon the same scarce female honour. Speaking of the prosecution of her vengeance against the Cid for the death of her father, she, for example, says:—

Cet effort sur mon flamme à mon honneur  
est dû.

It is also very certain that this is quite conformable, in even a female, with the manners of the age; at least in the native and classic land of chivalry. And so the comment in itself is, like the former, just and useful; though the critic does not put it with great skill to his purpose. He might, for instance, have inquired if so unfeminine a sentiment should not have gone to counteract directly the filial piety, instead of only counterweighing it, by addition to love? Or, again, if the singularity of so masculine a sentiment did not imply a principle or character in the nation, which should also produce, as a concomitant effect, a comparative debility of the sense of filial duty. This would probably be found to hold of Spain, and even of France, as compared, for example, with the Romans and the Italians. With these the conduct of Chimène would be less warmly applauded. And La Harpe, who was writing from the Western point of view, might have pleaded such a natural debility of filial

piety, as a good poetic reason for the prevalence assigned to love.

But he put the observation to neither of these uses ; nor, had he urged them both, would the solution be conclusive. It would have gone no deeper than a character of manners, whereas the point in question is a principle of human nature. Moreover, it is doubtful that the language of Corneille looked to even a trait of manners either national or ethical, and not to a quite universal artifice of passion. Love, in particular, seizes all things that favour its pretensions ; and Chimène may have been painted as contriving those scruples which became her situation, not as a Spaniard of the days of Chivalry, but rather as the woman of all ages and all nations.

This, in fact, is what in substance La Harpe concludes at last. After all his disputation with the strictures of the Academy—which shows how much the highest authorities have been perplexed by the real question—the able critic makes this sound but still empirical reply :—

I ask pardon of the Academy ; but they do not convince me that an ‘unnatural daughter’ would even be *tolerated on the stage*, so far from making the impression which Chimène does make. Faults of that enormity can never find indulgence, because they are judged by the heart, and because popular assemblages do not receive impressions that are really opposed to nature. The example of the Academy evinces, on the contrary, how much the intellect may be misled in judging of theatrical effects by general and abstract principles.

Now we, in turn, beg the pardon of this accomplished critic. The Academy was not misled by ‘principles,’ but by the want of them. And in this destitution La Harpe himself participated, as betrayed by his commodious appeal to public sentiment. It was the refuge of Cicero as a criterion of eloquence. It is the argument of demagogues to prove the right divine of multitudes, by the decisive formula of *vox populi, vox Dei*. It is the last resort of all people without proofs or principles, and

who can but reiterate the fact as its own philosophy. We do not say that *effect* is no evidence of art, whether dramatic, rhetorical, or even governmental ; it was above explained in what measure and sense it is so ; it was seen that it must be, in Bacon’s phrase, too ‘merged’ in particulars, too dependent on the actual circumstances to afford a rule of judgment ; such rules must be derived from wide induction and deep analysis. But the question in the present case ascended to this general ground, and the fault of the Academy was, on the contrary, not to have followed it. It asked not merely if the prevalence of love over filial piety be a natural effect, but above all, what was the cause ?

The following explanation may perhaps carry some partial weight with it. It is that *Love is the centre and the sovereign of SOCIAL sentiments* ; while duty, even the filial, is restricted to the *family* ; and that the social sympathies should thus be stronger than the domestic, in the purposes of Providence as in the scheme of progress. The fact, indeed, is testified divinely by the Christian system, which, as before remarked, is the religion of *love*—legitimate love in all its senses, according to his precept—that men should quit their parents to cleave to their wives. The thing is likewise clear upon simply natural principles. No doubt parental reverence is a requisite of the good *order*, but love is a requisite of the *existence* of society. The former retracts men to the past and the individuals ; the other draws them forward to the future and the species. The one force is conservative, the other is progressive. But progress and futurity are the main interests with nature ; she mercilessly sacrifices individuals to the species ; and these interests and objects speak instinctively through the public.

Thus Corneille was upon ground more legitimate than he believed. But he owed the selection to his genius, not to knowledge. For genius, especially in the poetic grade, is another of those scarcely



conscious oracles of nature. Had he seen with distinctness that his principle was love, not 'pleasure'; and that far from being exclusive of the two ancient principles, it was their normal complement in the order of progression, he might have shown, in his *Disquisitions*, as he did in his *Dramas*, that he was the coadjutor and the completer of Aristotle, instead of awkwardly evading, while accepting, his doctrines.

With the same profound instinct, but also a like awkwardness, this dramatist resists the rule of 'poetic justice.' He lacked a clear conception of both the chief objections to it. One is, that the justice or its administration is a law, not a sentiment, and thus unfit for the stage. The other is, that such a law, howsoever inculcated, would, as a general rule, be inconformable with nature. In nature, punishment by no means follows constantly on crime, as pleasure does upon utility or on instruction applied properly. The latter, on the stage, must be a result of impression. But punishment must be condensed and clarified into a process to represent the slow retribution of natural justice.

Besides this dialectical discordance with the drama, the poetic justice is perhaps even immoral. The strongest of the natural arguments for a Providence is the apparent imperfection of justice upon earth. If men could but be taught to expect all things rounded here, we may be sure they would not look for compensations to an hereafter. It is only because Hamlet could shape his ends but 'roughly,' that he fancied the Deity employed in fashioning or frustrating them. Aristotle, too, must, like Shakespeare, have felt this when, in making Euripides the prince of the tragic stage, he alleges his practice of leaving the audience overwhelmed with perplexity, disappointment, grief, and tears. A curious comment, by the way, upon the usage of the London stage, where the 'regular drama' is wound up with a farce, as if forthwith to nullify the moralizing medicine.

It will be understood, then, that the poetic justice is no tenet of Aristotle, as is commonly imagined. It was really established by Corneille's own countrymen, whose foible as well as genius is universal systematization. To this *besoin* is further due the constitution of the 'three unities,' which were another source of much embarrassment to the French poet. For Aristotle laid down formally but the unity of action, referring indirectly and slightly to that of time, and making no mention of the unity of place. This, however, unlike the case of poetic justice, was a real incompleteness in the philosophic critic; it was analogous to that above exposed in the object principles of terror and pity, but naturally deeper. Naturally, for the unities, being things of larger comprehension, were consequently later to be seized with precision.

Aristotle, in fact, seized but the lowest, that of fable. This, however, he divided into three main departments—the *protasis*, the *epitasis*, and the *catastrophe*—which really, though unconsciously, related to the three unities. The first, or the *protasis*, fixed the characters of the piece, which are the elements or data of the æsthetic problem. The second, moved and mingled the characters into embroilment, a process appertaining peculiarly to place. The *catastrophe*, or resolution, or unknottng of the plot, and restoration of the primal state of things, belongs to time. For this period Aristotle assigns a single day. But he gives no other reason, and quite evidently saw no other, than the open-air convenience of the Hellenic spectators. This failure of attaining to a correct conception of the unity of time or to a distinct one of place, was doubtless due in large part to the fact now pointed out, of having virtually involved them in his notion of the action. It is also perhaps from these germs they were opened by the French, with an instinct and unconsciousness no less characteristic. For all three of the



unities were constantly presented as derived from Aristotle, though on no express authority.

Now, it was with the unities, as thus obscurely constituted, that the father of the French stage was all his life at lurking warfare. With the rashness of youth, he at first renounced them openly, and rambled with a freedom or disorder quite 'romantic.' But in maturer years he made submission to Aristotle, by declaring that his plays did not pretend to the supreme rank, in which no doubt adherence to these rules would have been requisite. The rationalistic cast of his genius approved them, while the incoherent doctrines respecting them embarrassed him; and often while attacking or evading them in theory, he follows them in spirit into their very highest expansions. And the same extenuation would apply to our own Shakspeare, in a measure doubtless lower, but still far larger than is suspected. Indeed, the subterfuges of Corneille to escape this dim dilemma between the old and new, which always puzzles the originator, were themselves a mark of genius, even by their very childishness, much rather than the irony supposed by M. Lisle. Here, for instance, is one of his habitual pleadings, which is cited and sanctioned by the critic just mentioned: 'The rules [of unity] are but *directions* to facilitate to the poet the means of pleasing, and not at all *reasons* which can persuade the spectators that a piece is agreeable when they feel it to be otherwise.' It is, again, the confusion of philosophy with art; for what are 'reasons' in the one are 'directions' in the other.

Still more addressed to this conflict of the reasoning exigence and the imperfect knowledge of the poet is the following:—'If plays which are accordant with the rules do not please, and that some which do please are not accordant to the rules, it must follow of necessity that the rules are fallacious.' This in fact would seem to be quite crucial on the subject. It is, how-

ever, really but the old confusion still; for nothing so exclusive is possible in nature, nor therefore can be probable or pleasing in art. A piece in which the rules were not observed to *some extent* would be no composition at all, but a mere chaos; and on the other hand, a composition which observed the rules *alone*, without the other requisites, could scarce be expected to please by them. Thus all the disputation revolved upon a misconception from which this famous doctrine seems now, in fine, set free. The rules or three unities are of eternal obligation; but *the manner and the measure have been constantly expanding with the minds that can produce and that can receive the drama*. Unaware of this progression, Aristotle formulized them in the number and imperfection then attained by the development. The French critics of the seventeenth century completed the sketch, but *contracted its scale to the original outline*; as they, on their part, were still as ignorant of the progression as the Greek master. And in fine, it is within this rude or retroactive scheme that the genius of Corneille, as M. Lisle complains, was cramped; not at all by the true unities in their historical enlargement. Of this retention he, on the contrary, would rather have fallen short. A proof of fact is the success of his great rival Racine: for the mode of originality as well as finish of this fine artist proceeded almost wholly from his mastery of these rules.

A final misconception that clouds the whole subject, and under which Corneille and his critic also fumble, is the failure to perceive that these rules of the drama must have varied in their practice with the nations as well as ages. M. Lisle, however, notes the bare fact as to the French: *Convenons donc que la poétique française, est peu favorable à l'exposition des événements ou à la peinture des héros qui ont marqué dans l'histoire de l'humanité*. But he did not at all see that this national deficiency in *personal portraiture* and in *historical description* was in necessary correlation with

the French yearning for the unities. The English dramatists, who disregarded them, have accordingly excelled, as the critic likewise notes, in reproducing events and characters; they are the grand ingredients of the Shaksperian drama, of which a large part is little more than abridged history. Not that this was Shakspeare's genius, but the taste of his public. The British process draws spontaneously from without or from within, from history or from sentiment, in natural simplicity. The French select materials of a more organic grade, or which have undergone elaboration in other hands, and rely for their success upon the art of combination; whence the superficial clamour raised against them as plagiarists, of which Corneille himself in the *Cid* was an example. The rational abstraction and the regular simplicity resulting from this method in the master works of the French stage are the features which to us seem artificial and meagre; while our rawness of material and laxity of structure, which to ourselves seem nature and prodigality of invention, appear to the French people but crudity and lack of taste. It is the same contrast as between the two governments.

Now the genius of Corneille, which is the problem of this notice, is largely compounded of these opposite ingredients. He represents the passage from the one to the other—less, however, in the form, where he is duly French, than in the subject-matter, which is common to all nations. His genius and even his theory are for the drama of character, or as it is distinguished by himself, the 'heroic;' but his nation, his age, and by consequence his intellect, were for the *social* drama which is founded upon love. These remarks are best confirmed by showing how they unravel the perplexities of even the native critics on the subject. La Harpe, among the best of them, affirms of Corneille that no one soared so high and no one sank so low; that he passed at every moment from one extremity to the

other—that he was, in short, a compound of contradictory qualities. 'I will,' he adds, 'hazard some remarks upon the subject; it is the utmost that I can do.'

The explanation is, that while the forte of Corneille consisted in the portraiture of great and heroic 'characters,' he 'founded all his plays without a single exception upon *the passion of love*, and that this love was never drawn as it ought to be in tragedy. He would not even own that it was his foundation; he would have it a mere ornament, not the body of the work.' And thereupon the critic judiciously remarks, that '*experience* has taught us that love cannot be a mere ornament of theatrical machinery, but is one of the most powerful of its springs.' This empirical lesson is now sanctioned by principle. Another critic—Fontenelle, the poet's champion and nephew—likewise testifies the facts, though for a contrary approval. 'Corneille,' says he, 'saw the taste of the age turn wholly to the side of *love* the most passionate and least *heroic*; but he proudly disdained to comply with the new taste.' The true account was, that he did not understand it, and that what he did not understand, nor even fully feel, his reasoning propensity prevented him from practising. 'In every subject,' says La Harpe, 'he proceeds almost always by using *reasoning in the place of sentiment*; and frequently, instead of showing the character in the discourse, he sets to analyse it by direct dissertation.' The expedient of Shakspeare for this was the soliloquies.

The nature of Corneille's genius, in its eminence and inequalities, may then, in fine, be summed up and solved in these terms: while he had not fully reached to the third spring of *sentiment*, which was reserved to crown the ancient formula of Pity and Terror, and which we saw emerging at the time in Corneille's country; he, on the other hand, possessed, in the aspect of *intellect*, the rationalistic turn, which was equally national,



but far less propitious to the art of the dramatist. M. Lisle, in closing, has seized a gleam of this. 'If French tragedy,' says he, 'has been less faithful in painting particular or concrete reality, it painted a more general and universal mode of truth; in ceasing to be historical, it became philosophical.' This was, in fact, at once its glory and its foible. Not, however, that philosophy is alien to the drama; but it should be, as in Shakspeare, a philosophy of sentiment, not a philosophy of formula, as with Euripides and Voltaire.

Dryden alone, of all our British dramatists, or critics on the drama, is alluded to by M. Lisle; and the distinction is quite just in the latter of the qualities. The Frenchman notes, however, little more of his merits than the points in which he rates the French stage above the English. He does not even inform his Gallican readers that the opinions cited are given, in a dialogue, to another interlocutor than Dryden himself. No doubt, however, that Dryden approved of them and of much more, although too good an Englishman to own it directly. The best proof is, that he acted the preferences in his works; although this may, it is true, be less a critical adoption than the result of an intellectual sympathy with the French.

That such analogy existed in the character of Dryden, and especially with both the writings and genius of Corneille, it is strange that M. Lisle—like, doubtless, all his predecessors, as well British as French—should have failed to observe. The fact is, in truth, palpable and all but universal. The very particular in Corneille on which the critic based his volume—the practice of disserting on the subject of his poems—should have offered the suggestion, and a sample even physical. It had an exact parallel in the very work of Dryden from which M. Lisle was copying the citations alluded to—the admirable *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*. This was written to vindicate—for once in advance, and therefore with a

purpose so much the more deliberate—a formal deviation from the English stage towards the French. We have cited the remark of his biographer, Scott, about the supposed object of the poet to persuade the public, that he founded his works upon 'rational grounds of preference.' Thus the nobly self-confident and reasoning disposition, which forms the distinction of this great writer as well as poet, is presented as a crotchet, a perverse eccentricity. This mode of comprehension was, no doubt, natural enough in the biographic craft, which looks for monsters, not for models; but the notion was unworthy of Scott in head and heart, and was uttered, we feel confident, but in complacency to that calling. The true motive of Dryden's habitual dissertation was, as stated, a complexional necessity of his intellect.

The rationalistic character, which also suffuses even the poetic writings as well as the prose, is therefore a first principle by which to distinguish the genius of Dryden and to assimilate it to Corneille's. It will, in fact, explain not only all the received excellences of the British poet, as it has done by the French compeer; but moreover, and most especially, the imperfections imputed to him—these being very frequently but effects of the excellence.

The reasoning propensity is familiar in Dryden's verse, from his noble political and theological poems, which are master works of argument as well as of satire. Even his passage to the Creed, which is vindicated in the best of them, might be noted as a token of the same disposition. Not assuredly that Romanism is a religion of reason. It is only a religion of *reasoning*, which is different. Provided you accept the code of premises it furnishes, it leaves you fully free to make the most of them by logic, as witness the extravagances of the scholastic controversies. The Protestant reformers cannot always do this. Their distinction, their reform lay in having



passed backward from the processes to the premises in the individual conscience; or, in case of the Scriptures, to a 'judgment' as individual. And though we should dissent from Dryden, that

Immortal powers the *rule* of conscience  
know,

But interest is its name with men below,  
still, the property and even the province of this liberating method is to rupture at each stage the wily toils of the syllogistic. Our Reformation was as much a 'protest' against scholastics as against Romanists. Thus no Protestant can ever rest his creed upon reasoning, in either of the alleged forms, deductive or exegetic. And hence it is that the closest reasoner that England has produced, we mean Chillingworth, abandoned the new for the old doctrine. It is true, he after reasoned himself back to the Protestants. But this he did by weapons carried off from the Romanists, and which he hoped to introduce into his native church. And the failure of this effort adds a proof to our position; for Chillingworth was not perhaps more consummate as a logician than he was throughout sincere as a mere theologian. One who ventured, like Gibbon, to launch into philosophy would not, on disappointment with Romanism, have returned. The sagacity of Dr. Johnson has well remarked the trait, although (if we remember) he did not explain it. So then, Dryden, who, although an able reasoner, was no philosopher, adhered to his conversion, and with honour in the circumstances. He evinced as nobly by his conduct as by his poetry, that the change was the effect of a ratiocinative predilection.

Perhaps the most recondite indication of this temper was the project which he formed and practised so tenaciously, of introducing rhyme instead of blank verse in tragedy. He justifies the preference by reasons no less novel. It is not that the rhyme might be more pleasing, more popular; but, almost to the contrary, that it sup-

plies the *writer's* mind with a species of framework to condense and guide its action. 'Verse' (says he) 'is a rule and line by which the writer keeps his *building compact and even*, which otherwise lawless imagination would raise either irregularly or loosely.' And again: 'It bounds and circumscribes the fancy; for imagination in a poet is a faculty so *wild* and *lawless* that, like a high-ranging spaniel, it must have clogs tied to it lest it outrun the judgment.' None but a great reasoner as well as a great poet could have so vividly felt, or at least valued, this constraint. Dryden prosecutes the point on this occasion to philosophy, though still but effectually, and not in point of form. To the sharpest of the arguments opposed to his theory, and which was really urged by his brother-in-law, Howard, he offers a reply which will exhibit him in both the characters—we mean as a reasoner and as a philosopher.

The objection was, that dialogue in a play being 'an effort of sudden thought,' and then the play itself being an imitation of nature, it must follow that the rhyme would be in such a case unnatural, and can be deemed allowable but in a poem of premeditation. The argument is pointed to the case of two lines, where the one chimes in answer to the other, as by preconcert. To this 'Leander,'—that is, Dryden himself—replies: 'If you object that one verse may be made for the sake of another, though both the words and the rhyme be apt, I answer, it cannot possibly so fall out; for either there is a *dependence of sense* between the first line and the second, or there is none: if there be that connexion, then in the natural position of the words, the latter line *must of necessity flow from the former*; if there be no dependence, yet still the due ordering of words makes the last line *as natural in itself* as the other—so that the necessity of a rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy writers to say what they would not otherwise.' A capital dilemma, but a lame and impotent conclusion.

The question was not as to the naturalness of the *thing* to be said, but only of the *mode* of saying it, the rhyme. The logic was excellent, but the premisses had not been fathomed. What the writer dimly meant was, that there exists in nature a certain correspondence between reason and rhythm. But Dryden lacked philosophy to penetrate this profound truth.

It is, moreover, really not—at least exclusively—‘imagination’ that this poet felt so much the need of rhyme to curb and regulate; it was the rational, and therefore abstract, department of the intellect. Imagination alone is indeed a sort of reasoning. But concrete, if not creeping, it is steered by physical objects, whereas the reason proper passes up into relations. In this region of air it floats helplessly at first, in awaiting the guidance of scientific methods. Now, this non-age is its state in the best poetic temperaments, where it can only yearn for the sensible gauge of rhyme. But still, this yearning itself is an effect of the reasoning character.

That rhyme is a development of reason in verse, is furthermore attested by its modern emergence. The laxity of mere physical and syllabic metre was sufficient to please the concrete intellect of the ancients; and the accentual measure of the moderns, called blank verse, continues to prevail but in countries of this temper. The French, who, on the contrary, are doubtless of all nations, not perhaps the most rational, but the most rationalistic, use but rhyme in all their poetry, and have been its true originators. Dryden pretends to dispute with them this honour; but his manner plainly shows that his convictions were the contrary. And the value he attached to it by urging it upon his countrymen, as well as using it himself against their common example, attested that his intellect was here at least less English than it was of the French character or cast of Corneille’s.

Like this poet, his very dramas

are argumentative, declamatory; reason set on fire, as has been said of Rousseau’s prose. He indeed proclaims in terms that ‘they cannot be good poets who are not *accustomed to reason well*.’ It is one of the great secrets, still unnoted, of Byron’s eminence; who, though with no formality, and hating, as he said, ‘an argument,’ was the most logical of verse-writers perhaps in any language. In the slightest of his poems—for example, those to ‘Thirza’—the sentiments may be observed to flow out of each other with an accuracy of sequence and of shading quite syllogistic. It is the trait which Goethe alone has well appreciated, when he describes Byron as the most *inspired* of poets. For the logic was of mere feeling, while Dryden’s was of formula. Hence the rant and fustian imputed to the latter. These are never found in plodding or commonplace writers, who, ‘safe in their heaviness, can never stray.’ It is only in the *combination* of things, that is, in reasoning—not in the things themselves—that one may slip into vacuity. So the linking of deduction explains likewise his lengthy narratives. That Dryden was himself not unaware of these defects, is suggested by the strictures made upon him in the *Essay*, through the person of an interlocutor opposed to his system. ‘Look’ (says this objector, speaking of the French drama), ‘look at the *Cinna* and *Pompey* [of Corneille]; they are not so properly to be called plays, as long discourses upon *reasons of State*. And his protracted narratives and argumentative speeches are said to have been introduced to comply with the gravity of a churchman.’ An explanation so puerile, notwithstanding some complacencies, when it is recollected that Richelieu was Corneille’s enemy, must have been meant by Dryden to ridicule the English censor; and to vindicate himself under veil of the French dramatist.

The prose, too, of Dryden is essentially French, with the mere



modification enforced by the English idiom. There is nothing really like it in purely English literature, not only before Dryden, but even after him to this day. Its affinities are far less remote from the Scotch manner. He plainly could no more have followed others than he has been followed. The contrast of his style with English writers of that age is perhaps the most striking in literary history. It has absolutely nothing of them, save a certain laxity exacted by the national genius of the language; also, perhaps, somewhat of the energy or outrightness. The ease, the elasticity, the flexibility, the fluency, and most especially the ratiocinative texture, are all quite French. And hence it is that, notwithstanding our patriotic admiration of him, Dryden is not imitated by a single English writer. Note how even our brilliant ballad-historian, Macaulay, seems pedantic, unsubstantial, ungenial, declamatory, when compared with the pithy sense, the constant argument and various movement, that give the 'Prefaces' of Dryden most the qualities of organization, and to his poems

The long majestic march and energy  
divine.

But this organic character is the distinction of French prose, as it is also the defect of the French idiom for poetry. For the language of poetry, like the passions that inspire it, should be broken, irregular, picturesque, and concrete; while the reason needs a language of texture, measure, shading: significant by position and rhythmical by structure. For all the intellectual and nervous movements work by rhythm.

Dryden thus was the father, not indeed of English style, but of a *style* in English, alike in prose and poetry. For, though not followed as a pattern, he was emulated as a rival; and if his writings served no model, his success supplied a goal towards which men of taste or talent laboured, each in his own way. But this peculiar place of Dryden, though principally due to

the reasoning propension and power of his mind, owed also not a little to his chivalry of sentiment. It was another trait of his resemblance to Corneille, and completes the fundamental analogy of the two dramatists. It is seen in the attachment of both alike to the mode of drama which was termed the 'heroic,' or that of sentiment and character, instead of the intrigue and agitation of the plays of passion. The conflict, however, between sentiment and reason, which was seen to make Corneille so much a problem to himself and others, is much less discovered in the *Essays* of the Englishman. Dryden's nature was more manly, or his genius more robust, or perhaps it was owing to his hand-to-mouth existence. A writer who produces to procure his daily bread, will be no dainty student of or stickler for his processes, although they will adhere to him at heart if a man of genius. Dryden accordingly preferred to write his plays in the 'high heroic fashion,' because it was most popular; and even his rhyming vein has been indulged from the same motive. Towards the end, he soared above both the romance and the rhyme to the social theme of Love and the synthesis of the unities: in both which points, again, he has the advantage of the Frenchman.

That this was done quite wittingly, we have his express words. The piece in which the sentiment advances to the third basis, and which is named, as if on purpose, so significantly, *All for Love*, is, he declares, the only play he ever wrote to please himself. It is also the most regular piece in the language, the most rationally true to the dramatic unities. On these, in fact, he likewise makes a death-bed recantation, resembling even here what we noted in Corneille. 'I must further,' says he, in the preface to *Don Sebastian* (another of the products of his own predilection), 'I must further declare freely that I have not kept to the three mechanical unities. I knew them, I had them in my eye, but followed



them only at a distance, *for the genius of the English cannot bear too regular a play*; we are given to a variety, even to a debauchery, of pleasure.' And again he remarks, 'The English will not bear a thorough (pure) tragedy, but are pleased that it should be *lightened with underplots of mirth*.' Thus he was of opinion that the regular tragedy alone was 'thorough' or true; and had his inclinations not chimed with his convictions, he would scarce have been so vividly impressed with the obstruction opposed to its reception by the nature of his countrymen. He after even speculates upon this strange contrast between the English love of disorder and fun, and the French predilection for the grave and systematic: 'for as we, who are a sullen people, come to be diverted at our plays, so they (the French), who are of an airy and gay disposition, come thither to make themselves more serious.' It was before remarked that Dryden was no philosopher; but here he is not even an accurate logician, and again evades the point of the question in discussion. This point was not the comparative effects or objects of the two stages, but their modes of operation and the reason of the contrast. The distinction will be felt, if we ask ourselves the question—Are not the French found systematic also in even their gaieties, and the English as irregular in their laws as in their plays?

Dryden shows the same poetical debility of speculation, as well as the same rationalistic sympathy with regularity, in preferring the French manner of withdrawing into the narrative the noisy or nauseous or violent incidents of the action; instead of having them paraded, as was the English usage. 'But,' he proceeds, 'whether custom has so insinuated it into our countrymen, or nature has so formed them to fierceness, I know not, but *they will scarcely suffer combats or other objects of horror to be taken from them*.' In such comments as these we see a fair justification, or at all events the deliberate and reluc-

tantly chosen ground, of the rant and the ribaldry and the roystering irregularity that have, in Dryden, sacrificed a genius second but to Shakspeare. So much was this a system that he sometimes brings in others, when their language is stronger than he would himself venture on. Thus Rhymer is cited as expressive of Dryden's practice: 'I have chiefly considered the fable or plot, which all conclude to be the soul of a tragedy, which with the ancients is always found to be a *reasonable* soul, but with us for the most part a brutish and often worse than brutish.' He sometimes, similarly for the nonce, is heard to rail at French manners.

But the conception of such home strictures speaks profoundly for French affinity. Nothing is so rare in English writers, however honest. Scarcely ever are our national deficiencies discerned, or at all events declared, *in comparison with foreigners*. Not from even the 'correspondents,' strewn so liberally by our newspapers at all the great centres of civilization throughout the globe, does one ever hear a single suggestion for imitation. On the contrary, they write as if the object of their mission was to find (if not to fabricate) us foils for our shortcomings, or to foster our self-complacency by the infirmities of other nations. It is the process that made the Americans 'the greatest people of Creation.' Its principle was suggested at the outset of this article. Our patriotism can imagine parallelism but among Britons. But here the strictures become narrowed to distinctions merely personal. The national are noted but when the theme is praise, and when we can thank God for not being like unto that Pharisee. Or if a foible special to the nation be touched on, then the 'age' or all 'humanity' is brought into complicity.

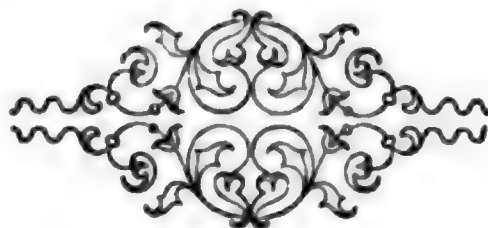
Now, Dryden goes quite counter to this national procedure. And we verily have often wondered how those enthusiastic Celts, who will have it that most Englishmen of genius are of that race, can have

overlooked the striking peculiarities of Dryden. In addition to the host of French analogies suggested, they might plead that even his family had come direct from Cumberland, the latest independent Celtic district outside Wales. Nay, they might add, that even Dryden's very vices were Celtic: his thriftlessness in money matters, and his lapse to Romanism, are, for instance, two infirmities which they would own to be quite un-English. Did Dryden not, moreover—despite a passing eulogy—undervalue Shakespeare, though for trimming, as he did himself; while he is rapturous in admiration of the Scottish Ben Jonson, whose main recommendation was a sort of reasoning and regularity?

It might be even urged, that in this trimming against his preferences, Dryden was again not the honest, blunt Englishman. Corneille would, in this particular, seem to have changed countries with him. But the French poet, it should be noted, was independent; he had pensions to support him, and a public to appreciate. The British poet had neither, in any adequate or assured measure, and Dryden was enough an Englishman to refuse starving for a theory. Not that an Englishman is less true to his professions than a Frenchman; the fact, in our opinion, is quite to the reverse; but that in him the professions are subordinate to practices, and therefore shift unconsciously with these determi-

native bases. Take the theories of Englishmen at any moment, even the present, and the nation would be ranked with the most backward of Europe; while it will be found among the most progressive, when you look to practice. Thus, the circumstances, so all-powerful in the country of Dryden, gave in this point the appearance of a difference between the poets: but it is certain that the Frenchman would have yielded to them quite as pliantly.

In fine, the similarity between these two great geniuses descended into even their abnormal defects. It is known that Corneille had not a tincture of the French *esprit*. In company, he was not merely dull, but almost simple. His countrymen made *mots* upon him in the spirit of that on Goldsmith, 'who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll.' Dryden's power of conversation was no less anomalous, at least with relation to his genius, if not his country. He passed for a 'wit' but in the taverns of London. He makes himself the following confession on the subject: 'My conversation is slow and dull; my humour saturnine and reserved.' It is possible this feature, where the defect was not rare, went for much in the disparagement of Dryden's real merits, as the contrary distinction wafted Johnson into a genius; while in France, where the faculty is a birthright and a fashion, the want of it would lend a foil to the fame of Corneille.



# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE OPIUM REVENUE OF INDIA CONSIDERED IN CONNEXION WITH MR. LAING'S LAST BUDGET.

**A**MONGST the main items of Indian revenue, it is usual to calculate upon a net amount of four millions sterling under the head of opium; but the exact source from which this large amount is derived is probably not understood, and as there are peculiar objections, both to the mode and nature of the Government traffic in the drug, we propose to consider the whole question of the opium monopoly in Bengal with a view to its modification, if not extinction.

We do not mean by this that the whole of the revenue from opium should be relinquished, or even materially reduced. On moral, if not on financial grounds, some restriction, in the shape of heavy export duty, must be placed upon a traffic that is contraband and mischievous in itself, and has been unduly fostered by political encouragement; but the monopoly is a needless, clumsy, and most objectionable machinery, superadded to that which is otherwise evil.

In a political sense, the abolition of the monopoly seems at the present time to be expedient and opportune, because the income from this unseemly traffic is derived from a source which would never have been allowed any place in an Imperial budget. It is clearly the illegitimate offspring of a government purely commercial. And financially it is practicable, because the regular revenue of India has within the last few years proved to be so elastic and expansive that, under ordinary circumstances, and

without any additional taxation, the estimated revenue from the monopoly might be, and in all probability would be, supplemented from other sources within three or four years, even if the whole profit from the drug were at once abandoned.

And in order to make this and other points clear, some preliminary observations on the past and present state of Indian finance seem to be necessary.

The revenue of India, whether derived from land-tax, excise, or indirect taxation, rests upon the common law of the land, as regulated by immemorial usage; and the people of India are perhaps even more tenacious of a strict adherence to their ancient customs in relation to government imposts, than the nations of modern Europe, because this is their only safeguard against illegal and unconstitutional taxation. Any violent infringement, therefore, of established or traditional usage on these points, has always proved to be both offensive and dangerous.

We shall have occasion hereafter to show that not one rupee of the income derived from the opium monopoly comes from any source which in India, or indeed in any country, can by any construction be considered as legitimate. It is not entitled to be classed, even as a fiction, under any term of taxation in its ordinary sense. It is neither excise, duty, custom, nor land nor other tax. It is simply the arbitrary confiscation of a certain crop at a nominal price; grown

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by the ryot at his own risk, but under moral compulsion, on land for which he has already paid the full government rate, with large irregular cesses besides.

Mr. Laing, the Indian Minister of Finance, in his budget of the 17th of April last, has gone out of his way to prove that the income from opium is not precarious, and that it stands upon the same foundation as the revenue from excise in England. We shall examine the value of his argument hereafter; but in the first place we would wish to consider how far Mr. Laing has entitled himself to speak with any authority on the sources of Indian revenue, which is a question altogether separate from the mere financial result; and in particular, whether he has placed the subject of the opium monopoly fairly and fully before the English public.

The whole question of Indian finance is so little understood in England, that censure is often freely bestowed, and praise as liberally accorded, where neither the one nor the other has been deserved.

A crisis of universal danger and disorder, both political and financial, was chosen to appoint a Financial Minister from England. India was just then emerging from the most terrible calamity which ever befel a government. It had been a mere question of life and death, and all considerations of expenditure had temporarily been superseded by the common instincts of self-preservation. In fact, the necessity of transporting a large European army to the banks of the Ganges, by any means and at whatever cost, was so urgent, that hesitation on whatever grounds was not admissible. As a matter of course, a financial crisis had followed fast upon the political convulsion; and equally as a matter of course, there was a large deficit in a fixed income, exhausted by expenditure altogether exceptional.

When the revenue for the year 1857 was estimated, no human

being could have foreseen on the calm surface of public affairs, that in the month of May of that same year a fierce mutiny and rebellion should suddenly spring up and rapidly run its course, that would require for emergent expenses an income of more than double the amount that had been provided; and it is unjust, therefore, to attribute to the old financial servants of India a deficit for which they were not in any degree accountable. The present state of America, both political and financial, is an exaggerated case in point; and in England, and in every civilized country in Europe, the burthen of war expenditure is either thrown upon posterity, or has to be met by temporary expedients beyond the ordinary revenue. If India has not always been able to defray out of revenue the costs of wars, not invariably undertaken in defence of her own interests, or originating with her own immediate rulers, it proves nothing against her former financial administration. It is much that her debt is less by comparison than that of any other civilized country of equal resources.

On the other hand, it is still more unreasonable to argue that the restored equilibrium in Indian finances is due to the new Financial Minister, whether Mr. Wilson or Mr. Laing. We say this without meaning to detract anything from the just merits of either of these able men, and it may be, excellent financiers. We do not doubt that each of them has done his best, and has done well; but the present flourishing condition of Indian finance is not primarily or mainly due to any individual, and neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Laing can fairly lay claim to any merit as having initiated any useful or permanent improvement, either in the productive revenue of India, or substantively in its expenditure.

Sir Charles Trevelyan shadowed forth the main principle, that the equilibrium in finance should be restored by reduction of expenditure, coupled with an improved system of revenue collection, rather

than by the imposition of new and unpopular taxes; and he particularly objected to the introduction of new cesses, such as the people of India in the most quiet times had disliked and resisted. Sir Charles Trevelyan was removed in consequence of his irregular promulgation of these opinions; but this does not alter the fact, that the principal measures projected by Mr. Wilson, and opposed by the old Bengal civilian, have proved to be unsuitable, and are virtually abolished or under sentence of extinction.

So far, then, the practical views of the men of the old regime appear to have been more sound than those of the new Financial Minister; and we say this without meaning to impute or imply any blame to the deceased statesman, but we simply call attention to the fact.

Again, does the credit of the reduction in expenditure, which, since the restoration of peace and quiet, has been successfully carried out, belong to the Financial Minister? Sir Charles Trevelyan prominently recommended the large reduction of military expenditure, both as a financial expedient and a political necessity; but it must be observed that nine out of ten of the thinking men of all India had come to the same conclusion, and the celebrated minute of that able statesman did but reflect in perspicuous language the public opinion. From the first outbreak of mutiny in the Bengal army, it became obvious to every man of common foresight that the native army must cease to exist as a military body, or be materially reduced; and that a civil police—a much less expensive and dangerous machine, though more useful—must take its place. Time was required to effect these reductions, because three hundred thousand men with arms in their hands, and without any regular means of subsistence, could not be turned adrift; but, as rapidly as was consistent with prudence and justice, the native army has been reduced; and as this formidable body was

weakened, it has also become safe to reduce in a certain proportion the European army.

All this has been done by the Government of India through the medium of military commissions, while one Financial Minister was lying in his honoured and lamented grave, and the other was traversing the high seas in search of health, or comforting the merchants of Manchester by the promise of removing an obnoxious import duty which his predecessor had imposed; and so far it must be admitted, that neither Mr. Wilson nor Mr. Laing has had anything more to do with restoring the financial equilibrium, than might consist in the pleasant process of casting up figures and announcing unexpected results; and unfortunately in every instance the results have contradicted the figures given.

But it may be said that the revenue of India has actually increased during the last three years, and surely the Financial Minister may claim the merit of this improvement? To the extent that money has been received into the Treasury from sources of revenue originating with the Minister of Finance, he or they are entitled to the credit; subject, however, to the serious drawback which attaches to measures which prove to be obnoxious and injudicious, and have to be discontinued in consequence.

On these new sources of revenue we have to observe that the one Minister, Mr. Wilson, projected and imposed taxes which the other, Mr. Laing, is anxiously taking off; that one of these taxes created such universal discontent, it was found advisable not only to abandon it in the middle of the financial year, but also to pay back nearly half a million of actual collection; that another was never passed into law; that a third has been extinguished to subserve the interests of British capitalists, but to the grievous loss, inconvenience, and dismay of the commercial body of Bombay; and the fourth and last is now in the agony



of dissolution, its lower members having already been amputated. Not one of the new taxes is likely to survive a period of five years' duration, except the stamp tax, which was suggested by Mr. Harrington and Mr. Sconce, and not by Mr. Wilson or Mr. Laing. It must be allowed, then, that any increase of revenue from these unlucky taxes, scarcely compensates for the ill-will they have created, or the moral effect of their abandonment.

If further proof were wanting to demonstrate that an English financier is not the best authority on questions of Indian revenue, it might be drawn from Mr. Laing's own budgets. The financial results of the year ending 30th April, 1862, prove him to have been wrong in his estimate of expenditure to the amount of £1,714,370; and this increase was not caused by any unforeseen political or military emergency, but was required to meet demands which would probably have been anticipated by a financier familiar with the requirements of the Administration. On the other hand, the income proved to be larger than Mr. Laing's most sanguine calculation; although in the interim he had fallen into the error of supposing a serious defalcation; and that he had actually remitted one item of the revenue which had been included in his budget. The excess of income was £1,616,492, which happily nearly covered the excess of expenditure, or, according to Mr. Laing, by some inexplicable process, leaves an apparent balance in favour of the Treasury of £700,000.

But Sir Charles Wood has demonstrated that the budgets of the Financial Minister are disfigured by other serious errors and omissions; which if they happen to balance each other as an actual result, prove incontestibly that the Financial Minister has not made himself master of the true position. One small item of £1,090,755 was twice deducted by mistake, and this would have given a surplus; but Mr. Laing by a happy error

struck off £1,000,000 from the home charges without authority. Then, again, a clear and undisputed loss by exchange, amounting in the aggregate for the two years to something more than £900,000, seems to have been overlooked, whether designedly or by accident; and on the other hand, a repayment from the Imperial exchequer of money advanced from the Indian Treasury is entered as real revenue, and permanent taxation is reduced on the strength of this special receipt.

All these points are patent to the public, and we only notice them to prove that a Financial Minister fresh from England, however able and cautious, ought not to be received as a prophet on subjects which are complicated with questions seriously affecting the political and social interests of the people of India; and this observation applies directly to Mr. Laing's advocacy of the opium monopoly.

We may premise that the opium revenue is derived from two different sources in different parts of India. All the opium grown in Bengal is monopolized by Government, and sold by public auction. All the opium grown in foreign States in Central India, and designated 'Malwah,' is made liable to a heavy transit duty. Mr. Laing estimates the net revenue from opium at £4,000,000 sterling per annum; and of this amount, in round numbers, probably two millions and a half is realized from the monopoly.

We shall in the first place direct our attention to the revenue which is derived from the profits of this monopoly.

Mr. Laing affects to consider, and certainly leads the public to believe, that the opium revenue is a tax analogous to that which is levied upon spirituous liquors in England; and he contends that 'as an English Chancellor of the Exchequer goes on with equanimity relying on a taxation of four or five hundred per cent. *ad valorem* on spirits and tobacco for £20,000,000 of his revenue,' 'I can



see nothing in any general consideration as to opium to prevent us from doing the same.'

But Mr. Laing must be perfectly aware that the English Chancellor of the Exchequer could not by any possibility receive into his treasury one farthing of revenue collected on the principle by which the profits of the monopoly are enforced, and that there is not the slightest analogy between the two cases. Mr. Laing wishes to prove that the opium revenue is not precarious; and we will first consider the value of an argument which, be it observed, is advanced in the face of the significant fact, that the results of both of his budgets have been, in either case, immediately endangered by unexpected changes in the price of opium or in the weight of the crop.

Mr. Laing considers that the outcry against opium has been got up in certain quarters—such as ladies' and temperance societies—by people 'who denounce opium as a deliberate poisoning of the Chinese for the sake of filthy lucre,' while others, he says, 'contend that it had produced a most beneficial effect by substituting a comparatively tranquil stimulus for the wilder excitement of intoxicating drinks.' Mr. Laing's own opinion is that 'opium is neither very much better nor very much worse than gin; that every nation feels the want of some nervous stimulant, and that as the Englishman, the Dane, the German, and the Russian resort to alcohol; so does the Chinaman resort to opium, because his great want lying in the imaginative faculties, 'he resorts to that which stimulates the imagination and makes his sluggish brain see visions and dream dreams.' He adds, that it is certain 'under all circumstances and in all climates, as the Englishman is a drinker of spirits, so is the Chinaman a smoker of opium;' and he draws, therefore, the consoling inference as a financier, that 'we have at the bottom of our opium revenue one of those great natural instincts of a large population upon which English

Chancellors of the Exchequer confidently rely for half their revenue.'

The whole of this ingenious argument is financially unsound and imperfect, and, moreover, is historically untrue. China had existed as a prosperous and industrious nation for five thousand years, the most populous, best contented, and self-contained nation that has ever flourished on the face of the globe, without her people discovering any propensity or 'innate want' to indulge in the seductive and pernicious habit of smoking opium; and it is not true that the drug was received by them as a substitute for ardent spirits. Mr. Laing has certainly no authority for any such assertion, and he contradicts himself, immediately afterwards, to introduce another statement equally untrue, that the Chinaman under all circumstances had smoked opium as the northern nations had drunk strong drinks. The Chinaman, as a national habit, neither smoked nor drank until the vice was introduced and forced upon him by the strong arm of a civilized and Christian nation.

'The root of calamity,' as the Chinese statesmen expressively term the poppy, had certainly been known to the Chinese, and its deleterious and fascinating qualities had been discovered; but the growth of the plant had been forbidden under stringent and effectual laws, and the use of opium had been altogether discountenanced and restrained both by popular sentiment and legal penalties, which had entirely checked the destructive habit, until our merchants began their contraband trade under a system of bribery and corruption and lawless force on the coast of China.

Mr. Laing thinks it right and fitting that a great and civilized Government, professing a better religion, and putting itself forward, sometimes offensively, to denounce moral wrong in all other countries, should pander to the worst and most pernicious propensities of the lower orders of a foreign nation; and force upon them, in the largest

quantities possible, the means of indulging in a destructive vice, in order that he may receive into his treasury the irregular profits of this foul traffic.

We decline to discuss the question at large in its moral bearings, because we do not choose to give Mr. Laing the advantage of selecting his own ground of combat; but we may briefly observe, in passing, that the avowed connexion of Government with a trade which is held to be infamous, not only by the Chinese, but by the more respectable portion of the Hindoo and Mahomedan community, does afford in itself a strong ground for relinquishing the monopoly.

A well-known journal of Bombay, which on financial grounds advocates the continuance of the trade, admits 'that were careful inquiry made in this city of Bombay, it would be found that so strong an influence is Christian sentiment exercising upon native opinion, that the trade in opium is systematically and on conscientious grounds avoided by a greater or less number of native gentlemen. We have ourselves known an educated native youth refuse to take up even the position of book-keeper in a firm whose transactions were chiefly confined to opium. And that the so-called Christian government of this country in these circumstances should occupy the place of the foremost opium merchant—indeed, of the great monopolizer of the manufacture, and the trade, is, we think, what it is declared to be, a public scandal.'

On a broad and general view of this part of the subject, and with an intimate knowledge of native opinion, we believe that the actual amount of revenue, or any amount, received from the opium monopoly, would not in the long run compensate a government so peculiarly situated as that of British India, for the loss of character, power, and influence which unavoidably flows from its connexion with a disreputable trade.

However, not to dwell upon this part of the question—and in this

utilitarian age we are aware that moral views, however sound, have little weight in a financial budget—we would wish to point out that in narrowing his argument to the mere doubt whether the opium revenue is precarious, and in coming to the conclusion that it rests on the firm foundation of a national want which we are bound to supply, Mr. Laing has purposely concealed or has ignorantly overlooked one element of insecurity which, we firmly believe, will in a few years be found to supersede all the probabilities and chances upon which he is pleased to rely.

We may be disposed to concede that the habit of smoking opium has fastened upon the Chinese with so much strength that it may continue and increase. We think this may be as probable as that the vicious habit of drinking spirituous liquor has increased in England under our Excise laws; and pre-eminently in India under British rule. We will assume, what we believe in sorrow, that the destructive vice, aided by our arms and supplied by our policy, has become too strong for the Government of China, and that opium will continue to be smuggled along the whole coast as heretofore, and in greater quantities under the new system by which Mr. Laing calculates that the drug may be supplied at a cheaper rate; we will also suppose that the contraband growth of the poppy in China, which has commenced under the anarchy of civil war, may not extend and altogether supersede our commerce. But it does not therefore follow, as a question of profit—and the revenue depends upon this profit—that the Bengal ryot will long continue quiescent under the system of wholesale robbery practised by our Government upon him; and we would ask Mr. Laing, not as a moralist, but as a financier and a statesman, how he can reconcile it to himself, with the case of the indigo planters and the Sonthals before him; and with the further significant fact, that since the mutiny one-third of the cultivation of



the poppy has been thrown down by the ryots, notwithstanding all the efforts of the opium agents; to pass over in silence the main point, that what is called opium revenue in Bengal is derived from a source wholly illegal and unconstitutional, and therefore is liable to successful resistance at any moment.

We believe that Mr. Laing's financial statements are, from probably unavoidable causes, untrustworthy; but still, when a notorious fact was before him—a fact which it is altogether impossible for him to have overlooked; and when that fact does materially and vitally affect his own ground of argument, it surely was his duty, in all fairness, to dispose of it, whether he chose to deny or admit its ultimate effect. On the contrary, Mr. Laing, in his financial statement of the 17th April, deliberately endeavours to lead the public to believe that the opium revenue of Bengal rests upon the same foundation as the excise duties of England, or as the liquor contracts in India; whereas he knew perfectly well that the profits derived by the Government were altogether different in their nature; and that neither in England nor on the Continent, nor in India nor elsewhere in any known country—civilized or uncivilized, Christian, Mahomedan, or Pagan—does there exist, or has ever existed, any analogous instance of a revenue raised from the hard-working classes, on a principle so absolutely tyrannical or unfair.

The Excise laws, so far as they go, are prohibitive; but whether so regarded or not, the trade in intoxicating liquor is carried on by private individuals, not by the Government. Under the genius and theory of the English constitution, the interference of the Executive or the Legislature with individual action is not allowable. Certain pursuits are known to be infamous and injurious; but unless they violate any statute or common law, or affect the public weal, interference is held to be an infringement on the liberty of the subject. Thus London abounds in hells or

gambling houses, gin palaces, and brothels; enormous profits, of course, are received from these dens of iniquity, and to a certain extent they are held to be a public reproach and a social evil, but the infamy does not attach to the Government. If, however, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a view to improve his financial budget, were to monopolize the trade in gin, to confiscate the liquor over all England, and take possession of it at a nominal price, and then to sell it in the market at its full value; or to receive the wages of prostitution as the fair Government profit of ministering to the 'innate wants' of some foreign nation; or to share the profits of the gambling table and call the proceeds revenue, Mr. Laing might be entitled to quote the precedent as a case in point; but we doubt whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with all his eloquence, would be able to satisfy the lords and gentlemen of an English parliament that any budget resting on such conditions was framed on sound principles.

We shall have occasion hereafter to show that the Opium Revenue, as it is called, is merely the unfair profit of extortionate purchase; but in the first place, we would wish to consider what, in a legal and constitutional sense, has always been held to be fair taxation in India; and then we shall be in a better position to determine whether the opium revenue is levied on any legitimate principle.

In ancient times the Hindoo rajahs and Mahomedan princes received from the land a tax or rent, which was estimated at about one-tenth of the value of the produce according to its market price, or paid in kind. There were besides other small cesses, not actually paid into the Government treasury, but received, with the sanction of the Sovereign, and regulated by usage, by the village and Government officials. The Moghul emperor, Akbar, abolished all other cesses on the land, and raised the tax or rent to an estimated proportion of one-third; and this was the



highest rate ever taken by any Government, and was considered to be burdensome. It forms the basis, too, of our own land-tax in India.

There were some other municipal taxes in the shape of town duties, variously designated in different parts of the country; and transit-duties were taken on merchandize passing through the country. These taxes fell upon tradespeople and merchants, and did not affect the agricultural classes, and therefore do not apply to the present question. And as regards transit duties, the Anglo-Indian Government has not only ostentatiously abolished them as inconsistent with sound principles, and incompatible with the just rights of trade, within the limits of our own frontier, but has urged upon all native princes and chieftains to relinquish them in independent States.

Let us then consider how far the theory of Indian taxation, as it has come down to us, or has been ostensibly practised by us, justifies the revenue which we derive from the purchase and sale of opium in Bengal.

We take our data from the cautious and reluctant evidence given by opium agents, being Government officials, before the Indigo Commission; and from the correspondence of these gentlemen with the Board of Revenue, during the panic occasioned by the sudden abandonment of a large proportion of poppy cultivation by the ryots. It will be understood that the duty and desire of the witnesses, in accordance with the natural bias of their position, was to represent everything connected with the collection of opium revenue from a favourable point of view, but we are content to receive it as it is given.

From this evidence it would appear that the ryot is required to grow the poppy plant at his own risk, upon land for which he has paid the full government rent, and in addition to this various cesses, which he is compelled to pay to government underlings, who are set over him as spies and overseers; and which may be estimated at

fifty per cent. on his proper rent; and that after he has tilled his land, watched and watered and gathered his crop, he is then driven by his taskmasters to the government godowns or stores in Patna or Benares, in some instances about one hundred miles distant, and is then and there obliged to deposit the fruits of his labour at a price which is certainly not more than one-eighth of its real marketable value—that is to say, of the value for which he could sell his opium were the Government interference withdrawn. Now, let it be noted that, it is out of the profit arising from this illegal transaction—being the difference between the price paid under a compulsory sale to the Government, and the price received by Government on the open sale by auction of the same drug; without any manipulation or manufacture to alter its value, on 50,000 chests of opium—which constitutes the opium revenue, and which Mr. Laing contends is to be placed in the same category as the revenue derived from excise in England.

The system pursued is simply as follows. Every ryot holding land (and his occupancy of the land is an hereditary right and a present necessity) in that part of the country which is favourable for the culture of the poppy plant, is expected to take out a license to cultivate a certain quantity, and to accept certain advances from Government, under an engagement to grow and deliver a specified quantity of opium, at a price fixed by Government. These advances appear to average about 2s. per seer (two lbs.), i.e., about 1s. per lb. The whole of the poppy cultivation is divided into sections called *khuttas*. There are probably ten or fifteen ryots included in one *khutta*. At the head of each section is a responsible party called a *khuttadar*. This *khuttadar* is a middleman, acting between the Government and the ryot, and in concert with another well-known middleman, called the *zemindar*. The *khuttadar* is nominally elected

by the ryot; but it creeps out in the cautious evidence of the opium agents that, for the most part, he is nominated by the government official, and he is always subject to his approval. He receives from Government the nominal commission of one rupee for every maund of opium delivered into the stores; and this, by a mere fiction, is supposed to compensate him for the labour and risk of looking after the whole khutta; for making good all defalcations; for supplying tenants to undertake the liabilities of absconding absentees; for making good any failure of crop arising out of alleged neglect; for the prevention of contraband sales of the drug—that is, sale to any party other than the Government; and, in fact, for securing against all chances that a certain quantity of the poisonous drug shall be duly delivered into the Government store-rooms at Patna or Benares; and to make the matter doubly sure, the khuttadar is obliged to lodge the security of some banker, or other capitalist, that he will make good his contract.

As regards this khuttadar, it is admitted, by all the opium agents, that he could not undertake such responsibilities on the commission allowed, and that he has to gain his recompense elsewhere; and it is perfectly understood that this compensation is squeezed out of the ryots by irregular cesses of an unlimited amount, but which is not allowed any place in the Government accounts. Mr. King states, and his evidence is fully corroborated by all the other agents, that the sum allowed 'is manifestly insufficient;' but notwithstanding that, the office is much coveted—that a cess, known by the name of khurcha, has long been prevalent. It is levied from the ryots by the khuttadar at the final adjustment of their yearly accounts. He adds, 'In most, if not in all, of the districts of this agency, this cess has assumed dimensions that allow of those large douceurs being paid out of it to the "umlah" (native clerks of the opium agents), which

the customs of the country and the habits of the people render it next to impossible to prevent.' Mr. King, however, elsewhere explains that these customary presents or bribes to the underlings of his agency are given by the ryots to prevent them from making false returns and false reports, which would bring down upon the ryot ruinous prosecution.

Mr. King closes his evidence characteristically, after describing a system essentially defective and unsafe. 'Whatever objections may be urged against the (khutta daree) system, I would state it as my opinion, formed after an experience of twenty-two years' service in this department, that no other system could be devised which would work nearly so well as the khuttawar system has done, and still does.' Mr. King should have added, as a Government scheme.

Mr. Farquharson, another agent, treats this part of the subject more naïvely; for after dwelling upon the fees extorted by all parties coming between the Government and the ryot, he adds—'The money spent in these fees is deducted by the khuttadars in their accounts with the individual cultivators, and distributed by them amongst the district umlah. *The ryot has nothing to do with the matter beyond submitting to the deduction in his accounts, which he generally does most patiently.*' We quite believe that the ryot has nothing for it but submission; but we may assure Mr. Farquharson that such submission to heavy exactions, however patiently endured, is tantamount in most cases to the perpetual poverty, misery, and concealed disaffection of the whole body of ryots, and is a very serious evil.

Mr. Farquharson views the question differently, and agrees with his brother agent, Mr. King, 'that the khuttawaree system of mutual aid and security works perfectly and most beneficially to all parties concerned. The ryot is rarely harassed for debt incurred through his opium venture, and the Government



*has no outstanding balance to confuse its accounts, or obstruct its operations.'*

There is no 'mutual aid' in the question. Government exacts from the ryot his last farthing if his opium fails, and all he possesses, except the plough which is required to turn up the poppy ground the next year; and when he is unable to pay more, his neighbour is compelled to make good the balance; but neither party has the slightest claim upon the other in the sense of mutual aid.

Before closing upon this point of unauthorized cesses, we may as well explain, in Mr. King's words, the circumstance which places the ryot in the hands of the native official. Every foot of poppy cultivation has to be measured to prevent smuggled sales, and he says, 'These are the two great occasions on which the people are most liable to be harassed by the native umlah, from the goomashta down to the zillahdar. If these people do not get the customary offerings, they then frighten the cultivators by telling them either that their cultivation is short, and they will have to be sent into the station; or that the crop has been estimated at eight or ten seers per beegah when it ought strictly to have been put down at a much lower rate.'

We have not space in the present paper to enter into the minor evils of the system; but we may observe in passing, that every opium agent, whilst he admits that the ryots are subject to undue exactions by the middlemen and underlings, attributes their submission to these unfair demands to their gross ignorance of their own rights under a regular government. But these gentlemen seem to be judicially blind to the natural corollary, that the same information that would open the eyes of the ryot to the lesser evil, would also enlighten him upon the more material point, that the Government is unfairly taking from them wholesale, that which the underling is picking up in crumbs; and that the whole of this system of petty spies and tyrants is the

unavoidable consequence of the monopoly itself.

From what has been said, it must be clear that the only constitutional lien the Government holds upon the land is the rent or tax payable upon each beegah, as fixed at its own pleasure; that with respect to land under poppy cultivation, the revenue officer receives his full rent, the zemindar receives his dues, sometimes enhanced enormously, the khuttadar receives his cess, and the underlings of the opium agents, in their hired capacity as spies and overseers, exact in addition to all this unknown sums, to prevent false returns, which would bring down upon the ryot and his belongings complete ruin; and yet we have not touched upon the main evil, which is, the confiscation of the produce of the field for Government purposes.

We call it confiscation, because, although there is a nominal price paid for the opium before and after delivery, yet it is abundantly proved that this money never does reach the hand of the ryot. It is paid to the khuttadar, who repays it to the zemindar in part, after deducting his own charges and those of the umlah; and the zemindar returns it the same day to the revenue officer, as the Government rent on the land; having in the first place satisfied his own claim, at a rate which is admitted to be in some cases three hundred per cent. above the real demand.

We come at last to the main point—the price which is paid by Government for the opium, as compared with the real marketable value of the drug; for as a revenue question the whole argument turns upon this, and the manner of payment.

Towards the end of the year 1859 the Board of Revenue was obliged to call the attention of Government to the alarming decrease in the cultivation of opium throughout all Bengal. In a letter from the Junior Secretary of the Board, under date 21st September, 1859, it is stated that in the Behar agency alone 'it has fallen off at the rate



of 31,000 beegahs per annum,' and that altogether in this district the cultivation had diminished from 413,991 beegahs to 341,502; and the quantity produced, from an average of 27,745 chests, taken over ten years up to 1856-57, to 15,245 chests. It is elsewhere stated that a further decrease of 15,000 or 20,000 beegahs had been announced for the current year. The returns from Benares were not completed; but out of two divisions or sub-agencies, it appeared that 36,471 cultivators had thrown up their poppy fields; and the same alarming symptom was extending everywhere. The Board of Revenue, in natural panic, had called for special reports from every opium agent; and in the meantime it suggests that the price of opium to be paid to the cultivator, should be raised from three rupees four annas per seer (two pounds), to three rupees eight annas—i.e., from 6s. 6d. to 7s., being equal to 3s. 6d. per pound.

It is instructive to consider the subject as it is laid before us by the Revenue Board:—

In 1850 it became apparent that the rates paid for opium afforded the cultivator a remunerative profit far in excess of that yielded by any other product, the effect of which was to give an artificial value to the lands upon which the poppy was grown: inasmuch as the zemindars, *taking advantage of the liberality of Government towards the cultivators*, increased the rent of poppy land three or four hundred per cent. in excess of that paid for land producing ordinary crops; and thus the landholders became the great gainers by this extra price (an advance of sixpence per pound), and not the ryots who produced the crops. To prevent this, therefore, it was determined to reduce the price paid for opium to a scale more in accordance with the real value of land and labour; and by thus diminishing the expenses of manufacture, to increase the stability of the opium revenue.

The price was therefore reduced from three rupees ten annas to three rupees four annas; and a further reduction to three rupees was contemplated, when it was found that the last straw had broken the camel's back; and that under the new light of revolution the beast of

burthen was beginning to wince under its load.

We shall presently have occasion to examine whether the zemindar was encouraged to add three or four hundred per cent. to his rent from any calculation that the poppy crop was inordinately paid; or whether he was not simply *taking advantage of the Government compulsion, exercised through a multitude of ill-paid or unpaid functionaries*, to force from the unfortunate ryot the whole of the price of the opium paid by Government, and not embezzled by underlings, as his rent on the land; without leaving the cultivator any recompense whatever for his labour and risk. This was the real state of the case; but the Revenue Board, and those under them, as well as the Minister of Finance, close their eyes to the truth.

All the opium agents dutifully and deferentially adopt the theory that the poppy cultivation had diminished because the price paid had been reduced. Mr. Hollings suggests as a remedy that the price should be raised from 6s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. and even 8s. per seer. Mr. King thinks that 3 rupees ten annas, or 6s. 9d., might be given. Mr. Field thinks that 7s. 3d. should be fixed. Mr. Pugh hopes that 7s. would be enough to recover the cultivation; and so on throughout the whole agency.

It is melancholy and remarkable that not one of the gentlemen, employed in this somewhat degrading service, should have treated the question as it really stood between the Government and the ryot; or ventured to touch upon the actual fact that the price paid by Government, whether taken at 6s. per seer, the minimum, or 8s., the maximum, bore no proportion whatever to the intrinsic value of the article bought and sold; that heretofore the drug had been cultivated and delivered into store under compulsion; but that since the rebellion, and with the example of the indigo ryots before them and among them, the ryot was disposed to assert his right under existing laws to culti-

vate his fields at his own pleasure and for his own benefit.

At the very moment that the Secretary of the Revenue Board was magnanimously recommending that the price should be raised to 3s. 6d. per pound, and under necessity to 4s., the same opium was selling, under the authority of the Board, by open auction in the Calcutta market, by thousands of chests, in one day, at the rate of 2400 rupees per chest of 140 pounds; that is to say, at the rate of 17 rupees per pound, or 34s., leaving a clear profit to Government of 30s. per pound; or allowing for costs of transport, 29s., that is to say, about one thousand per cent.; and it is this profit—which, however, does not represent the actual loss to the ryot, because the system subjects him, as has been shown, to many other exactions and vexatious demands upon his time and pocket—which Mr. Laing assures us forms a fair and certain item in his Indian budget.

Now here is the simple fact, disguise it as we may. The opium market in Calcutta is a sort of gambling hell—we use the word in its technical sense only; the price rises and falls under unhealthy panics, unfounded rumours, and fraudulent intrigue. Large fortunes may be made or lost in a morning; the trade is carried on in clippers; and a day sooner or later makes men millionnaires or bankrupts. The traffic is maintained in China by smuggling; and from the day the seed is sown in the ground until the juice helps to poison some unhappy Chinaman, the whole transaction is mixed up and darkened by fraud and crime. But as concerns the question before us, what we wish to impress upon the public mind is, that the profit derived from the purchase and sale of opium is not revenue in a legal or constitutional sense, but is confiscation. It is the mere forcible appropriation of one description of crop which the ryot has grown by the sweat of his brow, and which is taken from him by the strong hand of a powerful government, in

contravention of every theory under which it pretends to derive revenue from the land. The Government might in like manner monopolize grain, cotton, rice, or any other product, buy it in at a nominal price, and sell it at ten times its value, and instead of four millions, might exact forty millions; but the profit gained by such monopolies would not be revenue, but robbery, and the opium revenue properly comes under the same designation.

When, therefore, statesmen and political writers triumphantly ask what is to be done about the revenue, and how can the Government afford to give up four millions sterling per annum? we answer that this is not revenue, it is confiscation. The loss would be a great gain. We go further, and we respectfully declare our belief, not only that the Government can very well afford to give up this revenue, but, moreover, the contrary is the real and self-evident truth—that the Government cannot afford to take this money much longer in the manner now done.

It is very well for opium agents, under the terror of the Revenue Board, and with the fear of the Financial Minister before their eyes, to be blind to the real cause of the sudden decrease in poppy cultivation within the last five years.

The rise in the price of cereals may be one cause, as they allege; and this affords a very sufficient ground for coming to a different conclusion to that which was adopted by the agents. On their own showing, the price of opium ought to have been nearly doubled, to make it correspond with the rise in the price of other products; but apart from this, the opium agents and the Revenue Board appear to be judicially blind to the obvious truth, that the ryot, since the memorable year 1857, is beginning to inquire into and assert his civil rights as laid down in the theory of our Government, but denied and disallowed in the practice. The ryot has found out that the Government has no power, under any law, to seize upon the produce of



his field, for which he has paid the full tax or rent, or to deprive him of the fruits of his labour to enrich its own coffers; and although by opportune advances and threats and cajolery we may prop up this proceeding for a time, yet it is our firm belief that in a few years it will die a natural death, leaving a very disagreeable odour behind it.

Again, it is affirmed by one opium agent after another, and the assertion is adopted and endorsed by Mr. Laing, that the price paid by Government to the ryot, however far below the market value of the article, is at least fully remunerative to the ryot. Thus Mr. Laing, in his financial statement, observes: 'In fact, the cultivation of opium is so profitable to the ryot, and so popular, that we can get almost any quantity we like at those prices, especially in our own territories, where the profit to the cultivator is not curtailed by excessive land assessment, transit duties, profits to middlemen, and usurious interest on advances.' What we have already shown proves how little Mr. Laing understood the question of poppy cultivation; and we shall presently show by figures that even if the whole price of the poppy was paid into the hands of the ryot instead of the middleman, and that the zemindar did not take advantage of the compulsory culture of the plant to raise the rent 300 or 400 per cent., as it is admitted is sometimes done, the price paid does not cover the actual cost of raising the plant.

Mr. Hollings, a principal opium agent, who was selected by Government to give evidence before the Indigo Commission, laid before that court carefully prepared tables of the cost of raising the poppy by high culture and low culture; that is, at the highest cost on the best land, and the lowest cost on inferior land. His first estimate gives 30 rupees per beegah, and his second gives 18 rupees; taking the mean between the two, and the cost is 24 rupees, or £2 8s. To

cover the expenditure, and give a seeming profit, Mr. Hollings assumes that the outturn of opium on the best land would average ten seers, or twenty pounds, per beegah, and on the inferior five seers, or ten pounds. Unfortunately for this calculation, however, the Indigo Commission had received from an authentic source, Mr. Farquharson, a tabular statement, showing the actual produce per beegah, taking an average over ten years, and from all parts of the country; and it is there shown that a beegah only yields five seers, seven and a half chuttachs, or about five, one-third. At 3 rs. 8 a. per seer, this would give 18 rupees 10 annas per beegah to cover an actual expenditure of 24 rupees; or in English money, the ryot receives £1 17s. 8d., and expends £2 8s., losing on each beegah 10s. per annum.

Mr. Hollings admits, however, that his estimate of expenditure does not include the costs 'for stock, implements of husbandry, or other miscellaneous expenses, a share of which should of course be put upon the beegah of poppy land under consideration.' He adds, 'nor does it comprise poppy leaves and trash, which are not, however, sufficiently remunerative to affect much the general results, as regards profit and loss. Leaves and trash upon the average, I believe, barely pay the labour employed in their production.'

Now, if the ryot did receive *bonâ fide* the price fixed by Government for his opium, it will be seen at once that this would not compensate him for the actual cost of production; but when it is admitted by the opium agents that not one farthing of this money is ever paid into the hands of the ryot,—that it is received by the khuttadar, mulcted at his own discretion in fees for himself and a large body of greedy government officials, the native clerks of the opium agents; and then made over to the zemindars, who take sometimes 300 or 400 per cent. above the proper rent of the opium land, and pay back any residue to the



revenue officer,—it may easily be understood that the loss to the ryot by the culture of opium heretofore has been as heavy, in proportion to his small means, as the gain to the Government has been inordinate.

There is a confession of this truth in Mr. Laing's own statement; as with a view to restore the cultivation of the plant to its former breadth, and to foster the trade, he admits that a largely enhanced price is now to be given.

The opium has been grown by compulsion, in fact, and the ryot has submitted to exactions from middlemen of all classes, simply because he knew no better, and had always considered the least wish of the Government to be binding upon him. The ryot has, morally speaking, been in a state of serfdom, without civil or political rights, or any inclination or power to resist exactions, except the law of usage, to which, secretly or openly, he has always tenaciously adhered.

But a change has taken place, and the first result has been that the ryots have refused to cultivate indigo for the mere benefit of the European capitalist; and the second is, that he hesitates to cultivate opium for the mere benefit of the Government. In both instances, he stands upon the firm ground of law and constitutional right; and if the Government is to fight the battle, it must be against its own rules and declarations, and by mere brute force.

Is the Anglo-Indian Government strong enough to fight out this battle with any chance of success? It may be said that it is strong enough; that the nations of India are now powerless, that they have tried their strength and have failed, and that we are now better prepared against insurrection than ever; that we have a larger military force, and of better material. All this is true, but it proves nothing to the purpose.

The result of the mutiny of 1857 does not indicate, in any degree, the result that might follow upon

a popular insurrection in a contest for civil rights.

The mutiny was the reckless and unmeaning effort of an undisciplined army, which had no substantial grievance of its own, and which had, on the contrary, been petted and pampered, like over-fed horses, into rampant discontent. Their pretext for revolt was false and pretended, or at best imaginary. Their only fact, the greased cartridge, had ceased to be a fact before the mutiny began. By mutiny, the sepoys lost the only ground they stood upon. An army at war with its own government is no longer an army. It stands opposed to everything which gives it strength and coherence. It was fighting against all law, civil and military: it was without commanders, without resources, without prestige or plan. While the mutiny lasted, it was a rushing torrent, carrying everything before it which lay in its way, destroying everything; but naturally and inevitably, in obedience to the law of order, descending to its own proper level, where it was certain to subside into calmness and stagnation. The mutiny failed because it was a crime and a blunder from the first.

But the resistance of a people to any real wrong illustrates another law of hydrostatics, altogether different from the downward course of a turbulent torrent. It represents the power of repulsion of water forced into a vessel beyond its natural capacity. The people of India will bear the burdens which from time immemorial they have been accustomed to bear. They will pay land-tax, mohturfa, or other dues; but they expect to reap where they have sown. They will give the Government its own, and with usury, be it taken in kind or in coin; but the produce of the land is their own property, and the Government has no authority or precedent to seize the opium at any price, much less at a price so far below the market value. Now, let us illustrate the distinction between the mutiny and a real

popular insurrection, by an instance taken from India itself.

The Bengal army was not less than 150,000 men in strength, and with contingent forces, probably numbered 200,000 fighting men, fully armed and disciplined; yet they were beaten and subdued by small detachments and inconsiderable armies, and their very name and existence were destroyed off the face of the earth. At the close of the mutiny, a small tribe of ignorant men, the Sonthals, scarcely beyond savages in knowledge, without arms, without resources, nearly without means of subsistence, rose up in civil rebellion, and successfully resisted the British Government in the full tide of its military success. We ask how the Sonthals should have compelled the British Government to listen to their grievances and redress their wrongs by open insurrection, when a powerful army had just failed and been rooted out? And we answer, that it was the power of truth, which is great, and shall prevail, and in obedience to the fundamental laws which govern States and limit the power of the ruler.

Again, the indigo ryots of Bengal, enlightened by late events, are now fighting their own battle with civil weapons and passive resistance, and we believe that they will beat the monied aristocracy of Calcutta, simply because they have law and right on their side. The local government may not listen to their complaints; it may forge new chains, in the shape of contract bills, and it may endeavour to force the cultivation of indigo for the benefit of the European capitalist, or opium to fill its own exchequer; but He who rules governments will listen in his own good time, and the immutable law of justice will vindicate its own power and rectify what is wrong.

When, therefore, Mr. Laing assures the Government that a revenue which rests upon the 'innate wants' of a large nation is not precarious, he loses sight of or wil-

fully closes his eyes to the opposite fact, that the profit is acquired in defiance of a law of right as urgent and domineering as the supposed 'innate want' which creates the demand.

But, besides the revenue derived from the monopoly of opium grown within the limits of our own territories, an income of probably one million and a half is received as a transit duty on opium produced in independent States in Central India.

There is nothing unconstitutional or illegal in levying transit duties. They were in existence long before the map of India became all red. But at the same time there is a gross inconsistency. The British Government, in the interests of Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool, has not only abolished transit duties on every description of traffic within its own frontiers, but by treaty and entreaty, and the moral compulsion of supreme power, has induced most of the independent chieftains to give up this source of revenue. And notably in the case of his Highness the Nizam, it has availed itself of its position to strike out this item of revenue in the assigned districts; contrary to the treaty, in violation of its trust, and without offering to make any compensation. When, therefore, it thus lays down a principle of government, and proclaims internal free trade as the only sound system of administration, it has no right to demand an enormous transit duty on the produce of states lying in the midst of its own overgrown territories. The opium should be allowed to pass free into British India, but it would be open to the Government to take an export duty before shipping from its own subjects; and as we now possess the whole seaboard of India, from Kurrachee to the mouths of the Boorhampooter, with the exception of one or two ports held by France and Portugal, whose co-operation might easily be gained for a consideration; an arrangement might surely be made which would relieve the whole subject from its

present difficulties and objectionable character.

But again, it may be said that, in the present state of Indian finance, we are not in a position to forego, or even tamper with, the existing revenue; that we have only just escaped from the gulf of insolvency by the skill and ability of the Minister of Finance, who has converted a perennial deficit into a substantive surplus; and that we must carefully husband our actual resources. According to Mr. Laing the whole political, social, and financial condition of India has been renovated by his appearance in the Indian Council. Doubt, despondency, debt, disaffection, and any further amount of iteration, denoting difficulty and destruction, oppressed the Government and the people of India, and have been changed, by some unexplained process, into hope, wealth, and perfect contentment. Let us consider how far these representations are correct, taking for our texts the figures upon which Mr. Laing has founded his somewhat egotistical pretensions.

Now, if one curious fact stands out more prominently than another in Mr. Laing's own statement, it is that, from some unexplained cause, the revenues of India have silently, visibly, and rapidly increased during the last ten years; but with accumulated buoyancy during the last five years; having acquired considerable impetus *since*, and apparently *from*, the mutiny—a significant fact, to which we would wish to draw attention.

Mr. Laing says—

The total revenue of India ten years ago was £29,210,000, and it is now £43,750,000.

The average revenue of three years before the mutiny, or 1855-56-57, was £31,980,000; that of the three years, 1860-61-62, is £43,203,000.

We have, therefore, an increase of £14,500,000 a year in ten years, and of £11,000,000 a year in five years.

Of this increase not quite £1,500,000 is due to opium, and about £5,000,000 to new taxes, as the income-tax and enhanced duties on salt, stamps, and cus-

toms. Another million may be due to acquisitions of territory.

There remains therefore, an increase of £7,000,000 in ten years, or £4,500,000 in five years, which is due solely to the elasticity of the existing revenue.

These are Mr. Laing's own words; and we may add, that probably the present revenue is more easily collected, and is intrinsically less burdensome, than the smaller revenue taken in 1852—it being a fact, that the tax on land has been very considerably reduced all over India during the ten years indicated; while a great variety of Mohturfa taxes, transit dues, and other cesses have been wholly abolished.

But this extraordinary elasticity in the finances is not to be accounted for, wholly or in part, by any alteration in the financial arrangements; much less by the appointment of a financial minister from home. It is to be traced to causes lying deep in the social condition of the whole body politic of the nations of India, and it is at once a sign of great promise and of solemn warning. For the last twelve years India has been steadily draining the whole of Europe of its silver bullion. Eight, ten, and twelve millions sterling, in silver coin, has been annually transported on the Peninsular and Oriental steamers to the Indian markets; and still, like the daughters of the horse-leech, they cry for more. During the last thirty years the import and export trade of India has risen cent. per cent. But the most extraordinary change has taken place within the last five years in the price of labour and of every description of field produce. Tables carefully prepared and collated one with the other, show that all over the country the rise in value of property of every description is much more than commensurate with the rise of revenue; and in many large localities, such as the Presidencies, or other populous cities, the rise in prices is probably cent. per cent. upon former averages. The real material wealth of India is therefore perhaps sixty



per cent. greater than it was ten years ago; and the present revenue bears a less proportion to the income of the population than the smaller revenue that used to be taken. But we do not believe that any financial minister, of either the old or new *régime*, has had any appreciable share in producing this promising state of affairs.

We believe that India is in a transition state of moral revolution, and that the mutiny was in fact merely a sign of the times. Knowledge has gradually increased, and with increased knowledge has come increased wants. Supply has followed demand, but with enhanced prices. Labour is dearer, but is more effective. Commerce has increased as wants increased; and we believe this is only the commencement. Compare India as it now is, or as it was before the mutiny, with England as it was up to the time of our Reformation, and we shall be better able to understand the present position, and the probable future progress of our Indian empire. In the time of Elizabeth bread and meat, and the few physical wants of the main body of the population, might be purchased at prices not exceeding the prices which used to be paid in the bazaars of India; and the revenue, grudgingly allowed and collected with difficulty, was about half a million per annum. Now, we pay heavily for our daily bread, and for luxuries which in an artificial state of society have become necessities; and while we give Mr. Gladstone seventy-two millions per annum, we scarcely use our old privilege of grumbling at the income-tax, the least popular of all taxes.

India has also begun the mighty work of regeneration. The public mind is beginning to stir; and, considering the number of its population, the enormous extent of its area, the unlimited resources of its agricultural produce, who shall attempt to estimate the possible increase of its material wealth and prosperity, or the ultimate amount of its revenue? In comparison with

England, and taking the two eras of Elizabeth and the present time as our guides, India might yield a revenue of four hundred millions without sinking under the burden. But we must not forget that the path of reform is also the path of revolution, that it is filled with pitfalls and dangers, and that it behoves the rulers of an immense empire in actual movement to adhere steadily to the fundamental principles of good government, or they may be sure that their sin will find them out. In England and in France the reformation of State abuses was effected through much tribulation and bloodshed, and yet the government in each case was national, and possessed the sympathy and affection of a considerable portion of the community. In India the same problem has to be worked out by an alien government, which does not possess the goodwill or confidence of its subjects. It behoves us, therefore, to be more careful not to transgress against those laws of constitutional right and justice which God has written in language so plain that 'he who runs may read.'

It cannot be denied that the monopoly of opium is maintained in defiance of every principle and theory under which we pretend to receive profit from the land. Elaborate treatises have been written to prove and determine the amount of tax or rent that should be levied from the ryot; and this tax is estimated by the market value of the crop, the proportion being fixed by Government in accordance with immemorial usage; but there is no precedent whatever that justifies the Government, in addition to this rent, to require that the produce of the field should be delivered up at any price, whether real or nominal.

Such an exercise of power completely changes the relative position of Government towards its own subjects. It is no longer the protector of their rights and property, but a haggling and fraudulent oppressor. It necessitates another

crying evil. The whole face of the country is covered over with a swarm of ill-paid functionaries of every grade, whose duty, in the name of Government, is to exercise over the ryot the most vexatious, inquisitorial, arbitrary, and mischievous interference in his daily work. Not only is a system of 'touting' kept up by the zilladars, men who receive from Government 8s. per mensem, and who derive the rest of their subsistence from unauthorized cesses, and who bully and torment the ryot to add field to field of this detested crop; but also the best land is demanded, land upon which the ryot could more pleasantly and profitably grow either sugar-cane or rice. Nor is he allowed to cultivate this or any other crop at his own pleasure or discretion; but in season and out of season he is compelled to leave every other description of crop in order that he may plough and re-plough his poppy fields, weed and manure them over and over again, to the satisfaction of ignorant hirelings; and when all is done he is further required personally to proceed to the Government store-rooms, a journey to and fro of perhaps two hundred miles, to deliver in the drug. Here he is again subject to delays and money demands and risks, which weary and distress his soul, and make the Government and all that belongs to it perfectly hateful in his eyes, and after all he returns home without one farthing of the nominal price in his possession. He is generally thankful to escape on any terms out of the hands of the thieves amongst whom he had fallen.

The worst Hindoo and Mahomedan governments that ever ruled India have laid it down as a maxim of policy, absolutely essential to their safety and prosperity, that the ryot—that is, the cultivator of land—should be cherished and protected, because he is the great producer of the country; and it is a fatal error on the part of our Government thus openly to violate every principle of acknowledged right and usage for its own sordid

purposes. It puts us wrong in theory and in practice. It stultifies all we do as rulers, as lawgivers, as a civilized nation, and as a Christian people. Not only is the opium revenue exacted in a wrong way, but the nature of the drug and the character of the external trade enhances and intensifies the wrong otherwise done. There is not a respectable native in India, who is a well-wisher, who does not hang his head in shame when the subject is mentioned; nor an ill-wisher who does not sneer at our pretended love of justice and our missionary efforts in the face of the fraudulent dealings of Government in a deleterious drug, which it is perfectly well known is forced upon the Chinese as a contraband article under the terror of our arms and with the whole force of our policy. The infamy of the Government connexion with this poisonous manufacture rides over and neutralizes everything that we do well in other directions.

And this inconvenient result is to a certain extent needless. If instead of maintaining a monopoly which stands upon no precedent, we were content to fix a heavy export duty, the whole system would be changed for the better. The face of the country would be relieved from a swarm of spies and overseers who worry and distress the ryot beyond all endurance. The Government would receive its proper dues from merchants, who would buy and sell in an open market with the knowledge that an export duty would be levied upon their goods. The Government ceasing to have a direct interest in the growth of the poppy, need not undertake the questionable duty of fostering the cultivation of a poisonous drug, or maintaining a contraband trade. It would be restored to its proper position as a protector of its own subjects and as an observer of international law.

If the Government supposes that the cultivation of opium would cease or much diminish when the pressure from above were taken off,

we are bound to say that we fear, and in like manner the Government might hope, that this would not happen. The supply of opium would be equal to the demand, following an universal rule ; in the same way as, unfortunately, the supply of ardent spirits is always equal to the demand. But the altered position of the Government would relieve it from the infamy of the trade ; and the incidence of the tax, which would fall upon the merchant, would release the ryot from the tyranny of overseers, and leave him free to grow opium, sugar, or rice, as best suited his views, and in his own way.

We do earnestly hope that the Government may be induced, not at the feeble suggestion of an unknown writer, but on a calm and dispassionate review of the whole question on its own merits, to reconsider the subject of the opium monopoly as an Imperial measure. Our hope lies in the late change of Administration. It is an unquestionable truth, that heretofore on

every point which has come under discussion between the Home and Local Government of India, the Home Government has shown itself to be actuated by broader views, by more liberal sentiments, by greater impartiality, and by higher principles, than the Local Government. The reason is, that it reviews any proposed measure in a moral atmosphere more pure, and from a position more elevated. The counsels of Calcutta are swayed, and unavoidably so, by ancient prejudices, by traditional errors, by social influences, and incessant details which insensibly narrow the administrative mind. The Home Government consists of statesmen who are watched by statesmen ; and who are wholly out of the reach of all local feelings. We feel sure that if the Minister of State in Council were once to take the subject of the opium monopoly in all its bearings into consideration, this foul blot would cease to disfigure the Administration of British India.





## AUTUMN.

‘God giveth the increase.’

**S**MILETH the harvest-sprite when, thronéd in  
The dew-bathed poppy-bell, at early dawn  
She wakes and views her bearded warriors round—  
The pluméd helmets of her nodding corn.

On the green wolds of the low meadow glebe  
Hang the soft silver mists in shadow dim,  
Where, crouching 'neath the sheltering plantain-leaf,  
Chirps the shrill grasshopper her morning hymn.

Now seeks the ptarmigan her early meal,  
Ere Nature's day of toil hath yet begun ;  
And whirring in the fragrant heather-bloom,  
Crows the cock-grouse his welcome to the sun.

Through the dense leafy boughs whose bending stems  
Bear thick brown clustering filberts full and ripe,  
Flits the white moth, and from the stubble-field  
Springs up the partridge with quick startled pipe.

Her long soft ears pricked up, with cautious glance,  
Forth steals the hare, and tremblingly and fast  
Crops for her matin meal the clover-buds,  
Dewy and sweet, a fragrant, choice repast.

Thinking herself unseen, the dahlia bows  
Her ruby coronet with lazy zest,  
Some whit abates she of her haughty pride,  
And takes the glittering dewdrops to her breast.

Empurpled blush the loaded damson-boughs,  
Here sits the bloom unbrushed upon the peach ;  
And far above the reddening apples gleam,  
Where eye alone the tempting prize may reach.

I marked the harvest angel as he flew  
And scattered plenty down with open hand,  
Filling the corn, bright tinting the rich fruit,  
And stamping Heaven's own signet on the land.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.

## CHAPTER XII.

## PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE first rehearsal had passed off, and we were all of us engaged from morning till night in the preparations going forward to bring out the play with success. I had been appointed stage-manager and prompter, and two friends of Monsieur de Bois-sec—the son and daughter of a Clermont manufacturer—had been added to our dramatic corps. The infection of enthusiasm had spread throughout the house. Madame de Longueville assured us that everything under her roof was at our service, and Monsieur Jules volunteered his aid as scene-painter and decorator, for which he had a pretty talent, affirmed Nanette, and the inestimable advantage of his Parisian experience in all matters connected with the theatrical art. Monsieur Sabreton was no less willing to lend a helping hand either with paint-brush or hammer, and when not engaged in twirling his moustache, or looking at himself in the mirrors, was generally useful. Rutter had a staff of carpenters under his control, and was effecting wonders in the gloomy old saloon, where the sunlight had scarcely penetrated for years, bidding fair to convert it into a very commodious little theatre. Monsieur de Bois-sec kept an eye on everybody, and was controller-general of the theatrical forces under our supreme head—Mrs. Rutter. The young ladies had, of course, taken the wardrobe department under their charge, and, aided by Mademoiselle Euphrasie (who for ten days was engaged at the château with her needle, from early morning until the hour when Baptiste came to escort her home in the evening), devised and manufactured the most charming costumes conceivable.

The consultations, difficulties, and mistakes, the laughter, jokes, and absurd incidents that arose

out of the preparations for our dramatic entertainment were past enumerating. Now, it was a discovery that the scenery hired from Clermont would not fit the stage, and necessitated the inconvenient introduction of a wood into a drawing-room, or the equally incongruous spectacle of a sea shore hung with drapery. Again, it would be announced that the blue satin trimmings for one of the robes Euphrasie had been engaged on over night had turned out to be green when inspected by the light of day, or that the barber had sent yellow bob-wigs instead of *coiffures à la Pompadour*, or that the tailor had made the velvet breeches with two left legs, or the garden scene had been put up with the canvas side turned to the audience, or the trap-door wouldn't work, or the practicable window through which an escape was to be effected wouldn't open, or any other equally ill-timed contingency. And the best of it was, everybody made light of these discoveries, and treated them as a capital joke, which conduced to the general enjoyment instead of discomfort. Again and again did the old saloon ring with our mirth, as fresh mistakes and difficulties occurred; and at night, when I and Rutter laid aside our blouses and working tools, and we all met together in evening conclave in the drawing-room, there was always a fresh stock of amusing incidents to relate, and always others to hear in return.

At the end of a fortnight, matters were so far advanced that we were able to hold a full-dress rehearsal, and had yet still two clear days between us and the evening of the representation. Those two days were devoted to decorating the audience part of the *salle de théâtre*, and putting the finishing strokes to matters generally.

‘The artist can always find some-

thing to improve in his work,' remarked Monsieur Jules, sententiously, as he stood on his ladder touching up the mock drapery of the proscenium with his brush the last evening. 'I suppose, if Murillo, or Titian, or our own Delaroche, had the canvas before them, they would want to improve their masterpieces, eh, monsieur ?'

'Do you know anything of the works of these painters you speak of?' I inquired; for there was a queer conceit about Monsieur Jules' tone that I did not at all admire.

'Know anything of them, monsieur?' he replied, with a slight sneer. 'A little, I believe; a little. I have seen the Louvre, and the Luxembourg, once or twice, perhaps. This is not the first time that I handle the brush in my life; my faith, no!'

The shrug and the contemptuous smile that accompanied the speech, showed that Monsieur Jules entertained no mean opinion either of his knowledge of art or his own powers of execution. To do the man justice, he had some little taste that way, and had turned his lounges in the great galleries of his country to account. Certainly, he regarded his work with a pride and admiration that was in itself an evidence of artistic enthusiasm; and as he now stood, first giving a dab at the canvas, and then holding back his head to examine its effect with a critical eye, Monsieur Jules (though offensive in his conceit) looked less repulsive than he did when waiting on Madame de Longueville's guests with supercilious airs and insolent condescension.

My aversion to Monsieur Jules was not a thing, be it said, of caprice or sudden prejudice. It was a sentiment of steady growth, and founded on careful observation. I knew that that spotless cambric shirt-front of his covered a treacherous heart; I knew that those two bright beads of eyes could watch and pry and glance lies and deceit around; I knew that those lithe hands could break seals and open private drawers; that those soft-treading feet could glide along

unheard on secret errands; and those big ugly ears listen at closed doors and keyholes;—and I had arrived at this knowledge from some four months' close study of the man. Of late, my dislike to him had increased rapidly. I felt sure that Monsieur Jules was playing the part of a spy in our household; and I distrusted the curious airs of mystery and secrecy I observed in his movements. I was constantly encountering him behind doors or at unexpected corners, when he would bow, and glide softly away, murmuring a 'pardon me, monsieur,' or else I ran up against him in dark passages, or caught him prowling at dusk in the garden or court-yard, when he would steal off immediately with stealthy, cat-like motions; and somehow or other, I connected Monsieur Ludovic Sabreton with all these spyings and prowlings. I fancied more than once that I had detected secret recognitions passing between the young Parisian officer and the servant of Madame de Longueville.

'There, monsieur, I think we have done now,' cried Jules, descending from his ladder. 'There remains nothing but to put up the wax lights and the bouquets. Ah, here come the ladies with the flowers!'

As Jules spoke, Kate and Victorine, followed by Rutter and Monsieur Sabreton bearing great baskets of cut flowers, entered from the garden.

'Come, gentlemen; we have no time to lose,' cried Kate, depositing her basket on the floor. 'Now, I and Mademoiselle Victorine will make up the bouquets, whilst you fasten them up in their places. Where are my scissors, Mr. Hamilton?'

The two young girls knelt down and began tying up the nosegays forthwith, whilst we occupied ourselves with ladders, hammers, and nails.

'Jules, you will find the paper ornaments for the wax-lights in the little *salle-à-manger* up-stairs. Go and fetch them, please, and set to work,' said Mademoiselle Victorine to Jules, who was soon busily en-



gaged in getting ready the chandeliers. Ere long, Mrs. Rutter and our friends—Monsieur François Garnier, and Mademoiselle Lucille, his sister—the neighbours who were to take a part in the play on the morrow, entered the saloon. They were quickly set to work with the big pannier of evergreens and flowering shrubs that Baptiste bore in behind them; and thus occupied—laughing, talking, scolding, mislaying things, trying effects, doing and undoing our work—the evening deepened into night, and the ‘hall of phantoms’ grew shadowy and dim as on the evening when I first entered it.

‘Oh, do let us have the candles lighted,’ cried Mademoiselle Victorine, still kneeling beside the flowers. ‘We have two bouquets more to make up, and I do nothing but prick my fingers in this owl’s light.’

‘Yes, and here have I nailed up my coat-sleeve with these roses, and all but fastened my own arm to the wall,’ responded Rutter from his ladder. ‘Suppose we try the effect of our lights, and turn on the full illuminative power. Baptiste, reach me that lamp, my man,’ and Rutter leaped down from the ladder and set about lighting up the saloon.

We were all enchanted with the brilliant aspect of the place when we beheld it fairly lighted up: we had no idea our work would do us such credit. Rutter was overjoyed at the success of a plan of his own for concentrating the light on the stage; and as he stood on the portable pair of steps looking round him, with the light full on his figure, shown off to advantage in the workman’s blouse he wore, I thought I had never seen him look so happy or so handsome.

Perhaps some such reflection passed through Mademoiselle Victorine’s mind at the same moment. She was standing alone gazing at the young Englishman with an absorbed air, idly twining up the last remnants of the flowers in her hand. Whatever her thoughts might be, she did not desire them to be disturbed; for, on Monsieur

Sabreton’s approaching her with a pretty compliment about the Goddess Flora (followed by some words in an under tone that I could not hear), she turned round upon him waspishly, and muttered—

‘Don’t annoy me. You are the plague of my life, sir,’ and refused to turn her fine eyes upon him again.

Those fine eyes, however, did not withhold their lustrous glances in another direction. On Rutter approaching, he was received with winning looks and smiles.

‘See, monsieur; I have done at last, and used up all my flowers. Stay; there are enough to make one tiny, tiny little bouquet. A white rose, a red one, a sprig of jessamine, and this lovely gentian. There, what a dear little nosegay it is. What a pity we can find no use for it.’

Mademoiselle regarded her bouquet sorrowfully. She played with its leaves, kissed the white rose, and gave the sweetest little sigh. The two young men, who both stood by, gazed at her with impatient admiration.

‘Mademoiselle——’ they both began at once, and then they both stopped, turned red, and glared at each other with confusion.

‘Well, gentlemen,’ demanded mademoiselle, raising her head innocently, ‘well?’

‘You were regretting you could find no use for that nosegay, mademoiselle,’ began Rutter.

‘Give it to me,’ interrupted Sabreton.

‘To you, monsieur? No; they who ask don’t have. You remember that nursery axiom, Monsieur Ludovic? Good children get the spiced cake, but they don’t ask for it. Oh, fie, Monsieur Ludovic,’ and with a delicious coquetry that sat so naturally upon her that it really seemed perfectly innocent and harmless, mademoiselle bestowed the nosegay on Rutter, to Monsieur Sabreton’s unconcealed indignation.

‘I shall prize these as they deserve,’ murmured Rutter in her ear; ‘I shall keep them as long as a leaf lasts.’

He did keep them, as he said, even when they were dead and withered leaves. Alas, when next I beheld that pretty nosegay!

It was time to retire and extinguish the lights. Mrs. Rutter said she must take care that her troupe was in good working order for the morrow, and so proposed an early supper and speedy retirement to bed.

'Hamilton, you will lock up and bring in the keys,' said Rutter, doffing his blouse and preparing to follow the ladies. 'You will see after the lights, Jules.'

The owner of the black beard and bead-like eyes assented, and mounted his ladder to extinguish the lights.

'It is a pity for monsieur to wait,' began Jules, when we were alone. 'Now I think of it, I had better sweep up the litter of these flowers, and remove the dust. I shall have plenty to do to-morrow. I have promised Madame Rutter she shall have a few creams and ices of a kind somewhat different to this provincial confectionery, I hope. If monsieur will join his friends at supper, I will bring the keys round to him shortly.'

'Very well, Jules; take care you leave no lights burning,' I replied, and I followed the rest of the party, who all (with the exception of Monsieur Sabreton, who had taken his departure) had repaired to the supper table.

Jules was so long finishing up his work, that we had done supper ere he arrived, and I had to return to the saloon in search of the keys. To my surprise the door was locked. There was another door which communicated with the court-yard at the back of the house, and I resolved to go round there, thinking that Jules was perhaps quitting the building on that side. As I turned into the court—a gloomy quadrangle, with deserted coach-houses and stables all round, and a dry fountain in the centre—I beheld a light from a window in the saloon. Jules was still there, then. I approached the door, which was half open, when I stopped—there was a sound of voices from within.

'Trust yourself to me, Monsieur Ludovic; I know my trade better than that. Pshaw! monsieur will engage in rougher sieges than this, and come off victor.'

'Then you will deliver this before to-morrow morning, eh, Jules?' inquired the young lieutenant.

'On my word of honour. Ah! ah! it is not the first time Jules has given a helping hand in these—Hush! some one comes!'

The next moment I stood before them. Monsieur Sabreton looked confused, but Jules was ready in a moment, and taking up his candle, exclaimed as he searched about him,

'Your cane, Monsieur Ludovic? No, it is not here that you left it. I have swept the floor with my own hands. Perhaps monsieur dropped it in the lobby or in the court outside. Let us see,' and turning to inform me that Monsieur Sabreton had returned for a cane he had left behind him, Jules made his way to the door and out into the court, searching diligently for the lost stick on all sides.

'No matter, I can have it to-morrow. It will be found somewhere, I dare say,' muttered Monsieur Sabreton, as we passed through the door of the building, the key of which I turned in the lock. 'Don't trouble yourself further, Jules. Monsieur Hamilton, I wish you good evening,' and lighting a cigar as he spoke, the young officer turned on his heel and disappeared through the arched doorway that led out of one corner of the court. Jules blew out the light, and took his departure in the opposite direction.

I stayed there listening to their retreating footsteps until I could hear them no longer. Then, as the clock on the house roof tolled eleven, I turned into the garden and strolled up and down the terrace, in the light of the old moon, rising dimly over the valley. I don't know what impelled me to do it, but I suddenly walked up to the great doors that shut us out from the town, opened them, and looked out into the street. It was half in deep shadow, half in faint,

lustreless moonlight, and altogether solitary and silent. Monsieur Sabreton's footsteps had long since beaten their last echoes on the rough pavement. Overhead were the stars, and a meteor that slid silently across the violet-hued sky as I gazed up into its depths.

I do not know how long I had been standing there when I was conscious of a figure gliding along the shadowy side of the street. It seemed to have emerged from out the black patch of night cast by the high walls of the neighbouring gardens, so suddenly had it appeared in sight. In another minute it would reach a streak of moonlight lying athwart the pavement. I watched it draw near the spot, with eyes fascinated by something familiar in the gait and outline of the figure.

It passed into the track of light, and my breath suddenly forsook me. There, in the dim moonlight, was the haggard face of the way-side priest whose appearance had once before filled me with such alarm. Again did the same indefinable sense of recognition seize me, and send a chill through every vein.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A MOCK TRAGEDY AND A REAL ONE.

The day of the play had arrived, and the dramatic abilities of the English family at the château were about to be exhibited before a formidable audience. A hundred guests (including a large circle of friends of Madame de Longueville and Monsieur de Bois-sec) had been invited, and there had not been a dozen refusals out of the whole number. From an early hour of the morning the château was a scene of indescribable bustle and excitement, the servants and workpeople all taking part in the business of the day, with the zeal and good will a Frenchman never withholds in labours that have any connexion with a fête. Thus, not only did the good-natured Baptiste perform feats of agility and strength, in

the way of lifting immense weights, removing obstructive furniture, and fetching and carrying with the swiftness of a Mercury, but Monsieur Jules and Mademoiselle Euphrasie each excelled themselves in their respective artistic departments, and all the servants and people employed displayed a zeal and good-humour that was pleasant to witness.

As the day wore on, the *dramatis personæ* began most of them to feel themselves growing somewhat nervous at the prospect before them. Kate assured us that she had a strong presentiment she should break down in her first speech; and Monsieur François Garnier, who was an excellent actor and a very intelligent and agreeable fellow to boot, intimated a similar probability on his own part. Victorine ran about from room to room in a state of high excitement—generally decked in some scraps of finery from the theatrical wardrobe which suited her beauty—now helping Euphrasie in the dressing-room—now looking on at the workpeople hanging the lamps for the illumination in the garden, and anon peeping into the kitchen, where Jules, in a white apron and cap, lorded it over the scullions. Mrs. Rutter and Mademoiselle Lucille Garnier sat quietly sewing all the morning, but the rest of us could not follow their philosophic example, and so we chafed about the house, helping here and hindering there, as amateur servants always do.

At length daylight began to wane, and, to everybody's satisfaction, it was discovered that it was time to light up the theatre and go to dress. It had been arranged that a little vaudeville, in one act, should precede Monsieur de Bois-sec's drama, in order that Mrs. Rutter might be able to receive her guests herself. So Rutter and I, with Monsieur Sabreton, repaired to our dressing-room forthwith. The pique which the two gentlemen had exhibited overnight had disappeared. Monsieur Ludovic had kept at such a distance from Mademoiselle Victorine



all day, and been so quiet and courteous besides, that Rutter, who had received him very coldly and haughtily in the morning, had been disarmed of his anger, and had grown more cordial as the day advanced.

Ere long the ringing of the large bell at the garden doors announced the first arrivals. For half an hour the bell was kept in constant agitation, and the visitors arrived in quick succession. At length Jules popped his head in at the dressing-room door, to inform us, with glee, that the saloon was getting full and 'the *coup-d'œil* superb.' An announcement which only added to the nervous condition of one person present, who was making frightful mistakes in his toilet and wondering how the audience would relish his Anglican French. Supported, however, by such a strong cast as we made up amongst us, I felt that any deficiencies on my part would be amply atoned for ere the evening was over.

When, in accordance with established theatrical custom, we took a peep at the audience through a small hole in the curtain, we all felt somewhat abashed, however, at the brilliant assembly before us. The saloon was filled with guests, amongst whom Mrs. Rutter, in a dark silk dress and lace mantle, was moving with the easy grace and courtesy of hostess, seeing after the placing of her friends. Madame de Longueville occupied a chair of state in the front row, with Monsieur Brissot, the curé, on her right, and the Countess Sangpourpre on her left. Next came various friends of Monsieur de Bois-sec, antique in dress and stately in manner. Then the Fortemains, the Brulefers and Garniers, with other of our Clermont neighbours; and at the further end of the room, under the little balcony, were several officers from the barracks, friends of Monsieur Sabreton. Altogether, the saloon presented an appearance that went far to justify Jules's commendations; and a flutter of fans, an odour of perfumes, and a general brilliancy of light and colouring, added to the festal effect

of things, and gave a true theatre-like air to the fine old chamber.

'I begin to think we have done a cheeky thing, Hamilton, to call all these people together to sit and criticize us for three hours. I half repent of our temerity,' said Rutter, withdrawing his eye from the hole in the curtain, and looking at me with a queer smile. 'There's Kate ready to cry yonder; and Garnier himself, our *premier sujet*, is perspiring at such a rate that the paint wont stop on his cheeks.'

'We are in for it now, anyhow,' I replied. 'Look, there comes the orchestra into the balcony—three violins, a harp, and a flute. We have crossed our Rubicon, Rutter. There is nothing for it now but to go in and conquer.'

'Yes; and I have not got my hair powdered yet, nor found the sword with which I have to wound you in the dark, old fellow. Come along. There's Monsieur de Bois-sec calling out that the stage is to be cleared and the curtain to rise in five minutes. We must obey orders, and look sharp too. Don't I feel a desire to shrink into my boots—hair-powder and all!'

For my own part, I know I heartily wished I could disappear into those nether hiding-places, the prescribed refuge of nervous individuals, when the curtain rose a few minutes afterwards, and disclosed Mademoiselle Victorine and myself—a sprightly waiting-maid and a philosophic footman addicted to vanille and Fourierism—before the gaze of the audience. We stood our ground pretty well, however, for mademoiselle was delightfully cool and collected, and played with much spirit; a better coadjutor it was impossible to have.

'Bravo!' cried Rutter, clapping me on the back when I retired behind the scenes, and the audience gave the first proof of their satisfaction and good-nature in a round of applause. 'Bravo, Will! Monsieur Millefleurs to the life. I'm plucking up amazingly to see you and mademoiselle come out like that. I don't know ——'

'Le Comte de Grêlefot, this way!' cried Monsieur de Bois-sec,

who was playing prompter; 'where is the Count?'

'Here I am, Monsieur,' cried Rutter; and with a grimace the Count shot off and dashed into the piece with all the assurance and hilarity characteristic of the part.

The comedy was a success to the end. It was soon over, and then the actors were called before the curtain, and a pretty contest ensued between Kate and Victorine, who each refused and pressed upon the other the magnificent bouquet thrown them by the Countess de Sangpourpre.

'Share it, dear children,' cried the old Countess, waving her fan; and Rutter stepped forward and divided the bouquet between his sister and her friend.

Whilst this little interlude, which of course provoked immense applause, was going forward, Mrs. Rutter was quitting her seat to prepare for the drama, that was to be the great feature of the evening. As she did so, she held up her finger as a signal to me to make haste and take her place amongst the audience for a time, as we had previously arranged.

'Will you see that the servants find seats for the party who have just arrived?' whispered Mrs. Rutter in my ear, as she passed me coming off the stage, on her way to the dressing-room.

As soon as I had doffed my velvet small-clothes and powdered wig, I hastened before the curtain, to play host awhile. Of course, my appearance was the signal for a discharge of compliments from Mesdames de Longueville and Sangpourpre, who arrested me at once, and would not let me pass until they had exhausted their vocabulary of polite phrases. The orchestra meanwhile was bringing its powers into play, and performing an operatic selection in very creditable style. Jules, with a white rosette attached to his black evening coat, was glancing about like a meteoric master of ceremonies, handing chairs and distributing programmes with an air 'quite Parisian,' as he firmly believed. The guests all looked gay

and entertained whilst they chatted with their neighbours, and awaited in a pleasant state of expectation the opening of the next piece. I could hear praises of our little theatre on all sides, and expressions of admiration as to the arrangements throughout. In short, so far, everything was going on admirably.

I had not long to act the part of entertainer, for in ten minutes or so the tinkling of a little bell summoned me behind the scenes, where the prompter's book and seat awaited me. But I had first to deliver a short address, which, with the aid of my friends, I had written for the occasion, and which Rutter insisted on my delivering myself. I therefore appeared before the curtain once more.

I had just got out the words, 'Messieurs et mesdames,' when the power to utter another syllable deserted me. The audience, attributing my silence to nervousness, applauded; but it was not that. Under the gallery at the further end of the room, just opposite where I stood, I had suddenly caught sight of a figure which held me transfixed, and paralysed my tongue. There, in the shade of the projecting balcony, stood the hollow-eyed and haggard-faced priest whom I had seen over-night at the garden doors. The man raised his hand and made a signal to me; then dropped his head upon his breast, and pulled his shovel hat over his eyes. The action was momentary, but expressive of secrecy and caution as any words could have been. I stood speechless for a moment, until the applause of the audience recalled me, and then went on with the address, but without the slightest apprehension of what I was uttering.

My first impulse on retiring behind the curtain, was to seek out the priest and discover the purpose of his appearance, and the strange gesture he had made use of; but it was too late. The curtain was already rising, and the play about to commence. I was compelled to remain where I was and take the

prompter's seat—a prey to uneasiness that I dared not betray.

Monsieur de Bois-sec's drama was in two acts. At the end of the first there was to be a pause of half an hour, during which time refreshments were to be served in the large drawing-room. I resolved in that interval to find, if possible, an explanation of the priest's visit. For the present, I had sufficient to attend to in prompting the players and keeping an eye on Baptiste and the scene-shifters. The play was already in progress.

The scene of the first act was Scotland—the time, the reign of Charles I., at the period when that monarch's attempts to introduce Episcopacy had filled the land with clamour and insurrection. Save an absence of local colouring, to be expected, and certain slight historical anachronisms, our amateur dramatist's production did him credit, and contained good parts. When the curtain rose, it disclosed the home of old Simeon Hepburn, the Presbyterian pastor (Monsieur de Bois-sec), with his daughter Margaret (Mrs. Rutter), spinning at her wheel and listening to the chat of their blithe servant, Effie—a highland lassie—a part very naturally played by Kate. To them enters Duncan Stewart (Monsieur Sabreton), a suitor of the pastor's daughter—rich and prosperous, having broad lands and an old name, but slightly favoured by Margaret, who (alas for her peace of mind !) was rescued from a mob of brawlers on quitting her father's church a few weeks since, by a young English cavalier, who conducted her to her own door in safety, but carried off her heart. Duncan meets with more rebuffs than usual, and Margaret dismisses him haughtily. Before leaving he picks up a jewelled ornament on the floor, which excites his jealousy and suspicion. Then comes the Cavalier (Monsieur Garnier), handsome and winning, and with better gifts than his fine face: for he has a warm and generous heart, and he swears that Margaret shall be his wife, and go to court at Whitehall, if she will but listen to his love.

Afterwards, the evening supper, with the old minister in trouble at the news that fills the town, of kingly aggressions on men's consciences, and Margaret disquieted, and Effie, bustling and anxious to cheer them. Duncan returns and makes show of having found the diamond buckle on the door-step. The old pastor interrogates his daughter, who is confused; but after a few stern questions from her father, and taunting remarks from Duncan, Margaret rises from her seat and confesses her love. The curtain falls on her father's anger and her distress.

The second scene reveals Margaret sitting idly by her wheel, singing an ancient Scotch melody. Her lover finds her thus, and consents, at her entreaty, to declare himself to her father. He swears on his sword that he will claim her before the world ere three days. But the three days pass, and the English cavalier appears not. Margaret waits and hopes and pines, but she never sets eye on her lover more. Here Mrs. Rutter began to display the most touching pathos. Her faith in her lover, her sorrow and anxiety at her father's determination that she should marry Duncan, and her filial love and sense of duty, were all tenderly and truthfully portrayed. At length news of the King's order for reading the Liturgy in the Scotch churches arrives, and the old pastor, burning with zealous indignation, enters with the proclamation in his hand. Upbraiding his daughter for cherishing affection for the King's friends, he bids her renounce her secret love, and at once accept the hand of the honest man by her side. Worn out and hopeless, and wounded by the desertion of her English lover, Margaret undergoes a cruel struggle, and then turns to Duncan and tells him that, if she cannot offer him a whole heart, she can at least make him a faithful wife, and as such will share his fortunes through life.

The simplicity and tenderness that Mrs. Rutter threw into the part charmed everybody present. The attention and stillness of the



audience proved how deeply they were interested. A burst of applause followed the falling of the curtain. But as soon as I could get away from my friends, I hastened off in search of the priest whose mysterious signal had filled me with such uneasiness. He was nowhere to be found. I searched through the large drawing-room where the guests were now assembled partaking of coffee and ices, but he was not there. Neither could I find him in any of the adjoining rooms. Had he strolled into the garden? They were almost as light as day with the illumination lamps and Chinese lanterns. I ran through the hall, and descending the flight of steps into the garden, stumbled on a figure leaning against the urn at the bottom. It was the priest, with his black dress wrapped closely about him, and his hat slouching over his eyes as before.

'You were looking for me?' he inquired, in a low hoarse voice. 'Take me somewhere where I can speak to you alone, monsieur.'

He raised his head, and the light of the Chinese lanterns swinging in the portico above shone on his face. Again the same confused sense of recognition, the same uneasy apprehensions flashed across me.

'Follow me,' I replied, impelled by the urgency of his tone, and a sort of influence the man possessed over me that I could not understand.

I dared not return into the hall, where guests and servants were passing backwards and forwards every minute, so I led the stranger round to the side door that communicated with the apartments at the back of our little theatre. Most of these apartments had been turned into dressing-rooms, and were occupied by the actors; but one of them was empty and had a fire; into this I conducted the man.

We had barely crossed the threshold when my companion turned round and locked the door. The action was so sudden that I had not time to interpose.

'Now, don't you know me?' he

asked, regarding me fixedly with his piercing eyes.

As he spoke the priest lifted off his slouching hat, and the light of the fire shone full upon him. His head was covered with a black skull-cap; his face closely shaven; but his white cheek was furrowed by a scar to which he pointed with an impatient gesture. I started back, struggling against the certainty that was breaking upon me. It was Mr. Lewis Wilson who stood there before me.

'You recognise me at last,' said the man, speaking English for the first time. 'Get me some food; I'm famishing.'

He sank down on a chair as he spoke with an air of utter exhaustion. I think even then, in the first shock of surprise, I was as much amazed at the alteration in the man's voice and manners, as at seeing him sitting there in that disguise. He was strangely subdued, and the old blustering air was gone. His eyes were hollow, his cheeks sunken, and as he spoke his tongue seemed to rattle in his throat.

'Get me food, I say, unless you would see me drop dead on the floor.'

He threw himself on the table, and buried his head in his hands.

It was evidently no acting, this. A starving man was before my eyes.

'Stay,' he continued, lifting up his head from the table, and speaking with evident difficulty. 'You know me, but how far your knowledge goes I can't say. This is no time for standing on trifles. You *must* keep my secret, for your friends' sake, if not for mine. I am Mrs. Rutter's brother—cousin—uncle—what you will. At all events I have it in my power to make certain revelations concerning these fine friends of yours that would cause your clerical respectability to shrink from them, I fancy. There's no use in concealment now. The long and short of it is, I am hiding from the police; they have tracked me to this town, and if I am taken, your friends here shall be dragged down with me. This

is no idle threat. Bring me some food.'

I stood a moment in painful hesitation. Indignant as I felt at this tone, I well knew that the man before me *did* possess a mysterious power over Mrs. Rutter, and that it might be dangerous to put his words to the test. But how to act at this juncture, I scarcely knew. One thing was clear—his presence here must, if possible, be concealed from all these people.

I unlocked the door, looked out, and beheld Euphrasie passing.

'Mademoiselle, bring me some wine here from the supper-table, quickly as you can, and a loaf of bread.'

In another minute the girl returned, and taking the things in at the door I placed them before the starving man. Euphrasie was satisfied with my explanation that I was too busy to join the others at present. With a ravenous air, Wilson devoured the food set before him, and ate and drank in silence for some minutes. Gazing at him thus occupied, I observed how thin were his white hands, and how greatly the whole man was changed. His bushy beard gone, his head shaven, his cheek-bones protruding—it was difficult to trace in him the handsome scoundrel I had met long ago in the gipsy-tent in the Shropshire lane. The priest's dress and skull-cap completed the transformation. He coughed from time to time and shivered uneasily, but his eyes brightened and a slight flush came into his cheeks as he drank off half the wine at a draught.

'There,' he murmured, when at length he set down the empty bottle, 'I can feel my heart's blood once more in my veins. The lamp isn't quite burnt out, though it was getting near the last snuff of the wick. Now, what comes next?'

He turned to me, and, with a grim smile, said,

'I am in your hands; do what you like.'

'Of course Mrs. Rutter must for the moment be kept in ignorance of your presence here. To-night,

of all times, it would be impossible——'

'I know, I know,' interrupted the man, impatiently. 'If I could have laid hands on that loaf or that bottle, you would not have seen me yet for some hours. I was starving, ay, perishing with hunger, when I sneaked into that fine chamber to-night, and might have been found dead at her doors, had I waited till to-morrow. Is there no place where you can hide me for a few hours—no corner in this old mansion where I can throw myself down and get a little sleep? Any dog-hole will do.'

'There is a court-yard at the back full of empty offices; in one of the chambers there you could remain the night.'

As I spoke I called to mind a certain loft over one of the coach-houses which we had lately used as a carpenter's shop. It was dry and warm, and sufficiently remote. But how to get hold of the key was the difficulty. It was in Jules' keeping, and he was the very last person in the house whose suspicions I should care to excite.

'Well, then, if you can lend me anything to wrap about me, I'm ready. Haven't you a rug or a blanket you can get hold of? I'm infernally cold.'

The man's teeth chattered, and he shivered and coughed again. He was evidently ill. I stood debating in my mind how I was to act, when some one knocked at the door. It was Mademoiselle Euphrasie, with a request that I would join the actors in the green-room. Wilson started, and whispered in my ear, 'For God's sake let no one come in,' and he drew his black dress round him with trembling haste. The action and the speech showed how the man was changed. The old bravado, the airs of daring assurance were gone. There was a felon's guilt and cowardice in the way in which he grasped my arm and looked uneasily at the door.

'I am not safe here, take me away,' he muttered.

The wine had revived his strength, and with it his fears.

'You must wait here till I can

get the key of the loft,' I replied. 'I will return in five minutes. Until then, remain quietly where you are, and keep the door locked. I will give two raps, thus, on the panel outside, when I return.'

I hastened away and ran off to the little office on the ground floor, where Jules generally hung up his keys. The key of the loft—a large one and rusty—which I well knew by sight, might be amongst them. There it was, hanging by the wall. I snatched up the small lantern that lighted the office, and hurried back again. Some one called to me, I thought, as I ran along, but I dare not stop to reply or even see who it was. With the play about to recommence in a few minutes, there was no time to lose.

'Come along,' I whispered, as the door was opened to me by Wilson from within. 'Follow me quietly, and keep your—What is the matter?'

The man's face, looking over my shoulder, had suddenly blanched. I turned. Mrs. Rutter stood on the threshold behind me.

She did not speak nor utter any cry; but had she been suddenly wounded, and then, with mortal agony in her face, changed into stone, her look could not have expressed more suffering and despair. She held a lamp in her hand, and was dressed ready for the second act in the dress of a Puritan matron—a grey stuff, a black silk hood, and a white neckerchief of lawn. But her face was paler than the muslin on her shoulders. Well might the man who gazed at her start and tremble as he did.

'Lewis—Lewis!' she gasped; and tottering into the room, would have sunk on the floor, overcome by the shock, had not at that moment her son's voice in the corridor outside roused her presence of mind. She closed the door behind her instantly.

'Speak, Lewis,' she cried, in a low voice. 'What do you here? Why am I—'

'Stop, Ann, stop! there is no time to be lost. I am here in this disguise with the police on my track. Hide me somewhere, or

send all these people away, unless you want an exposure that will serve your friends with fine gossip for the next month.'

'The police!' gasped Mrs. Rutter; 'you cannot mean —. Oh, Heaven help me! I—I—' She staggered for a moment, and put her hand to her head.

'I mean that if I am found here, I shall be sent to the galleys,' replied the man, brutally. 'Stow me away somewhere, or else introduce me to your guests yonder, if you like better. The game is up at last, and there's no time to lose. Take your choice. Either hide me for a few hours, or present me to your friends as "a clerical party" from the Netherlands, or from Canada, or the Mountains of the Moon, or anywhere else you like to name;' and the man gave a wretched laugh that ended in a violent fit of coughing.

Too bewildered and dismayed to make any reply, Mrs. Rutter stared at the speaker for a few moments, as though she scarcely comprehended him.

'Am I to understand, then, that you have added fresh disgrace to —? Oh, Lewis, tell me that you are deceiving me, frightening me. Say you do not mean what you have just told me. For the sake of him who loved us both, have mercy!'

Mrs. Rutter clasped her hands together, and sank on a chair, her eyes fixed with a sort of imploring terror upon the man before her. He stood and looked at her with something like pity or remorse struggling over his face.

'Ann, don't reproach me, don't utter a word to-night. If I arouse that devil within me called conscience, whom I have kept loaded down with chains at the bottom of my heart all these years, he'll rend me, tear me to pieces, as devils tear men possessed. Love! Why I had forgotten that any one ever *did* love me. Do you think such pure memories haunt minds like mine? Don't speak of such things. Don't try to awake good recollections, or stir wholesome emotions within me; there's nothing good



nor wholesome about me. I am a scoundrel—a vulgar, commonplace scoundrel, who has wasted his substance, has lived in riot, and has now come down to the swine and the husks that feed them. Ay, it's too late in the day now for me to amend. I am only like the prodigal, Ann, in having lived riotously. Should conscience ever awake, there'll soon be an end to the struggle that will follow; and as he spoke, I could see he held a pistol concealed under his priest's dress.

At that moment the bell rang to announce the curtain about to rise. The sound seemed to recal Mrs. Rutter to herself. She rose, and turning to Wilson, said,

'I know not what new troubles you bring upon me, but you must remain under my roof now. Mr. Hamilton, I throw myself on your generosity, and ask you for a few hours to keep this secret.'

I interposed to tell Mrs. Rutter that there was no need to appeal thus to me; that I knew there was necessity for concealing the person before us, and that I had already a plan for secreting him in the court-yard, which I was about to carry out when she appeared.

'Make haste, then, Mr. Hamilton, make haste, and I will wait for you here. Stay; there are people about. Put on your hat, Lewis. Give me your arm, and I will go with you through the passages to avoid suspicion; and with a steady hand Mrs. Rutter took up the lamp, and walked out into the corridor, where servants were passing to and fro, talking all the while to her companion, as though it were a guest on whose arm she hung.

She was waiting for me when I returned from the court. She grasped my hand, and said,

'You are a true friend. You have a right to fuller confidence than this. All I can now say is, that the man you have just seen has it in his power to injure me and my children beyond reparation—to blight our lives. Thank God! his presence here is known only to you. It must be kept from my

children a few hours longer. This *fête* must be got through now.'

She was so pale, so changed, that I feared her son's suspicions would be excited.

'Ah! it will only make the part I play more natural. I shall divert their attention from the mother to the actress,' was the answer to my fears. Then looking at me gratefully, tearfully, for a moment, Mrs. Rutter overcame her emotion with a strong effort, and said, 'Let us go, or we shall be missed.'

In five minutes more the curtain had risen, and she was playing the Puritan wife in the drama.

If ever I admired Mrs. Rutter, it was at this juncture. Her courage, her concealment of the terrible secret weighing upon her, her entire abandonment of herself to the part she had to play, filled me with wonder and admiration. Her pallor, and the suppressed emotion at times perceptible in her voice, added to the natural effect of the part she was representing. From the first moment of her reappearance she held her audience spell-bound.

Margaret Hepburn, no longer young, was now the widow of Duncan Stewart, who had fallen fighting against the king's troops. Ronald, Margaret's son, on whom her hopes and affections are now all concentrated, holds a commission under Cromwell in the Parliamentary army. Rutter played the part of Ronald, and looked a soldier every inch. In the great scene of the drama which occurred in the middle of the second act, Mrs. Rutter was revealed alone with Effie—her servant—talking of her absent son.

The scene is laid in an old farmhouse in Oxfordshire, where Dame Hepburn has come to live since her husband's death. The land is rife with tumult, and even firesides are not safe. Effie bars the doors and makes all secure, for it is night, and beyond the walls lie miles of November darkness. Sitting there by the hearth, the women hear a strange moaning sound borne on the winter wind. Margaret opens the door, looks out

into the night, and espies a figure advancing in the dusk. A wounded man drags himself to the door and sinks on the threshold. Bending over him, a cry (what a wild thrilling cry it was!) breaks from Margaret's lips. In the blood-stained figure before her she has recognised the handsome cavalier who, years ago, wooed her in her Scottish home. From the lips of the wounded man she hears, ere long, how he was faithful to her for three long years, and during that time awaited a reply to the letter he had sent her the night when the king's orders suddenly compelled him to return home to England.

'What letter?' cries Margaret, her hand upon her heart; and she learns that those few lines which would have explained her lover's departure, were entrusted to the hands of the man whom all these years she has called husband. The broken explanations that follow are interrupted by Effie, who enters in alarm, to say that Ronald has suddenly returned home, and is now stabling his horse in the yard.

'Then I am lost,' says the cavalier, and he endeavours to rise and depart. But Margaret cannot betray the man she once loved, or see him quit her house to die on the highway. With wonderful promptitude she conceals him in her own chamber, and removes all traces of his presence. Then she takes her needle and awaits her son's entrance with a calm face. Ronald is so altered that his mother scarcely recognises him. His tale is soon told. The young republican soldier has lately been placed on guard over a mansion in Worcestershire, tenanted by a Royalist family, one member of which—the beautiful daughter of the house—has stolen his heart. The preceding scene in the drama has revealed the temptations and difficulties to which the young soldier had been exposed through his luckless passion. Captivated by the graces of Mabel Harley (Mademoiselle Victorine), Ronald had well nigh proved a traitor to his cause. As

it is he has compromised himself by his devotion, and unable to bear longer this struggle between love and duty, he has sought and obtained a new post, of more danger, perhaps, to his person, but of less peril to his honour. As Margaret listens to her son, various are the emotions that depict themselves upon her face. Her pride in his honourable sentiments, her sympathy for his misplaced love, and her terror as her son recalls the vow which his dying father made him take upon his sword to remain faithful to his father's friends, relentless towards his father's enemies,—all these are powerfully and truthfully portrayed. The interview between them is suddenly disturbed by the sound of horses' hoofs in the courtyard. A troop of Parliamentary soldiers is at the gates; they come in search of a fugitive Royalist supposed to have taken refuge within the house. Ronald laughs at the idea of finding a traitor under that roof, and bids them enter and search where they please. But his mother resents the indignity, and at first refuses to give up the keys.

'Am I, whose husband fought and died for the cause you serve, to be subject to this?' she inquires of the officer, with a well assumed air of haughty surprise.

'Mother, give up the keys,' cried Ronald; 'our honour will stand this test. Come, gentlemen, I will conduct you through the house myself.'

They leave the room, and Margaret is left listening to their footsteps with a stony face. She stands there dumb with terror, her eyes fixed upon the door of her chamber, where the fugitive lies concealed. Then Ronald returns, and, with a smile, asks if they desire to search his mother's chamber, for that is the only part of the house unvisited. The officer replies that he must search there also.

'Then enter,' says the young man, and he points to the door.

'No, not while I live!' cries Margaret, rushing forward to pre-

vent an entrance. 'Ronald, *you* permit this outrage?'

But there is no reply, her son gazes in amazement at his mother's excited face. Her terror and distress increase, her breath comes quick, her whole air betrays her alarm. There is some hidden reason for this unnatural excitement. A terrible suspicion dawns in Ronald's face, and in a hoarse voice he bids his mother hand him the key of her chamber.

'Never,' she murmurs between her locked teeth.

And then, stung with this resistance, the young soldier draws his sword, plunges it into the panel of the door, and orders the soldiers to follow him into his mother's chamber. With a cry of dismay Margaret plants herself on the threshold before her son, and forbids him to advance.

At this point, the reality infused into the scene by Mrs. Rutter's consummate acting, was overpowering. A deep silence had settled over the whole saloon. You could hear the hurriedly drawn breath of the very actors on the stage, moved as they were by the reality of the scene going on before them. Forgetting her own anxieties, or perhaps finding an echo

and outlet for them in the sorrows of the Puritan mother, Mrs. Rutter had merged her own identity for the time in the character she had assumed. As she stood there, on the threshold of her chamber, her head thrown back, her hand extended, there was something so grand and statuesque in her appearance, such an intensity of feeling in every look and gesture, that no one could have beheld her unmoved. Hearts throbbed, cheeks grew pale, and even men's eyes filled with hot tears.

When at length the fugitive Royalist was discovered, the anguish of the unhappy mother was terrible to behold. With words of scorn Ronald drove her from him, and in the name of his dead father, cursed her under her own roof-tree. As he uttered the last words, a real, unfeigned sob broke from Rutter's lips, and a deep, pent-up sigh rose from the audience as the curtain descended and the stricken mother sank swooning on the floor of the stage.

Alas, the emotions depicted by that troubled heart had been only too real! Mrs. Rutter had actually swooned away, and lay there insensible at her son's feet.





## NORTH AND SOUTH.

## THE TWO CONSTITUTIONS.

BY A WHITE REPUBLICAN.

POLITICAL Constitutions to be durable must be elastic; otherwise, like that of England, they had better remain unwritten. When they begin to impinge on the growth or to impede the progress of a people, they must be changed. The inflexible rigour of Procrustean forms is incompatible with the natural expansion of liberal principles. The Constitutions of republics generally make allowance for contingencies by provisions for 'amendments,' a sort of safety-valve to prevent revolutions. They are not, like the 'laws of the Medes and Persians,' a framework of iron; but carefully provided with moveable joints and adjustments adapted to the operation of circumstances. A written Constitution professes and presumes to embody the wisest theory of government which the people who adopt it are capable of framing, and of obeying. When self-imposed, it is like a garment of one's own choosing; and if it does not fit, there is not only no law against alteration, but a special stipulation in the original agreement in regard to the *modus operandi*. As the fashions of this world change and pass away, so the forms of government vary in accordance with different climes, conditions, and epochs; or, as it has been well put in an aphorism, 'When circumstances alter, things themselves must alter.'

In attempting a comparison of the Constitutions of the Federal and the Confederate States of America, we must begin with the history of the Federation of the United States; examine the operations and amendments of the original Constitution; and notice the changes and improvements adopted by the new Confederacy.

Without going back to the great era of *Magna Charta*, when the political rights of the people were first fully recognised, and 'reduced

to writing,' as the lawyers phrase it, we will start from the settlement of the American colonies; and find in the cabin of the *Mayflower* the cradle of American liberty. For it was there, in that frail but richly-freighted bark, tossed on an unknown winter sea, that the first Republican 'compact' was drawn up and signed by forty-one adult male 'pilgrims,' which contains the germ of every Constitution, State or Federal, that has since been adopted as an instrument of self-government in the New World. The fathers of New England—'forefathers,' as they are traditionally called—if fanatics in religion, were not less zealous in the cause of liberty. Freedom to worship God, and freedom to govern themselves, were the watchwords inscribed on their banners, on the doors of their school-houses, and on the corner-stones of their churches. They were also well-educated men, as the records of their voyage, kept in Latin, written by various hands, and religiously preserved in the archives of Plymouth, abundantly show. The inspired voice of Milton, singing in the midst of his darkness of

That celestial light

Which never yet hath shone on sea or  
land,

like the crepuscular rays announcing the dawn of a new day, filled the hearts of his Puritan disciples with courage, hope, and joy. Carver, Bradford, Standish, Fuller, Winslow, Winthrop, Roger Williams, and Sir Harry Vane, carried the spirit of the British Constitution into the wilderness of the West, ere long to 'bud and blossom as the rose.' We have good historical reason for believing that at least one of the Charters for the government of the new colonies was drawn by the master hand of the great Poet of Liberty. When Sir Harry Vane returned to Eng-

land for the purpose of obtaining from the King a charter for the 'Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,' he is known to have 'passed some weeks on a visit to John Milton at his country seat;' and that remarkable Rhode Island Charter bears unmistakeable evidence of being written or revised by a political seer as well as poet, whose thoughts and theories ran centuries ahead of his time. So liberal and elastic were the provisions of this charter, that the State of Rhode Island retained it as a Constitution for two hundred years; and so tenaciously did the people cling to it, that it was only thrown off by revolution; or rather, after the abortive attempt at revolution known as the 'Dorr Rebellion,' which so ingloriously fizzled in the hero's 'flight from Chepachet.'

We will here give the names of the original Thirteen Colonies in the order of their settlement:—Virginia, New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Georgia. These colonies existed under 'patents' granted by Great Britain to various 'companies,' until the period of the revolution. The respective governors received their commissions from the Crown; and they were generally sent over from England. The colonies, in all governmental affairs were mere 'dependencies' upon the mother country. Virginia, popularly known as the 'Old Dominion,' was discovered in 1584, but not settled until 1607, at James-town, on the James River, so named in honour of the king; but previously called Powhatan, after the celebrated Indian chief (the father of Pocahontas) who then reigned in that neighbourhood. The charter, granted to Captain John Smith and his associates, covered unlimited territory, extending westward to the Pacific Ocean. But in 1784, at the close of the war, Virginia ceded her whole north-west territory to the United States, retaining only, beyond what now constitutes her

borders, the State of Kentucky. New York, which is believed to have been discovered in 1524, by the Florentine navigator Varrazani, was settled in 1609, two years after Virginia, at Albany, by the English navigator, Henry Hudson, whose name will run to 'the last syllable of recorded time,' in the beautiful river that bears his name. Four years later the city of New York was founded, but called New Amsterdam until 1664, when Charles II. granted to his brother, the Duke of York and Albany, all the territory, including New York, New England, and New Jersey. In 1620 Massachusetts was settled by the Puritans at Plymouth, whose royal grant included what became New Hampshire in 1679; and the State of Maine in 1820.

In regard to the condition of the American colonies during what may be termed their minority, it is not essential to our present purpose to treat more particularly; neither is it necessary to discuss the causes which led to the throwing off of the 'yoke of British oppression,' as the colonists began to call the rule of the Imperial Government. One hundred and fifty years of childhood are past; the memorable year of 1776 has arrived; and this flourishing family of Thirteen British scions proclaim their manhood and declare their independence. The great problem now is to form a political union, an alliance or federation, in order to resist the coercive policy of England; in other words, to unite for the sake of strength to contend against a common enemy; to prepare a common Constitution to ensure the common welfare. The several colonies having, with more or less reluctance, decided to secede from Great Britain, to rebel, to cut loose from their allegiance, to deny the divine authority of kings, and establish an independent national existence, are compelled to confederate in self-defence, notwithstanding, even at that early period, the colonial elements were radically incongruous. The Puritans of New England, and the Romanists of Maryland did not

coalesce from any feeling of personal affinity, but for the sake of personal security; while the Cavaliers of Georgia and the Carolinas could only be induced by the common bond of danger to unite their fate and fortune with the Dutch of New York, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, or the Baptists of Rhode Island.

From the passage of the notorious Stamp Act in 1765, followed by the duties on paper, glass, and tea in 1767, the colonies were agitated by a series of incipient revolts, resulting in the collision at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775, and the battle of Bunker-hill on the following 17th of June. For some ten years of discontent the local legislatures had been passing 'resolutions' of resistance; and the feeling of hostility was growing more and more intense, until the enmity of the colonists culminated in the formal declaration of war and independence on the 4th of July, 1776. This famous 'declaration' was put forth by a Congress composed of delegates from the several colonies assembled in the city of Philadelphia. It is an eloquent and earnest manifesto; broadly asserting the rights of the people; recapitulating the grievances of the colonists; and adding what would be called by an American Convention of the present day, a 'platform' of fundamental principles. This world-renowned 'Declaration of Independence' contains not only an elaboration of the doctrines of the 'Mayflower compact,' but much of the thought and language previously expressed in the Virginia 'Bill of Rights,' adopted on the 12th of June, 1776, subsequently repeated in the 'Articles of Confederation' in 1781, and finally incorporated in the Constitution of 1787, the organic instrument of government which we are about to consider as the Federal Constitution of the United States.

This great work of the 'Fathers of the Republic,' as they are reverently called, the American people have always been taught to regard as 'a monument of human wisdom,' second only in sanctity to

'the Covenant which the Lord gave unto Moses.' It was not the product of a day, but the result of long and patient labour; and its operations were designed, not for a generation, but for all time. *Esto perpetua* was its original motto. It is thoroughly imbued with the intelligent liberalism of the most advanced governments of the epoch; and salted, if we may use the expression, by every 'saving clause' which could be gathered from the records of antecedent legislation. Grecian justice and Roman liberty, the serene and hopeful soul of Plato, and the brave and independent spirit of Brutus, meet and mingle as elemental constituents in this great provision—and prevision, we may add, of self-government. It may justly be regarded as the net result—the sum total of all that the world at that time knew of the philosophy of human government—the fruit of a political experience extending back to the misty morning of the 'Mosaic dispensation.' The constitutions of monarchies, as well as of republics, ancient and modern, were distilled, as it were, in order to discover a sort of political elixir for the grand experiment of a new democracy in a new world. Each of the Sovereign States about to be confederated contributed something in the way of provision or suggestion from its own constitution; while all were anxiously watching the process of formation which was to embody and crystallize the *ne plus ultra* system of free government. Long was the labour, excited the discussions, fearful the forebodings, and fervent the prayers that brought forth the model constitution of 'the model Republic.' Contrasting that period with this, one can hardly help repeating the sad conclusion of the poet—

A thousand years scarce serve to form a State,  
An hour may lay it in the dust.

Let us briefly glance at the history of the formation of the Federal Constitution.

The revolution is successful; the Seven Years' War is ended; the



independence of the United Colonies is achieved. In 1783 the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain is signed, and the national existence of the United States is acknowledged and recognised by Foreign Powers. On the 17th of September, 1787, after a session of four months, the Congress of the United States completed and adopted the Federal Constitution as it now is, with the exception of certain 'amendments' that have from time to time been added. The casual or careless reader of history is apt to confound the 'Articles of Confederation' of 1781 with the Constitution of 1787. The former, although intended to effect 'a perpetual union' after serving as a treaty of alliance during the war, were entirely superseded by the Constitution of 1787, although the latter retained much of the spirit and letter of the original 'Articles.' As an illustration of this identity of principle and language we quote, of the 'Confederation,'—

*Article II.* 'Each State retains its sovereignty, freedom, and independence; and every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not by this Confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled.'

And from the Constitution of the United States, of the 'amendments' added before its adoption—

*Article X.* 'The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.'

These, it may be observed, are the texts from which the State Rights party, or Secessionists, derive their constitutional authority for dissolving the Union. The reasons for abrogating the 'Articles of Confederation,' which were altogether too loosely and vaguely framed for practical operation as organic laws, are thus briefly stated in the 'preamble' to the Constitution:—

'We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, provide

for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.'

The Constitution then proceeds with the usual formalities to create the Government, which is divided into three departments—legislative, executive, and judicial—explicitly defining the powers and duties of each. There shall be a Federal Senate and House of Representatives. No person shall be a representative who is under twenty-five years of age, and who has not been seven years a citizen of the United States. The number of representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand inhabitants; but each State shall have at least one representative. The House of Representatives shall choose their own Speaker, and it shall have the sole power of impeachment. The Senate shall be composed of two members from each State, elected for six years by the Legislature thereof. The Senators and Representatives shall receive a compensation for their services, to be paid out of the treasury of the United States. The powers of Congress are limited to specific subjects of legislation. To lay taxes and levy duties for the common defence and welfare, to coin and to borrow money, to establish post-offices and post routes, to declare war, to raise armies, to provide a navy, to regulate foreign relations, &c. &c. The executive power is invested in the President, who shall be elected for four years. He must be a native-born citizen, not under thirty-five years, and for fourteen years a resident within the United States. Before entering on the execution of his office, he must take the following oath:—

'I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.' He is commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States, and of the militia of the

several States, when called into the actual service of the United States. The Vice-President is *ex officio* President of the Senate.

The Judicial power of the United States is invested in 'one Supreme Court, and such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish.' The judges shall hold their offices during good behaviour, and shall receive a compensation, which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office.

Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court. No attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted. The Constitution guarantees a republican form of government to each State, and provides for its own amendments. It prohibits titles of nobility; prescribes the modes of electing and appointing Federal officers; and enacts the 'Fugitive Slave Law,' thereby recognising the right of property in slaves by the following clause of Article IV., section 2—'No person held to service or labour in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labour may be due.' We allude to these main features of the Federal Constitution, not for the purpose of criticism, but merely to refresh the memory of the reader. To relate when, how, and why it was adopted, to point out some of its practical defects, and to note the changes in the new Constitution of the 'Confederate States of America,' is the more immediate object of the present essay. The Constitution of 1787, which is the present Constitution of the United States, was formed by a Convention, presided

over by George Washington, a deputy from Virginia, and embraced the honoured names of many 'revolutionary sires' who had already 'made themselves immortal' by signing the 'Declaration of Independence.' These patriotic men were literally the 'Fathers of the Republic,' whose degenerate sons, rejoicing in their inheritance of fame, still claim to rank among the aristocracy of America, in spite of the more brilliant attractions of the order of 'El Dorado,' and the popular preference for the 'Almighty Dollar.' In reporting the Constitution to the Federal Congress, Washington wrote officially a memorable letter, replete with the wisdom of the deliberative body over which he had so long and with such patient dignity presided, from which we quote the concluding portion. 'In all our deliberations on this subject, we kept steadily in our view that which appears to us the greatest interest of every true American—the consolidation of our union—in which is involved our prosperity, felicity, safety, perhaps our national existence. This important consideration, seriously and deeply impressed on our minds, led each State in the Convention to be less rigid on points of inferior magnitude than might have been otherwise expected; and thus the Constitution which we now present is the result of a spirit of unity, and of that mutual deference and concession, which the peculiarity of our political situation rendered indispensable. That it will meet the full and entire approbation of every State is not, perhaps, to be expected; but each will doubtless conclude, that had her interest been alone consulted, the consequences might have been particularly disagreeable or injurious to others. That it is liable to as few exceptions as could reasonably have been expected, we hope and believe; that it may promote the lasting welfare of that country so dear to us all, and secure her freedom and happiness, is our most ardent wish.' These words of wisdom and conciliation, which inspire a new feeling

of reverence as often as we repeat them,—coming from one who had earned the name of ‘The Saviour of his Country,’ the heroic leader of that long and desperate struggle for liberty and peace,—from him who had been baptized with fire on fields of glory, and whom ‘Nature had left childless that his Country might call him Father,’—these words were promptly answered by Congress in the following Resolution:—

*Resolved unanimously*, that the said report, with the Resolutions and Letter accompanying the same, be transmitted to the several legislatures, in order to be submitted to a convention of delegates chosen in each State by the people thereof, in conformity to the resolves of the convention made and provided in that case.’ The last article of the Constitution required that nine out of the thirteen States should accept it in conformity with the above Resolution before the government it created could be legally and finally established; and the Constitution has now to pass the ordeal of popular ratification. The debates which ensued in the local legislatures and conventions when the Federal Constitution was put upon its passage are exceedingly voluminous and interesting; and each State preserves these ‘proceedings’ among its most curious and valuable records. There was no end of argument for and against the Constitution; while the reasons urged for its adoption, rejection, or modification, differed in different sections. On the declaration of independence, the several States formed Constitutions for themselves, or remodelled their existing charters; and while all were aiming to secure the same general object, each had its local peculiarity, or what has since obtained the harder name of ‘sectional prejudice.’ Massachusetts and South Carolina were aboriginal antipodes on many fundamental points of legislation; and it is not necessary to add that the differences between them have been continually widening, until union is impossible, and connexion undesirable. Ten of

the States ratified the Constitution on or before the 26th of June, 1788; while New York, Rhode Island, and North Carolina, obstinately remained out under the organization of 1781, that ‘perpetual union,’ of short duration, formed during the war, for the purpose of self-defence. These ten States, in January, 1789, appointed electors to choose a chief magistrate; and on the 30th of April following, George Washington was elected as the first President of the United States. In the meantime, the State of New York came into the Union, but not in time to take part in the organization of the Government. At this time the original thirteen ‘United Colonies’ constituted three independent Republics. The United States; the State of Rhode Island; and the State of North Carolina. The latter yielded to the federation in November, 1789; and Rhode Island at a still later period. The Government, now fairly in operation, is composed of thirteen ‘sovereign and independent States,’ embracing a population of about 4,000,000, including 700,000 slaves, and 60,000 free negroes. Of the Amendments to the Constitution, proposed by Congress and ratified by the States, we will quote two of the articles which have a special bearing on recent events.

*Article I.* ‘Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.’

*Article IV.* ‘The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated; and no warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the person or things to be seized.’

Readers of the current history of the passing hour know well how



recklessly these provisions of the Constitution have been violated. But the great and all-absorbing question of the moment is that which relates to the inherent powers of the States; to the intent and purpose of the Federal compact; in a word, to the fearfully disputed and desperately contested *right of secession*. Upon this point we will simply adduce a few 'authorities,' including declarations put forth in the Constitutions of the several States, and the opinions of eminent individuals known and respected as 'the Fathers of the Republic.' It is the very first principle asserted by democracy, that all power is derived from, and vested in, the people; that the political right to rule is rather of subterranean than of superterranean origin; and it is the leading dogma of every Republican State in the American Union, that the Federal Government derives all its power by delegated authority from the States which compose it. Here is the subtle point which has employed the tongues and pens of the sophists and casuists, from the formation of the Union in 1781, to its dissolution in 1860. The people are sovereign, the States are sovereign and independent; and the Federal or *Supreme* Government is but an 'agent' of the people, who have instructed the States to delegate to it, the Government of the United States, certain specific powers and prescribed duties! Without entering into the knotty argument involving the Rights of States, we will quote what the States themselves have declared in their own Constitutions. Massachusetts and New Hampshire assert:—

'The people of this commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves as a free, sovereign, and independent State; and do, and for ever hereafter shall, exercise and enjoy every power, jurisdiction, and right which is not, or may not hereafter be, by them expressly *delegated* to the United States of America in Congress assembled.'

South Carolina and Illinois as-

sert—'All power is originally vested in the people; and all free governments are founded on their authority, and are instituted for their peace, safety, and happiness.'

Iowa, California, New Jersey, Minnesota, and Ohio, assert—'All political power is inherent in the people. Government is instituted for the protection, security, and benefit of the people; and they have the right at all times to alter or reform the same whenever the public good may require it.'

Missouri asserts—'That the people of this State have the inherent, sole, and exclusive right of regulating the internal government and police thereof, and of altering and abolishing their Constitution and form of government, whenever it may be necessary to their safety and happiness.'

The Virginia Constitution adopted in 1851, asserts—'That government is, or ought to be, instituted for the common benefit, protection, and security of the people, nation, or community; of all the various modes and forms of government, that is best which is capable of producing the greatest degree of happiness and safety, and is most effectually secured against the dangers of maladministration; and that when any government shall be found inadequate, or contrary to these purposes, a majority of the community hath an indubitable, inalienable, and infeasible right to reform, alter, or abolish it, in such manner as shall be judged most conducive to the public weal.'

Maryland asserts—'That all government of right originates from the people, is founded in compact only, and instituted solely for the good of the whole; and they have at all times, according to the mode prescribed in this Constitution, the inalienable right to alter, reform, or abolish their forms of government, in such manner as they may deem expedient.'

Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana, Arkansas, Oregon, and Maine, assert—'That all power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on

their authority, and instituted for their peace, safety, and happiness; for the advancement of these ends, they have at all times an inalienable and indefeasible right to alter, reform, or abolish their Government in such manner as they may think proper.'

Connecticut, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Texas, assert—'That all political power is inherent in the people, and all free Governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their benefit; and that they have at all times an undeniable and indefeasible right to alter their form of Government in such manner as they may think expedient.' These unanimous and repeated declarations of the States, as they formally entered the Union one after another, until the Federated family grew from thirteen to thirty-four, are sufficiently explicit upon the Democratic theory of the right of the people to govern themselves. In regard to the nature, intent, and durability of the Federal compact, let us seek an exposition in the opinions of 'the Fathers.'

Ellsworth, of Connecticut, who early foresaw the danger of conflict between two co-existent sovereignties, in his speech before the Convention, in 1788, says:—'This Constitution does not attempt to coerce sovereign bodies, States in their political capacity. No coercion is applicable to such bodies but that of an armed force. If we should attempt to execute the laws of the Union by sending an armed force against a delinquent State, it would involve the good and bad, the innocent and guilty, in the same calamity. But *legal* coercion singles out the guilty individual, and punishes *him* for breaking the laws of the Union.' Sherman, of the same State, and on the same occasion, says:—'The Government of the United States being Federal, and instituted by a number of sovereign States for the better security of their rights and the advancement of their interests, they may be considered as so many pillars to support it; and by the exercise of the State Governments,

peace and good order may be preserved in the place most remote from the seat of the Federal Government, as well as at the centre.'

Chief Justice Law says:—'This General Government rests upon the State Governments for its support. It is like a vast and magnificent bridge, built upon thirteen strong and stately pillars: now, the rulers who occupy the bridge cannot be so beside themselves as to knock away the pillars which support the whole fabric.'

Alexander Hamilton, whose conservative mind inclined to consolidation, admits that—'Each State possesses in itself *full* power of Government, and can at once, in a regular way, take measures for the preservation of its rights. It can enter into a regular plan of defence with the forces of the community at its command; it can immediately form connexions with its neighbours, or even with foreign powers, if necessary.'

Mr. Coxe, a member of the Philadelphia Convention, and a strong advocate for the adoption of the Constitution, says:—'As under the old, so under the new Federal Constitution, the Thirteen United States were not intended to be, and really are not, consolidated in such manner as to absorb or destroy the sovereignties of the several States.'

The eloquent Patrick Henry, of Virginia, whose clarion voice hurried thousands to the battle fields of the Revolution, strenuously opposed the adoption of the Constitution, which he thought had 'an awful squinting towards monarchy.' In speaking of the powers conferred on the President, he says—'Can he not, at the head of his army, beat down every opposition! Away with your President! We shall have a *King*; the army will salute him monarch; your militia will leave you, and assist in making him King, and fight against you: And what have you to oppose to this force? What will then become of your rights? *Will not absolute despotism ensue?*'

Randolph, of the same State, said—'Although coercion is an indispensable ingredient, it ought not

to be directed against a State, as a State, it being impossible to attempt it, except by blockading the trade of the delinquent, or carrying war into its bowels. Even if these violent scenes were attempted, both of them might perhaps be defeated by the scantiness of the public chest.' [Mr. Chase's paper-mill was not invented yet.] 'But how shall we speak of the intrusion of troops? Shall we arm citizens against citizens, and habituate them to shed kindred blood? Shall we risk the inflicting of wounds which will generate a rancour never to be subdued? Would there be no room to fear that an army accustomed to fight for the establishment of authority, would salute an emperor of their own? Let us not bring these things into jeopardy.'

And what says Washington, the *Pater Patriæ*?—'I am not a blind admirer (for I saw the imperfections of the Constitution I aided in the birth of before it was handed to the public); but I am fully persuaded it is the best that can be obtained *at this time*; that it is free from many of the imperfections with which it is charged, and that *it, or disunion*, is before us to choose from.'

Benjamin Franklin—of whom it was said, 'the lightnings of heaven yielded to his philosophy'—in his last speech in the Federal Convention says—'I do not entirely approve of this Constitution at present. I agree to this Constitution with all its faults, if they are such, because I think a general government necessary for us, and there is no form of government but what may be a blessing if well administered; and I believe, further, that this is likely to be well administered for a course of years, and can only end in despotism, as other forms have done before it, when the people shall have become so corrupted as to need despotic government, being incapable of any other.' Franklin was a prophet.

Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, said—'The Constitution proposed has few, if any, federal features, but is rather a system of *national* government.'

Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, said—'This Constitution abounds with useful regulations; at the same time, it is liable to strong and fundamental objections.'

Wilson, of Pennsylvania, speaks of the Constitution as 'an act of incorporation;' and Rufus King 'considers it as a *commission*, under which it will be the guardian of State Rights.'

Mr. Madison says—'The powers of the Federal Government are no further *valid* than they are plainly authorized by the Constitution; and in case of the exercise of other powers not granted by that *compact*, the States have a right, and are in duty bound, to interfere.'

John Quincy Adams says—'If the day shall come—may Heaven avert it!—when the affections of the people of these States shall be alienated from each other, when this fraternal spirit shall give way to cold indifference, or collisions of interest shall fester into hatred, then the bonds of political association will not hold together parties no longer attracted by the magnetism of conciliated interests and kindly sympathies; and far better will it be for the people of the disunited States to *part in friendship from each other than to be held together by restraint*.' This is the opinion of one who was President, and whose father was President of the United States, but whose son is now preaching a very different doctrine into the diplomatic ears of the Court of St. James.

Henry Clay, whose noble motto, '*I had rather be right than to be President*,' prevented him from attaining the position for which nature designed him, and to which the better portion of the people nominated him, says—'When my State is right, when it has cause for resistance, when tyranny, and wrong, and oppression insufferable arise, I will share her fortunes.' No one can doubt where the 'gal-lant Harry of the West' would be found, had the calamity which he so long contended against arrived before his manly form was laid to rest in the peaceful shades of Ashland. But it was better that



Cicero should die at his Tusculum than be strangled in the groves of Terracina. Mr. Webster, whose eloquent prayer, that he might close his eyes in death before seeing the 'broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union,' is as familiar as the litany, in speaking of the federal compact, says—'A bargain broken on one side, is broken on all sides.'

James T. Brady, the eloquent New York advocate, recently the Democratic candidate for governor, says, in 1850—'If any number of the States seek to invade the rights of any others, those assailed have the right both to complain and to resist.'

Daniel S. Dickinson, for many years United States Senator for New York, now the Attorney-General of that State, *formerly* declared, with his eye on the Presidential chair—'The Union is not to be maintained by force.'

Chancellor Walworth, of New York, says—'It would be as brutal to send men to butcher their brothers of the Southern States, as it would be to massacre them in the Northern States.'

Senator Breckenridge, of Kentucky, the Southern Democratic candidate for President in 1860, who served as Vice-President under Buchanan, and who is now serving as brigadier-general in the Confederate army, says—'Secession ends our federative system. All the delegated powers revert to the States. *The power to coerce resides nowhere.*'

The Democratic State Convention assembled at Albany, the State capital of New York, in March, 1861, deliberately put forth the following declaration:—'We will oppose any attempt on the part of the Republicans in power to make any armed aggression, under the plea of enforcing the laws, or preserving the Union, upon the Southern States. . . . . The worst and most ineffective argument that can be addressed by the Federal Government or its adhering members to the seceding States is civil war. Civil war will not restore

the Union, but will *defeat for ever its reconstruction.*'

The Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, who has filled with dignity and grace almost every political office in the gift of the people below the very highest, besides filling the pulpit of a Boston church and the President's chair of Harvard University, wrote a letter to the *Boston Courier*, on the 2nd of February, 1861, from which we quote the following sensible and conclusive paragraph:—'To expect to hold fifteen States in the Union by force is preposterous. The idea of civil war, accompanied as it would be by servile insurrection, is too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. If our sister States wish to leave us, in the name of Heaven, let them go in peace.'

It is but just to add, however, that several of these eminent men whose opinions we have quoted, have, since uttering them, fallen victims to the 'war fever,' and are now among the advocates of 'the Union at any cost.' It seems to be as hard for an American politician to resist the current of popular favour, no matter which way, or to what end it may run, as it is for 'them that have riches to enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

We have now briefly glanced at the origin and formation of the Federal Constitution, and cited opinions, sufficient, we think, in number and authority, to enable not only the political student, but the common reader, to interpret the text in the spirit of the writers. From the day of the adoption of this instrument of Government in 1787, to the fateful hour of its dissolution in 1860, the precise intent and purpose of certain clauses and phrases of the Constitution have been themes of perpetual controversy in the Federal Legislature. But amidst all the wrangling, in Congress and out of Congress, between 'strict Constructionists,' 'Latitudinarians,' and 'State Rights' parties, the people of all sections and of all classes have been taught to regard and revere the Supreme Court of the United States, whose opinions should for ever settle the

question of the constitutionality of any act of the Federal Congress, as the ark of the covenant of their liberties. It remained for the party now in power at Washington to raise the first threat of *revolution* against the Supreme Court, in consequence of its recent decision contravening the theories and prejudices of the Northern Abolitionists. Mr. Lincoln, in his electioneering speech in the city of New York, on the 27th of February, 1860, sneered at the decision of the highest judicial tribunal of the Government, in the famous 'Dred Scott case;' and said, 'the Court have decided it in a *sort of way*, by a bare majority of the judges, and they not quite agreeing with one another in the reasons for making it,' &c. &c. He proceeded in this vein of detraction to say that the judges were mistaken in facts, and sought, both by accusation and inuendo, to bring the Supreme Court into popular contempt. No wonder the Conservatives began to feel alarmed, or that the Democratic Convention that nominated Douglas should put forth the following resolution as the first plank in their 'platform:' 'That the Democratic party will abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States on the questions of constitutional law.'

It cannot be denied that the remodelling of the Supreme Court was, and perhaps is, one of the revolutionary dreams of the Republican party.

Whether the Federal Constitution provides for its own destruction, is a question too absurd for grave discussion. It evidently was not intended as a series of articles drawn up for a *limited* partnership. But that the several 'sovereign and independent States' comprising the political league, or compact, or federation, believed in certain 'reserved rights,' no one can reasonably doubt; among these the *right of Secession* is the most prominent and the most important; and neither in the enactments of the Constitution, nor in the opinions of the men who framed it, do we find any law or authority for *coercing* a

sovereign State by the exercise of Federal power. On the contrary, all such propositions were repeatedly voted down in the Convention, and utterly repudiated by the States.

Having now come to the formal, overt act of Secession, by the passage of the Secession ordinance of South Carolina on the 20th December, 1860, and the attack on the Federal fort in the harbour of Charleston on the 12th of April following by the forces of the State, let us refer to the formation and adoption of the new Confederate Constitution, and notice particularly the points in which it differs from the political parentage it so closely resembles.

As a consequence of the triumph of the Republican party in the election of Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States, secession was 'a foregone conclusion.' The election was held in November, and between the two Democratic candidates, Douglas and Breckenridge, the Republican candidate, although in the minority by over a million of votes, was, nevertheless, legally and constitutionally elected. Early in the following month the State of South Carolina openly called a convention for the avowed purpose of seceding from the Union. This convention consisted of 169 members, who, after mature and formal deliberation, unanimously passed the following ordinance, dissolving the tie of allegiance which bound them to the Federal Government:—

'We, the people of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in convention on the 23rd day of May, 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the general assembly of this State, ratifying the amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and the other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved.' This

ordinance was proclaimed to the people, accompanied by a declaration of grievances, and reasons which had compelled them to take this step; and from the moment the cannon of Charleston announced the joyous fact of Secession—for such it was everywhere hailed by the citizens of that State—down to the present hour, the Palmetto people, with absolute unanimity, have religiously believed themselves as free from any law or authority of the United States, as from the Government of Great Britain or of any other foreign power. Repeating the history of her own colonial period, she first put forth a 'declaration of independence,' and then embarked in the desperate 'struggle for liberty.'

On the 9th of January, 1861, the State of Mississippi followed the example of South Carolina; Alabama on the 11th; Florida on the 12th; Georgia on the 19th; Louisiana on the 28th; and Texas on the 1st of February. On the 6th of February, a Congress, composed of these seven seceded States, met at Montgomery, Alabama, and elected Jefferson Davis, late United States senator from Mississippi, provisional President. While this body was actively engaged in organizing the new Government, President Lincoln's administration was inaugurated; and the civil war began by the attack on Fort Sumter, in the harbour of Charleston, on the 12th of April, resulting in the surrender of the Federal troops under Major Anderson, on the following day.

Then came President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men to 'defend the capital;' but fearing that the President intended to make war on the seceded States, Virginia hastened to join her Southern sisters on the 17th of April; Arkansas, on the 6th of May; Tennessee, on the 8th, and North Carolina, on the 20th. The Southern Confederacy, now composed of eleven States, covering an area of 733,645 square miles, and embracing an aggregate population of some 12,000,000, goes to work in serious earnestness to put the machinery of government in

operation; and while the North is preparing to fight for 'empire,' the South solemnly resolves to struggle for 'independence,' adopting the old revolutionary alternative of 'liberty or death.' The first essential act of the new Confederation is the adoption of a Constitution, and this is the 'organic instrument' which we propose somewhat critically to examine, to discover wherein it differs from the Constitution of the United States; and to consider by the light of experience whether these differences are mere alterations or substantial improvements. The Federal Government having been in operation for seventy-five years, its practical defects have been noted; and in some instances obviated by amendments. As the new Confederacy proposes no elemental or radical change in the system of Government, it would seem to be an easy task to remodel the Constitution so as to preserve only its good features while eliminating the bad. And thus the old Constitution, the work of the 'Fathers of the Republic,' three-quarters of a century ago, is thrown into the political crucible at Montgomery; and we have now to look at the result of the refining process placed in our hands by the reformers of the new Confederation.

The Constitution of 'the Confederate States of America' was unanimously adopted by the Provisional Congress at Montgomery, on the 11th March, 1861, and subsequently ratified by the several States in the same manner (but without the hesitation) that we have noticed in the ratification of the Federal Constitution by the original thirteen States. Every step was deliberately and *formally* taken, and in strict accordance with the *precedent* established by the action of the 'United Colonies' in their separation or secession from the Government of Great Britain, so that they who dispute the *right* of secession cannot deny that the action of the seceding States was carefully covered by the forms of law. The 'preamble' of the new Constitution is almost identical in language with that of



the old, except in its invocation of divine 'power and guidance.' It runs thus: 'We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character, in order to form a permanent federal government, establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, invoking the favour and guidance of Almighty God, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the Confederate States of America.' The important political innovation here is the prompt enunciation of the independence and sovereignty of the States—the recognition *ab initio* of the fundamental doctrine of State rights. That the several States composing the Southern Confederacy have entered into a new compact, in the full belief of the right to break it when it becomes oppressive—to secede again when they choose—there can be no room or reason for doubt. Their own example in the past will be their own excuse in the future. But this very understanding, instead of weakening, greatly strengthens the bond of union, as voluntary associations are infinitely stronger than compulsory obligations, and such associations only are compatible with the theory of free government; else that democratic dogma, the corner-stone of Republicanism—'all governments must rest upon the consent of the governed,' is not only a popular absurdity, but an absolute falsehood. The constitution of the Confederacy does not declare the right of secession in explicit terms; this would have been too much like proclaiming the law of divorce at the nuptial altar; but the right is more than implied in the repeated recognition of the 'reserved rights' and 'independent sovereignty' of the individual States. In Article VI. the ground is covered by the following sections:—'The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people of the several States.'

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'The powers not delegated to the Confederate States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people thereof.' The next important changes we notice are the provisions incorporated in the Constitution regulating the institution of negro slavery. The Constitution of the United States recognises and protects slavery, but almost without avowing it. The word *slave* or *slavery* is not used in that instrument. Instead of calling things by their right names, the slave is designated as a 'person bound to service or labour,' who, if absconded or abducted, must be restored to his owner like a runaway horse or a stolen sheep. The framers of the Confederate Constitution, having to grapple with the great fact of the existence of 3,500,000 slaves within their borders, whose labour is the principal source of their prosperity, and whose obedience is vitally essential to the peace and happiness of the community, do not shrink from enacting organic laws for the management of slavery, but treat the subject as political economists, and not as abolition sentimentalists. The latter whine over an evil which they cannot remedy, while the former, by wise and benevolent legislation, seek from the 'partial evil' to educe only 'universal good.' We will quote entire the provisions of the Confederate Constitution relating to the troublesome question of negro slavery.

*Article I., section 9.*—'The importation of negroes of the African race from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States or territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden, and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.'

'Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or territory not belonging to, this Confederacy.'

'No bill of attainder, *ex post facto* law, or law denying or im-

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pairing the right of property in slaves, shall be passed.

*Article IV., Section 2.* — 'The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, and shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of this Confederacy, with their slaves and other property; and the right of property in said slaves shall not thereby be impaired.

'No slave or other person held to service or labour in any State or Territory of the Confederate States, under the laws thereof, escaping or lawfully carried into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labour; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such slave belongs, or to whom such service or labour may be due.'

These enactments constitute all the provisions and safeguards for regulating 'the peculiar institution' to be found in the Constitution of the new Confederacy. They *for ever prohibit the African slave trade*, and render unnecessary any further legislation for the recovery of fugitive slaves or the establishment of 'equal rights in the Territories.' The Constitution proceeds to prohibit the conferring of titles of nobility; the enactment of tariff laws to foster any particular branch of industry; the acceptance of presents or emoluments from any king, prince, or foreign State, by persons holding office under the Government; to protect authors and inventors by copyrights and patents; to render the post-office a self-supporting department; to provide for the election of the Executive and the Legislative body, and the organization of the Supreme Court. In all these provisions, the Constitution of the United States is copied almost literally, section by section. The great departures, and we will add, the great *improvements*, consist in extending the term of the President's office to six years, instead of four, prohibiting his re-election; and the retention in office of all

government *employés*, except Cabinet and Foreign Ministers, during life or good behaviour. It is hardly too much to say that these last reforms, had they been seasonably adopted as 'amendments' to the Constitution of the United States, would have saved the Union for at least the remainder of the present century. Unscrupulous scheming for re-election by the party in power, and the quadrennial scramble of half a million office-seekers for the feast of Federal 'loaves and fishes,' has done more to demoralize the people and to destroy the Republic than all the animosities engendered by anti-slavery agitation and sectional legislation combined. The evils of universal suffrage and the debaucheries of a 'presidential campaign' having recently been discussed in the pages of *Fraser*, we here simply allude to the consequences thereof, without repeating the illustrations.

The theory of government, it will be readily seen, is identical in the Northern and Southern Constitutions. Both are thoroughly democratic, and both are predicated, not only on the capacity of the people for self-government, but on the 'inalienable and indefeasible right' of the people to elect their own rulers, to make their own laws, and we may add, to break them also, whenever it suits their sovereign will and pleasure. The history of empires, ancient and modern, both of monarchies and republics, may be adduced to prove the fact that among the 'reserved rights' of the people, as well as of States, the 'right of revolution' is as indubitable and as practicable as the 'right of the strongest.' While the lion of Democracy sleeps, or merely feeds and fattens, you may bind him with pack-thread, or even accept his quiescence for obedience; but when once aroused by hunger or rage, what to him are legal ties or constitutional restraints when conscious of his strength to break or evade them? Not until that Utopian dream of the prophet is fulfilled—'when the lion shall lie down with the lamb



and a little child shall lead them'—may we expect that a people can be governed simply by reverence for written constitutions or respect for statute laws. Fear, not love; interest, not loyalty,—are the reins that rule the masses.

But it is not our purpose to speculate upon theories of Government, nor to discuss the comparative merits of Monarchism and Republicanism. The Federal Constitution of the United States has been able to stand the test of three quarters of a century. By resorting occasionally to the 'amendment' safety-valve, it has withstood the wear and tear of foreign wars and internal rebellions: the war with England, the war with Mexico; Shay's rebellion, the Whiskey rebellion, the Dorr rebellion, 'Burr's Conspiracy,' the plottings of the Hartford Convention, the annexation of Texas, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and other great questions which rocked the Republic from centre to circumference; and even now, while undergoing the fiery trial of civil war on a scale of magnitude that the world has never before witnessed, there is no reason for pronouncing the Constitution a failure, or the Republic a mistake. The fault is not so much in the system of government as in the mode of administration. And it cannot be too often repeated, that the war now in progress is not a war waged for a change in the form of Government; but simply for an independent administration of the *same form by friendly hands*.

With the exception of the few important alterations we have noticed, the Constitution of the Confederate States retains the very letter and spirit of its prototype in all the essential provisions for constituting a government. These alterations have been acknowledged as 'improvements' by many Northern writers; and it has even been suggested that the North should propose to end the war and restore the Union by adopting the Confederate Constitution in place of its own, or by adding all the improvements of the new Constitution

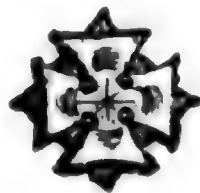
to the amendments of the old one. But even this concession would not satisfy the South (with the Confederate Administration included), who are unanimously and inexorably resolved never again to associate with their enemies as members of the same political family. In carefully considering the merits of the Confederate Constitution, we find but one prominent objectionable feature, and that is, the retention of the old system of choosing the President and Vice-President by that clumsy go-between body styled 'the Electoral College'—an undemocratic mode of election, which deprives the people of the pleasant privilege of voting *direct* for the candidate of their choice. These Presidential electors are chosen by the people of the several States, in number equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which each State is entitled. The State of New York, for instance, with its thirty-five Congressional representatives and two United States senators, must have thirty-seven Presidential electors, who are chosen by ballot by the people. These electors meet on a subsequent day, and vote by ballot for President and Vice-President. On the meeting of Congress the vote of each State is opened in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, when the result of the election is officially declared. It is enough to say, in condemnation of this system, that the 'electors' *may* betray their trust, and thereby thwart the will of the people. It would be simpler, safer, and much more satisfactory to the people, to cast their votes direct for the President; and as to any practical objections against this mode of election, we confess that we have neither been able to discover nor to imagine them. Let us take, for example, the experience of the United States. We find as a general rule two, and only two great political parties in the field—the party in Power, and the party in Opposition, struggling to get into power; or, to borrow the names of the moment, Republicans and De-



mocrats. The division runs through all the States, and draws its line through every city, town, village, and hamlet, often arraying against each other 'two of the same household.' As the time for the Presidential election approaches, party lines are drawn close, and party spirit runs high. Each man's preference is to be ultimately and effectively declared by his vote. To deposit a ballot for the candidate of his choosing, or of his party's choosing, is the one object to be secured, and the *modus operandi*, according to the system we have suggested, is simply this: each State sends delegates to the National Convention, Republican and Democratic, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency; then on the day of election each voter may cast his ballot for the nominee of his party, although this may not always happen to be the man of his choice. Few individuals can ever reasonably hope to see their personal favourites presidents. This mode of election would do away with the 'electoral college,' an unnecessary wheel in the machinery of government, which one half of the people do not understand, and the other half can give no good reason for retaining.

As the Southern Constitution provides that 'by the demand of three States legally assembled in their several Conventions, the Congress shall summon a Conven-

tion of all the States to take into consideration such amendments to the Constitution as the said States shall concur in suggesting,' there will not be much difficulty in getting constitutionally rid of this fifth-wheel-to-a-coach encumbrance of the 'electoral college.' That being done, we have no fault to find with the Constitution of the Confederacy *as it is*. Admitting the theory of self-government upon which this Constitution is founded to be the best possible system for 'promoting the greatest good of the greatest number,' we know not where to look for anything wiser or freer in the shape of an organic instrument of Government. It contains the saving element of English Conservatism, strained, as it were, through the hands of Washington and Hamilton, with a liberal infusion of the Democracy of France administered by Jefferson, Madison, and Munroe. Conservative, yet elastic, it restrains, without oppressing; and protects, without infringing, the equal rights and liberties of an equal people. It is eminently calculated in every provision and feature to 'establish justice, ensure domestic tranquillity, and to secure the blessings of liberty' to present and future generations; 'a combination and a form' of Government that the proudest citizen of the Confederacy may be equally proud to administer or support, to execute or obey. ESTO PERPETUA.



## NOTES FROM NUMIDIA—THE 'GRANDE KABYLIE.'

THE district which the French, somewhat grandiloquently, call 'La Grande Kabylie,' is a rugged mountainous region, lying partly in the province of Algiers, partly in that of Constantina. It may be roughly described as a quadrilateral, about eighty miles by sixty in extent, bounded on its north side by the Mediterranean, on the south by the great plain of the Medjana, so famous all through North Africa for its breed of horses; on the west by the stream of the Isser, and on the east by the high road from Setif to Bugia. Its limits are further defined by the position of four rather important French settlements, one at each corner; Dellys and Bugia at the north-west and north-east, Aumale and Setif at the south-west and south-east. Within these boundaries lies the country which, both as regards its scenery and the character and institutions of its inhabitants, may claim to be considered the Switzerland of North Africa. The noble chain of the Djebel Djurjura, with peaks rising more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, runs diagonally from the south-western angle, near Aumale, to the north-eastern, where it terminates with the Mount Gouraya and Cape Carbon, just above Bugia. North and south of this chain lie two main lines of valley, that of the Sahel on the south, that of Sebaou on the north. These are the leading geographical features of the Great Kabylia. The rest of its area is a wild confusion of lofty mountain ridges, each with a village perched upon its extremest point, and separated from its neighbour by a deep dark ravine, whose sides are clothed with tangled thickets of evergreen oak or luxuriant groves of fig and olive. So much for the general aspect of the country. It is inhabited by a race that in almost every particular presents a strong contrast to the Arab of the plains below. The Arab is lithe and slender in figure, and generally of an aquiline cast of countenance; the Kabyle is squarely and sturdily

built, rather broad-faced, and with a nose of the type which is described as 'ordinaire' on a French passport. The normal state of the Arab is that of a wanderer and a dweller in tents: he has no instinctive attachment to the soil, and when he does take to a settled life, it is as it were under protest; contenting himself with an unsubstantial and flimsy dwelling, and bestowing no more labour on the ground than is required to raise him a scanty crop of barley. The Kabyle, on the other hand, clings as tightly to his rocks as a limpet: he builds himself a comfortable, substantial house, with stone walls and a tiled roof, and changes the rough mountain side into a rich garden. The Arab hates labour, and has few manufactures; the Kabyle is industrious, and a clever handicraftsman, especially in the working of metals. The Arab lies freely and objectlessly, and pilfers for the love of pilfering: his statement is valueless, except as a means of arriving at the truth by a kind of inductive process. The Kabyle, as a general rule, tells the truth, and, unless you are at enmity with him, respects your property. He will make a hard bargain with you, but, once made, he will keep to it; unlike the Arab, who, if you leave him a loophole, will wriggle out through it. With strangers there is a mixture of shyness and obsequiousness in the Arab's behaviour, while about the Kabyle there is an unmistakeable air of independence and self-reliance, as if he did not much care what you thought about him. In short, there is little or nothing of the Asiatic about the Kabyle. Even his Mahometanism is of an unoriental cast. Though he does not deny the lawfulness of polygamy, he considers that on the whole a man ought to be content with one wife, and admits the woman to be a perfectly rational being, quite fit to be entrusted with her liberty, deserving of social equality, and not born to do more than her fair share of the work of the household. His form of govern-

ment is essentially democratic: the Amin, who corresponds generally to the sheik among the Arabs, is elected by the universal suffrage of his village. The Amins of all the villages of a tribe form its parliament; and one of their number, elected by themselves, acts as the chief of the whole tribe—the head magistrate in peace, and commander of the forces in war. The tribes, again, bind themselves together by a 'soff,' or league, offensive and defensive; so that, as General Daumas says, 'politically speaking, the Kabylie is a kind of savage Switzerland.' It is to this federal organization of the tribes that he, as well as Jules Gérard, traces the origin of the name, which in its Arabic form of K'baïl signifies nothing more than 'The Tribes.'

It is far more easy to say what the Kabyle is not than what he is. Whatever he may be, he certainly is not a member of the Arab family. He is, geologically speaking, the oldest formation among the many strata of which the population of North Africa is composed. He may be the descendant of some of the ancient Libyan tribes mentioned by Herodotus, or of the Massyli, Masæsylli, and others found in occupation by the Romans, or of the Vandals driven into the mountains by Belisarius, or the offspring of a mixture of all these; but at any rate he dates from a period earlier than that of the invasion of Africa by the Saracens. In default of any positive evidence, it must be confessed there is a certain amount of probability on the side of the Vandalic theory. Unless the Vandals were completely exterminated, or absorbed by the Arab invaders—neither of which hypotheses is at all a likely one—they are still to be found in North Africa. It is true the same argument holds good with respect to the Libyans, ancient Numidians, and others; but then we have the Touaregs, the Chaambi, the Beni-Mزابites, and several other Desert and Sahara tribes, quite distinct from the Arab, and much more probable representatives of the

older peoples of Barbary than the Kabyles. Assuming, then, that there is somewhere the conquered remnant of a Gothic race, where are we so likely to find it as in the fastnesses of the mountains? But wherever, all through North Africa, the mountains are highest and steepest, there we do find a people with a number of characteristics, physical as well as moral, which are decidedly Gothic, and whose tradition besides generally points to a Northern origin.

La Grande Kabylie owes its title and its importance to its position. The other mountain districts inhabited by the Kabyles, such as the Auress, for instance, have given the French but little trouble. They lie out of the way, and it was never worth while taking any extraordinary pains about their complete subjugation. With the Grande Kabylie it was quite otherwise. Here was a compact mountain stronghold, lying just between the two most important French settlements, Algiers and Constantina, and held by a sturdy independent race of mountaineers, who had defied the Arabs, from whom the Turks had never been able to get a penny of tribute, and who showed no disposition to be more submissive to the Turks' successors. This was a state of things 'most tolerable and not to be endured,' especially when, on the other side, there was an army in prime fighting condition and in want of work. We need read but little history to know what must inevitably happen under such a combination of circumstances, nor can we honestly blame the French for looking on the conquest of the Kabylie as an absolute necessity. Any other nation in the same position would have done the same, and very likely the Kabyles were lawless and troublesome. But it was not until the end of the year 1857, after more than one hardly fought campaign, in which many a village was pillaged and burned, and many a mountain ridge crossed with severe loss to the conquerors, that the last Kabyle tribe gave in its submission, and his Majesty the Em-



peror of the French reigned supreme from Algiers to Constantine.

For the better suppression of any reactionary movements on the part of the Kabyles, the French have established several military posts in and around their country. Besides Aumale, Setif, Dellys, and Bugia, which are always well garrisoned, they have in the very heart of the Kabylie, Beni Mansour, Dra el Mzan, and Fort Napoleon, a strongly fortified permanent camp, fixed on the summit of one of the northern spurs of the Djurjura, the establishment of which is admitted by the tribes themselves to have given the deathblow to Kabyle independence. On the south side, the Kabylie is held in check by the euphoniously named fortress of Borj-bou-Areridj. To an unscientific eye it does not seem a particularly formidable fortress. As you approach from the side of Setif, it has an absurd burlesque likeness to Stirling Castle. Out of the bare brown dusty plain which stretches away for miles on every side, there rises a kind of hillock or heap at least five-and-twenty feet high, on the top of which sits a little fort defying creation. But, if not well calculated for inspiring fear abroad, it is very imposing in its own immediate circle, like some men who make up for their want of weight with the world by an overbearing demeanour at home. Round about the base of the mound, which is planted with sticks that have hitherto shown no disposition to become trees, and is, further, strewn with a profusion of broken glass, suggesting that at some period in its history the citadel suffered a bombardment of empty bottles, there is clustered a meek village of subdued white houses, to all appearance so effectually snubbed that they have hardly spirit for more than one story. Upon these the fort looks down with a severity of loop-hole and battlement that shows it is determined to be respected here, whatever the Kabyles yonder may think of it. Odds bombshells! it is not a fort to be trifled with, and Mr. Bach Hammar the butcher, and the keeper

of the baths, and the two rival café proprietors, the leading citizens, had better mind what they are about, and not attempt to incite the populace to insurrectionary proceedings, or their shops will be about their ears in five minutes.

One of these houses has sufficient self-assertion left to call itself a hotel, trusting to its ability to make up two beds, and its possession of a bar and a hen-coop, to support the character. Here, as Borj-bou-Areridj is a good starting point for a journey through the Kabylie, I took up my quarters, intending to remain no longer than was necessary to charter a mule and guide, and lay in provisions for the expedition. But mules were scarce, and their owners disinclined to hire them out for even a two days' journey into the Kabyle mountains; so I stayed on at Borj day after day, living upon hens and the hope of deliverance. The dreariness of the place was of itself a sufficient reason for being anxious to quit it, but I had yet another in the penitentiary for fowls just mentioned. Not that I objected to a poultry diet; the traveller in out-of-the-way places in North Africa must take what he can get, and be thankful, even though he may find that 'fare is fowl' to a monotonous extent. The fact is, I found myself steadily eating my way through the occupants of the coop up to a certain elderly bird whose figure promised a toughness such as I had never yet encountered, and I vowed to submit to almost any extortion in the way of mule-hire, rather than regale on his accursed carcase. Like the prisoner of Chillon, this old cock had been so long in confinement that he had become quite used to it, for death, as the Arabs put it, 'would not accept of him' by reason of his extreme unfitness for the table. Day by day he saw his plumper and worthier companions carried off, but the fact that they were taken, and he left, excited no thankful feeling in his obdurate breast. On the contrary, I think it made him arrogant and self-conceited. He

ascribed to his merits what was due simply to his seniority, and contemplated the future with the eye of a sceptic and a materialist. Being a bird of advanced opinions, he had shaken off that prejudice of his race which makes crowing a ceremony connected with daybreak, and took a purely secular and sensual view of the matter, crowing all through the night whenever the whim seized him, and treating it as a branch of the fine arts in which he obviously considered himself a proficient. There was something, too, peculiarly aggravating about his crow. It was always delivered in two parts, the first addressed to the world in general; the second, a kind of self-satisfied confidential clucking, to himself and those in his immediate neighbourhood, as much as to say, 'there! and now perhaps you'll furnish me with the name and address of any cock you know of that can turn out a crow like that.' In short, while he was an impending fate, a Damocles' sword, by day, he was as bad as a troubled conscience by night, for the head of my bed was within three feet of his dungeon, and more than once I thought it would be almost as well to eat him and have done with him. I might escape with dyspepsia. But vengeance, though long delayed, came at last. Day by day I saw my fate approaching, like the ceiling in that horrible story of 'The Iron Shroud,' until one night I found that not a single fowl remained between me and the old rooster, and I 'bitterly thought of the morrow' and the morrow's breakfast. As for him, the nearness of his last necessity brought no nearer conformity unto it, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, and his last hours on earth were spent in reckless and indecent riot. But some time after midnight the house was roused up by the arrival of two belated travellers from Aumale. With—to quote the words of the poet—feelings that can be more easily imagined than described, I heard the demand made as to what there was for supper, and the answer given that fowl was available,

and shortly after, just outside my door, the shrieks and struggles of the expiring cock told me I was saved and avenged. The travellers, as it afterwards appeared, survived the night, for I met them next morning at breakfast, which was an inferior meal, but, they affirmed, far better than their supper, for, said they, 'les poulets de ce pays-ci sont affreusement durs.'

I mention this old cock because it is to him that, to some extent, I owe a pleasant excursion, and something of an adventure. Weary of hearing him singing his own praises, and of the monotony of Borj-bou-Areridj generally, I determined to go abroad in search of excitement. About ten miles to the south of the village there rises a noble mountain range, called on the map the Djebel Khellouf, but mentioned by Dr. Shaw as the 'Jibbel I'ate,' which separates the plain of the Medjana from the Sahara. From an inspection with the telescope, and 'from information which I received,' it seemed probable that a day or two might be spent in exploring its wilds with at least as much pleasure and advantage as in watching the manoeuvres of the soldiers in the barrack, or the bargainings of the Arabs in the market-place. An arrangement was accordingly made with an Arab who had no objection to let out his mule for a short job. He was to deposit me and provisions for a couple of days at a certain spot on the mountain-side which he professed to know intimately, where there was a camp of French woodcutters and charcoal-burners. Here I proposed to remain as long as meat and drink lasted, and then return on foot. The plan was a simple one enough, but unfortunately its execution depended on the statement of an Arab. For seven or eight hours we plodded onwards and upwards under the shade of the mighty cedars which clothe the mountain from base to summit, without coming upon a sign of camp or woodcutters. This seemed strange, and turning to my guide for an explanation, I perceived that his



face, which in the morning had beamed with confidence and self-esteem, now wore a rather puzzled and dejected expression. It was easy to see how matters stood, and after a little cross-examination, it came out that he had never been on the mountain before, and knew nothing whatever of the camp except by hearsay. He swore stoutly, however, that it was somewhere in our neighbourhood; so stoutly that had I not had the word of others for it, I should unquestionably have doubted its existence. When in doubt, lead trumps, says Hoyle; when in a difficulty, take refreshment, is the corresponding maxim for the mountaineer. It helps to remove irritation, makes you take a philosophical view of your position, and gives you time to think. Thus fortified, I resolved to push on for the highest point of the mountain, which rose just above our heads, leaving the guide and his beast to follow at their own leisurely pace, and there look out for smoke ascending through the trees, or any other signs of human life. If there was nothing of the sort to be seen, it was clear we must make up our minds for a bivouac, for to return was out of the question. And nothing of the sort was to be seen. There were fidgety mountain partridges running in and out of the brushwood below, and a pair of stately lammersgeiers wheeling in wide circles high over head, but these were the only signs of life within the visible horizon. Right and left stretched the great cedar forest, filling up the glens with dense masses of dark green, forming broad shelves of foliage along the steep sides of the ravines, lying sparse and thin on the bleak summits where gnarled stems and bleached tree-skeletons showed how storms swept over the Atlas, but everywhere grim, still, and silent. And for stillness and silence, there is no place like a cedar forest. On the sultriest, most breezeless day, there is always a stir and a whisper among the leaves of the oak and the needles of the pine; but the cedar is a tree not susceptible of the

gentler emotions. He may writhe and groan under a storm, but he is far too rigid to yield to the blandishments of a zephyr. Go, gentle gales, and play with the fair young beech or the light quivering aspen; he is too grave, and stiff, and old for such trifling. 'Passez, jeunes filles, passez;' was he not the patriarch of the woods when Solomon went forth to study botany?

On descending, I found that mule and guide had disappeared. My first impression, of course, was that the miscreant had bolted with my plaid and the provisions, and I felt rather in a fix. A night under the greenwood tree is no very great evil in fine weather, but then it is as well to have some creature comforts beyond a lump of bread, a half empty dram flask, and some tobacco, which were all the stores I had. On second thoughts, however, I felt it was absurd to fancy that even an Arab would think it worth his while to make off with such paltry plunder, especially when he was certain to be caught sooner or later. A free expenditure of breath in shouting at last brought an answer from below; and I perceived my friend making for a kind of col or depression in the ridge, obviously with the intention of crossing over to the other side. On rejoining him and asking what he was about, I found he was utterly opposed to camping in the woods. It was not to be thought of, he argued, on account of the cold at night, and certain lawless Arabs who pervaded these mountains, not to speak of lions and panthers. But on the other side there were honest and civil Arabs, who would gladly give us shelter and kous-kous. Well, perhaps a tent was better than a tree if it rained, and perhaps the woods were not safe, though I more than suspected at the time what I afterwards found to be the case, that his description of the dangers was largely embellished with the Oriental figure, 'bosh.' The woodcutters, whom we did find the next day, had never seen or heard lion or panther during their residence in the forest, and were of opinion



that the Arabs who were about were not a bit worse than any other Arabs. As we crossed the col before-mentioned, we had a wonderful scene before us. As far as the eye could reach to the south and west, the vast plain of the Sahara lay spread out, a great yellow sea, into which the sun was sinking like a disk of burnished copper. A strange reddish haze, as if the air was saturated with desert sand, hung all along the horizon. Many miles away to the south was a long shining strip which I knew must be the great lake of Msilah, the largest in that chain of salt lakes which runs across the Sahara from the Gulf of Cades to the Morocco frontier. Below us the mountain side went down steeply for some distance, and then broke off into a series of bluffs and buttresses, separated by deep grassy valleys. Down one of these we travelled, and presently we came on one of the honest civil Arabs, leading home his goats. He was evidently puzzled at my guide's proposition about lodging in the tents of his tribe, but he raised no particular objection; and before long we came in sight of the encampment to which he belonged.

I had no means of ascertaining what were the statements made by my guide in introducing me to the notice of the authorities, but I have reason to believe that the tone he adopted was very much that of a popular instructor wishing to secure some provincial town-hall, and the interest of the mayor and corporation, for a lecture which he proposed to deliver to the inhabitants. I do not mean to disparage the hospitality of our worthy hosts, and I have no doubt that had I been alone and unIntroduced I should have been just as well treated; but, as matters stood, it was quite plain that my muleteer—my keeper, perhaps, I ought to say—put me on the footing of an 'object of interest' rather than of a guest. It must be admitted there were certain temptations before him. Europeans are very scarce in those parts of the mountains; and it is by no means unlikely this

was the first time anything of the sort had ever been seen in that valley, and that at least one half of the people of the camp had never before had an opportunity of examining closely a specimen of that variety of the human race. As a mere belated traveller in search of lodging and refreshment, he was nothing. He had simply a claim to food and shelter. But as the proprietor of an ethnological curiosity he became a person of importance; he was entitled to consideration, and might converse even with sheiks as an equal.

For myself, as Captain Gulliver says, 'I considered myself to be a perfect stranger in the country; and that such a misfortune could never be charged upon me as a reproach,' so I submitted, and was docile, and I hope instructive. But ever since I have had a fellow-feeling for dwarfs, giants, Bosjesmans, Aztecs, fat boys, albinos, pig-faced ladies, and all other fellow-creatures who are exhibited on account of their abnormal appearance. I go to see them much oftener than before, and when I see the poor creature walking round and trying to look as if he did not mind it, I feel tempted to say, 'O Giant!—O Fat Boy!—there is one here who can sympathize with you: there is one here who knows the effect of fifty eyes staring at you "with a wild surmise"—who has experienced what it is to contemplate some two dozen faces, each saying, as plain as expression can say it, "Well, I don't wish to be personal, but you are a queer-looking object."' I should have liked to remain outside, for the scene had its picturesque points,—the circle of low black tents, the gaunt wild-looking figures of the Arabs, stalking about, or sitting in clusters, and eyeing us curiously from under the hoods of their bournouses; the flocks coming trooping in to camp for the night, and the great mountain range behind us growing black as the light faded from the sky. But my exhibitor would not permit it. He evidently thought that, like the giant in the *Old Curiosity Shop*,

who took to sweeping a crossing, I was making myself common and injuring him, and he insisted on retiring to one of the tents.

At first I was on what may be called private view, at least only a few of the elders of the camp were admitted, who examined with much interest my knife, watch, revolver, and especially a pocket compass, which I fear was explained to them as a Christian talisman by means of which a man might travel to Mecca, or Algiers, or Timbuctoo, without once asking the way; my guide all the time giving a popular sketch of European manners and customs—as I inferred from his frequent employment of the word ‘Roumi’—and using me as an illustration. The general public began to drop in afterwards, but there was no provision for admitting children at half-price—perhaps the Arab paterfamilias did not think me an improving spectacle—and the younger members of the community were driven to taking surreptitious glimpses of the performance under the edge of the tent, which materially improved the ventilation. For some time I continued drawing crowded tents; but at last, owing no doubt to the fact that every one belonging to the camp had been in, the popular excitement seemed to be dying away; and then my spirited proprietor got up the startling novelty of supper. This made quite a sensation scene, especially when the wine bottle was produced, as it was with some remarks which were, I have no doubt, to the following effect:—‘And now, O children of Abd-Allah, or Ben-Daoud (or whatever the name of the tribe was), this descendant of Roumi jackasses, whom I have caught and brought here for your amusement at enormous expense, will drink *el shrab*, the abominable beverage of the Christians—(may the grave of its inventor be defiled). Although he is a drunkard by habit, his manners is mild and pleasing, and at the end of the performance he will shake hands with any lady or gentleman that desires it.’

But perhaps the most brilliant stroke of all was getting me to

eat some kous-kous, which I was obliged to do, although loth, to avoid giving offence. In a well-regulated Arab establishment, where they have a professed cook, kous-kous, I am told, is far from unpalatable. It is wheaten flour, rolled by the hands into compact pellets about the size of duck-shot, then boiled, and served up with milk, butter, or grease of some sort. But the worthy people in whose tent we were, being simply country-folk, did not keep an artiste—a plainer cook I never saw—and the process and the result were not appetizing. The kous-kous looked and smelt just like a mess of brewer’s grains seasoned with train oil, and was turned out into a huge wooden bowl, round which the family squatted. Not the ladies, of course: they had nothing to do with the dish, except preparing it. Wooden spoons were served out in the proportion of one to every six *convives*; but I observed that the correct way of feeding was to plunge your hand into the mass, grasp a handful, give it a good squeeze to get rid of the extra grease, and cram it down your throat. One old fellow who sat next me, and was evidently a man accustomed to good society, always used his long grey beard in the light of a napkin after each handful. I had prospected a little digging of my own in an untouched part of the heap, and was making a great show of appetite; but this old gentleman thrust his venerable paw up to the wrist into the hole I had been feeding out of, and I had to give up, and explain that I found kous-kous, like pork pie, very filling at the price. A great deal of it, however, disappeared before the Arabs were filled.

A night in an Arab tent by no means partakes of the peace and calm which are supposed to belong to pastoral life. The turning in of the last Arab, and the hanging up of the curtain across the tent door, seem to be the signals for a concert on the part of the animals of the tribe. The sheep and goats which have been driven at nightfall, begin to bleat perseveringly about the



encampment, and the dogs, of which there are always three or four per tent, keep up an incessant barking in every note of the canine gamut, to let the world know that, however men may trust it, they do not mean to go to sleep while it is in its present dishonest state. Sometimes there will be a lull for a minute or so, but some unlucky jackal will whine in the distance, or a bark will come on the breeze from some far-off camp, and instantly dogs, and sheep, and goats are off again; and so it goes on all night. Nor is this the only annoyance which the dogs give a stranger. If you lie down near the edge of the tent, as a European always will for the sake of air, you feel, in the night watches, something grubbing at your feet or your head, and become aware of a wolf-like countenance and a pair of wicked eyes glaring in at you. It is no use, even if you knew the Arabic for it, calling him 'poor fellow,' or 'good old doggy;' he is not to be coaxed, but treats you to a snarl that says plainly, 'I can't bite you now, because it would make a row, and I should be kicked, but just come outside and see if I don't consult my feelings in reference to the calf of your leg.' He has just one redeeming quality, the Arab dog; he is an arrant coward, and holds a stone in great awe. No traveller ought ever approach an encampment or douar, without providing himself with half a dozen heavy stones, and if he delivers a good family shot into the first pack that rushes at him, he may be let pass. He must take care, however, while he meets an attack in front, lest his flank be turned by the supports coming up from behind the tents.

We had not provisions enough left for a second night out, so although we succeeded in finding the woodcutter's camp in the course of the next day's ramble, we returned to Borj, where, at last, I was lucky enough to get a man and horse to take me a two days' journey to Beni Mansour, in the Kabyle country. There I hoped to find some means of crossing the Djurjura to Fort Napoleon, where only

a short day's journey would remain between me and the bi-weekly diligence from the Kabylie to Algiers. Consequently, one fine October morning, as the sun was sending his first rays over the wide plain of the Medjana, two travellers might have been seen mounting the southern slopes of the Kabyle highlands, one of whom, as they crossed the first ridge that rose above the plain, looked back at Borj-bou-Areridj as though he cared not if he never saw it again. The first half of the day's journey was neither interesting nor exciting. Hour after hour we continued to mount, wind along, and descend steep, bare, brown hill sides, all alike, and I began to think there was not much, after all, in the scenery of the Kabylie. My guide was unavailable for purposes of conversation, for he did not understand a word of French, and my Arabic was exhausted when I had asked what the first village was called; and as the sun got high in the heavens he began to beat upon us unpityingly. Then there arose a struggle between indolence and compassion. Indolence said, get up and ride. Compassion said, no, poor beast, he has enough to carry with your portmanteau and that able-bodied Arab. But indolence ultimately had the best of it, and quieting my conscience by recollecting that I had many a time seen horses and mules twice as heavily laden, I mounted in front, while my Arab sat behind and chanted the dreariest ditty I ever heard. When the poet asks some one to give him again his Arab steed, he must have in his eye an Arab steed purchased for a reasonable price, and not one of those to be had for hire. Nobody with any experience of the latter animal would express a wish of the kind about him. But there is yet a lower depth—an Arab mule of the sort that does the carrying business in Algeria. There is some chance of stimulating the horse into a temporary, spasmodic liveliness, and he occasionally varies his gait by a trip or a stumble. But the mule plods on from morning to



night at the same unvarying dawdling pace. You may belabour him, and rain kicks upon his ribs, and shout 'erree' in true Arab fashion, but you will get nothing beyond a grunt out of him. Every one knows the tendency which a monotony of motion, combined with a monotony of sound, has to set some old tune or rhyme vibrating through your brain. As I jogged along, listening dreamily to the perpetual clank, clank, of the horse's hoofs, I found myself ringing changes and stringing rhymes to Browning's refrain of 'As I ride, as I ride:' no doubt influenced by the similarity between my position and that of the rider 'Through the Metidja to Abd-el-kader.' They will do as well as any other description of a ride through the Kabylie.

As I ride, as I ride  
On the lonely Atlas side,  
With a howling Arab guide,  
As I ride, as I ride.  
My patience sorely tried  
In this sweltering noontide,  
Parched and dried, broiled and fried,  
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,  
I take no sort of pride  
In the steed that I bestride,  
As I ride, as I ride.  
He is spavined, he's wall-eyed,  
If he died, hanged if I'd  
Give sixpence for his hide,  
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,  
No saddle is supplied  
His dorsal ridge to hide  
As I ride, as I ride ;  
And it threatens to divide  
The wretch that sits astride,  
And I'm galled and scarified  
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,  
I can't say I confide  
In his shambling, scrambling stride,  
As I ride, as I ride ;  
The path is far from wide,  
There's a precipice beside  
For a slide if he shied,  
As I ride, as I ride.

But towards evening matters began to mend. As we rose higher and got more into the heart of the mountains, the air became sensibly

cooler, and the scenery improved rapidly. We entered upon a region where the dwarf-palm and the ever-green oak grew thick, and where the trailers of the wild vine hung over the rocks. The slopes of the mountains became so steep and the valleys so deep, that the path no longer went up hill and down dale, but wound round the brows or ran along the topmost ridges ; and so tortuous and eccentric are these Kabyle ravines, that many a time we found ourselves working back to within almost a stone's-throw of the spot where we had been a good half hour before, but cut off from it by a mighty chasm, hundreds of feet deep. In fact, from any height that gives a bird's-eye view, the country looks as if it had been honeycombed and channelled by some huge worm. On each summit and each of the headlands formed by the windings of these glens, there stands a quaint red-tiled village : the houses huddled close together, and holding on to one another to keep themselves from toppling over, like children on a stile ; and round each village, where the slope of the ground admits of it, are rich gardens and orchards, and groves of fig and olive trees. Our halt for the first night was at a village called Bouni, where there is a caravanserai : not one of the hospitable sort, like that of El-Kantara, but one that offers a roof and nothing else to the traveller. At first I meant to lodge with the leading man of the village and see Kabyle life ; but I soon found that my experiences of Kabyle life were likely to be more varied than I had anticipated, and by no means derived from the sense of seeing alone. I know my host thought I suspected him of some design on my life or property, but I could not explain to him that, though I had every confidence in him, I felt there were inmates of his house who thirsted for my blood, and on whose account I preferred to sleep on the cool, clean, hard asphalt floor of the caravanserai.

The next day's journey took us to Beni Mansour, in the valley of

the Sahel. We had a choice of two routes: the one, by the gorge of the Bibans, or the 'Gates,'—the *Portes de fer*, as the French call it, which Shaw, in that tall old folio of his, the biggest book of travels ever printed, describes as 'cut into the Fashion of a Door-case six or seven foot wide.' The other is a mountain path, which the same old traveller calls 'a dangerous pass, and the reverse of the Beeban. For here the road lyeth upon a narrow ridge, with deep valleys and precipices on each side, where the least deviation from the beaten path must expose the traveller to the almost inevitable danger of his life.' The latter is the more direct, and, as may be imagined, the most striking route, though the Doctor has enormously exaggerated its perils.\* His description is, however, substantially correct. All day we did travel along narrow ridges, with deep valleys and precipices on each side, every now and then getting on the left a glimpse of the mysteries of that wild defile which contains the Bibans, until, towards evening, the broad valley of the Sahel suddenly burst on the view, far down below us. Except that the Sahel valley is richer in colour and more beautiful altogether, this view struck me as being very like that which one gets of the Rhone valley above Martigny, when descending from the St. Bernard. The cluster of villages composing Beni Mansour, perched on a hill in the middle of the valley, represents Sion; and the magnificent many-peaked chain of the Djurjura behind forms no ignoble substitute for the craggy outline of the Diablerets. One tall conical summit in particular filled me with admiration, and in my scrambling Arabic I remarked to my guide that it was 'Djebel kebeer bezzef'—a very good-sized mountain. 'Dam-good' was the prompt and astounding reply. 'Hallo!' thought I; 'so the schoolmaster is abroad, and our little English colloquialisms are

appreciated even here.' But presently I found the poor fellow was equally innocent of English and profanity, and only meant to say, though he pronounced it rather strongly, that the name of the mountain was 'Tamgoot.'

At Beni Mansour, where there is a barrack, but neither hotel, inn, auberge, cabaret, or any accommodation for travellers, I was lodged and boarded by a friendly baker, who, besides his bakehouse, kept a sort of café billiard for the troops quartered there; and as there was no spare bed in the house I slept in great comfort on the billiard-table. The next day was spent in an attempt at ascending the Tamgoot, which was only partially successful owing to a series of mistakes about the route and distance; and on the next I started for the passage of the Djurjura to Fort Napoleon. There are several passes over the chain of Djurjura, the principal one being the Col de Chellatta, by which the French army passed in 1857. That by which I crossed is called, if I mistake not, the Col de Tirourda. It lies more to west, and over the higher part of the range. The view from the summit seemed to me one of the most magnificent I had ever looked on from a mountain height. To the south lay the rugged but rich country of the Beni Abbes, through which I had travelled two days before, scored with ravines and bristling with peaks, and separated from the mountain on which I stood by the broad valley of the Sahel. To the north the eye ranged over the country of the Zouaouas, a region even wilder and grander—a mad jumble of mountains and valleys, stretching away to the Mediterranean; and between the two, like the dorsal ridge of some fossil monster, rose the Djurjura, with many an outcropping peak that rivalled the Matterhorn or the Aiguille de Dru for boldness of outline. There was not much spare time for studying the landscape,

\* It is hardly fair, perhaps, to charge Shaw with exaggeration, for his description was most probably founded on hearsay. In fact, he hardly ever appears to claim a personal knowledge of the interior of Algeria.

glorious as it was, for the young Kabyle whose mule I had hired to carry my baggage had not been punctual, and we were at least two hours later than we ought to have been. Just at the top of the pass we overtook a Kabyle and his mule on their way to one of the villages on the north side; and when he heard we were bound for Fort Napoleon—Souk el Arba, as the natives still call it—he held up his hands in astonishment and expressed an opinion that it was not to be reached that night. I told my companion to ask him how many hours he reckoned it to the fort, and then transpired the astonishing fact that the Kabyle mountaineer knows nothing of the division of time into hours. To give him a new idea I showed him my watch, and tried to explain that a certain relation existed between the position of its hands and the position of the sun; but I am afraid the only idea he carried away was, that by some occult means I kept a portion of the solar system in my waistcoat pocket. In company we commenced the descent. And such a descent: the Gemmi, compared with it, is a gentle incline; and all hands were told off to hold on to the tails of the mules, and act as human drags, to keep them from plunging into the basin down the side of which we had to go. Arrived at the bottom, we had to mount again by a similar path, and so on, the only bits of level walking we enjoyed being along narrow ridges, or narrower shelves worn into the substance of the mountain. How the fig and olive trees grow on such slopes, it is hard to say. They must be the very acrobats of vegetable life. But grow they do, and bring forth fruit abundantly, for every village we passed had its row of oil jars, each big enough to contain the whole forty thieves, and its cleverly constructed oil-press, standing in the middle, like the stocks in an old English village; and every villager we met had the hood of his bournous stuffed with dried figs, of which, with a jolly bonhomie, he would generally thrust a handful into our hands. Except

these, I had eaten nothing since a light breakfast at five, but there was no time to stop and dine, so I had to perform a feat which, from its difficulty on a mountain path, I can recommend to Blondin as likely to be effective on the tight rope, that of opening and finishing a tin of sardines, while walking at a brisk pace. So hour after hour we tramped onwards, until night came down upon us, and the oak thickets which had afforded us a friendly shade all day, became our worst enemies, and robbed us of the little light the stars gave. And then, hour after hour, we groped along in the dark, sometimes running bolt against a village where we got a hint as to the road, sometimes dropping suddenly upon a ghostly band of white-robed Kabyles, who advised us to turn back and put up at their village. But I was determined, *coûte qui coûte*, to get to Fort Napoleon and enjoy a good supper and a good bed. At last the mule driver gave in; he could do no more, he was 'morto,' and besides, he did not know the way. I got him to mount the mule, and at the next village we secured a local guide for a franc. With him stalking on ahead, and looking, through the black night, like some benevolent spectre who had taken us in charge, we got on much better, though Fort Napoleon still seemed wofully distant. Again and again I made my companion ask how far further we had to go, and again and again came the heart-breaking answer, 'Il dit que la route est grande,' i. e., long. At last, far away, a clear-blown trumpet rang out through the night air, followed by the brassy roll of a drum. I never thought I should come to bless that vile sound. It was the 'retraite,' and we were approaching the Fort. Half an hour afterwards we halted inside its gate, and in five minutes the clock struck ten, and the gate was shut for the night. Had we been five minutes later we must have slept on the mountain, or gone on to some Kabyle village. We had left Beni Mansour at six in the morning, so that we had been six-

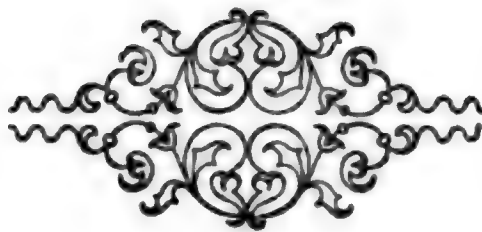


teen hours on the tramp, literally without a single halt, and that over very curious ground. I went out the next morning and strolled back a couple of miles over our route of the preceding night; and when I saw the kind of path we travelled over in the dark, I congratulated myself on having got so well out of it.

A ride of a few hours brought me to Tiziouzzou, where roads and diligences begin once more, and a drive across the famous plain of the Metidja to Algiers.

There is no need here for a description of Algiers. Which of Mr. Mudie's subscribers is not familiar with the old pirate city, its triangular mass of white flat-roofed houses piled up against the hillside, its mole and harbour, its Bab-el-oued and Bab-azoun and Casbah? But even if there were anything new to be said about Algiers, I doubt if I could say it. After the Sahara and the Atlas, mud-built towns, and Kabyle villages, even the quaint, steep, nar-

row streets of Algiers, with their open shops and bazaars, and crowds of Turks, Jews, Moors, and Arabs, seemed almost tame, commonplace, and respectable, and instead of 'doing' the city, I found myself rather given to lounging at Valentin's café, and studying in the papers the doings of Europe for the last two months. It was some time, however, before I could settle to even that pursuit. As I sat in the balcony, I had in view, far away across the bay, the Kabyle mountains, the scenes of many a pleasant ramble. I could almost detect the notch in their outline through which I had crossed a few days back, and many a time I turned from the present state of Europe to the recollections of the past holiday. But just below me, in the harbour, lay a reminder that pleasure must come to an end. It was the M. I. Company's ship *Sinai*, waiting to carry me back to work and winter, and away from idleness and 'Africa and golden joys.'



## WHAT IS TRUTH?

## A PAGE FROM THE COVENANT.

‘WHAT is Truth?’ Reginald demanded, as the slim craft drifted away from the limpet-covered pier to the blue sea, peaceful with summer,—and he laved his hand in the cool water. An old-fashioned inquiry, that still bears to be repeated, though it exposed the original inquirer to not a little misconception. I do not fancy that Pilate was a vulgar scoffer. There was irony, no doubt, in his mood; but it was the irony of a man who, though he did not believe that the riddle could be unriddled, knew that there was something far amiss in the world. And so with an indolent, but not altogether incurious sadness, the proconsul turns to his captive. ‘Truth—what is Truth? What is Truth, that I should live for it, or that you should die for it? I, the Roman governor, have I found it, or has the fickle rabble found it, or have you found it—you, the divine King with the bleeding crown—the Crown of Thorns?’ And then unable, like many other public men, to resist pressure, the polished and indolent, but not altogether unkindly, Pagan permits the turbulent democracy, which always had a fierce relish for blood, to complete its appointed work. From which we may conclude, as Reginald concluded, that the man who inquires in this fastidious and hypothetical spirit, ‘What is Truth?’ is commonly found to return a rather ineffectual reply to that other inquiry, What is Duty?

At all events—wherever truth may lodge—the summer-time is a pleasant season. I am convinced that the weather has an immense influence on our intellectual activity. Some cold-blooded people work best in winter. They are helpless in heat, but the cold braces them in mind and body. There are others, however, who grow most luxuriantly, as plants do, in a high temperature. The imagination of a writer like Charlotte Brontë is nipped by the frost. ‘It

was a day,’ she says in one of her novels, ‘of winter east wind, and I had for some time entered into that dreary fellowship with the winds and their changes, so little known, so incomprehensible, to the healthy.’ That sentence must have been written on such a day as it describes. Æolus is shrieking down the chimney. The snow has ceased: but the dull and heavy horizon is charged with sleet, and the wind, which passes through it, cuts like a knife. You draw your chair close to the fire (which burns but does not warm you), muffle your head in Lady Constance’s petticoat, and shiver drearily till bedtime. To write on such a day is out of the question. Sit where you will, your toes turn into icicles, and your fingers refuse to lift the pen. People much exposed to such influences become gloomy and fanatical. Calvinism has twisted its roots most firmly round the Northern nations. The Independent Liberal comes mostly from Scotland and the West Riding. No,—for keen, bright, and elastic working power, give me a day like this, when the land is rich with the spoil of summer, when the light breeze sighs deliciously through the half-closed Venetian blind, when the thermometer is at seventy in the shade, and the gleam of the sea through the ivied window is like a glimpse of Paradise.

This is, indeed, the Perfect Life. What, to begin with, can be more enjoyable than the early bath, for which we are now embarked? The *Daisy* skims the water like a duck, and in ten minutes we have reached the Skerry. We moor the little craft in a sheltered creek, and ramble across the island till we reach its seaward shore—where the rock dives suddenly down, at a single leap, straight to the bottom of the German Ocean. A glorious watering-place!—and plunging into the cool, clear, sparkling water, we paddle about, like a brace of otters, for the next hour, greatly to the

edification of certain young kittiwakes, who hover round us during the whole period of our immersion. A group of overgrown porpoises roll over languidly on our lee, and an old seal—the very picture of an unfledged Dutchman—occasionally pops his round bullet head out of the water, and indulges in a prolonged stare at his natural enemies. What perfect freedom! What complete seclusion! What a great and noble calm! Now we drift languidly with the tide towards the Blessed Isles,—then we strike out lustily, and try conclusions with the breakers beyond the reefs—then we plunge into the deep mid-ocean where the sea-maids lurk, and explore the brilliant weeds and tangles that flourish like forests of pines, along ‘the iron bases of the hills.’

It does not take long to dress, if you have nothing in particular to put on. Our summer toilet is of the scantiest; and then, with ravenous appetites, we row the *Daisy* rapidly to the beach, where Constance and the children wait our coming. Ah, Lady Constance,—*mater sæva Cupidinum!* Is it not a delicious picture? A dark-haired, fair-browed English matron, and the cherubs—except in Murillo’s dreams—the loveliest out of heaven! This, I own, is the style of beauty that fascinates me. Some day I shall ask Mr. Millais to perpetuate it in one of those slight sketches that the collectors of posterity will rate with Raphael’s. Doe and Lily are, of course, *only* lovely as yet, though already—this is but her sixth summer—the least tinge of dainty scorn curls Doe’s shapely lip. But it is not the beauty alone of the mother’s pale brow and sad eyes that tangles your imagination in its meshes. I think Abraham Tucker must have had such a pure gentlewoman as Constance in his mind when he said in his *Vision*—‘This is not a woman here; you must consider her as an intimate friend, not a wife. Let us have no kissings nor embracings, no raptures nor transports. Remember that your love must be pure, sedate, angelical.’ Those eyes have been wet with tears—with tears which

have quenched their mirth, and somewhat dimmed their light. Yet the light abides in them yet, faint, but steady and gentle, as starlight on the sea. Sorrow is in them, no doubt, but the overcoming of sorrow as well. There is victory there—there as truly, in those meek brown orbs, as in the heart of the vanquished patriot, who has died freely on a well-fought field, and through ‘an agony of glory’ (in the great language of Burke) entered into the joy of his Lord. All tears shall be wiped from *their* eyes: but surely we shall know (and it may be by just such a gentle and tender and pure radiance) the tried ones who have come out of great tribulations, and like their Master, have *wept*. Robert Brownrigg is of this opinion. ‘That wan pure look,’ he says, ‘was well-nigh celestial.’ And why?—

Those blue eyes had *survived* so much!

And now we are seated at our work for the day, Reginald at his paper on the last and most wonderful of histories, and the present writer at that little scrap of history which he hopes one day to see grow into shape and take its place—ah, Reginald, Reginald, the fleeting years glide by!—upon the honoured shelf up yonder, where Tacitus, and Gibbon, and Macaulay stand side by side. Meantime, there is one brief episode in that history which, perhaps, may interest even the ‘running’ reader, and which—while the philosopher scribbles away at his article—I will try to explain to Constance and Lily—Lily a miniature Love, fast asleep with folded wings on its mother’s lap—and my larger audience outside the window. I had discussed the evidence with Reginald in the morning, and it had drawn from him the scoffing remark which I have recorded. ‘Here,’ he said, ‘Smelfungus tells me that the Hungarian nobility did *not* shout *Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresia*; and now you discredit a story which I have believed from my boyhood. What is truth?’

A bitter legacy of hate has been



bequeathed to the Scottish government formed by the last of the Stuarts. Lauderdale is a Northern Nero; Rothes a Scottish edition of Judas Iscariot. It may be doubted how far the condemnation rests on solid grounds. The policy of these men was neither liberal nor sagacious; but the picture which represents it as exceptionally ferocious and insanely vindictive, is as incredible as that which represents it as mild, enlightened, and beneficent.

The charges against that government have seldom been marshalled with greater skill, animosity, and effect than by Lord Macaulay in his brilliant and pictorial narrative. He handles his brief with the dexterity of a consummate, if not over-scrupulous, counsel. He is resolved to win his case, in the meantime, at all hazards. To some extent he has succeeded; but it is at best a questionable and perilous success, since the lustre which his genius has cast upon the heroes of the Covenant has induced a number of northern scholars to analyse with disciplined industry the materials out of which the historical novel has been framed. The result, in several cases, is startling. It raises no less important a question than this—Did the atrocities of which the Covenanting historians complain really occur?

The story of the devout women who died in Blednoch is one of the most touching episodes in that history, and constitutes one of the darkest indictments against the government. Old Margaret MacLachlan and her youthful companion, 'a virgin martyr, eighteen years of age,' occupy a lofty position among the truth-seekers who have sealed their testimony with their blood. They have been used alike by poet and partisan. There is scarcely a boy or girl in Scotland who has not been taught with the catechism the story of their wrongs. Yet recent research has succeeded in discrediting the popular tradition, and has at least exonerated the Scottish government from any participation in an act of wanton cruelty.

Lord Macaulay, in his masterly way, and with the eye of a consummate artist, has sketched the leading incidents of the tragedy.

The 11th of May, 1685, was made remarkable by more than one great crime. On the same day, Margaret MacLachlan and Margaret Wilson, the former an aged widow, the latter a maiden of eighteen, suffered death for their religion in Wigtonshire. They were offered their lives if they would consent to abjure the cause of the insurgent conventiclers, and to attend the Episcopal worship. They refused, and they were sentenced to be drowned. They were carried to a spot which the Solway overflows twice a day, and were fastened to stakes fixed in the sand between high and low water mark. The elder sufferer was placed near to the advancing flood, in the hope that her last agonies might terrify the younger into submission. The sight was dreadful. But the courage of the survivor was sustained by an enthusiasm as lofty as any that is recorded in martyrology. She saw the sea draw nearer and nearer, but gave no sign of alarm. She prayed and sang verses of psalms till the waves choked her voice. After she had tasted the bitterness of death she was, by a cruel mercy, unbound and restored to life. When she came to herself, pitying friends and neighbours implored her to yield. 'Dear Margaret, only say God save the King!' The poor girl, true to her stern theology, gasped out, 'May God save him, if it be God's will!' Her friends crowded round the presiding officer. 'She has said it; indeed, sir, she has said it.' 'Will she take the abjuration?' he demanded. 'Never!' she exclaimed; 'I am Christ's; let me go!' And the waters closed over her for the last time.

It was from Wodrow that Lord Macaulay borrowed the raw material of his narrative. Wodrow and Walker are in fact the only authorities who can be called contemporary. Wodrow's narrative was published in 1722; Walker's, in the form of a chapman's tract, in 1727; so that nearly forty years had passed before the earliest narrative of the event was printed. Neither writer is to be implicitly relied on. The historian of the sufferings of the Kirk was a good hater and an unscrupulous partisan, with a huge appetite for the marvellous: Peter the pedlar, an illiterate enthusiast.

They did not attempt to separate the wheat from the chaff of the old wives' fables that they recorded. All was meal that came to their mill. A Federal newspaper's account of a Confederate defeat is, as a general rule, scarcely more incredible than the stories of James Grahame or Chancellor Rothes which these writers relate.

These are the authorities upon the point; but the industry of Mr. Mark Napier has enabled us to trace their inspiration to its source. About 1711, the Church determined to preserve a record of the evil days, and authorized the kirk sessions throughout the kingdom to collect exact accounts of the sufferings of the godly 'for their adherence to the covenanted work of reformation.' The parishes of Kirkinner and Penninghame are those where Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson are said to have lived. The account of the martyrdom contained in the session book of Penninghame is that to which Wodrow was indebted, and is sufficiently, if not suspiciously, precise. 'Margaret Wilson,' it says, 'sang Psalm 25th, from the 7th verse, read the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, prayed, and then the water covered her.' These are the details collected by Mr. Rowan, pastor of Penninghame, twenty-seven years after the event occurred! The researches of the minister of Kirkinner were not so productive. It is a singular fact that in his relation there is no allusion whatever to 'the virgin martyr.' Margaret Maclachlan occupies the entire canvas. We learn, indeed, that a certain William Karr, in Borland, who ultimately made his escape, was imprisoned along with her; but there is not a single syllable about the girl who shared her sufferings in prison and at the stake. Here are all the particulars that the minister of Kirkinner, writing in 1711, and living within a mile of the Blednoch, was able to scrape together:—

Margaret Lauchlinson, of known integrity and piety from her youth, aged about eighty, widow of John Milliken,

wright in Drumgargan, was, in or about the year of God 1685, in her own house, taken off her knees in prayer, and carried immediately to prison, and from one prison to another, and without the benefit of light to read the Scriptures, was barbarously treated by dragoons, who were sent to carry her from Machirmore to Wigton; and being sentenced by Sir Robert Grier of Lagg to be drowned at a stake within the flood mark, just below the town of Wigton, for conventicle keeping and alleged rebellion, was, according to the said sentence, fixed to the stake till the tide made, and held down within the water by one of the town officers, by his halbert at her throat, till she died.

Wodrow, not content with Mr. Rowan's details, has furnished additional particulars, which are not found elsewhere, and which Lord Macaulay has judiciously, if not very fairly, suppressed. Margaret, a girl of eighteen years, and Agnes Wilson, a child of thirteen, although the daughters of an Episcopalian farmer, would not conform to Episcopacy, and were in consequence obliged to flee to the 'hills, bogs, and caves,' where they remained concealed from 'the dragoons.' They were ultimately apprehended, however, when on a visit to Margaret, and the three were tried before the Commission of Justiciary held at Wigton in 1685, and having refused the oath of abjuration, were condemned to be drowned. The sentence was carried out in the case of the two Margarets; but the child of thirteen was 'purchased' by her father, and her life saved.

Putting the various narratives together, the following appear to be the leading 'facts' of the case:—  
1. That two daughters of Wilson were tried and condemned, one of them a girl of thirteen.—2. That they were condemned for their 'religion;' 'because,' as Lord Macaulay puts it, 'they would not abjure the cause of the Covenant, and attend the Episcopal worship.'  
—3. That Margaret Maclachlan in particular was considered an obstinate offender, on whom threats and entreaties were alike thrown away. 'The old woman,' Walker remarks, in his strong way, 'was first tied to the stake, enemies saying, It is

needless to speak to that old damned bitch: let her go to hell.'

That is the evidence upon which in *in re Wodrow versus* the Scottish Government the story rests. It is not the evidence of eye-witnesses. It is evidence collected by industrious partisans thirty or forty years after the events occurred. As such it is tainted evidence—the evidence of the parties to the cause—and consequently peculiarly open to observation and exception. On the other hand, the evidence for the defence is strong, intelligible, and consistent.

It may be noticed, in the first place, that the Scottish Government of the day very unwillingly proceeded against women. The fair sex at that time, as often happens during periods of religious disturbance, were particularly active. Claverhouse complains in one of his letters that men well-disposed to the Government were sadly harassed—'so mad are some of their wives.' A woman instigated the murder of Sharpe. 'If Long Leslie be with him,' she added, with reference to the minister of Ceres, 'lay him on the grass also.' Yet, in spite of their forwardness, it is not pretended that, with the exception of the two Margarets, a single woman suffered death in Scotland for her 'religion' during the reign of James. The instructions issued by the Privy Council in 1684-5 contain a recommendation 'not to examine any women, except such as have been active in the said courses in a signal manner,' and a clause in the statute of 16th May, 1685, enforcing the application of the test of 1681, declares that this act 'extends not to women.' So that they were seldom tried, and even when tried and condemned, the sentence seldom or never appears to have been carried into effect. Rothes once remarked, in allusion to a well-known instrument of torture, that 'it became not a woman to wear boots;' and his associates in the Council were of the same way of thinking, for they commonly contrived to reprieve the women who had been condemned by the Com-

missioners of Justiciary, 'looking upon them as mad,' with the contemptuous and charitable incredulity that characterized the Chancellor.

It is noticeable in the next place that even at the early period when Wodrow and Walker compiled their narratives, the double martyrdom had become matter of controversy. 'I shall give it,' says Wodrow, writing in 1722, 'at the greater length, and the rather because the advocates for the cruelty of this period and our Jacobites'—a pretty large class—'have the impudence some of them to *deny*, and others to extenuate, this matter of fact.' And Walker, in 1727, makes a similar admission. 'At this time I shall only mention the drowning of these two women at Wigton, in Galloway, the 11th of May, 1685, which some deny to be matter of fact.' The controversy, consequently, is not new. The historical sceptic who discussed, discredited, and denied, did not wait till the actors had left the stage. The challenge was given at a period when it could have been easily met and peremptorily refuted. No such refutation was attempted. No eye-witness, as we have seen, was produced. Wodrow was content to repeat in print the vulgar edition of the romance. Again, the story as narrated by Wodrow is intrinsically untenable and incredible. He alleges that two of the Wilson household were condemned—the martyr Margaret, and Agnes, a child of thirteen. It is clear at least that the child could not have been tried for the offence with which the Margarets were charged. The charge was *not* that they refused 'to conform to episcopacy.' They did not suffer for 'their religion.' They were tried because they would not abjure a treasonable proclamation which was affixed to the church-doors and otherwise widely circulated, in October, 1684. The oath which they refused to take was in these terms: 'I do renounce, abjure, and disown a late proclamation, &c., in so far as it declares war against the King, and declares *it is lawful* to



kill any that serve his Majesty in Church, State, army, or country.' And the Royal Proclamation requiring this oath of abjuration to be taken expressly bears that it is only to be put to those 'past the age of sixteen years.' A most important part of Wodrow's story is thus at once disposed of. In point of law Agnes could not have been tried, and in point of fact she was neither tried nor condemned. I say 'in point of fact,' because the documents to which I am about to refer establish that the only women condemned by the Wigton Commissioners were Margaret Maclachlan and Margaret Wilson.

Among the papers of the Privy Council preserved in the Register House at Edinburgh, two have been discovered which throw a very clear light upon the point at issue. There is first 'the humble petition of Margaret Lauchlison, now prisoner in the Tolbooth of Wigton,' to the Lords of the Privy Council. In this document Margaret, after relating that she had been 'justly condemned to die,' in a Court held at Wigton 'on the 13th day of April instant,' for not disavowing a 'traitorous apologetical declaration,' 'which was occasioned by my not perusing the same,' prays their Lordships to take pity and compassion on her, and professes her readiness to subscribe the oath of abjuration. This petition appears to dispose pretty conclusively of the 'inveterate and godly obstinacy' attributed to 'the aged sufferer.' The other document is even more remarkable. It is the minute of a meeting of the Privy Council held at Edinburgh on the 30th of April, 1685, at which the sentence pronounced upon the two women was considered. The result was that 'the Lords do hereby reprieve the execution of the sentence of death pronounced by the justices against Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lauchlison until the day of \_\_\_\_\_; and discharges the magistrates of Edinburgh for putting the said sentence to execution against them until the fore-said day, and recommends the said Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lauchlison to the Lords Secretaries

of State, to interpose with his most sacred Majesty for the royal remission to them.' A reprieve by the Privy Council postponing an execution *sine die* was of course equivalent to a remission or commutation of the sentence, although in point of form it required then, as now, to be ratified by the Sovereign. Wodrow himself admits as much. 'At this time,' he says, 'a recommendation from the Council was looked upon as a material pardon.' It is to be observed, moreover, that the reprieve was granted on the 30th of April. The execution is alleged to have taken place on the 11th of May. It was plainly impossible, considering the rate of travelling in that age, to ascertain the Royal pleasure and transmit it to Edinburgh or Wigton in the course of ten days.

In face of this evidence it is difficult to believe that the Blednoch tragedy did indeed take place. On the other hand, a popular tradition is seldom entirely baseless. But in this case it is easy to see how the myth gathered substance. It was a stormy and troubled period. The country was in a highly electrical condition. The imagination had been excited; strong party passions had been roused. The two Margarets were undoubtedly tried and condemned to be drowned. Condemnation was magnified into execution. The fanciful enthusiasm of the people surrounded with characteristic details a scene which no eye-witness has described. It is improbable, besides, that the offenders were immediately liberated. They appear to have been sent to Edinburgh to await the issue of the application to the Privy Council. It is 'the magistrates of Edinburgh' who are discharged from putting the sentence to execution. One can readily believe that a delicate girl of eighteen and an old woman 'threescore ten years,' as she describes herself, did not long survive the hardships to which they had been exposed. It is thus more than probable that neither ever returned to her native district to refute by her presence the story of her death, and to lose the crown

of martyrdom with which she had been invested.

Even Wodrow is fain to admit that the charge against the government falls to the ground. But he cannot quite relinquish his picturesque romance. The women had no doubt received 'a material pardon;' but the local officials carried the sentence into effect in spite of the merciful interposition of the government.

Such an explanation is, *prima facie*, excessively improbable. It is obviously the *dernier ressort* of a baffled and disappointed partisan. But even on this point some reliable information has been obtained by Mr. Napier, whose industry is as inexhaustible as his zeal. Of the local authorities, who, along with Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, 'a great persecutor, a great swearer, a great whorer, blasphemer, drunkard, liar, and cheat, and yet out of hell' (as the pedlar courteously describes him), superintended the execution, William Coultran is said to have been the most active. Coultran was Provost of Wigton, and it was one of his subordinates—an officer of the burgh—who, according to the Kirkiner narrative, held down Margaret Maclachlan in the water 'by his halbert at her throat till she died.' With these two—master and man—the popular imagination has connected the chief atrocities of the day, and on these two the popular superstition has meted out retributive and characteristic punishment. The disembodied spirit of Margaret Maclachlan appeared to her relatives to testify against the Provost and to predict his death, and his henchman (who, according to another narrative still current in the district, pushed the dying women under water, with the savage exclamation, 'Tak another drink, my hearties') was afflicted thereafter 'with such an intolerable and unquenchable thirst that he never ventured abroad without carrying with him an

enormous jar full of water.' Although the execution was thus entrusted to the burgh magistracy, there is no allusion to the occurrence in the contemporary burgh records. But these records curiously enough entirely exonerate the Provost. It was known that Coultran was not a member of the Commission by whom the women were condemned, and it now appears that he could not have been present either at the trial or at the execution. During the whole period between the 16th April and the 11th May he was resident at Edinburgh, in discharge of his duties as commissioner to Parliament for the burgh of Wigton.

One is rather apt to resent the historical research which disenchant a favourite incident or character; but we cannot feel otherwise than grateful to the inquirer who proves that a great crime has not been committed, and that our grandsires were not so black as they have been painted.\*

It is extremely difficult to form any very clear notion of the characteristics of the body to which the Margarets belonged. The Covenanters have enjoyed a fair share, if not more than a fair share, of the pity of posterity. They were not by any means the patient saints and suffering martyrs with whom we are familiar. Their leaders, at least, were bold, ambitious, and implacable politicians—men whose theories of the *civitas Dei* were inconsistent with the principles of civil government. Nor were they the champions of religious freedom. On the contrary, it is perfectly clear that, had they had the power, they would have proved the narrowest and bitterest of persecutors.

A singular trial took place the other day before the Scottish General Assembly. The scene was laid in those pastoral districts of the west of Scotland where the headquarters of the Covenant were established, and the actors were

\* The evidence either way is not conclusive. The point is like to remain one of the riddles of history. The popular tradition is alluded to in a covenanting tract published in 1690, and the inscription on Margaret Wilson's tombstone is quoted in the *Cloyd of Witnesses*, circa 1711.

the descendants of the Wilsons and Maclachlans who figure in the pages of Wodrow. It is, in this aspect, not without interest. It throws a curious light upon the social peculiarities of the Scottish peasantry during periods of keen religious excitement. The influence of the railways and telegraphs of the nineteenth century has been felt even among the remote moorlands of Lanarkshire, but the changes have been less marked in such secluded districts than elsewhere; and the trial of the pastor of Dunlop for heresy enables us to understand something of the state of feeling and the tone of mind which prevailed during a period that has passed into history.

The minister of Dunlop was tried on an indictment containing various charges against his doctrine and practice. The doctrinal delinquencies of which he was accused were of an extremely metaphysical description. He had taught, it was alleged, that 'assurance' was of the essence of faith; that the prayers of those without 'assurance' were necessarily ineffectual; that repentance was a simple change of mind; that implicit belief in mere human testimony in matters not relating to or involving matters of divine faith (whatever that may mean), was essential to salvation, &c. &c. We had better not meddle with the heresy. Such subjects are rather beyond the beat of mere mortal critics, who look to the substance, rather than to the form, of godliness. Scotland is probably the only country in the world where rustic metaphysicians and village casuists abound. The working classes in Dunlop, at least, are clearly as familiar with the seven points of Calvinism as with the seven points of the Charter. Abstruse discussions upon the intricate definitions and subtle logic of the *Confession of Faith* amuse their leisure hours. They relish the national theology as much as the national liquor. The two (a thirst for drink and for theology) seem indeed, as a rule, to go together. The cross-examination of an erudite theologian is commonly conducted after this fashion and to this effect:

—'Were you in liquor when you went to the Revival meeting on the 12th November?' Depones—'I was not.' Interrogated—'Were you in liquor on the night of the 22nd?' Depones—'Well, I had tasted a glass, but I was none the worse of it.' Even on this simple matter of fact the witnesses justify their dialectic reputation. The subtle distinction recognised in the old song between the man who has just a 'drappy in his e'e,' and the man who is positively 'fou,' is ingeniously insisted on. A certain veterinary surgeon is asked whether he was in a state of intoxication in the village inn on a specified occasion? Depones—'Well, I might. I was in the house at any rate, but I did not consider that I was drunk. I do not know what *you* call drunk, but I went and *visited a cow* after I left the house.' Though none of us probably ever met with a tippler who 'considered that he was drunk,' it is scarcely fair to insinuate that a medical man who is afterwards able to pay an evening visit to a patient has taken more than is good for him.

The charges against the minister's practice related chiefly to the scenes which he had permitted to take place in the parish church of Dunlop during the recent revival movement. He was accused of conducting himself, and allowing others to conduct themselves, in an irreverent, indecorous, and disorderly manner; 'and in particular,' the indictment proceeds, with that royal disregard of relevancy for which ecclesiastical justice is famed, 'at the said meeting, held on the 23rd day of October, 1860, or on one or other of the days or nights of that month, within the said church, and during divine service, or during a meeting for divine worship or religious services, a person got up and exclaimed, "I'm saved, I'm saved!" whereupon you cried out, "Glory to God, another soul saved!" and discontinued your service or address; and immediately afterwards the person who had so exclaimed "I'm saved," put his hand to his mouth, and commenced to bray in imitation of a donkey; and thereupon he leapt



upon the pews or seats, and danced on them like a madman; and after leaving the church he went in a state of frenzy or madness, and under the influence of the excitement produced by the proceedings on the said occasion libelled, into the house of James Stevenson, where he broke the clock of the said James Stevenson, and threw a smoothing-iron through the window, and otherwise conducted himself in a shameful, indecent, and scandalous manner.' A host of witnesses were examined before the Ecclesiastical Court to instruct these allegations. The picture disclosed, if an instructive, is certainly not a pleasing one. The simple mysteries of religion are vulgarized and degraded. A crowd of 'converts,' lashed into a state of furious excitement, fills every corner of the sacred building. It is Calvinism in convulsions,—the orgies of Isis in a Presbyterian meeting-house,—the spiritual saturnalia of a grave and sober people.

The pastor himself appears to have been of a credulous and excitable temperament. His conduct and language are often foolish, and always violent. Much of which he was accused scarcely merited a grave impeachment. He informed a parishioner, for instance, who had not attended divine service on a particular Sunday, but who had read a great portion of Corinthians, 'That he might as well have eaten Corinthians.' 'When you pray,' he exclaimed, on another occasion, 'it will not do for you to be upon your knees; you must go on your backs.' He described to his audience a vision of our Saviour and of 'his beautiful legs' with which he had been favoured; and were it not for the gleam of insanity, the taint of fever which runs through it, the narrative would be tolerably profane. 'I could not tell him,' one of the witnesses remarks, 'that I had assurance; on which he shook his nief in my face, and said, "Well, then, you're damned."' 'As the minister was leaving me on this occasion,' another adds, 'he took hold of my coat, and said, "We must shake the devil out of you."' Very questionable, indeed, in point

of taste do these caprices of a disordered intellect appear; yet the parochial critic is sometimes rather too exacting and fastidious. One gentleman was scandalized because the minister chose to clap his hands in the pulpit. 'When he clapped his hands, I thought it very strange, it was done so loudly. Interrogated—Have you not sometimes heard a minister thump the Bible? Depones—I never heard clapping like yon. And the question being repeated: Depones—Yes, I have, and I like to see it. I have no objection to a moderate "dump;" but such clapping as yon I object to.' The Scottish pastor who would stand well with his people must learn to cultivate the *auream mediocritatem*—the golden mean which lies between excessive clapping and a 'moderate dump.'

The behaviour of the 'converts' was, however, extravagant in the extreme. Here are a few characteristic gleanings from the voluminous proof:—

The church was crowded. When I was sitting in the gallery, I was attracted by a continuous noise of singing and foot-going from some individual. I was attracted from my seat, and went to the front of the gallery, and looked over to see what it was. I observed a boy singing sufficiently loud for me to hear up in the gallery amidst the noise. He was singing 'Christ for me,' and at the same time singing and keeping time with his feet to the tune of 'Polly Hopkins.' Sometimes he stopped, as if he appeared to be tired, and went down on his knees and appeared to be praying, and then got up again, and began dancing again, singing the same words to the same tune. 'Polly Hopkins' is not a psalm tune; it is a comic tune to a comic song. In going up the passage, I noticed a short-built man in a pew, and he appeared to me to have had some drink, and beside him on the seat was a braw young lassie or woman, and occasionally he was putting his arm round her waist and requesting her to sing him a hymn, on which the young woman rose and began to sing some hymn. . . . I have seen repeatedly at these meetings young men and young women with their arms round each other's waists, swinging backwards and forwards, and keeping time to the tunes they were singing. They were singing Richard Weaver's hymns to comic airs. At the meeting of the 22nd of

October, it must have been near four o'clock on the following morning when I left. . . . I joined in singing the hymns. I have done so with my arm round the waist of both women and men. I meant nothing wrong or improper in that. . . . There were people going backward and forwards over the seats, both males and females. This was carried to an extent of indecency. One girl passed in this way over the top of the seat between me and my friend, where we were sitting. I saw young men and women in groups, some with their arms round each other's waists, and others with their arms round each other's necks, and singing together. . . . I pressed on [a sceptical old fellow observes], and contrived to get through, and as I went along they were singing a hymn, 'Be in time.' As I was passing they were at the words, 'old sinner, be in time;' and they were by way of making a fool of me, by giving me a jog on the ribs as I passed with their elbows.

It was neither prudent nor safe, however, to manifest unbelief.

On the Tuesday evening a man came up to me in the church, and said to me, in a very peremptory way, 'Have you found Christ?' I said it was no business of his whether I had or not. He said these were God's children worshipping God. I said that, to my imperfect judgment, it appeared more like mockery. He thereupon shook his fist in my face, and said that I was damned eternally. I told him that he had no authority to damn me, and as little to shake his fist in my face, and that if he did so again, I would not be answerable for the consequences.

A certain Jean Craig figures conspicuously among the converts.

Shortly after this I saw Jean Craig come out from the group who were round her, with her straw bonnet hanging back upon her neck, waving and clapping her hands, and crying 'Oh, how happy! oh, how happy I am! Christ for me!' and she began shaking hands with everybody round about her.

It is doubtful whether Jean can be identified with an obstreperous termagant who figures in another passage-of-arms.

On one of those occasions a woman took hold of me. She was a big, stout woman. She gripped me by the shoulder, and asked me if I had found Christ. I said I could not answer that question very properly. She then wished me to sing with her one of Richard Weaver's hymns, the words of which were, 'Christ

for me.' I said I was not a singer; on which she said it was the dumb devil that was keeping me from singing. Whereupon she caught me by the shoulders, and said she would shake the dumb devil out of me, and gave me a shake.

Such scenes in the sanctuary are not lovely to look upon. They bring discredit upon religion and upon its ministers. A gathering of Covenanters upon the misty hill-side, their Bibles in their hands, and their swords girded to their loins, is an incident that tells effectively in a romance by Sir Walter, and in a picture by George Harvey. A sterner enthusiasm, an intenser energy of hate, distinguished the fanatics who could only worship by stealth, and under fear of death and 'the dragoons;' but the same qualities are visible in either assemblage—the same impracticable and pitiless bigotry, the same vulgar inquisitiveness into the ways of God, the same ill-regulated and bitter zeal. It may have been injudicious in the government to hunt the Cameronian to 'bogs, and woods, and rivers,' and to proscribe his faith. Such a policy added fuel to the flame. But, taking the character of the leaders of the movement into account, one can feel no surprise that the National cause should have failed to secure the adhesion of the best and ablest patriots—should have excited the high-bred scorn of Claverhouse, and alienated the lofty piety of Montrose.

I had got thus far when Reginald, with the third volume of the History in his hand, burst in upon us. That morning he had waxed eloquent upon its greatness. 'What life! what animation! what amazing precision! what vivid colour! There is the stir of soldiers, and the address of diplomatists, and the intrigues of women; and flashes of scorn, and ire, and riotous merriment light the scene and the faces of the actors. This is not 'the dignity of history,' but it is something better: it is a passage from human life, related with the fidelity of a bookworm, and fired by the passion of a poet!'

But his mood had changed.

'Smelfungus is too bad,' he exclaimed. 'Your flippancy and affectation don't matter much; but what can we say when a great moral teacher and truth-seeker tells us that Might is Right, and the only Right at all available in this world? Just listen to this,—“A young king who does know what he means in this world. Clear as a star, sharp as cutting steel (very dangerous to hydrogen balloons), he stands in the middle of it, and means to extort his own from it, by such methods as there are—Just rights? What are rights, never so just, which you cannot make valid? The world is full of such. If you have rights, and can assert them into facts, do it: that is worth doing!” This is the gospel for which martyrs have died—with a vengeance!’

'I think you rather misunderstand him,' I pleaded. 'There is nothing, indeed, necessarily base or wrong in defeat. But the man who is worsted should learn to hold his tongue: at all events, should not indulge in windy declamation and noisy appeal to the Immortals. The gods will right him if they see cause; but the charlatan has no faith in the gods. A mere Polish wail or shriek of defeat is always meretricious.'

'No, my friend: the vice has struck deeper root. It is the gospel of force, pure and absolute,—an unrighteous scorn for failure as synonymous with weakness and inefficiency. Let the victor be crowned, be he a Herod or a Borgia—while the pale ghosts of the unburied and inglorious dead (not without a mocking gibe in passing) troop sadly to Hades. Victorious rights! Isn't it the rights that are not victorious that civilization has taught us to have in honour? Who

except the Red Indian and the Australasian gold-digger, is content to own the divine authority of might, without a blush? Italy in chains, Italy languishing in Austrian dungeons, is as precious to me as Italy in her triumph. Her sons knew what was before them. They knew (what innumerable patriots have learned) that Freedom is a perilous and pitiless mistress. *Spes et præmia in ambiguo; certa, funera et luctus.* Yet, knowing this, they chose to die like freemen, rather than live like slaves. “While we live we will hold fast our integrity. The gods have given us at least this free soul and this righteous conscience: these will we keep bright and pure to the end. So may we fall to misery, but not to baseness: so may we sink to sleep, but not to shame.” And are they not to reap their reward? Is the patriot's bloody grave (save only a bitter jeer from Smelfungus)—the only meed he has earned?

Constance's mild eyes assented. It was plain that she believed, fervidly as the poet, that Duty, not Might, is the mainstay of the universe—

*Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,  
And the most ancient Heavens through  
thee are fresh and strong.*

I knew that there was an answer: I knew that the same teacher had said in his quaint way, 'My friend, it was not Beelzebub, nor Mephistopheles, nor Autolycus-Apollo that made this world and us: it was Another.' But I do not care to argue when the thermometer is over 70°: it heats one unpleasantly. So I did not reply, but I turned to Arthur Clough's little volume of poems, and repeated a page of his musical hexameters:—

Whither depart the souls of the brave that die in the battle;  
Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that perishes with them?  
Are they upborne from the field on the slumberous pinions of angels  
Unto a far-off home, where the weary rest from their labour,  
And the deep wounds are healed, and the bitter and burning moisture  
Wiped from the generous eyes? Or do they linger, unhappy,  
Pining, and haunting the grave of their bygone hope and endeavour?  
Whither depart the brave?—God knows: I certainly do not.

SHIRLEY.



## A D R I A N.

## CHAPTER XL.

'QUAND ON N'A PAS CE QU'ON AIME.'

It has been acutely said that philosophy triumphs over past and future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy.—COLTON.

Behold ! we know not anything,  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last—to all,  
And every winter change to spring.—TENNYSON.

MR. PIERREPONT'S absence from home was prolonged far beyond the 'few days' to which he had limited its duration. Sir Harry L'Estrange went on well for about a week, then some imprudence brought on a threatening of erysipelas, and for some days he was in considerable danger. Adrian watched his father with devoted solicitude ; and it was only in compliance with the General's urgent desire, that he left him for a portion of each day, and either joined Lord Medway in hunting or shooting, or accompanied the two ladies in any out-of-doors occupation with which they endeavoured to while away the dull cheerless days of early winter.

At first, the anxiety he experienced on his father's account, and the heavy cloud of uncertainty which hung over his future fate with regard to Lilian Denborough, made the society of Adrian anything but an acquisition to one at least of the two ladies. Lady Medway, who at first raved about him, his appearance and manners, and addressed herself with much vivacity to what she called 'taking him in hand, and making something of him,' relaxed considerably in her endeavours to draw him to her side, as she began to perceive that he in no way responded to them ; and before long did not attempt to conceal that she was rather bored than otherwise by his society. This was perhaps the less to be wondered at, as all the thought and attention which Adrian could spare from the two absorbing subjects that filled his mind, were devoted to Catherine Vernon. When

they first met, he had almost forgotten the little episode in his boyish life of which she had been the heroine ; and finding that he met her as a stranger, Catherine, on her side, showed no symptoms of recognition. But one day, in the course of conversation, it slipped out that she knew Harpenden Manor well, and when Adrian had once connected her idea with that of the mournful little girl who had awakened the first dawn of romance in his imagination, she assumed a new and much deeper interest in his eyes. He remembered gradually all the indications of character, firmness, self-command, and earnest truthfulness, combined with a tender clinging love for all who showed her kindness, that had made the sorrowful child an object of his boyish admiration and sympathy ; and he soon found himself occupied with considerable interest in watching the development of these qualities in the beautiful young woman whose society was now a part of his daily life.

It was a more dangerous study for a man of Adrian L'Estrange's temperament than he would have allowed. Trebly shielded as he supposed himself to be by his passion for Lilian, he would have indignantly repelled the accusation, if such had been brought against him, that any other woman could win from him a single thought ; but in some men there is an unconquerable tendency to find charms in any female society into which they may be thrown, in pursuance of the old saying,

'Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime,  
il faut aimer ce qu'on a.'

And in this case, to the dangerous snare of proximity was added another yet more subtle.

Catherine Vernon had never lost the impression of Adrian's gentle kindness, when, a great boy, almost a man, he so tenderly soothed and comforted the unhappy, lonely little girl who was thrown unexpectedly into companionship with him. From that time she cherished his memory as that of the hero of her girlish dreams; and when she again met him, it was with feelings disposed to regard him with more interest than he was at first in a state of mind to appreciate.

But by degrees, quiet and self-possessed and not without a certain dignity as her manner was, a nameless charm in all she said and did, the emanation of deep, warm, glowing feelings, buried far out of sight in her inmost heart, awoke a sympathetic thrill in that of Adrian, which was but too open to such influences; and now began a phase in their lives which led to much misery.

Mr. Pierrepont had been away more than a month, and held out no prospect in his frequent letters to one or other of the inmates of Lightwood, that his return would take place for some time to come. Sir Harry was sufficiently convalescent to pass some hours of each day in his dressing-room, and there receive visits from the ladies, in whose company, especially that of Catherine Vernon, he greatly delighted; and now Lord Medway began to tire of his somewhat monotonous existence, and to remember with sudden compunction a number of promises faithfully given to divers dear friends in large and gay country houses, to visit them in the course of the autumn, which was now fast passing away.

At any other time this prospect would have met with Laura Medway's most cordial approval; but a new and powerful interest had lately sprung up for her in the dull routine of country life which she usually voted a profound bore. Her little scheme for extracting food for her personal vanity out of Adrian L'Estrange's admiration,

had long ago given place to another, in which Catherine was to take the principal part. Frivolous, fond of amusement and admiration as she was, the little woman was true hearted at bottom, and had a loyal and womanly affection for her husband, notwithstanding the great difference in their ages. Anything like what goes under the convenient but inexpressive name of 'flirtation,' on her own account, she would have dreaded and avoided; but still, such affairs had a deep and absorbing interest for her when others were concerned in them, and she watched with her whole heart and soul the suspicious turn that events were taking between Catherine and Adrian.

In a different state of society from our own, she would have occupied herself in arranging marriages for the children of her friends, not being blessed with any of her own; but being precluded by our insular prejudices from any formal and overt efforts in this line, she carried on a species of guerilla warfare against the peace of mind and single blessedness of her acquaintance in general; and the sort of unacknowledged, unconscious mutual interest, that her quick sight discovered was springing up between Catherine and Adrian, had a fascination for her which even surpassed that of the gay party collected at A—, or the private theatricals at B—.

Very unwillingly was she brought to give her consent to a day being fixed for their leaving Lightwood; the more so, as Sir Harry announced his intention of causing himself to be moved to Harpenden Manor as soon as the Medways had taken their departure; but she was not capable of a serious or long-continued resistance to any wish of 'dearest Medway's,' and it was settled that they were all to leave Lightwood on a certain Wednesday.

On the previous Monday, however, the General caught a severe cold, which brought on an attack of rheumatism, and obliged him to give up all thoughts of moving for the present. The Medways could

not postpone their departure, and as the presence of Mrs. Monkton rendered Catherine independent of any other chaperoneship, Laura was obliged to acquiesce, with many a sigh, in the altered state of arrangements.

On the evening before her departure, Lady Medway was lying on the sofa in her dressing-room, when Catherine, returning from a late ride, came there for a twilight gossip, as was her wont. The sharp air had given her an unusually brilliant colour, and as she stood before the fire, with her hat in her hand, and the disordered masses of rich brown hair falling over her shoulders, Lady Medway was struck by her beauty, as though she had seen it for the first time.

'Come here, my lovely one, and kiss me,' she said; and having complied with this tender invitation, Catherine seated herself on the floor beside her young aunt, and said,

'What shall I do without you, Laura?'

'Oh, isn't it a pity?' Laura exclaimed; 'just as we were going on so comfortably, and I really enjoyed a little quiet for once. If you had only been coming with me, or even going to Lucy Eustace's!'

'I shall go to Lucy before Christmas, it will not be very long till then.' Catherine spoke rather absently. Lady Medway fixed her bright eyes on her companion, and after a short pause, began very solemnly—

'Catherine, I have been thinking it over and over again, and at last I have decided that it is right to speak about it.'

'About what?' said Catherine, looking up inquiringly.

'About Adrian L'Estrange. You see, kitten, I can't quite make up my mind whether it ought to go on or not; except that one month in London, you have had no opportunity of seeing people and making up your mind; and though I allow he really is very charming, I don't think you would be quite right to entangle yourself just at present.'

'What are you thinking of,

Laura?' Catherine said, with an air of blank surprise, rather belied by her rising colour.

'Just this, dearest—and understand me well, my poor kitten, that if you had any mother or proper person to look after you, I would not interfere, for I think it rarely does good. But you know that excellent Mrs. Monkton might as well be one of her own worsted-work shepherdesses, for any use she will be of to you when I am gone; and it really is borne in upon me, as good people say, that I ought to speak to you.'

'So it appears,' said Catherine; 'but it has not yet been borne in upon me to comprehend your speech.'

'Very well; then you can't blame me if I make it plainer. I see that if you choose you can easily make a slave of this good-looking, pleasant young Adrian, and I see also that the old General would give his ears for such a thing to happen, and no wonder. At the same time, I feel bound to tell you, kitten, that you might do much better in a worldly point of view. I grant that the man himself is charming; but Basil, the eldest son, is on his way home from the West Indies, and is sure to marry; so that whether Adrian, with his good looks, and singing, and all that sort of thing, is quite what you have a right to expect—'

She stopped in surprise; for Catherine sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing, and her cheeks in a flame.

'Stop, Laura, stop, I beg of you. I love you very dearly, and I do not wish to be obliged to despise you.'

'Good gracious, kitten, what have I done?'

'You have been talking in a way that I hate!' replied Catherine, speaking very fast; 'and I would have stopped you before if I had been quite sure of your meaning. It may be the way of the world; I am thankful to say I know nothing of it; but to my mind, this cold, calculating spirit, this weighing and measuring a man to see if he is a good bargain, is detestable, and unworthy of you.'



'My dear, don't be absurd. I am only talking common sense.'

'Then don't talk any more of it, please — and Laura — promise me you will not think about me and Mr. L'Estrange; if you do, I shall go off to Lucy Eustace to-morrow morning, whether Sir Harry is able to move or not.'

'That would scarcely be civil, dearest; but do not quite reduce me to ashes with those blazing eyes of yours, and I will promise anything you please.'

'I do not want you to promise anything at all,' said Catherine, somewhat mollified, 'except not to think about me or my concerns.'

'A tolerably large exception, seeing that I am constantly thinking of you, and love you almost better than anything in the world.'

And here Lady Medway drew Catherine towards her, and kissed her fondly; and Catherine, glad to make her escape off dangerous ground, willingly dropped the subject. She was unusually gracious

and agreeable to Adrian that evening, in consequence of an elaborate effort to show Laura that she was not afraid of any remark she might make; but the only result of this little manoeuvre, which was conducted with all the unskilfulness of one wholly unused to study her own words and manner, or their effect upon others, was to afford a vast amount of secret entertainment to the knowing little woman of the world who was looking on, and to attract and perplex Adrian, and set him thinking of her more than usual. He decided over his evening cigar, that he had never seen a face capable of greater variety of expression than that of Catherine Vernon, and pleased himself by fancying how very lovely to look upon she would be for the man who succeeded in rousing the deep love of which her nature was capable. Thus Lady Medway's interference produced the usual result in such cases, and if it did anything, did harm.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A RESOLUTION.

Long thus he chewed the cud of inward griefe,  
And did consume his gall with anguish sore;  
Still when he mused on his late mischiefe,  
Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
And seemed more grievous than it was before.—SPENSER.

I felt a sudden tightness grasp my throat,  
As it would strangle me.—JOANNA BAILLIE.

**A**FTER the Medways departed, a certain constraint crept over the intercourse of Catherine and Adrian. Their afternoon rides had to be discontinued for want of a chaperone; and Adrian hunted and shot, and Catherine drove Mrs. Monkton in the pony carriage, or took long, damp, solitary walks in the now leafless woods, which fostered and encouraged a perilous habit of dreaming into which she had fallen of late. They rarely met before dinner, unless for a few chance minutes in the General's dressing-room, till after a certain hopelessly wet day, which drove them to take refuge in music to while away a part of the afternoon. Catherine's voice was one of re-

markable power, softness, and compass; and it blended so well with that of Adrian, and they found so much similarity in their musical tastes, that from that day an hour or two of the early twilight was usually devoted to singing duets.

A more dangerous pastime could not have been devised. Mrs. Monkton, knitting or dozing in the far chimney-corner, might as well have been at Jerusalem for any thought they bestowed on her; and these twilight hours, with the sound of their own voices alone breaking the silence with some passionate Italian melody, were not likely to have other than that kind of influence over the minds of both which of all things they should

have shunned and avoided. Catherine especially experienced the subtle charm of music; in the indescribable delight of feeling that in the fictitious loves and sorrows of Lucia or Leonora, she could pour forth a thousand inexplicable emotions, which she felt without attempting to analyse them, and Adrian lent himself but too readily to the perilous charm of these hours. He was in the utmost perplexity with regard to Lilian Denborough. After Sir Harry's accident, he wrote to her fully and freely; telling her that they must expect a considerable degree of opposition from his father, but assuring her over and over again that his love should and would triumph over all, and in the meantime beseeching her to write to him and think of him constantly. One little note, tender and simple, but short, and written with a degree of constraint which scarcely satisfied the exacting spirit of a lover, reached him within two days of his arrival in England, and then a blank, dead silence ensued, which his constant letters, breathing the most ardent and unchangeable love, and imploring her to write to him, seemed altogether powerless to break. As week after week went by, he began to feel sore and ill-used, then angry and suspicious. The hard words spoken by Sir Harry in their stormy interview concerning the Denborough family, had taken deeper root than Adrian would have cared to allow; and finding no other means of accounting for Lilian's persistent silence, he imagined either that her father, fearful of discovery, had removed to some other place where his letters did not reach her, or that Sir Harry's view of the case was the true one, and that finding their marriage was likely to be opposed, Lilian had been persuaded to give him up. All the bitter and injurious expressions used by the General in his anger forced themselves back into his son's mind; and though he did not for a moment lose his faith in Lilian herself, it is too true that he often permitted his thoughts to dwell on

all that was unfavourable in her family and position; and was, by the very nature of the conflict that was going on in his mind, rendered all the more susceptible of the influence of Catherine's soft and winning manner, and the charm of her refined grace and beauty. Not that he for a moment deliberately entertained the base thought of amusing himself by creating an interest in her heart, knowing that his own was not free to offer her; but the best and wisest of men have been weak where women are concerned, and poor Adrian was far from being either the one or the other. He had no lifelong experience of domestic life in female society to guide his conduct. The every-day routine of their present monotonous existence, which most men would have chafed under as a great bore, was full of a nameless charm of novelty and excitement to Adrian L'Estrange; a charm which the subtle influence of Catherine's growing affection rendered but too potent. No wonder then that she mistook the tender interest he showed in her most unimportant pursuits for the manifestation of a deeper sentiment; no wonder, alas! that the soft consciousness which this belief imparted to her manner soothed and attracted him in its turn; and thus, as cause and effect, each unknowingly produced and reproduced the most fatally erroneous impressions on the mind of the other.

There is no knowing what might have come of all this if Adrian, in a sudden fit of remorse at feeling the image of Lilian waxing pale and faint in his memory, had not begun talking one morning at breakfast of the inexplicable silence of a person from whom he had long been expecting letters, and of his intention of walking over that day to Harpenden and making inquiries at the post-office on the subject.

Half joking, but half with a kind of jealous presentiment, excited she knew not how, Catherine said,

'Have you such a very interesting correspondence that you are afraid the postmistress will detain

your letters for her private amusement?’

‘Not exactly,’ replied Adrian; ‘but I have long been expecting letters of the utmost value and importance to me; and I am so much perplexed at not receiving them, that I shall go and find out for myself if our letters are all regularly forwarded.’

He went accordingly, but got no satisfaction from the Harpenden postmistress. Of course she ‘forwarded every letter as ever came, punctual as daylight. How was she to know where they came from? She was not one as looked and pryed at the postmarks of the letters that came to the Harpenden office; they might be from France, or Spain, or Ameriky, for anything she knew. As long as the postage was paid, it was nothing to her.’

Having only gained the certainty that he could learn nothing more about the wished-for letters, and an additional weight of anxiety and suspicion regarding the unaccountable silence of Lilian, Adrian returned to Lightwood in a very dejected mood. On his way he overtook Catherine, who was also returning from a long, solitary walk.

It is not very cheering at any time to wander alone on a dull day in the end of autumn among leafless trees, withered ferns, and faded grass. If the human heart has been aptly compared to a world, there must always be in it some spot where it is also autumn; where faded joys, withered hopes, dead memories, are lying together in dreary confusion, with the chill atmosphere of regret brooding over all; and into this lonely region our thoughts are apt to wander when all surrounding objects are in unison with them.

Catherine Vernon’s meditations during her solitary walk had carried her back to the time, now nearly two years distant, when the mother for whom her love amounted to a passion had left her a lonely orphan, with no one very near or dear to her in the world. She had just arrived at that period

in a woman’s life when the want of a mother’s love is most sorely felt; and without clearly recognising this fact, the cry of her heart went instinctively forth towards this lost, irrevocably lost, blessing. Somebody—some great poet, I think—remarked that ‘we never can have but one mother;’ and the truism is a very pathetic one. Catherine had been recalling all the tender words, the murmured blessings, the broken prayers, which her mother’s failing voice had poured forth in her last hours for her child, and was wondering, with a vague sadness, how or when these prayers would be answered; whether by a life of happiness—such happiness as she had lately begun to dream of with a loved one on earth—or whether she was to know no joy in loving, no rest in sweet companionship, till she went to meet her beloved mother in her blissful home. She was in a state of mind when feelings usually subdued and thrust out of the way as too sacred for the common wear of daily life rise very near the surface, and a touch only is required to unseal the fountain and bid the waters flow forth. Adrian’s sudden appearance called a glow to her cheek and a tender, wistful smile to her lip, which gave her countenance a peculiar charm. Something in her look smote him with an uneasy consciousness, and he resolved at the moment, without accounting to himself for the impulse, to speak to her of Lilian.

‘She shall know me as I am,’ was his thought: what lay beyond it, he did not seek to discover.

‘I have been on a bootless errand,’ so he began, as he joined Catherine and walked by her side, ‘and I have only brought back a deepened conviction that I am neglected by one whose remembrance would be very precious to me.’

Catherine did not speak: a chill seemed to strike her heart, as if the cold breath of autumn had found its way there.

‘May I talk to you a little about her?’ Adrian went on, resolutely.



'Am I presumptuous in feeling that for the sake of old times we are almost friends?'

She forced herself to say quietly, 'No, indeed; I shall be interested in anything you like to tell me about yourself.'

On this encouragement, he plunged at once into the story, and told her of his first sight of Lilian, their acquaintance and growing love. As he spoke, the hesitation he at first felt yielded to the powerful sensations awakened by this recurrence to the past; and he spoke of Lily, her love, and her loveliness as they appeared now to him, with all his feelings roused into warmth by dwelling on the recollection. As they walked side by side, the dim evening light would have concealed more powerful evidences of emotion than Catherine allowed to escape her while she listened. An increasing paleness, a certain firm, set look about the lines of the mouth could alone have been noted by the closest observer; and with the flood-gates of memory newly opened, the heart and eyes of Adrian were alike in the past. With some people, feelings evaporate in words; with others, the breath that gives them utterance fans the flame which burns dully in silence: and of this latter sort was Adrian L'Estrange. He dwelt fondly on all the details of his brief love-dream; enlarged upon Lilian's beauty, her tenderness, her innocent simplicity, and little imagined how every word was sinking like molten lead upon the heart that throbbed so near his own.

When at last he came to an end, Catherine did not speak, and he asked anxiously,

'What is your opinion, now you have so patiently allowed me to tell you all? I cannot believe she has given me up at the first word of opposition; and yet, if she remembers as I do, why does she not write?'

'Some influence must be at work to prevent her doing so,' replied Catherine, in a voice which she steadied so successfully that it sounded cold to Adrian's excited

feelings. 'Have you never thought of writing to her sister?'

'I have done so more than once; and I even went so far as to write to Mr. Denborough, though I detest the very thought of the man. How dared he, the father of those two innocent creatures, blight their existence and condemn them to misery?'

'I cannot think that you have any opposition to fear from him. It is certainly mysterious; but as you have waited so long out of deference to Sir Harry's wishes, it seems to me that you can do no more till you can renew the subject with him; then get leave, if possible, to go yourself to France, and you will doubtless find that all can be explained away. Did it never occur to you that Mr. Denborough may have been obliged to change his hiding-place, and that his daughter is forbidden to disclose it?'

'Yes; and I wrote to a shop-keeper at Alainville, who knew their housekeeper, to ask if they were still at Belleforêt.'

'And what did you hear?'

'Strange to say, I have had no answer to that letter either,' replied Adrian, sadly.

'That is odd, certainly. But I do not believe in inexplicable mysteries nowadays. If you can only go yourself to Alainville, rely on it all will be right in a very short time.'

'How can I thank you for your patient goodness and all the comfort you have given me? Things look so much brighter to me now than they did an hour or two ago. I never fully understood before all that a man loses who has no sister.'

Catherine made no rejoinder; but as they were now close to the house, she went at once to her own room. I will not intrude on the hours she spent there in self-humbling accusations. She never thought of blaming Adrian for this tardy confidence. No; she was the weak fool who had given her heart—with burning blushes she felt it really was so—to one who had never sought it, who had no

love to give her, and whose utmost warmth of feeling only carried him so far as to wish that she had been his sister. Poor Catherine! such moments are among the bitterest that a woman's heart can know.

All outward sign of the struggle she had gone through was banished before she met Adrian at dinner with her usual sweet serenity; but during the two following days it so happened that, although he was longing to resume the confidential conversation in which he had found so much solace, no opportunity of being alone with Catherine presented itself, though he little guessed how all her efforts were unceasingly directed to this very end. On the third morning, she came to breakfast with two letters in her hand.

'How is Sir Harry?' was her first question, as usual.

'Particularly well,' said Adrian; 'and he intends to drive out this fine morning, as a preparation for the move to Harpenden.'

'I am glad to hear that, for a letter from my uncle Darcy was perplexing me a little. He writes from Paris, where he may be detained on business for an indefinite time, and Mrs. Monkton is anxious to be at liberty to spend Christmas with her brother. So if you really think the General will soon be able to move——'

'I have no doubt of it; pray make all your arrangements without regard to us. We have trespassed too long on your kindness; though I, for one, can never forget all I owe to it.'

'Then I shall write at once to the friend with whom I am to stay for some time, Mrs. Eustace, and tell her I will be with her on Saturday. Are you sure that that will not hurry the General?'

'Perfectly.'

And so it was arranged. There were yet two days to elapse before the day of departure; but somehow, the confidential conversation between Adrian and Catherine was never resumed. He felt, he could scarcely tell why, that the confession in which he had laid his heart bare before her, instead of drawing

them closer together, had thrown them back into the more formal intercourse of their earlier acquaintance. Catherine was kind and gentle as ever, but there *was* a change somewhere; and Adrian missed the sweet fellowship to which he had lately grown accustomed, and felt restless, uneasy, dissatisfied with himself, while he strove to think he was only unhappy about Lilian. The truth is, that his vanity was a little wounded to find that Catherine did not appear to set much value on the confidence reposed in her, or think it worth her while to encourage a renewal of it; and where is the man in whose character vanity is not a very potent element?

Catherine Vernon found rest, perhaps, but not peace, at Witheringham. Mrs. Eustace had lately lost her husband, and for a time the grave and altered manners of her young friend appeared as the natural result of their meeting under such circumstances. But as time wore on, Lucy Eustace could not fail to see that the change was a deeper one than the tenderest sympathy could have effected. With wise, unselfish kindness, she persuaded Catherine to continue all her usual occupations, and begged as a personal favour to herself that she would not give up her music. Catherine could not refuse to comply with a request so skilfully worded; but there was a plaintive thrill in her rich, beautiful voice, which carried a deeper feeling to the heart of her friend than even the noble strains of Handel or Mozart, which she chose for her performance, could have conveyed.

As the French so happily express it, Catherine Vernon '*avait des larmes dans la voix*;' and when we hear this peculiar tone, we may be almost sure that tears are, or have been, in the heart also. She chose only the works of the gravest and most classical composers; and for a time Lucy Eustace believed that she was guided in her choice by an instinctive feeling that lighter music

would have been uncongenial to her friend's state of feeling. In order to ascertain if this were really the case, Mrs. Eustace asked one night for the pathetic song in the *Puritani*, which had always been an especial favourite with Catherine; but she replied, half jokingly,

'Don't tempt me, Lucy. "Qui la voce" is of a school of music with which I have got rather intoxicated of late; and I have taken an Irish kind of pledge that no-

thing weaker than Mendelssohn shall pass my lips for a year and a day.'

That was enough for Lucy Eustace, but she pressed herself no farther into her confidence; and Catherine went on night after night filling the long, dark room with glorious old music, and the heart of her friend with a thought like that expressed by the poetess:

Thou hast loved and thou hast suffered,  
I know it by thy song.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A FRUITLESS QUEST.

Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but, if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast, as Love can do with only a single thread.—BURTON.

I DO not know how it came to pass that Adrian L'Estrange so far prevailed on his father to relent in his decision with regard to Lilian Denborough as to permit him, somewhere about the beginning of spring, to go to Alainville, and endeavour to penetrate in person the dense cloud of silence and mystery which hung over the object of his love and all belonging to her. Perhaps the old man's heart was touched by the womanly tenderness with which his son watched and nursed him during the long, tedious winter, and his careful avoidance of the subject uppermost in his heart until he saw the General was able to bear what might prove an agitating discussion. But however it was, he arrived one gloomy day in the beginning of March at the Château de Belleforêt, and found it, as his fears had too truly whispered, empty and deserted; doors and windows barred and bolted, and an air of desolation over all which an uninhabited French country-house is pre-eminently capable of assuming.

I will not attempt to describe how very sad and lonely, how desolate and forsaken poor Adrian, the creature of impulse, the very victim of outward impressions, felt

as he paced to and fro on the deserted terrace. The old crone who was left in charge of the apartments once occupied by the Denborough family, referred him to Madame Bontemps for all information regarding them; and furnished with her address, he returned to Alainville with something like a fresh hope springing in his heart.

On the departure of her employers, Madame Bontemps resumed her original calling of a 'raccommodeuse et blanchisseuse de fin,' in a back street of the little town; and there, after some little difficulty, Adrian found her 'au quatrième,' employed in some culinary mystery with a small stove and smaller pipkin, and attired in the frankest possible *deshabille*. The good woman was far less embarrassed than her unexpected guest, and would not hear of his deferring his visit to a more convenient moment. Carefully depositing the precious *marmite* in a warm corner, and wiping her hands on a towel to whose aspect it is happily not necessary to allude, she invited Adrian to be seated in a *fauteuil* near the window; and taking a stool beside him, she entered warmly and affectionately into the subject of his visit.



'Ces pauvres chères Demoiselles Dubois! Nothing more natural than that monsieur, who is a friend—a relation perhaps—should seek to know what has befallen them. Ah, bon Dieu! I wish I knew myself. There is misfortune, mystery, crime perhaps—what do I know?—in their story; but assuredly the young ladies are angels, if there ever were any in this bad world. Monsieur can never know all that those dear creatures suffered with their father. Heavens! what a man! A mad drunkard, who made their lives unendurable with his savage passions; and they never complained, but watched and waited upon him with the sweetness of angels of Paradise. I hoped at one time—if monsieur will pardon my indiscretion—that he would ask that dear Mademoiselle Lilia in marriage. But I know little of the manners and customs of you English on these points, only that they are different from ours. Be that as it may, from the time that monsieur left the village, that dear little angel became sad and pale, almost as Mademoiselle Rachel herself. They used to send me to the post with their letters——'

'Did they write to me?' inquired Adrian, eagerly.

'Certainly, often and often. Is it possible that monsieur has not received the letters? Ah! there is crime and treachery somewhere, I feel well assured. You should have seen her sweet face, poor child, so pale, so anxious, as day after day I returned empty-handed. "No letter? Are you *quite* sure, dear Madame Bontemps? Was there not one little letter for me?"'

'And I wrote so often! who can have done this?' Adrian fairly groaned as he pictured to himself the sorrowful suspense of his darling.

'Well,' continued madame, 'it was not very long after monsieur's departure that another gentleman came to the château, English also, a fine man, well preserved, though no longer in his first youth. Lisette told me there was a general consternation at his appearance; and

that Monsieur Dubois especially seemed transfixed with terror. But he remained as a visitor, this strange gentleman, and after a while they appeared to habituate themselves to his presence. He accompanied the young ladies in their walks, and played tric-trac with the father, over whom it was clear that he possessed great influence. Sometimes they would be shut up together for hours; and after one of these interviews, Monsieur Dubois always drank frightfully, and many painful scenes took place. Poor Mademoiselle Lilia grew paler and thinner, often weeping wildly for no apparent cause, and still inquiring with eagerness for letters which never arrived. As time wore on, there came a kind of recklessness over her, so unlike her former self that it was a pity to see. As for Mademoiselle Rachel, she grew paler, if possible, and more sad; and Lisette used to hear them talking together in the chamber, late in the night, with sighs, and tears, and sobs, till they wept themselves to sleep.'

'Go on,' said Adrian, impatiently, clenching his hands as madame stopped to take breath.

'One day there was a terrible scene in the *salon*. The strange gentleman was there, speaking earnestly to Monsieur Dubois, and after a while the young ladies were sent for. Of course Lisette understood nothing of what passed; but anyone could see it was some grave family crisis. The strange gentleman declaimed, Monsieur Dubois raved and stormed, and Mademoiselle Rachel's voice sounded as if imploring mercy, while poor Mademoiselle Lilia did little but weep. At last, poor child, she fainted; Lisette was called for, and they carried her to her bed, where she lay moaning faintly, like a poor little lamb separated from its mother. Her sister wept hot tears over her, and called her a poor victim; so much Lisette could understand, since the word is almost the same in French and English; and, in truth, a more heart-breaking spectacle could scarcely be imagined than those two helpless,

unhappy girls. The next day Monsieur Dubois sent for me and Lisette, and told us that he and his family were about to leave the château on a distant journey, and would probably not return there; and offered to one of us to accompany his daughters, with the promise of liberal wages. Lisette agreed to go; she is an orphan, young, fond of novelty and adventure, and, above all, passionately attached to the dear young ladies. But I——' here Madame Bontemps looked complacently round her little apartment, and shrugged her shoulders expressively — 'What would you? I am a proprietor—this apartment, this furniture are mine; and, besides, I am beyond the age when one has a thirst for change; I am happy and respected in Alainville; and though it went to my heart to say farewell to those two poor angels, I said it. They left the château as soon as the necessary arrangements could be completed, and I have never seen them since.'

'Where were they going to?' inquired Adrian, eagerly.

'Ah, where? that is a part of the mystery, a secret which was carefully preserved. They took their places in the train for Orleans, but they did not stay there, for I chanced to hear from a friend of mine who is an employé on that line, that they took fresh tickets at once, and went on by the next *convoi* to Paris. Whether they stopped on the road, or continued their journey to the capital, I know not. They have vanished from this place like a dream, and even the postmaster has not received a single letter for any of them since they went away.'

Madame Bontemps paused; and Adrian, after thinking for a moment, asked, 'What was the name of the strange gentleman?'

'There, again,' said madame; 'another mystery. He never was called anything that I could discover, and perhaps I could not have remembered his name if I had chanced to hear it; they confuse one, those English names, except yours, Monsieur L'Etranger, that

comes quite naturally to one, but for the rest—the people in the village called him *l'homme chez Dubois*, and so did Lisette and I if we wished to speak of him. But for my part, I hated the very thought of the man, for I am sure he was at the bottom of all the misery which overwhelmed my dear young ladies.'

This was the substance of Madame Bontemps' narrative, and the sum of all the information which Adrian could obtain at Alainville. Provided with the one faint clue it afforded, he lost no time in returning to Paris, and setting the police to discover the objects of his search. In a few days he received information that four persons answering exactly to the description he gave of Mr. Denborough and his daughters, with another *très bel homme* as their companion, had arrived on the previous 17th of February, by the railway, from Orleans, and taken up their quarters in an obscure hotel near the terminus. There they remained for nearly a fortnight; after which the younger lady and gentleman were married by civil contract, at the mairie of the arrondissement, and left Paris on the same day for Brussels. The register bore the date of this marriage, the 28th of February, and the names were those of 'Robert Dubois, jeune,' and 'Lilia Marguerite Dubois.'

The detective who brought this crushing confirmation of his worst fears to poor Adrian, added that the elder Dubois, with the other young lady, also left the hotel on the day of the marriage, and he had not yet succeeded in tracing them out; but, as it was probable that they were still in Paris or the Banlieue, there would be little difficulty in discovering their abode. He said that the people of the hotel believed the Dubois family to be Belgians; but on inspecting the register he found that the handwriting of the contracting parties was clearly English. This remark suggested to Adrian the possibility that the signature of the man who, doubtless by some cruel stratagem, had robbed him

of Lilian, might afford some clue to his identity. But the name, 'Robert Dubois, jeune,' was written in a cramped and evidently feigned hand; and poor Lilian's trembling, blotted signature, only gave the last touch of certainty to the sad conjecture that she had been offered up an unwilling sacrifice to some plot between her worthless father and the stranger.

The blood boiled in Adrian L'Estrange's veins as he reflected that, after all, this could not be a legal marriage, and that the hapless Lilian had not even a right to that name of wife which is either a woman's proudest title, or the mark and stigma of her deepest degradation. He determined at once to use every effort to trace her out if possible; and then—he could not tell what might follow; but come what might, she should not be suffered to remain in a hated and hateful bondage to one who must have basely deceived her.

Arrived in Brussels, Adrian had no difficulty in discovering that a Monsieur and Madame Dubois were at the Hôtel de Bellevue in the Place Royale on the 28th of February, and remained there four or five days. He had no doubt, from the description given, that these persons were Lilian Denborough and the *bel homme* for whom he begun to entertain a deadly hatred, and not more than a week had elapsed since they were together under the same roof that now sheltered him; but that week made the difference of a lifetime. No one at the hotel knew their destination. They left it about the sixth of March, in a common street cab, for one of the railway stations, and at this point all clue to their after wanderings was lost. When all the cabmen in Brussels had been questioned, and a liberal reward for information offered in vain, Adrian was forced to abandon the search; they were gone, he knew not where, and Lily was utterly lost to him.

Weary and heart-sore he returned to Paris, and there debated with himself whether or not to seek out Rachel and her father. He decided not to do so; the time when any

good could have resulted from their meeting was past. He dared not trust himself in the villanous presence of the man who had put the crown to his career of crime by selling his innocent, unsuspecting child to a life of shame and misery, and a meeting with the unhappy Rachel would only now serve to awaken unbearable recollections. He was wrong, poor fellow, as he often was, and as those always must be who shrink from any course of action, however painful, whose end and aim is the development of truth. If we could only learn this one lesson, that there is no rest or peace in anything but what is true, it would be a happier world than it is. Adrian's sensitive nature shrank from pain, and he persuaded himself that no good could result from that which he must endure if brought face to face with Rachel and her father. One day, in passing through the flower-market, near the Madeleine, he caught sight of a keen, dark face, and a pair of piercing black eyes, which he felt almost sure were those of Lisette; but before he could attract her notice she was lost in the crowd, and he felt rather thankful than otherwise to have escaped unrecognised. So all was over. His short, bright, beautiful love-dream had departed, never to return; the sweet, pure, child-like Lily of his memory had vanished like some fairy gift, and hope and happiness seemed to have passed away with her for ever. He returned to England a changed man; and seeing him so sad and altered, Sir Harry scarcely knew whether to rejoice or grieve over a turn of fate which could not but be welcome to him as ensuring Adrian's escape from a marriage which he regarded with horror and disgust.

Thus a year passed by. Adrian avoided all society, and mourned for the lost Lilian as one dead. He resumed his long-interrupted duties at the Foreign Office, and only took one short holiday towards the close of summer, which he spent in seeking all over Europe, wherever English travellers are wont to congregate, for a glimpse of the



face which haunted him by day and night. He wrote his own name, in conspicuous letters, in every traveller's book he could get hold of, and eagerly searched their pages for the name of Dubois. Now and then he fancied he had ob-

tained a clue to those he sought, as often was he disappointed; and he returned to England, having gained nothing by his weary search but a deepened persuasion that he and Lily were destined never more to meet.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### IL FAUT AIMER CE QU'ON A.

Her presence had the power  
To soothe, to warm, nay, ev'n to bless,  
If ever bliss could graft a flower  
On stem so full of bitterness.  
Ev'n then her glorious smile to me  
Brought warmth and radiance, if not balm—  
Like moonlight on a troubled sea,  
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.—MOORE.

THE first grand concert of the season was about to be given by Lady Chiselhurst; and that afternoon her son, Lord Eltham, chanced to meet Adrian L'Estrange in the park.

'L'Estrange, what on earth do you do with yourself? I never see you anywhere except at the opera.'

'Possibly, because I never go "anywhere," as you call it, except to the opera.'

'How slow of you!'

'Very likely.'

'But you are coming to my mother's to-night?'

'I think not; many thanks. Lady Chiselhurst was kind enough to ask me; but the truth is, I do not care even to listen to good music in a squash: and when I reflect that somebody's crinoline will fare the better for my absence, I feel quite benevolent, and as if I were doing a good action by staying away.'

'But I assure you my maternity eschews squashes. We are very select, *we* are; and if you will come, I can promise you something quite in your line. Bosio is going to sing a lot of music out of an opera that has not yet been given in England. *Polly*, or *Susan*, or some such name.'

'*Martha*, I suppose, you mean.'

'Exactly. I knew it was the name of one of the housemaids at home; but I have not got a musical soul, as you know, and I forgot which of them it was. Now, do

come, old fellow. You are growing awfully rusty, and it will do you good.'

Adrian shook his head.

'Now, don't be obstinate. I tell you we are awfully select, and all that sort of thing, and there will be lots of room for the crinolines—oh, what bores they are!—and you too; and I know you would like the *Polly* music.'

'Thank you, my dear fellow. It is certainly rather tempting; and if I can screw up my courage, I will come.'

The thought of Bosio, and Flotow's sweet music, then quite new in this country, prevailed over his usual habits of seclusion, and Adrian found himself at Lady Chiselhurst's soon after the concert began. Eltham was right, the rooms were neither over-crowded nor over-heated; and Adrian ensconced himself in a corner whence he could hear the music to advantage, and see as little of the company as possible.

Two ladies were sitting immediately in front of him, one of whom was so remarkable for the beautiful shape of her head and shoulders, that his attention was directed to her, and he felt a kind of languid curiosity to know whether the face was in harmony with the pure flowing lines of her figure. She was richly but very plainly dressed in white silk, which showed off to greater advantage the creamy tint of her skin than

any contrast of colour could have done. Her beautiful rich brown hair was bound by a wreath of green leaves, glittering with dew-drops, and diamonds sparkled in her small well-turned ears. As long as the music lasted, she sat motionless, her head a little bent forward; but at the close of the first part, she turned towards her companion with a gesture that struck Adrian as familiar to him; and he then looked, for the first time, at the other lady. There was no mistaking the bright complexion and soft blond hair of Lady Medway; and in another moment she and Adrian were shaking hands warmly, with many expressions on her part of pleasure at seeing him once more 'in the land of the living.'

Her companion was Catherine Vernon. A year and a half had elapsed since Adrian last saw her, and the beauty of which she then gave abundant promise, had developed itself into the fair and stately presentment of a perfectly lovely woman. She blushed all over as she met Adrian's gaze; and he, flattered and pleased, as the least vain of men must have been by the emotion she displayed on seeing him, at once took a place by her side, and remained there for the rest of the evening. Conversation languished between them at first. Adrian remembered vividly, as he sat once more by her side, the uneasy feeling of disappointment and constraint which had crept in somehow, he knew not why, after the confidence he made her of his love for Lilian Denborough. In spite of this, as soon as he found himself again in Catherine's society, the longing to talk to her freely of all that was in his heart came over him so strongly, that the very force of the impulse which drew him towards her produced a species of re-action, and he felt that he must appear dull and uninteresting to a degree which made him angry with himself, and did not improve his powers of pleasing.

On Catherine's side, feelings too vividly remembered rose up in full force, and checked her speech. And it was lucky that they were both

of that rare number of real lovers of music who make it a conscience not to take the beginning of some pathetic air as a signal for redoubled energy in the use of their tongues. Most people act in society on a principle which I once heard thus candidly explained: 'Oh, I adore music!—one can talk so comfortably while it is going on.'

By and bye Catherine asked after the General.

'I am ashamed to say that I ought rather to apply to you for news of my father,' answered Adrian. 'He is so much at his club, and I am so constantly occupied through the day, that I rarely see him; but I believe he is almost every day at Lord Medway's.'

'I have not seen him yet, but I only came to Grosvenor-square two days ago, and Laura told me he had a cold.'

'That is the worst of our not living together. He would not allow me to leave my lodgings and join him, and it is some days since we met. I shall go to-morrow morning and see him, and tell him of your inquiries.'

'And tell him, too, that I am looking forward to some tremendous chess-battles. I have improved considerably since he took so much pains with me at Lightwood.'

'Ah, that pleasant time at Lightwood! How long ago it seems to me! Do you remember anything of a story which you allowed me to tell you there one day?'

Oh, how well she remembered! But she only said, quietly—

'Certainly I do. I hope it is all going on well?'

'I should like to tell you the rest of it,' he said, without answering her question. 'I feel as if it would more effectually close up a very sorrowful chapter of my life, if I could summon courage to say to any one, "it is all over for ever." You were so kind, so patient with me that day. Would it weary you to listen again?'

'Oh, no.'

'Are you going anywhere to-morrow night? I know nothing of fashionable arrangements. I

have had no inducement to conquer a sort of morbid dislike to society which has been creeping over me ; but I should like to meet you at a ball. One can talk so quietly in a crowd.'

'I don't know if Laura means to go to Lady Townley's—we have an invitation, but she talked of taking a box at Covent-garden, and I do not think we should do both.'

'Well, if I do not see you at the opera, I shall go to Lady Townley's. Will you spare me one quadrille ?'

The crash of the concluding chorus only allowed Catherine time to promise this ; and Lady Medway, who had fidgetted a little during the latter part of their conversation, now begged her to make haste, or they would be all night getting the carriage. She saw Lord Eltham lying in wait for them in the doorway ; and as she had been doing all in her power to foster his undisguised admiration for Catherine, she was not a little provoked when she saw Adrian offer her his arm. Between supplying them with strawberries, finding their cloaks, and calling the carriage, he contrived to remain by Catherine's side until they drove off, and then Laura exclaimed, pettishly—

'I have no kind of patience with that man ! He went moping about all last year, *affiché-ing* his unhappy passion to the whole world, wearing mourning for the girl, and all that sort of stuff, and then, just when one does not want him, he turns up again, and you flirt with him for the whole evening.'

'Flirt ! oh Laura ! But is Lilian Denborough dead ?'

'Do you mean to say you know that absurd story ?'

'He told me at Lightwood,' said Catherine ; 'that is, he told me how he had seen and loved her, and that Sir Harry opposed their marriage ; but I know no more.'

'Well, she is dead ; or she ran away with some one else, I believe. You know, they were a good-for-nothing set altogether. But this foolish man has been by way of breaking his heart about her, and letting everybody see he was wearing the willow. I do hate sentimentality ; and I hope, Catherine,

you will not indulge him in his fancy for a *larmoyante tête-à-tête*. You will just get yourself talked about, if you do.'

'Do not alarm yourself, Laura,' said Catherine, rather coldly. 'I have no intention of "getting myself talked about" with anybody ; but I cannot see why I am not to talk to Adrian L'Estrange as well as to any one else.'

'Well, well, kitten, don't scratch. I only warn you for your good. There are some men that have a compromising manner of saying that it is a fine day ; and I think Mr. L'Estrange is one of them. But let us go to bed now, for I am bored to death.'

The quadrille at Lady Townley's took place, and was followed by many others elsewhere. Adrian began to discover that society had its advantages ; and as the first restraint of their meeting wore off, and Catherine became accustomed to talk to him of all and everything, they found more and more pleasure in each other's society. Her mind was so fresh, so full of original thought, so richly gifted by nature and education, that even had it not found an eloquent interpreter in her refined and expressive beauty, it would have attracted any one worthy to appreciate its charms : and for Adrian, whose own mind was cast in a very similar mould, her conversation had an inexpressible fascination. He scarcely knew how precious was the bright glance with which she welcomed his approach, or the confiding softness insensibly betrayed by her manner ; but he knew that with her he felt at peace, satisfied, and happy ; and that out of her presence all was gloom and unrest. He told himself that this state of things arose from her being the only person with whom he could talk freely of the lost Lilian, and who thought and spoke of her with kindness and indulgence. He began, it is true, as time wore on, to confess to himself that his feelings towards her were becoming warmer in their nature than he felt to be consistent with the eternal regret he had vowed to the memory of Lilian ; but he persuaded himself that he



loved her only for her tender womanly sympathy, so frankly offered, not to him only, but to the unknown object of his unhappy love. This explanation lulled his conscience to rest, and dispelled any lingering suspicion of disloyalty towards the memory of Lilian: but he was not proof against the mysterious agency which was working in them both, and which exercises so potent and universal an influence in the world.

I am myself a firm believer in that property of attraction and repulsion between human beings which is aptly termed animal magnetism. I think it is the only satisfactory way of accounting for many apparent discrepancies which puzzle us in the character and conduct of those with whom we live. Its nature and working may be alike unknown; but that there is such a motive force in mind, I am firmly persuaded; and that it is the same as, in a partly material form, is now generally recognised under the ill-applied name of Mesmerism.

What is now called mesmerism—a very different thing from the charlatanries of Mesmer himself—is to animal magnetism what the flash of light is to electricity: a visible manifestation of the existence of a mighty power which lurks unseen in our human organization, as its prototype and probably kindred influence is known to do throughout universal nature. We are all more or less subject to its workings, but in some natures there exists a peculiar sensitiveness to its power: and this power, I feel convinced, formed the first connecting link in a chain which bound Adrian L'Estrange and Catherine Vernon together, and weighed heavily upon the life of both. It would be useless to follow the various gradations of feeling through which Adrian passed before he was led to the belief that he loved Catherine with that love which a man feels for the woman whom he seeks to make his wife. The world gave them to each other long before he had arrived at this conclusion; and on first becoming

aware that their names were joined in the gossip of the day, he took a sudden, and, as he conceived, a steadfast resolution to show the world its error, and avoid her society for the future.

This unconquerable resolve was formed on a certain Saturday night after the opera. He adhered to it religiously all Sunday; wavered a little on Monday, as he became aware of the great void created in his daily life by the absence of this absorbing interest; and on Tuesday he persuaded himself that he was attaching too much importance to idle rumour, and went to a breakfast where he knew he should meet Catherine, determined to show the world that it was all wrong.

But he had not calculated on the bright smile of greeting with which Catherine Vernon welcomed him, or the lovely light which stole into her soft eyes; neither was he fully prepared for the sensations which these unmistakeable signs of interest on her part roused in his own breast. Nothing ever turns out as we have previously imagined it, and this breakfast was by no means an exception to the general rule. On the contrary, Adrian's first act was to persuade Catherine to walk with him in a path by the river which was but little frequented; and in the course of this walk words were spoken and listened to with throbbing hearts which could never be forgotten, either by speaker or listener.

And yet it was not like an ordinary love-scene. Adrian could scarcely ask his beautiful companion to accept a heart which she knew to have been so recently devoted to another, without excusing himself to himself, as well as to her, by explanations which, for the moment, perhaps, deceived them both. In the course of that fateful conversation he said,

'If I were only less unworthy of you! Catherine, you have seen too deeply into my heart to trust me fully. You know that its best and deepest feelings have already been given to another; and now that *that* hope is quenched for

ever, I can scarcely understand my own presumption in venturing to speak to you as I have done. But at least you know me fully now, and will believe that every feeling of my heart which is not memory's is wholly yours.'

Catherine whispered, 'I am satisfied, Adrian;' and with that soft whisper lingering on his ear and in his heart, Adrian L'Estrange went home—and dreamed that he was walking on the moonlit terrace of the Château de Belleforêt, with Lilian Denborough by his side.

Poor Adrian! I feel, as I am writing about him, how weak and faulty his character must appear; and in only presenting an episode out of any person's life, one must run great risk of doing them injustice. There was really very much of good mingled with the great weakness which brought on him a bitter punishment. Frank, genuine, and high-minded, he erred on the side of tenderness of heart and impulsive, perhaps ill-regulated, feeling. There are worse and more unloveable weaknesses; and few of us will deny that there is some one side of our own character which we should be unwilling to see depicted, standing alone in a full light, without the softening accessories which modify it in reality into something more in harmony with our better part. This I am doing by Adrian L'Estrange. His life, poor fellow, hinged on this one great weakness, that he acted on the impulse of the moment, on the feeling uppermost in his own sensitive and impressionable nature, without weighing results; and we must judge him leniently for the sake of the great expiation he made, if not from some secret sympathy which may whisper to some of us that in a similar trial, or one which would have proved such to us, we also might have failed and fallen, even as he did.

The announcement of the engagement of Catherine and Adrian produced a considerable sensation among those interested in them

both. The old General was perfectly delighted; Lord Medway gave his consent readily, as he would have done to any measure which did not threaten his own comfort, or interfere with his French cook and his hunters; and Darcy Pierrepont came over from Paris on purpose to make his congratulations in person. Adrian could not help a slight feeling of surprise at the active degree of interest shown by Mr. Pierrepont on the occasion, but it was impossible to be otherwise than flattered by it, as the marriage was anything but a brilliant one for Catherine, and he had always been understood to take great pride in his lovely niece, though of late he had trusted her almost entirely to Lady Medway, and spent the greater part of his time on the Continent.

The person least well-pleased was Laura Medway herself. She had taken a warm interest in Lord Eltham and his pretensions, and felt that Catherine's marriage with him would have been a far more brilliant and appropriate finale to her chaperonage. But the disappointed suitor himself bore his disappointment with much philosophy.

'After all, dear Lady Medway,' he said, 'I am not by any means sure that it would have done; though I admire Miss Vernon more than any woman I ever saw, you know I really could not undertake the "high art" style of love-making which would have suited her. I could as easily go about in the armour which my ancestor wore at Cressy. I always felt when I was talking to her that I made a mess of it somehow, and never said the right thing—and between ourselves, she often looked bored. So it is best as it is, after all, and I heartily hope she will be happy.'

Of such stuff, how many of the 'passions' of the present day are made; and when, by an unlucky concurrence of events, they end in marriage, who is to wonder that the result is not happiness?

## ART FOR ARTIFICERS.

THE loan collection of art treasures in the two new courts of the South Kensington Museum is worthy of the working as well as the sightseeing world's attention. To begin with a low motive, it concerns the working world to know what sort of things the richest class of purchasers will most freely spend their spare money upon, and what are the sources and channels of such expenditure, in order that the deepest pockets may be most effectually reached by the most deserving artificers.

The political economy of this consummation is clear. The proclivity of wealth to stagnate in too vast reservoirs, and the tendency of manufacture to overstock the market for its produce, are the diseases to which capital and labour are liable. Art's mission is to mediate between these extremes, and the more art flourishes the better is the equipoise. Art, far more than use, is the stimulus of expenditure. A sense of art makes Mrs. Brown envy and finally outshine Mrs. Jones's d'Aubusson carpet, though her own Brussels was but little the worse for wear. Art urges Mrs. Jones to emulate Lady Robinson's Minton dinner-service, while her previous set (over which Jones grumbled so much at Copeland's only the year before last, and of which but one sauce-boat and three plates are yet broken) subside to lower shelves in her pantry as second best. Art relegates to the second-hand dealer in Tottenham-court-road those arm-chairs which Sir John Robinson so long persisted in proving to be perfectly comfortable, by dropping off in one of them every time Lady R. delivered her tirade on their shortcomings. Sir John sleeps no more easily in the last new construction by Messrs. Holland.

It may be said that all this has nothing to do with either art or progress. Perhaps not. Fashion and fickleness are providential substitutes in the majority of instances. These makeshifts serve the purposes of commerce, but not so well.

Truth goes further than sham. Beauty is more attractive than gorgeous ugliness. If there be real merit as well as novelty in the objects coveted, the above ladies will more vigorously persecute their respective lords, and the stagnating balances at their respective bankers will be more rapidly sent dancing down the arteries of trade.

Average workmen can produce ordinary wares, and ordinary wares will do for average customers. The maxim of modern commerce has been 'Manufacture for the million.' Quantity has on the whole got the better of quality. The wants of the million have been a little over prominent. The loan collection shows that the wants of the millionaire claim a little consideration.

The ordinary appliances of comfort and luxury are sufficient to extract and put in circulation the surplus wealth of the commonalty. But there are fortunes too colossal to be brought into play by the ordinary mechanism of life.

There would be a commercial fitness (though it might certainly be accompanied by a social inconvenience) in the bulk of a man's body expanding in proportion to his pecuniary figure. Baron Rothschild and the Marquis of Westminster would then have to buy the fine linen or calico for their shirts by the acre instead of by the yard. And to hold together on such magnates the fabric would have to be quilted a thousand or so thick. But as nature will not admit of monied aristocrats bloating beyond a certain size, there is a limit to the quantity of textiles the most opulent ploutarch can wear out as raiment. But if you consider the rich man not as a shirt-wearer, but (as he may become under proper provocation) a possible art collector, there is no limit to his consumptive powers. He may fill his cabinet with treasures and his house with cabinets, and if his plethora of superfluous wealth is not relieved he may go on building more houses and stocking them with more cabinets *ad infinitum*.



At least, as long as there is room in the world to build palaces of art, and dealers and workmen will go on making and selling covetable things and cabinets to hold them. This the workmen and dealers assuredly will do as long as they know how, and till they in turn grow rich by the process and become art collectors themselves. The difficulty is how to manage to produce things covetable enough. We have seen in the Exhibition samples of what the producing world has to sell; and it was a good thought of the Brompton boilerocracy to exhibit, as a pendant and contrast to their huge bazaar, a select sample of what the cream of purchasers have to show for their money.

It is evident on a first glance at the well-filled glass cases that the greater and better part of the loan collection consists of ancient specimens. And the modern workman would probably cry in his haste that these old-fashioned things are prized for their rarity, and from an antiquarian curiosity as to what sort of queer articles could be turned out by workmen in the dark ages. He would say that there was only a very limited stock of these things in the market, and that as they get to be known by head mark after successive sales and exhibitions, a fictitious value is attached to them. 'And then of course the swells will bid against one another like mad when they see a thing that comes out of the Soltikoff collection, and have read in the papers that there isn't another like it. But Lord bless you, sir, there's firms in Clerkenwell could turn out equal to that and many times superior, only it would never pay, unless it could be smuggled into a choice catalogue and sold as ancient, which they do tell me there is a good many of these curiosities on show here that has been got up for the purpose and passed off to fanciers as genuine.'

There is some little truth in this, but not very much. If a thing is really very pretty, and shows it has cost a great deal of hand and head

work to an intelligent and tasteful artificer, it will command its price whether it be old or new. The little glass tazza which sold for £250 is a modern art treasure. If it were put up to auction now it would probably fetch twice the money. Its reputation is made by the Exhibition. I only hope the man who made the tazza gets his share of the money and reputation. I am sorry I do not know his name, but it ought to be known, and his work from this time forth should be competed for by all who desire and can afford to have better glass than their neighbours. He ought to be emancipated from shop patronage and set up a studio of his own, like any other celebrated artist.

If the authorities of the South Kensington Museum seriously wish to encourage art manufactures, they should devote a court every season to the exhibition of select specimens of handwork, with the names and addresses of the artificers attached. No anonymous work to be admitted. After sufficient time allowed for the press and public to inspect and criticise, prices should be fixed and a price catalogue published. In case more than one object by the same hand was admitted, they should be placed in juxtaposition, however various the class of work. Working designs, accompanied by an estimate and some sample of analogous workmanship, so as to show that it could be executed by the designer himself, should be admitted also, so that orders might be given and an advance made where the outlay for materials would be beyond the artificer's means.

The shops would no doubt cry out that this was setting up an establishment to compete with them, and that it loosened their hold over all their best craftsmen; in short, that it struck at the root of trade. But just let us imagine how the House of Commons would receive a petition from the print-sellers and picture dealers, representing that the Royal Academy and other annual exhibitions ought

to be shut up, because they enabled artists to deal with the public without their intervention. If anybody thought it worth while to make a serious answer to such a proposition, they would be told that their trade was parasitic and subsidiary to painting, not painting to their trade; that if dealing was a high art in itself, it ought to be able to ascertain the total commercial value that could be got out of a work of art better than the innocent public, which purchased only to please its eye; that where it concerned their interest to do so, they would be able to outbid the public; and if they objected to this alternative, and therefore were attempting to darken the public daylight of art in order to be able to purchase cheaper in obscure corners, Parliament sympathized more with those who produced than those who merely dealt in works of art, and could only console them with the assurance that they were asking for a boon which it was to their own, as well as to everybody else's, interest to refuse; for as by pictures they lived, and without pictures their trade would cease, and as nothing so much encouraged production as free-trade in an open market, closing the exhibitions would simply result in diminishing their trade. Now, in plate, jewellery, glass, porcelain, and ornamental ware of all sorts, the shops are the only exhibitions open to artificers. These exhibitions are scattered about so that comparison is not challenged effectually. The price paid by the workman for the use of this extremely modified publicity is often three-fourths of the whole value of the article; and when all is done, even that small section of the public which inspects the shop never hears the name of the maker of the object they admire. The consequence is, that the stimulus of personal ambition is smothered; the artificer usually becomes a drudge instead of an artist. He confines his attention to one specialty, in which continual practice makes him highly expert. Considered merely as a labourer, the

maximum of work is thus got out of him. If he were to go a hair's breadth out of his line, he would have to stop and think. Stopping to think is a very valuable part of the education of an artist, but it is a mere drawback on wages to the drudge. He is merely used as a pair of educated hands; and so far from originating anything himself, his stereotyped faculties become an impediment to any originality in other men's designs which his hands have to interpret. It is not to be supposed that nature is less bountiful of the gift of originality in the nineteenth century than she was in the fifteenth; and it is probable that hundreds of workmen capable of expanding into individual existence in a freer air, are dwarfed down yearly by our modern trade system into dull, monotonous machines.

Considering the passion inherent in mankind for individuality, and the delight they take in unique samples of distinctive character, it is wonderful how little this element of human interest is studied. An original idea (which usually means only a new combination of methods familiar separately, but never before brought to bear on each other) is most likely to occur to a mind in which cross lights of diversified and adventurous experience have irradiated all the ins and outs of expedient. For instance, we will imagine a sharp lad the son of a harness-chaser. He has inherited a certain faculty of form, and picked up some notion of the use of his father's punches and hammers. However, his father has a brother doing rather better in the world as an engraver. The lad is put out to prentice, and being with a relation, under no very strict terms of indenture. He prepares work for the enameller; now and then runs with jobs to the enameller's workshop; forms a friendship with the enameller's son; is bitten with a taste for the transparent glazes, and gets transferred to Herr Schmaltz's establishment. About this time his uncle, the engraver, foresees that though the lad is a sharp lad enough, he has



no business about him, and will never stick to anything long enough to make it pay. From enamelling, the young man is led to a semi-scientific study of glasses and metallic lustres. He sees the vitreous bubble blown and moulded, and his sense of form draws him like a moth to the fiery furnace. If that youth hits on some new method of incorporating brilliant polychrome combinations, and manipulating his metal into shapes that the regular blowers consider quite unprofessional, but which nevertheless might have caught the eye of an ancient doge inspecting the works at Murano, I shall not be so much surprised as his uncle, the steady old engraver, will be when he hears 'something creditable of that young vagabond at last.'

The maker of the rarest and most precious of earthenware is supposed to have been an only moderately successful worker in metals, who had probably at some period in his career been content to chase up brass embossing tools for the bookbinders. His ambition led him to make models of future ewers, plateaus, and candlesticks in clay. The silver was to be inlaid with niello. In the meantime, some of his bookbinder's tools would stamp some nice patterns to represent the engraving, and some black clay smeared in with his thumb would do pretty well for niello. If he had it baked, the model would keep better. So he had it baked, and no doubt soon discovered that he could turn his models into silver in a simpler way than he had anticipated, by selling them to the court fanciers as the last and sweetest thing in pottery. What he got for his peculiar pots at first hand nobody knows; but now the Henry II. ware is considered cheap at three times its weight in gold. He did it all with his own hands apparently, and went on improving from one piece to another. No two are exactly alike; so that the souls of collectors are not vexed with duplicates. He died and left no successor. No other chasers deserted their silver

work for earthenware, and the common potters could not mould their clay into those forms, however much they may have listed. This artist, anonymous though he now be, was evidently well known and his merit liberally recognised in his lifetime, for his work shows he had leisure to stop and think. He coined his fortune out of cheap materials, and yet he left a more vigorous and well defined mark in the ceramic records of this potsherd-sprinkled planet than any of the most enterprising firms who have gone into the line with the most prodigal investments of capital; not excepting even the celebrated firm of Bourbon, whose works at Sèvres are still carried on with spirit by the eminent potter of the Tuileries.

There cannot be a greater contrast than exists between the pottery of Henry II. and that of Sèvres; and the two results are very typical of ancient and modern systems of art manufacture. Sèvres is emphatically the production of a wealthy firm, determined to turn out articles of elaborate finish regardless of expense. First-rate technical hands in all departments have been secured. The fitting of the mould work is perfect; the colour most delicate, and laid on without a flaw; the painting of the miniatures and flowers is exquisite; the enamel jewellery most brilliant; and in spite of all this combinative assiduity in details, the general effect is feeble and the forms mean. There is no bold and striking individuality to recommend it. Its price depends on its original costliness, its rarity in the market (not having been made for sale, but for royal use and royal presents), and its prettiness of colour and detail. Its splendid mediocrity is a monument of the fact that there is no royal road to perfection, even in pottery. But there is a sufficient proportion of persons so rich that they must collect something, and of obsequious enough taste to acquiesce in a style of art which delighted kings and kings' mistresses, to keep up the commercial value of these elaborate



failures far above their artistic deserts.

Venetian glass is a much more satisfactory sort of art treasure. The Doges took an interest in its manufacture, so far as launching Draconian edicts against any such renegade glass-blowers as might carry the secrets of Murano beyond the lagoons. But state patronage does not seem to have impeded the development of art. Here there is beauty of form, richness of surface, brilliancy of colour, and ingenuity of construction. The accidents of manipulation have been seized with the ready perception of genius, and converted into intentional beauty. Unavoidable air bubbles are regularized into a fairy filigree of pearls studding the diaper broi-dery of broad tazzas, fit for deified heroes to hob-a-nob over their ambrosial draughts with Dionysus in Elysian feasts. Flaws of over-rapid annealing have been improved in frosted vases that would make the snows of Olympus look cooler. It is impossible in words to convey an idea of the grace, and lightness, and endless variety of the tall beakers wreathed with azure and emerald-crested cockatrices; the tracery of their glittering coils looped with pendant rings, that tremble with every vibration of the slender stem. The Venetian glass of the Loan Collection, however, has been chosen chiefly with a view to curiosity in colour and enamelling. Those who care about the feeling for art displayed in form rather than colour, should make interest to see the unexhibited portion of Mr. Slade's collection—which was gathered originally with a view to shape—but from which the exceptionally quaint were selected by the organizers of the Exhibition, while scores of things surpassing in graceful proportion remain in his wonderful glass cases. Indeed the Loan Collection, rich as it is, gives a very inadequate idea of the wealth of the private treasures, from which it has not by any means infallibly taken the pick. All the Fountaine stock of Palissy ware, which was richer than that of the

Louvre before a recent reinforcement, is conspicuous by its absence.

There is a great display of ivory carving. Much of it seems to me a bad application of good work. Ivory is a very nice material for handles and combs. But an ivory tankard is either a metal drinking cup encumbered by masses of unnecessary ivory, which, however well carved, would make it most inconvenient to drink out of; or it is an ivory monument or pedestal, masquerading in very thin disguise as a drinking vessel, without ever having been intended in real earnest to contain potables at all. Ivory mounted in silver does not look well; besides which, in cleaning the silver you must soil the ivory. The creamy colour of ivory certainly looks well with gold, but the material is not worthy of gold mounting; ormolu is not worthy of the ivory, and silver gilt is an expensive sham. It is bad taste ever to gild silver except for chemical reasons, as the insides of receptacles to contain what would tarnish the unprotected metal. Mountings for objects which cannot be made complete and sound in their own material, almost always bear an uncomfortable analogy to the use made of metal in splinting and swathing a breakage. If this be the case, no richness of jewellery can redeem the object so treated from a patchwork make-shift style. This sort of blemish is apparent in many of the most costly rock crystal, agate, bloodstone, topaz, and other *pietra dura* hewn cups and vases—mounted in gold, enriched with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and all sorts of precious stones, apparently as an advertisement of the central value of the vessel on which all this ornament is lavished, usually without adding anything to its beauty. There is something essentially uncomfortable in the mixture of brittle ware with tough and permanent metal, the fastenings are so very seldom satisfactory. Has anybody ever had a paper-knife made of two pieces of mother of pearl, which (if used at all) did not soon show symptoms of grog-

giness at the ornamental silver-gilt joint, and finally resolve itself into its elements—namely, one pearl blade, one ditto handle, one silver-gilt socket, and several crumbs of shellac or other cement?

Wherever sockets and cement occur, the mounting is uncleanly and illegitimate. Cement is to mounted crystals and the like, what soft solder is to plate and jewellery—namely, an abomination. There is something to be done by the burnishing down of pliable edges over a shoulder, something by springing into a clip, and still more by real cording down with twisted gold, which looks none the worse as ornament for doing in earnest what it pretends to do. But when the best has been done, if you ventured to take up one of these things by its jewelled handle, you would find it rattled in its joints, and was but a gorgeous piece of ramshackle tinkering.

For my own part, if I had a few thousand pounds to spend on an elaborate cup, I would not go in search of a great lump of topaz, agate, or crystal, to make its belly out of; for the accident of the lump's shape must then bias the whole composition. The body of my vase should be forged of pure gold, smooth but unburnished, of that rich, soft, unreflecting surface which best shows the native colour of the metal. The general shape should be founded on some mathematical truth. The ornamentation should be regulated by some kindred harmony of numbers. It should not be crowded with ornament. It should be set with transparent amethyst medallions, deep intaglios, carved from the back, which look like solid sculpture beneath the surface of the stone. These medallions should be framed in clear-set emeralds. The inside of the vase should be burnished, so as to strike more lights out through the jewelled windows. The handles should be massive, slightly taper bands of gold; a broad beading of emeralds, lens-shaped and clear set, running down the middle, flanked on either side by a narrow beading of rubies. All

the stones should be *en cabuchon*, (round faced, not cut in facets) for colour, not for glitter; and neither in the chasing of the gold nor the surfaces of the stones should there be any sharp lines. The repose and soft breadth of true richness is broken by salient points of sparkle.

To get such a job done to my mind, I should have to find a modern Benvenuto for my gold work, and probably a Praxiteles extra for my amethyst gems. In order to keep my eye on them, I should have to set them up a workshop on my premises. But being, *ex hypothesi*, very rich, and wanting a great many pretty things, I should find it cheaper as well as more amusing to buy my materials and see my art treasures grow day by day, paying a handsome salary to my artificers, with a bonus proportioned to its merit on the completion of any considerable work.

This may sound Utopian in these days, but this was the way in which art treasures were cultivated in their palmy days by princes, dukes, and cardinals. In some branches of art contemporary instances may be found. Sir E. Landseer, if you are a great enough swell, will come and stay with you, shoot and eat your venison, and decorate the interior of your Highland keep with deer-stalking subjects at, say £105 per week. Sir F. Chantrey would have come on the same conditions and studied a group of your children. Neither of these men were born above the rank of tradesmen. But the lights of modern civilization have shown that there is something ennobling in the smear of oil-mixed pigments and the chip of a peculiar kind of limestone. If you work on gold instead of canvas, or sculpture in stone ever so little more precious than marble, you are a mechanic instead of an artist. I should for my own part like to know the men who achieve good work in any material, whether it be cheap or dear. I find the best artists in the knowable materials about the most agreeable people going. I like the men who work in form and colours



better than those who work in ink and words. You get fresher thoughts out of the artist. His powers of observation have been cultivated, and over-use has not worn his language into channels of mannerism. Our best artists may not be equal to Rafael and Michel Angelo, but still they are very pleasant fellows, with a good deal of genius and geniality. I should like to know our best workers in gold, silver, brass, freestone, ivory, porcelain, glass, oak, or mahogany, even though they may not be equal to Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and Gibbons. Surely it was a mistake of the first magnitude in this year's Exhibition to have no stipulation as to the names of the designers and executors of art manufactures being published, as well as those of the firms. Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Elkington, and Angel have let the world know the names of their principal silver sculptors. Vechte and Morel, Armstead and Pairpoint, are now distinguished names. The last is quite a young man, but his work shows great promise. Armstead is the best silver worker that England has produced, and his work is more essentially metallic in its character than that of either of his two French competitors. He is in the prime of life, has a style of his own, and is still advancing in his art. All these men both design and execute. There is the Shakespeare Cup to show in very disadvantageous contrast the result of a design being executed by another hand. Monti's model may have been very good, but the cup is coarse and commonplace in touch, and the surface is disfigured by that odious combination of dead white and varnish which is the acmé of shoppy vulgarity. Those who 'know the trade' insist that the British public like it. Among all Minton's mass and variety of crockery, I saw only one designer's name. He had the credit of a very handsome majolica dish, but it is possible he had particular justice done him because he is not only a very good artist but also a baronet. Among Dobson and Pearce's glass

I saw no names, but I understand that Pearce is a partner because he is about the best designer in the trade. I wish there were more Pearces, and that taste and invention were oftener recognised as an equivalent for capital in the consolidation of firms. Designers are oftener poor drudges working for a pittance under an attic skylight. The Barrys are a family of designers who are wise enough to set up a shop for themselves in the Egyptian Hall instead of selling their designs.

On the whole, in a slow, roundabout, bungling way, we are stumbling towards progress. All progress is hampered by the human shortcomings of its promoters. Men will always mix with their zeal for ever so good a cause a spice of self-ended motives. There may be a perceptible flavour of *ipse dictive* priggishness and patronizing jobbery about the South Kensington clique of art reformers. The Saturday critics, perhaps with some show of reason, accuse them of an irritable itch for great undertakings, accompanied by feeble execution and imbecile management. Still, though their warmest friends must confess they might have built, arranged, and rewarded with much more talent, taste, and discrimination, their bitterest revilers cannot deny that the boilerocracy are, taken in the gross, doing good service to their age and country. Our artificers at any rate can come and look at the splendid things artificers in bygone days produced under happier conditions, and those who feel within themselves an awakened sense of higher powers than they have been exercising, will have their ambition stimulated. With ambition comes inquiry into the causes of impediment and the means of remedy. Labour has long been fermenting with a vague sense of wrong. Strikes, and the outcry for lower franchises and ballot, have been the symptoms of a chronic discontent. Their outcry has been for levelling institutions, and has been uniformly unsuccessful. Labour's true interest lies in getting room



to make an aristocracy of its own. Free space for development to the capable, that they may rise into a power to balance the political monopoly of the shopkeeper. Capital, trade, and labour, are the three great interests to be considered in a nation. The last is unrepresented, and its overwhelming numerical majority urged as a cause for political incapacity. The nonsense they have selected for their battle-cries shows pretty clearly

what the wisdom of the tagrag and bobtail, whose means lie below the watermark of direct taxation, would lead to. But if the interests of labour were represented by an aristocracy numerically sufficient to balance without swamping the interests already represented, the country would be better governed. Art is the ladder of labour, and we may fairly hope that our artificers are beginning to mount the rounds of the social scale.

G. J. CAYLEY.

### CONCERNING SUNDAYS LONG AGO.

THERE is a subdued, silvery light on the sea to-day, and the hills across the water look like blue clouds. The air is so still, that you may hear the beating of the paddles of a steamer miles distant, unseen in the veil of mist. There has been drizzling rain at intervals through the morning; and the road by the sea-side, yesterday ankle-deep in dust, is pleasantly firm and cool; and the trees, just beginning to be touched by the Atlantic breezes of the early days of September, look green again as in May, in the glints of silvery light from the clouded sun. You may see many fair scenes within the compass of Britain: but yesterday morning, when the sky was sapphire-blue, and the sunshine was the brightest;—when that expanse of sea shut in by noble hills was glassy smooth, and the yellow corn-fields round, bounded by green hedges, looked so still and rich in the quiet air, not without a touch of bracing crispness; you would have said that there could hardly be anything fairer in the world, than this bit of the homely Clyde.

Milton was wont to declare that in the autumn days, when the leaves are changing and falling, his poetic genius quite deserted him; and he could not write a line. But in the springtime, when the sap began to stir in the trees, and all nature to revive, the life around him thrilled his heart though it could not reach his eyes; and the amanuensis could hardly keep pace with

the flow of unpremeditated song. One does not wonder at the spring burst; but it seems curious that the quiet, thoughtful days of autumn, which waken many old remembrances in most men, should have so chilled and disheartened the great poet. Many people can say, that there is hardly any influence that so stirs them to vague feelings and impressions which would be poetry in the hands of one who was able to give them expression, as the clear, still air, and the motionless autumn woods in the beautiful autumn sunshine. It is a season in which to recal the days that are gone: and sitting down here, on the steps which lead to this pretty Gothic church, let us think of Sundays long ago. The present writer, for a certain sufficient reason, has this morning been reading over certain pages, bearing truths and counsels which have been addressed to two Christian congregations, one in the country and the other in the town; and altering a word here and there. And in reading some of these pages, how strangely there comes back the feeling of the old quiet Sundays, far away! And the season has decided what kind of Sunday shall come most plainly back. It is the autumn Sunday, with its morning stillness: with the clear hills round: with the bright dew on the grass: with the yellow fields bounded by the green hedgerows: with the river murmuring by, under the grey churchyard wall: with the

aged oaks round the little church just touched into greater beauty by the slight morning frosts: with an influence in the air that seems to brace up mind and body together: with the quiet country people sitting on the gravestones before service, resting after their miles of walking over the crisp rustling leaves. Turning a new leaf in life, my reader, you know how misty your former mode of living soon grows in your remembrance: it is only now and then that the old time comes over you; and you seem to breathe the air and to be surrounded by the little cares and interests of those departed days. And even when these come back most vividly, they serve only to make you feel the more deeply how completely the old days are gone.

I suppose that almost everybody feels that the Sundays of life are much better remembered than the series of any ordinary week-day. Sunday has always a character of its own: whereas Tuesday in one week need not be the least like Tuesday in the next week, in occupation, in scene, in feeling. Nobody can speak of the character of the Tuesdays in his history. A number of Sundays is like a flock of sheep, all very much like one another. A number of Tuesdays is like a drove of animals of the most varied aspect: as, for example, pigs, dogs, horses, lions, whales, giraffes, and peacocks. They form a heterogeneous mass. The peculiar kind of atmosphere that breathes from the Sundays of childhood, depends entirely on the bringing-up you have passed through. But most men, looking back upon the Sundays of childhood, are aware of a very decided character that invests them. The character may be pleasant, or it may be painful: but it is there, and you feel it strongly. Would that all parents were so kind and so judicious, as to have the will and way to make Sunday the day on which their children shall always look back as the happiest of all days! It can be done, very easily: and I believe that in these more

enlightened times, it is very generally done. Let it be the day of little indulgences; which are very great in the judgment of the little men and women. I am well aware that many people in England entertain a most grim and repulsive idea of a Scotch Sunday. One of the present writer's most valued and revered friends says, on a page which has been read by scores of thousands, 'In those fortunate regions they have not learned to make a ghastly idol of the Sunday.' It does not matter where those regions are: but of course Scotland is the country aimed at by inuendo. There are people in Scotland who make the Lord's-day a ghastly idol: who make their children sit in church for three or four hours at a stretch, listening to two tremendously long sermons preached at the same service, in which Christianity is reduced to a system of the driest metaphysics: and who, on returning home, devote the entire evening to questioning the poor little things upon the *Shorter Catechism*. That Catechism is a very admirable one: but one may easily have too much of even the best things: and the peculiar system which has been described, generally results in making the children hate both the catechism and the Lord's-day as long as they live. And I have heard of a man who said that when he looked at a certain green expanse, on which on Sunday afternoon you might see many people quietly and decorously walking, before returning home from church, he was always reminded of Sodom and Gomorrah, and expected to see fire from heaven come down to destroy the wicked race. You have already heard, too, of the Highland elder who spoke of the awful sight which may be beheld on a Sunday at Edinburgh. There, he said, you might see people walking along the street, smiling AS IF THEY WERE PERFECTLY HAPPY! But there are multitudes of men and women in Scotland who could tell you, that their Sundays, in childhood and manhood, have been the happiest days of their life: restful, thoughtful, cheerful days

of elevation above the little cares and worries of week-days, when care and worry come : kept sacred, as far as may be, from the intrusion of these : and spent as in a purer air. You remember, my friend, how you used to think that all nature looked quieter and sweeter upon the day of rest : you remember the sunshiny evenings, so calm and bright : you could not wish, in this world, for anything happier or better ! They are gone, indeed : and some who spent them with you are no longer here : but you may humbly trust that all that was good and happy about them will come back again.

But Sunday is especially interesting to the preacher. It is his most important day. And his work is a very solemn and anxious one ; particularly in Scotland, where the clergyman feels that the entire service depends so much upon himself. The profit and comfort of the congregation, from the worship of that day, are too dependent, you know, upon your clearness of head and devotion of heart. But the preacher's work is always a solemn and weighty one : whether he walk in, one of four or five clergymen, surpliced, stoled, and hooded, following a procession of surpliced choristers, while the solemn tones of the organ peal through the long-drawn cathedral vault ; or enter a little Scotch country church, homely as homely may be, a solitary minister arrayed in robes of sober black, to do the whole duty of the day. For several Sundays past, the writer has been far away from his parish ; and has gone to church daily with no feeling of responsibility for the conduct of the service. With what a different feeling one goes ! However much you may love and enjoy your work, my friend, I am sure it is both pleasant and profitable for you now and then to go to a strange church merely as a worshipper, and to join in the service with unanxious quiet. It is a delightful rest and relief. If you hear a very poor sermon (which I am bound to say I hardly ever do, anywhere), you may be aware of some wish, or even

longing in your heart, to be allowed to say a few sentences of comfort or warning to your fellow-christians : you may vainly fancy you could give a better discourse ; which in all probability is a fond delusion. But as for you, my reader, who never have to preach at all, you go to church on Sunday : you are there an hour and a half, or a few minutes more : all this is a little part of the week to you : it is but an incident in the week, though perhaps an important one : and as for the sermon, it is just half an hour's occupation to listen to it, which you do sometimes with interest, oftentimes with patience. But think how different a thing that sermon is to the preacher. I mean, to the preacher who is preaching in his own church on an ordinary Sunday. To him, if his heart be in his work, and if he be doing his duty not merely to get through it decently but to the best of his ability, that discourse is the culmination of all the week. His best thoughts for the entire week past have probably been running on that discourse which to you is just the occupation of half an hour. He fixed on that text, very likely, last Sunday evening, after considerable perplexity. Then he sketched out the sermon : and by day and night, its subject was always simmering in his mind. It cost many hours, possibly on three or four days, of steady work at his writing-table, to cover those pages which you see him turn over, one in every minute or two. And then, perhaps, he spent many hours more of toilsome drudgery, in committing all that material to memory, so as to give it without the aid of that *paper* which is the abhorrence of uneducated and stupid folk in many Scotch parishes. I have heard of good Scotch ministers, on approaching whose manse on a Saturday, you might hear a sound of howling, and of an occasional stamp on the floor. These noises signified that the minister was getting his sermon by heart ; which in Scotch phrase used to be called *mandating* it : and that he was repeating it over in the fashion in



which he intended to preach it from his pulpit. And no doubt, if the work of *mandating* was done so thoroughly, that the sermon could be given without a painful effort of memory, and a nervous fear of breaking down, the sermon gained greatly in its effect when preached. You had the accuracy of language and the deliberation of thought which can hardly be counted on in extempore speaking: with something of the fire and spontaneity of extempore speaking added to these. And I cannot admit that it is a mere vulgar prejudice, to prefer that a man in speaking to you should look at you, and seem to be addressing you, rather than that he should look at a written page, and read at you, or read in your hearing. But in many cases in which a sermon is committed to memory, and repeated without the aid of the document, you can see that the preacher is painfully reading from his memory: and that a very little thing would put him out, and cause him to break down entirely. And I can quite imagine that a man who could speak extempore with sufficient fluency if he had made up his mind to do so, might flounder and stop if suddenly cast upon his extempore resources by his memory failing him in repeating a written discourse. A good swimmer has been drowned when he has unexpectedly fallen into deep water. And considering the facts, that with most preachers, the sermon gained nothing in effect by being repeated and not read: and that the weekly labour of memorizing one sermon, and much more two, was the most irksome and depressing conceivable: we may rejoice that even in Scotland, the fashion of repeating sermons from memory is all but extinct. And in the most retired country parishes, where once upon a time many of the congregation would have risen in wrath and quitted the church had the preacher begun to read his sermon, you will find the rustics listening with the most decorous attention to a preacher who turns over his leaf at minute intervals. And no preacher now

makes any secret that he reads: while I can remember, as a boy, the hasty and surreptitious fashion in which the leaf used to be turned over. You may imagine what a fearful mental burden a Scotch minister in old days had to bear, when he walked down to church with two long sermons in his memory. And any one who knows Scotland, must be aware of the great number of amusing stories current among high and low, turning upon the inveterate dislike to *the paper*, and the desperate and not always successful efforts of preachers to do without the forbidden aid. You are to understand, my English friend, that the reading of sermons was never forbidden by any law of the Church; but merely by popular dislike to it. A faithful clergyman, aware that to read his sermons would greatly diminish the good they would do his parishioners, would feel it a sacred duty to give in to a prejudice which he heartily disapproved. But even when a clergyman is free from the painful pressure of a sermon memorized to its every word and point: even when the fairly-written pages lie before him: we have all seen plainly with what nervous strain and anxiety the very greatest preachers begin their solemn and responsible work. And as for the ordinary run of men of fair ability, of whom their congregations expect less: the strain, my reader, is quite as great upon their moderate powers. And after all the labour of preparation, and the anxiety of the time of preaching, the hearer very likely thinks the sermon not very good. Depend upon it, my friend, the preacher feels *that* at least as much as you.

I have remarked that several preachers of great eminence are quite cool and unembarrassed before beginning their duty. I have seen such talking away on indifferent subjects in the vestry till the moment they ascended the pulpit; yet able instantly to call up the right feeling which becomes the solemn occasion, and to give very admirable sermons. I have heard one very distinguished man, of

that happy equanimity of temper, declare that he could not understand it as possible that a preacher, in giving the same sermon on two different occasions, should give it on one occasion with great feeling, and on the other with very little. He said that surely any man might at any time express the same thoughts with equal perception of their force. Happy man! Many clergymen know that the self-same words are felt, and tell, very differently at different times. I have heard a great orator give a discourse, with a manifest effort, a painful and unsuccessful effort, to call up the corresponding feeling. The orator was at the moment quite out of sympathy with the mood in which what he had to say had been written. And such persons as have passed through this experience, I have remarked as specially nervous and anxious before their work. They know that though they have done their very best at home, many little things, physical and mental, may prevent their giving their sermon with comfort and effect. I am not going to mention names: but I can say that I have had opportunities of observing this in the case of several of the most eminent preachers both in Scotland and England. I have heard a very distinguished preacher say that he would think no reward too great for the man who would tell him how to come up to his work on Sunday in perfect condition for it. Body and mind should be at their best. And to secure any approximation to such an end, many things, little and great, must be attended to.

All past things, of course, are past: but one cannot but think how thoroughly past are the services and the exhortations of Sundays long ago. One has thought of this, going to hear a great pulpit orator. There is the church: the dense crowd of worshippers, or at least of hearers: the beautiful music: the audible stillness in which the telling voice poured forth its sentences of warning and comfort. But it is all over. There is the

sigh of relief at the close, as if people had not had a full breath for many minutes past: and then the great tide of life ebbs away. And there is nothing to show for it all: nothing to be easily traced by sense. Robert Stephenson is dead, but there is the Menai Bridge: Brunel is gone, but there is the Saltash Viaduct and the *Great Eastern*. But now Chalmers is silent, a fading impression in many memories is all that remains; and in a few years, when all who listened to him are dead, it will be impossible rightly to understand what he was. It will be impossible to recal the almost awful impression of the moment in which you heard him: and in which you thought to yourself, that never before could you have believed that human words have so thrilled through you and swept you away. Yet, there are enthusiastic recorders of all that. I have seen men, not easily roused to enthusiasm, warm into an unwonted glow of admiration and affection, in telling of that simplest-minded and noblest-hearted of great and good men. But the thing they always insisted on was, how vain it was by any description to make you understand the reality. You may go and visit the plain church where he preached: but his burning words have left no echo there. You may read the sermons in print: but to do that gives you no idea whatever of what they were when said by him. He could not publish that fire of manner, which made single words, and bits of sentences, tingle through you, which when you afterwards coolly looked back on them, seemed nothing particular. It seems to me, there is no more incommunicable gift of genius. An ordinary man may make a deep impression by saying something which is very fine and impressive: but he must have the divine gift who makes you start on your feet by saying *Mesopotamia*; or *That is not true*; or who moves a crowd of thousands to tears by saying, *He did it, because Providence was kind to him*. Speaking of Chalmers, one is taking the extremest case: but it comes al-

most as touchingly home to one, to think how the thoughts and exhortations of ordinary men pass into entire oblivion. I once saw a great mass of old faded sermons of a good clergyman who was dead. They were lying on the floor of an empty room in a house to let. I have little doubt they were ultimately used for lighting fires. You could not but think what a great amount of labour had gone to producing those neglected manuscripts. The good man who wrote them had for many years held the charge of a considerable country parish. You could not but think how the words written there, heartily spoken on Sundays in church, might be remaining (some of them) in the memory of a generation of rustics who had grown up under that instruction, and who had doubtless heard all the sermons several times preached. And in that case you might hope and believe that the exhortations remained not merely in the memory, but (better still) in the lives of the people of that quiet parish. You could not but think of a bright summer morning, when the people came along leafy ways, and listened (a little drowsily) to that faded sermon which, as you may see, was preached on the 24th of June, 1817. You thought of a clear frosty winter day, bracing and cheering, on which that other sermon did duty; which bears to have been given on a certain 24th of December. But our calculations are usually wrong; and it is probable that the June Sunday was cold and rainy, and that the Christmas time was a damp and green one. But how little trace remains of many things! All the work of preparing that sermon, and committing it to memory: all the anxiety of the Sunday morning: all the hearty tones in which it was given: all the warmth of heart it awakened in the people who listened to it: all the volume of simple but telling praise that preceded and followed it: have left no more trace than that inscription of *June 24th, 1817*. I see the people walking away home, by the various paths which lead from the church-door: I

imagine how the poor little children in many homes were required to give some account of the sermon, and could not do it: I think of the good old clergyman going home from church, and having a quiet turn in his garden; and of the sun going down over each dwelling in the pastoral district which I can see: and here is what stands for all that: in faded ink, the date I have already told you. And when a clergyman who is still living and preaching, turns over his stock of sermons, and looks at the inscription at the end of each, which states the churches and the dates at which each was given, he cannot but feel how little vestige remains of the circumstances in which it was preached, and of the impression made by it. There is nothing more completely forgot than the average Sunday sermon of even a very good preacher.

But a happy result follows. The preacher can use his discourses, even in the same church, a good many times over. In about four or five years, all remembrance of a sermon is gone, unless perhaps of its text, and of some odd sentence here and there. I have heard of a very excellent clergyman, who had charge of the same church for thirty years. His stock of sermons lasted just three years: so in that period each was preached ten times. Yet the people did not grumble: probably did not know. Here is an advantage which the preacher has over other producers and salesmen of thought. A man who writes leading articles for newspapers, or tales or essays for periodicals, must always go on, producing what purports to be new. He cannot republish an old article word for word, as the preacher can reproduce an old sermon. No doubt, literary men do reproduce themselves: it is the old material slightly rearranged and touched up: but it is their readers who feel this as an imposition and infliction; not the literary men who feel it as a relief. They fancy they are producing something new: there is all the effect of fresh production. The reader feels it is the old thing, and



not so good. At least, it is not so fresh. It is but a faint echo of the old days. But the preacher, after a suitable time has gone, takes out the old sermon, and preaches it exactly as it is. And if the sermon be fairly good, those who remember something of its tone, are quite pleased to hear it again. The person who likes it least, is probably the preacher himself: if his mind and experience be still growing. He feels he has got beyond it; and grown out of sympathy with it. And even besides this, he is aware of many defects and flaws. You look with great favour at a composition fresh from your mind: but after the lapse of years, you regard it much more coolly and more justly.

But everything must have an end: even a discursive essay which might go on for ever. It has grown a lovely afternoon: blue sky, white clouds, exhilarating breeze, and the

unnumbered dimple of little waves. And the feeling of holiday-time. A youthful individual has come to insist that I should go and aid in the flying of a kite. The kite is believed to be the biggest ever known in these parts. It is thirteen feet and six inches in height. It is made of white cotton, stretched on a strong framework of timber; and its outline is esteemed as graceful. As the writer had but a subordinate place in its construction, he may without undue self-praise state these facts. The kite is held by pretty strong cord, two hundred yards in length. No single mortal can hold it: and indeed the flying of it generally implies the active co-operation of three men, two men-servants, and two children. The men profess to be flying the kite for the amusement of the children: but in fact they do it in great measure for their own. Impatient shouting summons us to the scene of action. We go.

A. K. H. B.

## THE SIXTH QUARTER OF THE WORLD.

THAT our globe has, since the discovery of the great Australian Continent, presented the paradox of a body divided into five quarters, geographers have decided, and with their decision have indoctrinated mankind. It is not, however, so generally known that the subjective phenomenon existed even previously, being only advanced another step in anomaly by the addition of Australia; and that the world was, long before Tasman or Pieter Nuyts were born, divided into 'Europe, Asia, Africa, America—and Romney Marsh.' Mr. Smiles told us so the other day; Thomas Ingoldsby told us so longer ago; any one who knew Kent or Kentish folk-lore would have told us so at any time; to the initiated there is no doubt about it. Into this last wondrous region then, formerly the fifth, now for very size and modesty the sixth, Quarter of the earth—this distinguished country which magically converts our globe into a globe and a half,—let

us, my friend, essay a journey. To the most distant and inaccessible corners of the other five are not verbose and voluminous travellers for ever penetrating, till

*Nota magis nulli domus est sua ?*

We—not wittingly verbose, and by dire compulsion not so voluminous even as we could wish—will make an exploring expedition into the sixth, the Joshua and Caleb to who knows how large a future Exodus of English tourists.

Nowhere in this island, as on the Kentish coast, has Neptune wielded to such purpose that pitchfork with which he is popularly represented: nowhere has he hoisted away more soil from one spot to reproduce it in another. Of the two great Roman shore-fortresses, Rutupiaë and Regulbium, formerly the strongholds of the *Comes littoris Saxonici*, and the protection of his anchored fleets, the one is now stranded two miles inland, the other has lost a large portion of its area

by the sea's encroachment. Thanet is no longer worthy the name of an island—you may almost jump into it; and Stourmouth, once exactly what its name imports, is now seven miles from any sea. The legendary territories of Earl Godwin have disappeared, and the Goodwin Sands—and Tenterden steeple—alone remain to tell of their fate. But of all these 'Wonders of the shore,' none is by any comparison so striking as to contemplate how the great bay with its two or three famous harbours, which formerly curved inwards between Fairlight and Shornecliff, has become actually turned inside out—the concave convexed—and metamorphosed into a cape, even into Dunge Ness, the most prominent and dangerous cape on the south-eastern coast; the whole space between the present headland and the original cliffs of the bay—a distance of perhaps twelve miles across, with an area of some forty-five thousand acres—having risen like Venus gracefully from the sea, and become Romney Marsh.

How it did so we may see plainly enough by examining the nature and configuration of the soil. The Channel tides, setting strongly round the two former corners of the bay, must very early have begun to throw up those spits of shingle which abound on our coast at similarly abrupt angles. The principle is the same, to make a comparison between wind and water, as that which leaves a long streak of snow-drift heaped up at the corner of a street, or to the leeward of a tree or hayrick, on a stormy winter's day. Well, such a spit as this seems to have grown gradually out from either extremity of the bay;—each jaw, let us say, of the bay cut a tooth, a single tooth—yea, let us say a shingle tooth—which grew across its mouth, with an occasional capricious hollow or interval, till the two nearly met in the centre; forming thus a sort of natural breakwater, on the inner banks of which the alluvial deposit of sea and land, left daily there by tide and stream, accumulated for ages backwards and backwards to the

shore, and higher and higher to the surface; till at last the whole space between spit and cliffs was bare mud at low water. Then Art stepped in to the aid of Nature, built walls where the spit was not, and shut out high tide for ever.

That this Art was, in the first instance, Roman, I think there can be little doubt. The Romans must have found any harbour that there could once have been inside the Northern spit fast becoming blocked with deposit, and no longer '*apta remis*;' and to press the '*sterilis palus*' into the service '*vicinas urbes alendi*,' was a design which could not fail to suggest itself to that energetic race which had lately dealt in a similar way with the Pomtine Marshes. That great piece of Augustan engineering must have been still one of the latest wonders of the world when the Romans entered on their permanent occupation of Britain, and any zealous Proconsul might well be anxious to signalize his government by imitating so imperial a feat. 'Tacitus tells us,' says Dugdale, 'that the Britons complained that the Romans wore out and consumed their bodies and hands "*in sylvis et paludibus emuniendis*,"—that is, in clearing woods and embanking fens;' and Romney Marsh was in all probability one of the latter to which Tacitus alludes. Mr. Smiles, however, has suggested the Frisians as the authors of the first dam, one of the many Germanic races which followed in the wake of Hengist; and argues apparently from their necessary habit and science of draining in their own swampy mother-country. He must, however, be ignorant that the whole Northern Marsh—the whole of Romney Marsh proper—is found to be teeming with fragments of Roman ware; indeed, traces of one of their potteries have been discovered near Dymchurch. It may be older than Roman dominion, but it certainly is not younger.

These first essayers, then—probably Romans, possibly earlier settlers—built the 'Rhee Wall,' securing at once a tract of twenty-

four thousand acres; and this dam may still be very clearly traced running from east to west across the entire Marsh, from the higher ground at New Romney, the extremity of the northern spit, to the old mouth of the Rother at Aplemore. To continue the former comparison of the bay to a pair of jaws, a tongue was stretched across from the throat to the tip of the upper front tooth, thus completely isolating the whole cavity of the roof from the rest of the mouth. And this is still Romney Marsh proper, though now but little more than half of the reclaimed district which goes by that general name; the other half, the lower jaw, having been more gradually converted, much of it in Norman and Plantagenet days, and being still subdivided, strictly speaking, into Walland, Guilford, and Denge Marshes. The very channel which formerly passed out between the two jaws has long been stopped; nothing, we may say, but the parted lips, at Romney Hoy its former eastern exit, remaining to tell of its old route; and even this recess the judicious application of

a respirator would now reclaim to the extent of some hundred acres of good mud. For the river Rother, during a storm in the reign of Edward I., broke out a new course for itself southwards by way of Rye,—forced itself out at the chin,—thereby marring the continuity of the southern spit of shingle, which is thus no longer rooted in the mainland, as there is good evidence to show that it formerly was. The old channel very soon gained the level of the surrounding marshes, and the whole bay became one continuous tract of *terra firma*;—and thus rose gradually into existence a new Quarter of the world.

Here, then, we stand, prepared to descend into it, at the top of Lymne Hill, one of the original cliffs of the bay, at which we have arrived by perhaps the fifteen straightest miles in England—the Roman ‘Stone-street’ from Canterbury. Below lies the whole Marsh spread out flat before us like a map, and reminding one strangely of those green models by which Mr. Wyld familiarizes us with seats of war or other interesting districts. We all know how—

Andes, giant of the western star . . . .  
Looks from his throne of clouds o’er half the world :

—let us humbly imitate him, and gaze, semi-gigantically, over a quarter. There it lies, a green triangle, and its superficies is as plain, and the three curved lines which contain it are as sharply marked, as Euclid himself could desire. We are near one angle, which lies a little to our left, and at which stands Hythe; the other two are brought into prominence respectively by the tall Dungeness lighthouse, and by the ‘ancient town’ of Rye, which rises on a rock out of the level. It is ruled all over into parallelograms with lines of dyke and drain, and in spite of the dead flat and the nearly total absence of trees, which only here and there cluster round a farmhouse or a church, the scene is quite a brilliant one. What with

the bright plain itself, over which the shadows flit as on a sea; the white sheep dotted innumerable across it till they dwindle out of sight; the gleaming lines of water; the many church-towers, and ruins of other churches long since dismantled, which stand up sharp and clear from the level; the fringe of Martello towers along the eastern side; the sea beyond, with the countless white sails of the channel traffic; and further still, the French cliffs hazily visible on the horizon,—do you know of a more peculiar or a more pleasing view in England?

Yes, a great view is this, and the Romans knew it; for here, on this very hill, stood their *Pharos*, one of the many which they built along this shore

— ne littore totò  
Prospicerent dubiis venturum Saxona ventis.



I have heard some people go so far as to say that the old square belfry of Lymne Church yonder is this very watch-tower itself, and an early rude erection it undoubtedly is; but I see no Roman signs about it, do you? no stringcourse of tile, no concrete rubble or wonderful red mortar like petrified lobster-salad. No; we must go to Dover for a Pharos. There is nothing very interesting about either church or castle on the hill-top; but there, halfway down, at the very edge of the Marsh, on what must have been a lesser hill by itself till the great landslip from the heights above bridged the intervening dip, stand the grand ruins of the Roman fortress—the ‘*Castra ad portum Lemanis*’—from which, I take it, and not *vice versâ*, Lymne derives its name. Look at the huge masses of round tower

and lines of square wall, tossed wildly about down the sloping hill-side. The stout Roman masonry stood the fall a great deal better than the native ‘rag’-stone which fell with it, and which, with the ‘slipe’ or slippery clay which caused its fall, broke into fragments, and buried whole so much of what might be supposed the less enduring material. The portions which appear above the turf-grown *débris*, with their rough square masses of stone and horizontal courses of darker brick, certainly look at this day much more like *strata* of the live rock heaved and rent by an earthquake, than remains of any artificial work. Isn’t it a wild, weird spot? and don’t these deserted and ruined evidences of ancient strength carry one back to the days of knight-errantry and early British romance,

—— when the Roman left us, and their law  
Relaxed its hold upon us, and the ways  
Were filled with rapine?

But we have not yet done with earlier times; for the wonder is how the fort came to be built here at all. Antiquaries have long supposed that it was reared at the edge of the Roman harbour, when the pasture-land below was still serviceable sea: a most glaring impossibility, for the very corner where they would place the harbour is the highest part of the whole marsh, and evidently the first which became dry land; the deposit must have accumulated behind this for centuries, sloping gradually down the ten miles to Aplemore, before the whole northern marsh could be walled in; and this, as we were saying just now, was certainly done before Roman occupation ceased. The theory on which these authorities thence fall back is, that the fort was built for the harbour near the beginning of Roman dominion, the Marsh enclosed near its end. But in addition to the impossibility on the face of this—three centuries not being nearly sufficient for all this deposit—we have against its first hypothesis the evidence of the coins found within the walls during

Mr. Roach Smith’s excavations a few years ago, of which only one is earlier than the middle, very few than the end, of the third century, while a large number range from that date up to the middle of the fourth,—a most convincing argument in favour of the later erection of the fort. There can, indeed, be little doubt that it is one of those erected in the fourth century by Stilicho, or shortly before his date, about what time the Saxon hordes were beginning to make their ravages felt upon this coast; and certainly many ages after this corner at least of the Marsh had ceased to be navigable sea.

Those who see this difficulty place *Portus Lemanis* at Hythe,—outside the main shingle-spit which enclosed the Marsh, but inside a smaller spit of its own, which formed the harbour there. If so, why was the fort built at Lymne, more than two miles off, when there are situations quite as good at Hythe? To be near the Pharos on Lymne-hill, is their answer,—and a curious idea of Roman strategic science they must have.

Imagine a great commander encamping his troops two miles from the point to be defended, simply that they may hear with their own ears the shout of danger from the watch-tower! Would not signals carry the tidings as quickly to the real place of attack, or even a messenger bring them in a quarter of the time required for moving an army? Moreover, against the Hythe theory is this, that when Hythe was a harbour, even supposing it to have been a Roman harbour, the river Lemanis, or Rother, must have long ceased to flow out in that direction, and did not approach within six miles southward of it. How, then, could it be Portus Lemanis, the harbour at the mouth of the Lemanis? Hythe, too, bears a genuine Saxon name, meaning 'haven,' which seems to point to its first rising into name and fame in Saxon days.

No, depend upon it that old Somner blundered into the right, in his *Roman Ports and Forts*, and that Romney, out there in the marshes, at the tip of the northern spit, was Portus Lemanis. There, beyond a doubt, flowed the Lemanis in Roman days,—between the jaws, as we were mentioning just now. And you can then understand this situation of the camp built for its defence; not out in the dangerous marshes, where a watchful foe might at any time flood it, or at least isolate it, but on the nearest point of *terra firma*; above which was the watch-tower, then especially necessary, and built for the camp, not the camp for the watch-tower. Somner's difficulty was to reconcile Romney with the distance of sixteen miles only from Durovernum or Canterbury, which Antoninus gives to Portus Lemanis in his *Itinerarium*; and this he coolly does by supposing XVI. a clerical error for XXI. There is, however, no difficulty at all, when we con-

sider what the *Itinerarium* was—a measurement of the paved roads by which the Roman legions marched from station to station throughout the Empire. In computing their march, therefore, from London to Portus Lemanis—which is the particular *iter* in question—Antoninus would very naturally stop short at the station, without adding the few extra miles through the swamp to the actual harbour, to which they would only advance in case of an attack from pirates, and which a detachment might never have occasion to visit at all during a long stay at this fortress. Fifteen English miles—about sixteen Roman—is, as we know by our morning's drive, as nearly as can be the distance from Canterbury to this spot; and here, at the *castra*, for all marching purposes to the Turnacensian cohorts or other troops on their way to these quarters, would be Portus Lemanis.

A few more have suggested Romney as the Roman port from its name; and so do I, but for a very different reason. They derive it from *Romanus*, which is quite absurd: the Romans never gave their own names to their settlements; if there were no previous name belonging to the exact spot, they chose as its godfather the nearest spot which had one. Witness, among other instances, their great town Uriconium, now attracting so much notice, which bears the name of the neighbouring hill, Uricon or Wrekin. Here, however, they must have found a British name to the river and harbour already existing, which I take to have been 'Lhymny,' or 'Rhymny,'\*—the first vowel sound being pronounced, as is a penultimate 'y' in Welsh at the present day, like the 'u' in 'fun.' This is a sound unknown to southern ears and lips; and imitating it as best they could, they would gain the more melodious and Italian sound,

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\* There is a river in Glamorganshire called Rhymny, meaning, as Camden tells us, a boundary or division. This our river seems always, as far as we know, to have formed the boundary of the kingdom of Kent.

'Limenis,' 'Lemanis.\* Still, among the unshifting native population, the original pronunciation would be retained; and thus we see it gradually cropping up again after the Roman departure. I need scarcely stop to remind you of the constant interchange of 'l' and 'r' in ruder languages; every philologist knows it, and any language can show words with such an origin; nay, even at the present day I myself have heard the Indians of North America unable to distinguish the two sounds.† Take, then, the extracts from Saxon charters and deeds of grant which Somner himself quotes, and you will find this river styled 'Limenea' in 820, 'Rumeneia' in 895; and is not this clearly a gradual change till its harbour figures in *Domesday Book* as 'Romenel,' and has been 'Rumney,' or 'Romney,' ever since? Be sure, that out there, six miles across the Marsh, where we see the square tower rising from almost the only clump of trees in the whole view, and where down to Tudor days was the famous harbour of Romney, was also, one and the same, the Roman Portus Lemanis; and here, at Lymne, where we stand, was built the fort for its defence, deriving from the harbour both existence and name. The caprice of tradition—

Quam penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi—

has preserved to the latter something nearer its Roman pronunciation; but even such a caprice may perhaps be accounted for by reflecting that a Roman accent might well linger where there was no name at all till, however distortedly, it was first applied by Roman lips.

But we shall never be down in the Marsh, or in modern history, and you are fidgeting your walking-stick in a way which evinces an

impatience for both. On we go, then, by the ruined chapel at West Hythe, and over its little bridge, which takes us—out of England and Europe—across that extravagant piece of abortive fortification, the Grand Military Canal. Doesn't one's respect for the memory of William Pitt seem to sink a few degrees of temperature at the contemplation of this ditch, his ridiculous but awfully expensive handiwork. I wish very much we could attribute it, with Dean Pellew, to Addington, for whose memory my sentiments never rose to a very high quotation; but tradition, and last, not least, Lord Stanhope, ascribe it to Pitt, and all that I can say is, I am sorry for it. When in the anxious and eventful autumns of 1804 and 1805 'the army of England' was daily threatening us from the heights of Boulogne, no doubt Romney Marsh was considered a very likely and available point for its attack; but I do not think that Napoleon—had Treville lived or Villeneuve obeyed orders, and his army been landed safely in the marsh—would have suffered a very serious check from a slight trench (for in a military point of view it is no more), which alone would separate him from the higher country; and his medal of victory, already prepared, might have been, as it boasted, '*frappé à Londres*,' for all the opposition to be encountered here. Some idea there seems to have been that the canal would be of service for the conveyance of stores; but whence and whither? There is no dépôt nearer than Dover of any size worthy a canal for its special use, nor any place where one could be easily established. The main design evidently was to make an earthwork with a moat attached, and the northern side of the canal is, you see, elevated along its entire

\* An exactly parallel case occurs in the Celtic name '*Cymri*,' which the Romans were unable to pronounce, and distorted into '*Cimbri*,' '*Cambria*.'

† The genius of the Latin language especially seems inclined to soften a doubtful 'r' into 'l.' '*Stella*,' '*tellus*,' '*lilium*,' suggest themselves at once as cases in which other languages (and the Celtic I find in all three) have interpreted the same root with an 'r.'



length with a bank whereon to mount artillery. Thus the whole Marsh would have been its *glacia*, greatly, I should think, to the comfort of the Marsh-men, who saw it deliberately contemplated that first their lands should be given up to be ravaged by the enemy, and then their houses battered to pieces by the guns of a sympathizing country.

Let us hope that they were slightly reassured by these Martello-towers, which we shall now pass at intervals of a few hundred yards all the way down the eastern side of the Marsh; though to our ideas, educated to granite forts and Armstrong guns, a building like a stucco bandbox, bearing on its lid two chimneys, and a small piece of ordnance exploded in shape—and probably explodable in no other way—does not seem calculated to give a very formidable resistance to an invading force. Indeed, it is hard to fancy a defence, the design of which, with the name, is said to have come from Corsica, long retaining a front place in military science. The doors, you will notice, are half way up the side, and accessible by ladders, as in the old Norman keeps: this is partly a precaution against inundation, for in spite of the vigilance of the 'Expenditor of the Marsh,' floods are still possible (as to-day in the 'Great Middle Level') even in peaceful times, and unaided by the hand of a foe. Those two towers which stand yonder side by side guard therefore the principal sluice, or 'gut,' with a view to preventing such artificial assistance to Nature until the enemy himself might be in possession of the Marsh, when he would have experienced the fate of Pharaoh and his host, and the whole district, with the invaders upon it, would temporarily have disappeared to the view: a simple mode of resistance, much more efficacious, I should think, than the elaborate earthwork. Altogether, lying as it does at the mercy of both fire and water, don't you think that in event of war with a maritime Power, any other Quarter of the world would afford a more agreeable residence than the Sixth?

Ping, ping! There speaks the Hythe School of Musketry, or rather of Rifledom; and there, a little to our left, among those stunted bushes which straggle up out of the great shingle-bank, you see its butts, and flags, and white wreaths of smoke, and lines of well-drilled marksmen. We can afford to laugh at the ditches and brick towers of a past generation, when we have close at hand such evidence of the genius and energy of the present; and perhaps after all one may feel a sense of security even in the Marsh. But the spot is suggestive of a still stronger contrast. Do you know that down on that pebbly shore, where now displays and perfects itself the latest military science of the nineteenth century, A.D., the earliest rays of all our civilization, whether military or peaceful, dawned upon us in the first, B.C. ?—for there, according to the latest and most convincing of the many theories on the subject, Cæsar landed. I forbear to branch off into another *discursus* on a Roman topic, or to take you through Archdeacon Batteley's theory of Richborough, Dr. Halley's of the Downs, or Professor Airey's of Pevensey; but will simply refer you to Mr. Lewin's work on the subject, now lately, I believe, in its second edition, from the perusal of which I think you will rise, as I rose, with the conviction that Cæsar landed on the edge of Romney Marsh.

Here we mount with the road on to the Dymchurch Wall, another dam and a more modern than the Rhee, now necessary for the defence of the Marsh on its eastern side, where in earlier days the shingle spit was sufficient. For Neptune seems to hoard his pebbles as squirrels hoard their nuts, or bees their honey, only to feast on them at some future leisure; and this spit—the upper front tooth of our former comparison—has in more modern years been gradually wearing away under the same capricious influence which first threw it up. Teeth—even, alas! front teeth—will decay with age and require stopping, and the

stopping in this case is the Dymchurch wall, and thousands of pounds are, I am told, yearly spent in resisting the *caries* at this and other minor spots, under the auspices of its special dentist, the aforesaid 'Expenditor.' It is a gigantic work. Look at its gradual slope out to sea for some hundred yards or so, and all the wonderful apparatus of 'piles, over-laths, faggots, jetties, knocks, and groins,' with which it checks and diverts the force of the channel breakers. With its beautifully neat masonry and perpendicular landward side, it has much more the appearance of a long line of fortification with the face turned the wrong way, than of anything that one usually expects in a dam or breakwater.

To preserve this, and such defences as this, in due order for the safety of the lands which they protect, there have been laws established from time immemorial and without any known origin, most probably handed down from Roman date. The *lex et consuetudo Marisci*, is an established authority under Henry I.; and in the reign of Henry III. they figure as the 'ancient and approved customs of Romney Marsh.' On the occasion of a dispute concerning the necessary rates and taxes in the latter reign, they were revised and embodied by the famous Justice-itinerant, Sir Henry de Bathe, whose 'Ordinances' then and thus established have now been in force upwards of six centuries, and have formed the groundwork of all laws of sewing and embanking in England up to this very day. The constitution thus promulgated consists, properly speaking, of Bailiff, twenty-four 'Jurats,' and Commonalty; besides which, and in a manner over which, are twenty-three 'Lords of the Marshes,' the owners of certain specified manors, who appoint the bailiff and jurats, and have certain special rights of their own. These wonderful and boasted Ordinances have, therefore, one very broad and visible blot, which was hit at last—the wonder is that it was not hit earlier—by the lords, who for the last hun-

dred years or so seem to have set Ordinances and Charters at defiance, and taken the whole jurisdiction of the Marsh into their own hands. The institution of jurats has gradually become nearly obsolete, there being at this time, I believe, only three, and the lords naturally declining to keep up a body whose powers they have appropriated to themselves.

The purely oligarchical method seems, however, not to be working badly in this present year of the world, and the cry for Reform in this, as in other matters, does not just now seem to be very loud. Indeed, when we inspect the capital of the Marsh, into the long straggling street of which we are now arriving, we can scarcely fancy any cry or stir whatsoever proceeding from aught so evidently superannuated and imbecile.

And this is Romney, long one of the principal harbour-towns of England; the most central, and not the least frequented of the Cinque Ports, and the place where the Lord Wardens thereof were wont to hold their meetings, and the Corporations their Courts of Guestling or Brotherhood; the possessor of five churches and twelve wards; the represented in Parliament by two 'Barons;' the contributor and maintainer of five ships of war to those early naval armaments, the direct descendant of which is the Channel Fleet:—Romney, which nearly every successive sovereign endowed with a fresh charter, and vied with his predecessors in petting and protecting; till, with the other Cinque Ports, it became the possessor of such wondrous privileges and immunities as were never before or since granted to a Corporation. We see it now dwindled to two or three dingy streets, and a population scant apparently in number as evidently in means. Gone are its charters, its liberties, its parliamentary barons, its Guestling-hall, its ships, its very harbour; gone are its churches, all save one; gone, I take it, would also be its inhabitants, but that a few of the fine old houses have not



yet quite fallen to pieces, and people may just as well live in them as not. Doesn't the street bear the appearance as of having been asleep ever since the sixteenth century, and having preserved alive (as unnatural sleep, it is said, does preserve life) its quaint gables and windows and enormous chimneys, its very unscientific and præ-macadamite pavement, and all other its fashions and sentiments of that day? A few children and an occasional female may be met in the street; for the accommodation of such latter, the narrow foot-way, you see, is still amply sufficient, nor is it, as elsewhere, necessary to direct the eye downwards in passing them, for fear of having one's preconceived ideas of comparative anatomy rudely disturbed by a sharp and metallic blow on the leg, or an embarrassing entanglement in millinery. Is not this enough? What further testimony need we to the primitive simplicity which reigns in the metropolis of the Sixth Continent?

Here then, as we were saying, was the Roman harbour—not out eastward towards the sea, but inside the town, up the old course of the river, and reaching doubtless inland to that short tower of Old Romney which you see in the distance. The whole space between that and where we stand has been at different early periods occupied by the gradually shifting town, of which the main body was forced to follow the retirement of the sea, and the two extremes only now are left. This gradual change seems at one period during Roman occupation to have been sufficiently abrupt and decided for the new anchorage to be called '*Portus novus*;' and hence perhaps these two villages are to the present day Old and New Romney. Up here in Alfred's time sailed the Danes, burning and plundering, and long established themselves at Apledore, then the upper end of the estuary, where you may still see their entrenchments. Hither came Earl Godwin returning from banishment, and the vessels in this harbour swelled the fleet with which he regained

from Edward the Confessor his earldom and ascendancy. Here by the stubborn men of Kent was roughly handled a detachment of Duke William's invading force, which, either by mistake or perhaps to effect a diversion, put in to land thus far east of Hastings; and hither came presently William himself and took his revenge. Hence Thomas à Becket attempted in vain—afterwards accomplishing from Sandwich—that secret flight to France and Rome from which he returned with greater power and greater pride than ever. About a century after which—'in 1287, in the even of St. Agath the Virgin,' as is still recorded in the muniments of Rye—came the awful storm before-mentioned, laying the whole Marsh under flood; on the subsidence of which the town of Winchelsea and a village or two were found to have subsided likewise, and the river which then kept this harbour open had forced its southward channel and deserted Romney. Faster then than ever retreated the haven. Other storms succeeded, and blocked it still more irrecoverably. Queen Elizabeth gave its old bed to the Corporation to be enclosed as pasture. It vanished then to the seaward side of the town, and tradition tells of anchors dug up on that eastward bank where stands the last remaining church. Finally, it slipped gradually away to yonder shallow creek a mile or two distant, still called Romney Hoy, into which scarce a fishing-boat now penetrates, and which is quite ready to follow in the wake of its predecessors, and form another district of the Marsh. It slipped away, and Romney was left—what you see it!

But you may still trace in the old town something of its original grandeur and importance. Here, at the corner of the lane which approaches the church, this butcher's shop is the ancient Guestling-hall—to think that the scene of so much festivity and high cookery should descend to raw meat!—and the fine carved beams of the roof may be seen inside. Opposite are considerable remains of the Priory,



partly re-decorated in taste which is certainly, in one sense, Gothic. The older inhabitants will still show you where stood the other churches of prosperous times, the sites of which are vicarial glebe to this day; and the Norman tower of the last survivor is magnificent. Here and there an arch or other ornamental fragment marks the site of some hospital or religious house, and the whole soil between this and Old Romney is a perfect Pompeii of buried walls. But the very memory of such things is dying out; there are few like ourselves who care for such aids to history. None but the ubiquitous 'bingo,' or commercial traveller, ever now visit the once frequented town, save when in some harder winter a sportsman makes here his quarters in pursuit of wildfowl, or in some finer summer a naturalist gropes for insects among the sand-hills. Romney can still produce a duck and a beetle.

Now, leaving even this amount of civilization behind us, we start forth on the great desert. For this Quarter, like the others, has its desert,—a very Sahara of shingle, which occupies the whole of its south-eastern corner. We will not stop to look for the grave of Saint Crispin, who suffered shipwreck just here, according to the Marsh legend, and was buried at this point of the shore under a great heap of stones. Had he survived the shipwreck and established himself here alive, I think he might have done a very respectable stroke of business, for nothing can be more destructive to shoe-leather than the deep pebbles through which we shall have to toil for the next few miles. And see where comes a native in *sabots*, which are the desert fashion, as cheaper and easier over the stones. Here is another, evidently a versatile resident who occasionally visits more civilized soil; he has girded boards under his boots to obviate that sinking into the shingle which we find so wearisome—a hint taken, I should think, from the Canadian snow-shoe. 'Back-stays' is the name for this gear in Romnese vernacular—

given by the rule of contraries, we may well suppose, for see at what an enviable pace he can scud along by their means, and that half-sliding motion which seems orthodox must be by no means unpleasant.

Among the other wonders of the desert are these springs of fresh pure water which come bubbling up out of the originally saline deposit, some so close to the shore that a high tide overflows them. From one of these near the Ness vessels are supplied by means of a watering-house and machinery. And here are the 'Open-holes,' large pools of the same freshness, and of extraordinary depth. How come they here, and how come they fresh, for they sink far below the level of the sea? In the days when harbours of refuge were being sought on this coast, it was suggested to cut through the great shingle 'full' at this point, making a short cut to avoid the dangers of the Cape and a harbour of refuge on the site of these holes. Another and grander plan was to take advantage of a new spit which is being formed under water from Dungeness Point across the bay northwards, exactly as the former spits of the Marsh were formed, and probably destined centuries hence to shelter a new marsh of its own. For this under-tooth, unlike the upper, seems to be in a constant state of increase, especially in length, even as will grow the *incisor* tooth of a rat when its opposite nibbler is decayed or lost. On this new subaqueous spit then was to be raised a breakwater, forming one large harbour of refuge, with an excellent sandy anchorage, out of the whole of Romney bay from the Ness to Hythe. I believe the plan was strongly recommended and seriously entertained. Romney began to lift up its head again and to dream of a return to its golden days. Ultimately, however, for reasons best known to the authorities, Dover was selected instead; where the labour and expense of the enormous breakwater will be infinitely greater, and where is no anchorage

after all, the bed being, I am told, entirely chalk. Hereafter shall many estates of men—mariners and taxpayers especially—murmur at that bygone decision of the Admiralty.

The great Dungeness Lighthouse—rising tall, abrupt, and red, like some enormous carrot—has been before us the whole day, and now at length we approach where it stands, at the very *Ultima Thule*, miles from any patch of vegetable life, but surrounded by a little human life of its own, in an outlandish colony of residents whose occupation lies in the great desert. Here are pilots ready for the Channel dangers—stumpy Dutch-looking men, with rings in their ears, and the queerest smile of attention to things in general on their bronze faces. Here are the gunners of 'No. 1 Battery,' the flimsy walls and counterfeit embrasures of which, as we pass them on the landward side, suggest that the very effort of giving an echo to the twenty-four-pounders inside would lay them as flat as if they surrounded Jericho. Here are coastguards-men, lifeboat-men, wateringhouse-men, lighthouse-men, and last, not least necessary, publichouse-men; and all, you see, crunching about in *sabots*, and thinking us very much behind the age for coming here in leather. Is there a more land's-end-ish, God-and-man-forgotten settlement in England? Not badly wrote the captain of artillery in command here during the late war, when he described himself in his homeward letters as stationed 'half a mile from the sea and four miles from land.'

But what a contrast is the lighthouse itself, the last new wonder of the world, and the brilliant dawn of a fresh era of light! For here, at this foremost and most central point of the Channel coast, has just been established the first permanent Electric Beacon, in the only available form yet known—that perfected by Professor Holmes. Let

us climb its tall tower and inspect the wonders of the interior. Behold those two little sticks of charcoal, exactly like slate-pencils in size, shape, and colour, pointing at each other, but not quite touching their points. Between them flares at night the minute spark which yields a light so vivid that it can be compared only, as a contemporary remarks, to a fragment of the sun. For at those charcoal points terminate two wires communicating with the electric battery below (that other battery of brick must henceforth rank as 'No. 2'), and those enormous engines generate and dart forth the continual current which bursts into such wondrous flash at the small point of disunion. Here is other and more delicate machinery, to keep the points constantly at their right distance of separation; for the sticks of carbon waste gradually with the spark, and must be renewed at intervals of about three hours and a half, requiring thus a considerably greater amount of wakefulness and care—to say nothing of science—than an ordinary lighthouse needs in its keepers. The chiefest of these, I take it, are now in bed and asleep—for with them necessarily is the world turned upside down—or we could not fail to distinguish them, however clad, from the *bourgeoisie* of the desert. Strange that at the remotest end of the most desolate, least approachable, and, when approached, least traversable wilderness in England, should hang this one brilliant speck of the most advanced civilization and refinement yet known to the world.\*

We must now turn off westward; and four more miles of the same plunging toil brings us to the 'Holme-beach,' another wonder of the desert, where a little straggling forest of holme, or holly, grows up marvellously out of the dry barren shingle—the more marvellously as such trees are supposed to require a damp soil. I take it that they were planted here for ornament, in

\* A specimen of this light, with its delicate and costly machinery, is on view in the eastern annexe of the International Exhibition.



spite of the tradition that they are indigenous to the beach ; for see in what regular lines they stand, and how close to the remains of Septvans Court, where, at the very edge of the desert, once lived a great family of 'that ilk,' the probable planters. For in ancient days the Lords of the Marshes were resident on their manors, and the quarter was not so desolate as we see it to-day.

And now to take such marshy paths and roads as we can find, and to steer northwards again through the centre of the flat to the hill country whence we came. The many dams and walls which we cross hereabouts show the gradual way in which this lower marsh was 'inned ;' most of those which we are now crossing bear the names of different Archbishops who raised them, fixing the date of these enclosures to a very few years. We can here, too, observe the various systems of 'fleets,' 'waterings,' and 'pinnocks,' by which the different 'innings' are drained and irrigated. And now we re-cross the great original Rhee Wall, so broad that the high road occupies but a third of its breadth, arriving thus again in the northern and more ancient half of the Marsh.

Who says the district is unhealthy? Stand forth, shades of Lambarde and Fuller, and give account of the words used in the flesh ! You, William Lambarde, of Lincoln's-inn, your country's first topographer, your county's first historian, have against this its corner most unpatriotically quoted Hesiod, calling it 'Bad in summer, worse in winter, and at no time good.' And you, Thomas Fuller, Prebendary of Salisbury, with your morbid inability to resist a pointed sentiment, have placed it on record that Kent is divided threefold, to wit, into 'Health with Wealth, Health without Wealth, and Wealth without Health,'—classing the Marsh under the last category. Walk with us therefore, O ye misguided and misleading spirits, for the next few hundred yards ; and mark the round ruddy faces, the square figures, and hearty Saxon bearing of the natives now plodding home-

wards from their labour ; see the plump, lively children, most healthily muddy and independent, which come running out to meet their sires ; turn aside with us into this churchyard, and read of the long lives, yea, beyond the ordinary term of man, lived by their rude forefathers, and chronicled on the tombstones ;—and retire, and repent you of those your mis-statements. What spot, indeed, can be otherwise than healthy which is constantly swept by such glorious stinging sea-breezes as that which we have been breasting and inhaling the whole day? The number of inhabitants is small, it is true,—barely six thousand, I believe, in the whole Marsh ; but their scantiness arises from no fear on the score of health. Such cares and fears they may, indeed, deliver to the sportive winds to waft into the German Sea. A district entirely pastoral yields very little demand for labour in proportion to its size, and it is astonishing how few shepherds suffice for half a million sheep. Here is a more exalted specimen of the race of the *Merc-wara*, or Marshmen, the farmer of that fine old manor-house on our left :—

A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,  
A laird of the north countrie,  
But a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly  
rent,  
Will buy them out all three ;

and he looks as if he would—aye, and live them out all three, too !

And see here the source of his wealth, and perhaps of some of his health likewise, the magnificent flock of 'Romneys' on their way to fresh fields and pastures new. A fine large hardy sheep is that of the Romney-marsh breed, and a very satisfactory to keep—though I daresay their owner wouldn't tell you so. I fail to admire the very mongrel colley which is in charge of the flock. On its breed of retrievers, however, the district piques itself very highly, and sportsmen well know that in sagacity, and in that capability of being made into a personal friend which is perhaps a retriever's best point, none are



superior to the black, curly, glossy retriever of Romney Marsh.

That the population has been very much larger than it is now, we have evidence with which you must have been struck in your day's walk—the number and size of the churches scattered throughout the plain. In this its Northern half alone—an area averaging but six or seven miles each way, and not much larger than one good-sized parish, such as parishes are in many parts of the country—there are no less than fifteen churches, either perfect or in ruins, still standing; and exclusive of those four which the town of Romney has lost; while ten more are built on the hills immediately at its edge, and extend their parishes into it. When Hythe, Romney, and Rye were all three important harbour-towns, no doubt this whole neighbourhood between them was a very busy one, and contained a large amphibious population uniting the trades of sailor, shepherd, and smuggler. The second demand only now remains, and the supply has dwindled to correspond.

For the third-mentioned line of business, once the most profitable and most universal in the Marsh, has at length been thoroughly disposed of by the Martello-towers, with their necessary garrisons of Coast-guard; and these batteries, if not very formidable against enemies, have at least 'saved us from our friends' in the persons of the lawless traders which formerly swarmed here. Hurst, on the edge of the Marsh, and just before us, was long the hotbed of the most desperate part of this traffic, and the spot where it lingered the latest; and has indeed earned itself a place in history as the abode of Hunt, the smuggler and Jacobite agent, who sheltered and forwarded all the spies and conspirators sent over by James II. from St. Germain; and formed so good a medium of communication between the disaffected in England and their head-quarters in France, that his Majesty's Opposition constantly received earlier tidings of Continental battles and policy than the

Government itself. His den was finally routed out after Sir George Barclay's assassination plot.

Here, too, Sir John Fenwick was taken in his attempt to escape by the same medium.

Could there be a finer place for a hue and cry than the Marsh! They chased him across it into Romney, and there he was caught. Hurst House we will take on our way up the hill, for the gloomy old den is still standing, and to this day suggests 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils' in its very look. And so we can regain our carriage at Lyme along the top of the cliffs. But my bearings are beginning to become lost in the dusk, and we must seek a human fingerpost. Here comes an opportune native; let us inquire of the descendant of a hundred smugglers.

'Ta Hurst? Well, ya've mistook de rawd gran-able! Ya must goo roun wher d'ol-ooman's a carrin coal in a shawl by de alis yon an den stiver crass de gratten an over dem wattles by de sheen an cater along dem swathes a strah an tords dat scoggin atop a de toll an den crass de bridge an up by de gurt maxle. But blame *me* if ya won't faind it howghed lishy, its terr-able clodgy sure along dat sole; an an orchid elling sart a place when ya git ther. Goodnight, *sir*.'

— There, are you much the wiser? Oh, it's plain enough. Past that woman at the public-house door with the wooden tub in her hand, through the stubble-field and over the hurdles by that threshing-machine, across where those rows of straw are lying, and towards the clump with the church-vane peeping over it, and so over the military canal and up the hill by that great muck-heap. We shall do very well now; but it does look like rather swampy walking near the pond, as he says.

Yes, that is really a railway-whistle in the Marsh! We hear it now that the day's wind has sunk, from that distant corner near Rye, which we have not visited. 'Trade's unfeeling train' has leapt the wall of cliffs, and penetrated one corner even of this remote district, adul-

terating its simple and unsophisticated inhabitants, over-riding its venerable manners and customs, destroying all the romance and poetry of the country side, and—and, in short, doing it all the possible good in the whole world! 'Aplemore Station,' by which men were wont to understand only the camp before-mentioned from which the Danes marauded, now stands for something widely different erected just underneath it—stands for the one opening by which arrive education, trade, comfort, prosperity, civilization,—everything of which such a neighbourhood as this feels, or suffers without feeling, the most pressing need. Already do the natives recognise its advantage in a greatly improved market for their land, their sheep, their fish, their very ducks, and in a general enlargement both of incomes and minds. Already have most of them visited regions whither their sires' sober wishes never learnt to stray, and brought back unprecedented lore; some have even wandered so far as the metropolis itself, but these are as yet in advance of their age, and are regarded with suspicion by their fellows. Return hither in a few years, and you shall ask your way to Hurst with as good a chance of

understanding the answer as if you had put such a question in Belgravia. If the Marshes are no longer gaining, the level of the Marshmen at least is being raised, and the Sixth Quarter will soon have amalgamated with the First.

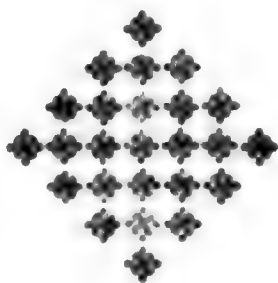
And see where bursts suddenly upon us the dazzling flash from the Ness Beacon,—true harbinger of the enlightenment in store,—penetrating the thickly rising mists of the flat, and brilliant to its remotest corner. Can we take our last view from the cliffs under better auspices than these?—when eyes and ears are alike full with the piercing evidences of the advancing era, in which Romney Marsh shall be 'reclaimed' afresh, and in a better sense than once by Pagan proconsuls or even Christian Archbishops.

Here is the carriage;—we shall just catch the night express at Ashford, and in an hour or so you will be back in London and the whirl of business, and no longer

— in Kent and Christendom  
Among the Muses.

—Good bye; and I trust you are at least none the worse for your day's walk and your Sixth-Quarterly Review.

T. G. F.



## SPIRITUALISM.

WE ventured in a recent number to express the opinion that the history of mesmerism, table-turning and table-talking, spirit-rapping, and the kindred manifestations which have found so much favour of late in certain circles, furnish evidence very little creditable to the intelligence and good sense of English society at the present day. On a review of all that has been said, done, and written on these subjects within the last few years, and hearing what one does hear every day of the people who frequent the exhibitions of so-called 'mediums,' imported, it is some comfort to think, for the most part, from the other side of the Atlantic, from the land of Bunkum and Barnum, one is driven to the unwelcome conclusion that the spread of education and what is usually styled general enlightenment, affords absolutely no security whatever against the most extravagant and even childish superstition. Nor is there any good reason for expecting that they should do so. Lord Macaulay long ago disposed of that fallacy:—

A very common knowledge of history (he remarks), a very little observation of life, will suffice to prove that no learning, no sagacity, affords a security against the greatest errors on subjects relating to the invisible world. \* \* \* Johnson, incredulous on all other points, was a ready believer in miracles and apparitions. He would not believe in Ossian; but he was willing to believe in the second sight. He would not believe in the earthquake of Lisbon; but he was willing to believe in the Cock-lane ghost. For these reasons we have ceased to wonder at any vagaries of superstition. We have seen men, not of mean intellect or neglected condition, but qualified by their talents and acquirements to attain eminence either in active or speculative pursuits, well read scholars, expert logicians, keen observers of life and manners, prophesying, interpreting, talking unknown tongues, working miraculous cures, coming down with messages from God to the House of Commons. We have seen an old woman, with no talents beyond the

cunning of a fortune-teller, and with the education of a scullion, exalted into a prophetess, and surrounded by tens of thousands of devoted followers, many of whom were, in station and knowledge, immeasurably her superiors; and all this in the nineteenth century; and all this in London. Yet why not? For of the dealings of God with man no more has been revealed to the nineteenth century than to the first, or to London than to the wildest parish in the Hebrides. It is true that in those things which concern this life and this world, man constantly becomes wiser and wiser. But it is no less true that, as respects a higher power and a future state, man, in the language of Goethe's scoffing fiend,

'bleibt stets von gleichem schlag,  
Und ist so wunderlich als wie am ersten  
tag.'\*

All this is very applicable to the present day. We look back with serene and contemptuous pity on the belief of our forefathers in witches, or in the baleful influence of the evil eye; we shudder at the ignorance and folly of a cottager who goes to consult a 'cunning man' or a 'wise woman' as to the cause of his daughter's fits, or the failure of the hopes of his dairy; but what shall we say when we hear of ladies of rank and education, wives of statesmen, ladies who lay claim to superior intelligence, and profess to teach the world, listening with implicit faith to the dreams and pretended revelations of an hysterical girl in a 'mesmeric trance,' disclosing the seat and causes of a hidden disease, and prescribing the remedies to be employed in the treatment of it? What right have people who countenance such impostures, to laugh at the servant girl who invests her savings in crossing a gipsy's palm to have her fortune told? with what face can they lecture her for her folly? We smile when we read an inscription on the monument of a noble family in the midland counties, recording the fate of 'two sonnes, both which dyed in their infancy by wicked practice

\* *Essays: Ranke's History of the Popes.*



and sorcery;' but was not the belief which dictated that inscription at least as rational as that which holds that 'table-moving' is 'an intelligent power, that it is an obedient power; and that it is, when its effect is manifested in an insensate piece of wood, as a table, a supernatural one?'\* Yet this is the doctrine gravely broached by a man whom, from the designation appended to his performance, we presume to be a clergyman of the Church of England! We should be curious to know the line of argument he would adopt to reason a parishioner out of the belief that old women turn themselves into hares and ride on broomsticks, or bewitch their neighbours' cattle. We gladly believe that Messrs. Godfrey and Gillson stand almost alone on the sublime height of credulity and absurdity which they seem to have attained; but they have a sufficient number of followers, though at an humble distance, among the educated classes, to justify the assertion that superstition finds its ready votaries in the higher as in the humbler ranks, and consequently that the spread of education offers no security against the prevalence of delusions as monstrous as any of those which excite our wonder in the records of past generations. The superstitions of different classes will of course assume different forms, more or less in harmony with their feelings, their prejudices, their habits of life. We do not anticipate that revivals, for instance, will ever make their way among the higher classes, in this country; at any rate, we do not expect to see the day when the crinolined and flowered occupants of the pews in West-end chapels will be 'struck down' and lie 'in agonies of penitence,' calling for heaven's mercy! Possibly, if

we dare hint the suggestion, there is too much of reality and earnestness in the movement, wild and mistaken as we believe it to be, to permit us to dread anything so distressing to the nerves of aristocratic refinement; for after all, it is one thing to be writhing on the ground in tortures of mind and body, under the influence of strong religious impulse, however extravagant and misdirected, and another to sit in a well-warmed and cheerful drawing-room, watching the vagaries of inspired tables, or to contemplate, in the dim light so essential to the enchantment of the scene, the aerial, though not unsubstantial, forms of gentlemen floating amid sympathetic furniture, or to listen for most mundane communications from the spirit world. It matters little, however, what form it may assume; the superstition is at least equal, the folly far greater; for really, making every allowance for our profound ignorance of the unseen world, one scarcely expects educated people to become such easy dupes of so transparent and so purposeless a delusion.

It would need far more space than we have at our command to enter into a discussion on mesmerism in its various branches, or, more properly, with its kindred subjects, variously known as animal magnetism, electro-biology, clairvoyance, odylism, hypnotism, or artificial somnambulism. They have already been discussed at great length in different publications, by persons well qualified to judge of their pretensions and claims to our acceptance, and to form a sound opinion on the physical and psychological phenomena which they present. And it is the less necessary to linger over them since these mesmeric theories,

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\* *Table-Turning Tested, and Proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L.

We are tempted to add the names of two more productions illustrative of the march of modern intelligence:

*Table-Turning: the Devil's Modern Masterpiece: being the Result of a Course of Experiments.* By Rev. N. S. Godfrey.

*Table-Talking: Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs: a Word to the Wise.* By Rev. E. Gillson, M.A.

whatever their value, whether sound or unsound, have to a great extent ceased to occupy the popular attention, and have given place to lower forms of delusion, to follies and impostures devoid of all scientific interest, except such as is to be found in studying the weaknesses and hallucinations of the human mind, and which can scarcely lay claim even to a basis of truth and reason on which to rest their presumptuous and, we must add, unhallowed assumptions. For although, without question, there has been much of gross credulity and not a little of collusion and imposture mixed up with the performances of the professors of mesmerism and biology, especially with regard to clairvoyance in all its branches, we are not prepared to deny the truth of many of the facts asserted, nor the existence in many cases of a real power in the operator over the persons submitted to his influence. Nor do we shrink from avowing the conviction that some, at least, of the well-authenticated phenomena are not to be accounted for by reference to any known physiological laws, though these are very few in comparison with the number for which a marvellous and even supernatural character is claimed. That magnetism—for so, in the absence of a better designation, we must be content to call it—has produced a cataleptic condition analogous to somnambulism,—that one of its effects is insensibility to pain,—and that it has been found capable of imparting great acuteness to some of the faculties, physical and intellectual, are facts which we conceive do not admit of dispute. All this, however—and our admissions have been sufficiently liberal—is very different from the marvels we are invited to believe, the pervading influence of the ‘*odylic force*,’—the ‘*properties analogous to those of the magnet*’ residing in the human body, and capable of ‘*acting on matter, animate and inanimate, at a great distance, without the intervention of an intermediate body*’—the visions, revelations, and vaticinations of sickly

and hysterical girls—the power of reading the contents of sealed letters and of describing things and places which they have never seen, and the other impudent pretensions of the clairvoyants,—pretensions which have been shown in a multitude of instances to rest entirely on collusion, while for the remainder the evidence is most unsatisfactory and inconclusive.

The mention of the communication of mental impulses to inanimate matter leads us by a natural transition to Table-turning. Here we certainly reach the climax of absurdity. Eight or ten people, sitting gravely round a large table with their hands upon it, expecting it to move without the application of physical or mechanical force, offers a spectacle for which it is not easy to find a parallel. It is not permitted us to doubt or deny that tables have moved in accordance with the wishes and expectations of the parties engaged in this edifying occupation, since it rests on the testimony of those whose veracity we should not dream of questioning; and the fact is a palpable one, on which it is impossible they can have been deceived. At the same time, we are bound to say that we have never had the good fortune to witness the operation, though we have frequently seen it attempted by professed table-turners, who boasted of their past achievements and entertained no doubt of their powers. Whether it was that the presence of a hardened sceptic was fatal to the exercise of this mirific virtue, it is not for us to determine—we leave it to adepts in the art: in any case, the effort, when we have seen it made, has been uniformly unsuccessful. But to concede the *fact*, and ascribe it, as we unhesitatingly do, to the exertion, more or less involuntary, of muscular power, is by no means sufficient; we are required to believe in some occult influence of a far more subtle and recondite character, as to the precise nature of which, however, those who think they exercise it are very ill agreed. We have heard the belief gravely avowed by a



man of sense and education (it was in answer to a question as to the cause of the disappearance of the phenomenon, a fact which was not denied), that it was one of those mysterious spiritual influences which pass across the world from time to time, and cease as suddenly and unaccountably as they appear. We are far indeed from denying the existence of such influences, or the possibility that they may cross our path at any moment; but neither analogy, reason, nor revelation justify the belief that such high influences are exerted for the purpose of making tables tumble about a room, with people running after them like puppies after a ball. To us there is something almost shocking in the idea. The fact that these exhibitions usually took place after dinner might suggest to irreverent minds influences connected with spirits of a different character. We should scarcely have thought it worth while to bestow even thus much notice on this now exploded folly, but for its intimate connexion with superstitions of a graver kind.

When once the notion had got into people's heads that there was anything supernatural connected with it, the transition was easy to the next phase of this marvellous absurdity; what has been happily styled a sort of 'cross' between spirit-rapping and table-turning. The table was supposed, we presume, to be 'possessed' by the spirit, for the entertainment consisted in putting a number of questions to it, 'with directions that it should reply by turning to the right or to the left, or by tilting over towards one side or the other, or by rapping with one of its feet; and conversations were thus carried on either by asking such questions as might be answered by a simple *yes* or *no*, or by directing the table to spell the words of the reply by such methods as the experimenters should devise.' The words of this description have been borrowed for fear of error. The Rev. Mr. Godfrey, laudably anxious to cure the world of its scepticism, narrates his experiences with a

simplicity that is really astounding. It appears that he, his wife, and curate, sat down with their hands upon a small round mahogany table, which stood on three legs. The table, as might be expected, was soon in motion. He then 'commanded it to stand on one leg, to move forward on one leg, to rock from side to side, to turn to him, to turn from him, to throw off a hat in a given direction, &c. &c. All these commands it implicitly obeyed.' He then began to question it on the subject nearest his heart.

I spoke to the table, and said, 'If you move by electricity, stop.' It stopped instantly. I commanded it to go on again, and said, while it was moving, 'If an evil spirit cause you to move, stop.' It moved round without stopping. I again said, 'If there be any evil agency in this, stop.' It went on as before. I was now prepared for an experiment of a far more solemn character. I whispered to the schoolmaster to bring a small Bible, and to lay it on the table when I should tell him. I then caused the table to revolve rapidly, and gave the signal. *The Bible was gently laid on the table, and it instantly stopped.* We were horror-struck. However, I determined to persevere. I had other books laid on the table, to see whether the fact of a book lying on it altered any of the conditions under which it revolved. It went round with them without making any difference. I then tried with the Bible four different times, and each time with the same result: *it would not move as long as that precious volume lay upon it.*

The party then appear to have adjourned to supper, and towards midnight to have resumed their experiments. The table was once more in motion.

I now said, 'If there be a hell, I command you to knock on the floor with this leg twice.' It was motionless. 'If there be not hell, knock twice.' No answer. 'If there be a devil, knock twice.' No motion. 'If there be not a devil, knock twice.' *To our horror, the leg slowly rose and knocked twice!* I then said, 'In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ [we almost shudder in transcribing the words], if there be no devil, knock twice.' It was motionless. This I tried four several times, and each time with the same result. I then asked other questions.



But we stop. It is necessary to explain that the questioner was not at all astonished or perplexed, however shocked, at the character of these answers; for since he was possessed with the belief that he was addressing a 'lying spirit,' if not the arch-fiend himself, he was of course prepared to receive lying answers; hence the ingenious devices of producing the Bible and adjuring by the sacred name, which, if they did not elicit the truth, had at least the negative success of reducing the enemy to silence. We have not room for an edifying dialogue, quite in the most recent spiritual style, with a spirit who spelt out his name Alfred Brown, narrated by Mr. Godfrey in his second pamphlet, in which the said Alfred (who we trust did not represent some recently deceased parishioner of irregular life) was made to confess that he was suffering for the sins committed in the flesh, and to aver that he, whether the spirit or the table does not accurately appear, 'could not answer with the Bible on him.'

It would scarcely be just to pass over in silence the revelations made to the Rev. Mr. Gillson through the same agency. The orthodoxy of his creed as to the personal existence and presence amongst us of spiritual beings, good and evil, is like that of Mr. Godfrey, unimpeachable. He seems to have been equally ready to recognise this singular mode of manifestation. The tenor of his questions to the table indicates a wholesome horror of Popery, combined, apparently, with stern reprobation of the gossip and frivolity which, from time immemorial, have been supposed to characterize society at Bath. After some preliminary inquiries, some of which 'the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg and rapping,' he addressed the following straightforward questions to the spirit, which had previously announced itself to be that of a man :\*

Do you know Satan?—Yes. Is he the Prince of devils?—Yes. Will he be bound?—Yes. Will he be cast into the abyss?—Yes. Will you be cast in with him?—Yes. . . . I then asked, Where are Satan's head-quarters? Are they in England?—There was a slight movement. Are they in France?—A violent movement. Are they in Spain?—Similar agitation. Are they at Rome?—The table literally seemed frantic. . . . Do you know the Pope?—The table was violently agitated.

He next tried Mr. Godfrey's experiment with the Bible; it is needless to say with precisely the same result. The questioning was then resumed.

I inquired if many devils were posted in Bath. He replied by the most extraordinary and rapid knocking of the three feet in succession, round and round for some time, as if to intimate that they were innumerable.

The spirit was then desired to rap out his name; but after giving the first two letters, was considerably stopped by Mr. Gillson, 'because he had told us that his relatives lived in Bath, and I thought it might lead to very painful feelings if the name were given.' All this can scarcely need comment. In the midst of it all we are cheered by the faint glimmering of one ray of common sense in Mr. Godfrey's conclusion that table-turning 'appears to be whatever the investigator supposes it to be;' and that its general law, therefore, is *Lying and Deceit*—in other words, *Satanic agency*; though we do not feel sure that we are justified in crediting the writer with more than the unintentional announcement of a truth to which he meant to affix a very different interpretation.

We should not have bestowed so much time on these lamentable absurdities, but for their extremely mischievous character—a character not a little aggravated by the fact already adverted to of their being presented to the world as the teaching of clergymen of the Church

\* It is necessary to state that not having been able to obtain a sight of these curious documents, we are indebted for the extracts given above to the pages of a contemporary, whose accuracy may be implicitly relied on.

of England, whom, however, we willingly believe to have been deluded fanatics, and to have been free from the guilt of deliberate imposture, which is more than the utmost charity can assume of some of the more recent professors of this modern necromancy.\* The spirits—to speak the language of the initiated—did not long confine themselves to such bungling modes of communication as knocking about tables. They soon vouchsafed to enter into more direct relations with the faithful, though it must be admitted that they have retained a strong predilection for disturbing furniture (can it be suggestive of the nature of their occupations while denizens of earth?) and indeed that their manifestations on the whole partake more largely than might have been anticipated of a material character. The first ‘medium’ who obtained much note in this country was Mr. Home, whose name one has also heard in connexion with certain proceedings at the Tuileries, where it is possible he may have aspired at filling the place of *L’Homme Rouge*, so famous in the days of the founder of the imperial dynasty. Whether it is that his fame has been eclipsed by Mr. Foster and other less modest professors, or whether he has in some measure voluntarily retired from the arena, at all events he has been of late in comparative obscurity. His name is scarcely alluded to in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*. But it is not very long since one heard in every drawing-room marvellous tales of tables and sofas floating, like Mahomet’s coffin, between heaven and earth—in mortal language, between the ceiling and the

floor—executing, we believe, mystic movements with the sylph-like form of Mr. Home himself as Coryphæus. But a slight investigation sufficed to show that these marvels were only enacted under special conditions. It was always in Mr. Home’s own house or in that of some person who, if not an accomplice, was at all events an implicit believer in his supernatural powers, and allowed him free scope for his preparations. The room, too, was invariably partially darkened—a precaution adopted by all ‘mediums’—and other accessories were employed calculated to excite the nerves and obscure the little remaining judgment of people who came predisposed to accept with unquestioning faith everything they fancied they saw or heard, or were told that they were to see and hear. Were Mr. Home to walk into a strange house in broad daylight and there to perform his wonders in the presence of unprejudiced and competent witnesses, his pretensions would rest on very different grounds. What our conclusion would be in that case, and where we should find refuge from the necessity of admitting his claims, it is quite unnecessary for us to say, since he has never hazarded any such attempt, and we dare venture to assert that he never will. Meantime it is impossible to assume that the alleged facts are substantiated; even if they were, they would not be in the least more wonderful than many of the tricks which any clever juggler performs by sleight of hand with the aid of proper apparatus, nor is there any proof that such apparatus is not employed. The *facts*, we repeat,

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\* The following extract from a letter dated Berlin, Dec. 11, 1861, appears to show that this particular superstition is still alive:—‘He,’ a certain Baron Von Reichenbach, ‘says, “The answers were rapped by the foot of the table in a brightly-lighted room. I wished to ascertain whether the rapping could not be prevented, and for this purpose I leaned with my breast against one of the feet of the table, taking hold of two others with both hands, and pressing them down. The rapping of the feet ceased; but the rapping continued above me on the top of the table. All at once, and with a certain jerk, the table dragged me forward, with the carpet on which it stood—and I lay prostrate in the middle of the room.”’ Then follows some unintelligible rhapsody about the ‘emanation of the odic element,’ &c., which we willingly spare our readers.

are not substantiated; for it is a complete mistake to imagine (and the remark is one which it is most essential to bear in mind in pursuing inquiries of this nature) that the respectability, honesty, and good faith of a witness are in any way a sufficient guarantee of his accuracy in reporting a matter of fact. Great allowances must be made for want of observation, for credulity, and the many other mental defects which more or less incapacitate a large proportion—perhaps it would be safe to say the large majority, of persons of average ability and information, for reporting correctly what they have seen or heard, and still more certainly render them incompetent to form a right judgment on the results of such observation as they do possess.\* Another of Mr. Home's performances consisted in placing a cold hand in that of the person wishing for communication with the spirit world, which hand was supposed to belong to some departed friend or relative secretly thought of by the victim of the operation. The delusion was aided by the darkened room and the other usual mysterious appliances. We have heard a story of an illustrious lady who submitted herself

to this experiment, and found placed in her hand beneath a table two hands successively, which she recognised as those of her father and a child which she had lost in its infancy.† It needs no very deep acquaintance with psychological science to know that excited nerves acting on a sensitive and affectionate mind furnish a sufficient explanation, without having recourse to anything more marvellous than the vulgarest sleight of hand in combination with sufficient effrontery on the part of the performer. But we must hasten on to the more recent 'manifestations;' and we do not hesitate to affirm that all the records of them which have fallen under our notice afford irrefragable proof of the grossest superstition in the dupe, and of deliberate and profane imposture in the 'mediums.' These are strong assertions; but we do not doubt that we shall be able to establish them to the satisfaction of our readers, such of them at any rate as are not themselves possessed with the 'spiritualist' mania. We had almost hoped to have been spared the necessity of wasting any words on Mr. Foster, since it appears from a notice‡ in a recent number of the *Spiritual Magazine*

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\* Miss Nightingale's remarks on this point are worth noting:—"It is a much more difficult thing to speak the truth than people commonly imagine. . . . Courts of justice seem to think that anybody can speak "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," if he does but intend it. It requires many faculties combined of observation and memory to speak "the whole truth," and to say "nothing but the truth." . . . Concurrence of testimony, which is so often adduced as final proof, may prove nothing more, as is well known to those accustomed to deal with the unobservant imaginative, than that one person has told his story a great many times. I have heard thirteen persons "concur" in declaring that a fourteenth, who had never left his bed, went to a distant chapel every morning at seven o'clock. I have heard persons in perfect good faith declare that a man came to dine every day at the house where they lived, who had never dined there once; that a person had never taken the sacrament, by whose side they had twice at least knelt at communion; that but one meal a day came out of a hospital kitchen, which for six weeks they had seen provide from three to five and six meals a day."—*Notes on Nursing*, p. 60. Is it possible to suspect that in these last stories the writer is affording unconscious exemplification of her own remarks?

† We desire to speak with accuracy, and are therefore bound to say that we have forgotten whether this incident occurred at a *séance* with Mr. Home or some other professor of the magic art.

‡ 'We have received letters from Judge Edmonds containing such statements regarding Mr. Foster, that, though we have reason to believe him to be a remarkable medium [a pardonable reservation in a confession of having been duped], we must decline to print any more records of his mediumship.'—*Spiritual Magazine*, March, 1862.



that his audacious frauds are too much even for the capacious swallow of his friends, his charlatanism too transparent to escape even their purblind vision. But it would be impossible in a paper on this subject to omit all mention of his proceedings; to do so would be to provoke the taunt that we fear to encounter the array of facts which he professes to allege in support of his pretensions. Yet the work has in fact been taken off our hands. The newspapers have been teeming with letters, many of them authenticated by well-known names, narrating instances of detected trickery or of utter failure. Of these last the most remarkable was given not long since in the *Saturday Review*. We cannot transcribe the account; but it is impossible to imagine discomfiture more ludicrous in its completeness. We have seen no attempt at explanation, nor even any denial; and as we have just said, he is given up even by those who heralded his advent to this country with extravagant jubilation. Despite all this, he still finds persons willing to pay their guineas for the pleasure of being duped and laughed at; though one would have thought that his clumsy contrivances and obviously juggling tricks would have been too much for any credulity short of that which pins its faith on predictions purchased for a shilling from a gipsy fortune-teller.

It has been noticed that he never admits any one to a *séance* on the first application: the stereotyped answer is, that he is too much exhausted by his mediumistic exertions to admit any more visitors, though others have been seen to enter the house immediately afterwards. An appointment is made for another day: it can hardly be necessary to explain how the interval is employed. We cannot resist giving one extract from the *Spiritual Magazine* for last February: it is an admirable illustration of the critical acumen brought to bear on these subjects:—

A distinguishing feature in the mediumship of Mr. Foster is the remarkable

readiness with which he gets the relationship and names of persons present. Dr. Ashburner communicates the following incident:—A gentleman called on him, and, apologizing for the intrusion on his time, begged to have from the doctor's own lips a corroboration of some of the marvellous phenomena in spiritualism said to have been witnessed by him. The doctor satisfied the stranger, who then requested to know where he could obtain a proof of this extraordinary power. Dr. Ashburner gave him Mr. Foster's address. At that moment a friend of Dr. A., Mr. M——, entered the room, and said he was on his way to pay a second visit to the American medium. The stranger begged permission to accompany Mr. M——, which being agreed to, they at once proceeded to Mr. Foster's residence; but before leaving, Dr. A. told his friend that this gentleman was a stranger to him, that he had asked him many questions, but had not given him the satisfaction of knowing his name. 'I hope,' said the stranger, 'you will excuse me; I have a special reason for withholding my name.' 'I have no objection,' said the doctor; 'I care nothing about your name; but I wish my friend to understand that you are a stranger to me.' On arriving at Mr. Foster's rooms, Mr. M—— said, 'My friend and I desire to have a sitting with you.' 'Your friend!' exclaimed Mr. F.; 'there is nothing, I think, in common between you; why, you don't even know his name. But,' continued he, 'I can introduce him to you: his father's spirit stands beside him, whose name was William, and this gentleman's name is R. Ward Jackson.' The gentleman took up his hat, expressed himself satisfied, and without waiting for further evidence, hastily departed.

We heartily commend his prudence in doing so, and not waiting to be further questioned. Our first impression on reading this story was that it had been sent to the editor by way of a hoax, and even now can hardly divest ourselves of the idea, though a more enlarged acquaintance with 'Spiritual' writings convinces us that it was communicated in good faith. If Dr. Ashburner really fails to perceive the solution which we should have thought must be obvious to a child of ordinary intelligence, and believes Mr. 'R. Ward Jackson' and Mr. Foster to have been strangers to one another, we cannot but envy

him such refreshing simplicity, though we should not place much reliance on the acuteness of his discernment. The trick of writing on the skin, which to many appears so astonishing, demands a word or two. We have the advantage of being able to give, from the mouth of a friend, a lawyer of eminence, the following account of his own experience on this subject. We are bound to admit that he was at first a good deal impressed by what he witnessed, though further reflection shook his faith, and a second visit effected a cure. We confess that we were astonished, from his own account of the matter, that he should have been imposed upon for a moment. The *séance* took place in the evening. Our informant was seated, with a companion, on one side of a round table, on which were burning two candles. Mr. Foster, who was standing opposite, requested him to write any name on a slip of paper, to roll the paper up into a small hard pellet, and place it in the middle of the table. He did so; and after the lapse of a few minutes, the paper, as he believed, still lying on the table untouched, Mr. Foster suddenly bared his arm and displayed the name written on it in rather large and straggling red letters. The supposed marvel consisted, not in the appearance of the writing on the skin, since it was acknowledged, though with reluctance, that that might easily be effected by a combination of chemical and mechanical appliances,\* but in the fact that it actually was the name which had been written down in the way above described, although, as the writer believed, the 'medium' had had no oppor-

tunity of seeing it. We ventured to suggest that the paper had been changed and examined while his attention was diverted from it; but the suggestion was received with scorn: 'Impossible; I never took my eyes off it.' But, upon cross-examination, it appeared that in the interval between placing the pellet on the table and the exhibition of the bare arm, the table had suddenly begun to rock—the work of the spirits, of course, as they entered the room. The unexpected movement surprised the sitters into putting out their hands to steady the candles, which seemed in danger of falling, and (need we add?) gave the performer just the chance which he required. We should have thought that no one who had ever heard of 'thimble-rig' could possibly have been deceived for a moment by so transparent a piece of juggling. Yet here was a man of sense and ability, well acquainted with the world, an experienced lawyer, accustomed to deal with evidence, who for a time most certainly was deceived, simply because he went predisposed to believe what he was going to see.† What wonder, then, if those in whom almost every one of these conditions are wanting, and who, besides, are craving for excitement, fashionable ladies and shallow-minded *gobemouches* of the other sex, are prepared to swallow any conceivable amount of absurdity and imposture? And assuredly the supply of these articles is unlimited. There lies before us at this moment a volume,‡ resplendent in magenta and gold, which, though published in London, professes to give the latest 'Spiritual' intelligence from the other side of the Atlantic;

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\* The spiritualists themselves do not seem to have much confidence in this particular phenomenon. 'The fact of letters or drawings being seen on the flesh is of itself no proof that they are done by a spirit out of the body. That question would have to be settled by the intrinsic evidence of what was so written or drawn, or by other means. . . . There is, perhaps, as much reason for believing that they are done by the spirit in the body of the medium, as by the spirit of one who has left this world'!—*Spiritual Magazine*, March, 1862. Some sceptics may deem a corporeal agency more probable than either.

† We had noted down several other particulars respecting Mr. Foster, but omit them for the reason above given.

‡ *Spiritualism in America*. By B. Coleman. London: F. Pitman. 1861.



and beside it several numbers of the *Spiritual Magazine*, a record of the current doings of the Spiritualists in this country and in America. A glance at the advertisement-pages of this periodical is instructive. We trust we shall not weary our readers if we make a few extracts from both these publications in justification of the language hazarded above: they shall be as few and as brief as possible. The only difficulty is, in the midst of such a profusion of materials, how to select. The first glance at Mr. Coleman's book is met by what are said to be fac-similes of two drawings of birds and flowers, certified to have been executed by 'the Spirits,' the one in eight seconds, the other in eleven. On the merits of the performances it is not necessary to dwell, nor to decide how far they indicate a high state of artistic skill in the spirit world. It is comforting, however, to observe in one of them a page of St. John's Gospel, testifying, we presume, that the spirit-artist was not of the same malignant character as those which animated Messrs. Godfrey's and Gillson's tables. We turn to the description of the circumstances under which the drawings are said to have been produced. A small table was placed in the centre of the room, and a shawl tied round the legs 'to form a dark chamber.' Under this was placed a thin board for the paper to rest on, with a proper supply of drawing materials. The medium, Mrs. French, then took some sheets of drawing-paper, rolled them up into a tube, and breathed through them, to give them, as she said, the necessary moisture. The narrator then, at her request, placed them under the table, while she at the same time *went on her knees, put her hands under the cover, to spread the paper out flat*, and returned to her seat. *The gas-lights were then lowered*, the medium cried 'time,' and a scraping and scrambling was heard on the card-board: in a few seconds 'time' was again called, and the pencils were heard to drop from the hands of the invisible artists. In this

way four pictures were produced; and to prove that they were done on the instant, it is added, that '*they were wet when taken up, and that they took some minutes to dry after they were in our hands.*' We think we remember to have seen very similar tricks performed by village conjurors, without the advantage of the darkened room or the excited imaginations. Yet a gentleman, whom we presume to be what his designation implies, 'Judge Edmonds,' does not hesitate to affix his signature to the statement that this was the work of spirits!

There are other specimens of spiritual caligraphy, executed, as it appears, on cards, one by the shade (if forms so substantial as these seem to be can be called shades) of Benjamin Franklin, and two by that of a lady with the poetical name of Estelle, whether that which she bore in the flesh, or adopted since her migration to the spirit world, does not appear. The visits and revelations of this lady, narrated by her husband, Mr. L——, occupy a considerable portion of the volume, and are continued in the *Spiritual Magazine* for January last. Her first approach is thus described. '*The lights being extinguished*, footsteps were heard as of persons walking in their stocking-feet, accompanied by the rustling sound of a silk dress.' A brilliant apparition stood before him, in which he 'recognised unmistakeably the full head and face of his wife,' with her 'long flowing hair,' which 'was whisked in our faces (those of the husband and the medium) many times, conveying the same sensations as if it had been *actually human, natural hair.*' A 'form like a face' then 'touched him sensibly twice, on the left side of his mouth.' In other words, she gave him a kiss. This operation, we are afterwards told, without any circumlocution, was frequently repeated; in short, as became a good wife, at every interview. On one occasion, 'a real palpable kiss was implanted on my lips . . . it was



frequently repeated, and was audible in every part of the room.' At a later period, Mr. L—— writes, 'It is not uncommon now for the spirit of my wife to come in form and spell out messages' [by means of raps]\* 'upon my shoulder, with repeated kisses and tokens of love so palpable that I could not, if I would, avoid realizing her presence.' We have many more instances of this pleasing kind of communication, varied, as tokens of affection are wont to be; sometimes she caresses his head and temple, squeezes his hand, places an arm across his forehead, cold at first, but gradually growing warm. All this, we repeat, sounds very pleasant; but an irreverent mind might be tempted to ask why, if a spirit-wife can do so much, she should not give her husband a little more of her company, and supply the place of a wife of flesh and blood.† Estelle herself seems to have had some misgivings that her proceedings were rather of a mundane character; for she says in one of her letters, 'I wish to kiss you, to put my arm round your neck. You may call these earthly desires, I call them heavenly.' We wish we could afford space to give our readers an idea of this lady's epistolary style; one specimen, culled from page after page of similar rubbish, must suffice: 'Be undisturbed; be happy; be free from anxiety; and, dear C., do not wear silk.' But whatever 'Estelle' may have had to say to her husband, one would have thought that the spirit of Benjamin Franklin would have had some word of warning for his countrymen just plunging into their

suicidal struggle; yet he comes back to earth to maunder in this style to his son:—'Once, when quite a lad, not being able to find my hat, I walked five miles bare-headed in order to get a situation in a printing office.' This is part of a lecture on the virtue of punctuality. Contrast with this the solemn grandeur of the Hebrew prophet's words, when summoned from the unseen world to reprove the wilfulness of the rebellious king: 'Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up? Wherefore dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee and is become thine enemy? . . . . The Lord hath rent the kingdom out of thine hand; . . . . and to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me.‡ Or again, compare with these rustlings of silk, these perfumed tresses, these odours of violets, these skirts of muslin, these inane prattlings, the vision which the patriarch beheld with fear and trembling, and which 'made all his bones to shake:—'A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?§

All this, despite its transparent absurdity, is mischievous enough: but there is worse behind. In characterizing the pretensions of the spiritualists as profane, we used the mildest word that is in any degree applicable. In one of their publications, the childish scrawls of which we have given specimens, the writing of names, often ill-

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\* It will be observed that the spirits never speak: they write, and they draw, but their oral communications, if the phrase is permissible, are effected by means of raps. A voice might be dangerous.

† The material nature of these phantoms is not one of their least remarkable characteristics. One young lady's spirit cured an obstinate sceptic by coming to his bedside and waking him with a box on his ear; the spirit of one W. Nixon challenged his old friend Dr. Wilson to a game at cards called *Euchre*, which he won, as he had the advantage of seeing his adversary's hand; a third, announced as 'Squire Simmons,' performed a solo on the big fiddle!

‡ 1 Sam. xxviii. 15-19.

§ Job iv. 15-17.

spelt, on people's arms, the school-girl drawings of which we have the 'fac-similes,' are gravely said to have had their parallel in the divine communications recorded in the Old Testament;—in the writing spoken of by David: 'All this the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me;' in the hand sent to Ezekiel, with a roll of a book written within and without; nay, in the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast.\* 'Spirit-drawing and writing are evidently not modern inventions!'+ In another,‡ 'Spirit converse' about kisses and embraces, pictures and silk dresses, is placed on a level with the visions of angels seen by prophets and apostles, with the Transfiguration of our blessed Lord.§ We are not anxious to write down the only fitting epithet which rises to our minds.

But, it will be said, Do you deny the facts vouched for by so many credible witnesses? Not at all. We do not doubt the reality of many of the appearances described, perhaps of most of them, as, *e. g.*, the scribbling on Mr. Foster's arm; though it is probable that large deductions are to be made for excited imaginations. But, granting everything, admitting that people actually have seen all that they profess to have seen—not, of course, their explanations and suppositions, but simply the phenomena which meet the eye—what proof is there of any supernatural agency? If challenged to explain these appearances on any other theory, we may reply

by asking for an explanation of the marvels wrought by Frickel, Houdin, or Robert, equally mysterious to the uninitiated. We have seen things quite as wonderful as anything described in the publications we have been referring to, far more wonderful than any that have ever been authenticated to us by the testimony of an eye-witness, effected by no more recondite agency than skill and dexterity of hand, assisted by a few simple mechanical contrivances.|| But, it is alleged, there have been in time past those who have held intercourse with familiar spirits; why should such intercourse be no longer possible? We are not prepared to go the length of denying that any of those who are called in the Bible 'wizards,' and 'workers with familiar spirits,' ever had any communication with spiritual beings, though it is far more probable that they were, like witches and magicians of later days, half impostors and half fanatics, who deceived both themselves and other people. It is at least well worthy of remark, that only one instance is recorded of the actual appearance of a spirit at the summons of any of these necromancers; and it is evident that when the form of Samuel really stood before the witch of Endor, she was as thoroughly frightened as Saul himself, at the unwelcome and unlooked-for apparition. We should like to know what would be the effect upon a 'circle' of 'believers,' should it please the Lord of spirits suddenly to send one to stand among them in the

\* 1 Chronicles xxviii. 19; Ezekiel ii. 9-10; Daniel v.

† *Spiritual Magazine*, January, 1862, p. 12.

‡ *Ministry of Angels Realized*.

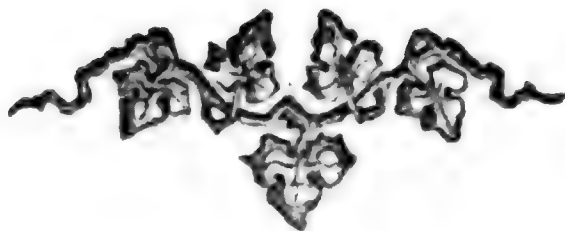
§ *Spiritualism in America*, p. 79.

|| Some of our readers may remember to have heard of a circumstance which throws some light on these subjects. The French government was anxious to destroy the prestige enjoyed among some of the Arab tribes by wizards and necromancers, men who laid claim to supernatural powers, and supported their pretensions by performances like those with which we are familiar in Egyptian magicians and Indian jugglers, and who made use of their influence to excite opposition to the French authorities. The means adopted was to send M. Houdin, at the expense of the government, to defeat them at their own weapons, by performing tricks which they were unable to imitate, and then explaining to the Arabs the mode of operation, and showing that no supernatural assistance was required.

midst of their childish incantations. We believe the 'medium' himself would be as ready as the Jewish sorceress to cry out with fear, and his dupes to stoop, like Saul, with their faces to the ground and bow themselves in terror. The consternation would be something very different from the gentle tremors, the flutter of mild excitement which welcome female figures arrayed in fashionable drapery and heralded by the rustling of silk dresses, from the wondering admiration of fair ladies captivated by the performances of Mr. Foster and Mr. Home.

We wish we could believe what really was our first impression on reading these monstrous absurdities; that it was a hoax or burlesque, an attempt to overwhelm with merited ridicule this one among the growing follies of the day; but facts have compelled us to abandon the pleasing delusion. We have met with too many be-

lievers, more or less, in these 'manifestations' to permit of any escape from the unwelcome conclusion that the most refined and most highly educated section of society is as deeply tainted with superstition of the grossest character, is as much a prey to the impudent pretensions of a set of impostors and fanatics, as any Scotch Highlander who believes in the second-sight, or any English peasant girl who seeks to know her future lot from a lying gipsy. 'Men will get rid of superstition,' says Goethe, 'when they can shake off their shadows;' but we have at least a right to ask that the superstition offered us be respectable. It is impossible not to feel regret, we might say disgust, that a man like Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—the philosopher, the artist, the possible Secretary of State—should have thrust upon us such preposterous rubbish as *The Strange Story*.





# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

## LETTERS AND LIFE OF BACON.\*

IT so rarely happens that any one in the present day devotes himself to any single province or subject in literature, that when we meet with such instances of devotion we are disposed to greet them with no ordinary reverence. It is recorded in praise of James Gothofred, that he employed no less than thirty laborious years upon his edition of the Theodosian Code; and no one, as Dr. Jortin says, ever thought the time misspent. Neither will any one, we imagine, who studies Mr. Spedding's edition of *Bacon's Works*, or the recently published *Letters and Life*, think that his labour of many years has been thrown away. On the contrary, he must rejoice that one so conspicuous in history, literature, and science has at length met with an editor and biographer worthy of him.

It has long, we believe, been very generally known, by all interested in the projects of literary men, that Mr. Spedding has been for many years engaged in this undertaking. As generally is it admitted that he is the first living authority upon all that concerns the writings or the character of Bacon. He is no sudden intruder into the field. No hasty impulse, no lucky guess that a re-hearing of Bacon's case might turn out a good speculation, either for the vanity or the purse of his advocate, has prompted or precipitated Mr. Spedding's purpose.

From the first, he has been possessed by the conviction that while Bacon's rank as a philosopher has been duly recognised, his character as a man has been misrepresented, and that the common portraits of him are little less incongruous than Horace's fanciful picture of the human head placed upon a horse's neck. Error, indolence, idle hearsay, or active scandal, have disfigured the surface, or insinuated themselves into the substance of all former Lives of Bacon; and these dishonours and disfigurements Mr. Spedding has set himself to remove for ever. 'Who,' Paley once aptly asked, 'can refute a sneer?' It is quite as difficult to draw the sting of an epigram; and a rash couplet of Pope's, who was by no means nice about truth, provided his sarcastic or antithetical shafts hit the mark, has perhaps done as much to damage Bacon's character with posterity, as the grave assertions of biographers and essayists. 'Hæret lateri lethalis arundo,' to extract the arrow shot from a bow drawn very likely at a venture, often demands months of research and pages of refutation, before a reader can be brought to admit that his guides have been leading him astray.

It is not every man, said the ancient proverb, 'who can afford a journey to Corinth;' neither is it every man who can rescue from obloquy the fame of misrepresented

\* *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon; including all his Occasional Works, &c.* Newly collected and set forth in Chronological Order, with a Commentary, Biographical and Historical. By James Spedding. Two Volumes, 8vo. London: Longman and Co. 1861.

men. There is an essay of Plutarch's upon the difference between a flatterer and a friend, and had he lived in the present day, the good Bœotian might have cited one more example of their diversity. In the *friendly* writer of the *Life* now before us, Bacon himself would recognise a fitting vindicator of his name; to the *flattering* author of the *Personal History* he might as properly address the question, 'who hath required this of thee?' Mr. Spedding comes into the field clad in the complete armour of all the knowledge which can probably be obtained on his subject; Mr. Hepworth Dixon hurries into it with such hasty gear as a few months spent in the Record Office helped him to tack together. The language of the rightful champion is simple and weighty as an argument of Lord Somers', or a summing-up by Sir William Grant: the language of the intrusive knight would befit an apologist for Paracelsus or Peregrine Proteus. Mr. Spedding invites confidence, Mr. Dixon distrust; the weapons of the one are fact and reason; those of the other, surmise and sophism. If Mr. Hepworth Dixon be sincerely zealous for his hero's fame, he has been most unhappy in his advocacy; if he consulted with his friends before he undertook Bacon's vindication, he has been more than commonly ill-advised. The clouds that obscure great names will not vanish before the bat of a literary harlequin.

Illustrious men are their own chroniclers, directly or indirectly. Like Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Anthony Wood, Clarendon, or Gibbon, they may have composed autobiographies in order to gratify their vanity or vindicate their character. Like Gray or Cowper, again, while conversing with their friends in familiar letters, they leave unconsciously an image of themselves. Autobiography, however, was rarely the fashion in Bacon's day, except in such cases as the crack-brained Cardan's, and letters were mostly occupied with such grave or ceremonious topics as throw little light on the writer's character. Bacon's

vocation as a statesman, and as the kinsman or friend of statesmen, supplies us abundantly with the graver class of documents, and from his high position and his signal misfortunes, history also throws light on his career. Nor are we without some aid from familiar correspondence, but its gleams are few and uncertain, though at the same time, when they occur, highly interesting and characteristic of him. Now, for the first time, all these sources of information—letters, speeches, and scattered memoranda—are printed, after a most scrupulous collation with the originals, in chronological order, and elucidated by a running comment which throws light, not merely on the subject of the narrative, but also upon a considerable portion of Elizabeth's reign. We have thus a double advantage: no statement is made without due vouchers for it being presented; we are called upon, not to fancy what might have occurred, but to consider what actually did take place; common report is as little to be found in Mr. Spedding's pages, as the gauds of fine writing or the hollow brass and tinkling cymbals of idle supposition. Yet there is novelty enough in these volumes; for we are introduced to new facts, or to facts previously known, but newly combined by restoration to their true place and sequence, or by such interpretations of their import as were unknown to or overlooked by former biographers. Bacon we are now enabled to see, so far as the materials for his *Life* permit, as his contemporaries saw him, and even from a vantage ground which they did not enjoy. A man so constantly before the world, and latterly so highly placed, could not fail of having enemies; and one who united the vocations of a statesman and a philosopher, a lawyer and an historian, naturally subjected himself to the suspicion that in some of them he was inferior to his contemporaries. The great lawyers of his day distrusted his legal knowledge; the great statesmen doubted whether he were fitted to walk

skilfully among the pitfalls of politics. His innovations in science begat distrust of him in philosophers; his readiness in speech and writing perplexed the dull, and provoked envy in the vain. We, however, can discern, at the distance of two centuries, much that was perplexing in Bacon's own time. We see that he combined, without injury to either, law with science and science with statesmanship, or if any of them suffered by such communion, it was science rather than politics or law. We can acknowledge, on the strength of the evidence before us, that the foremost sage of Elizabeth's reign, was also one of her wisest councillors. Perhaps Aristotle's contemporaries viewed him with similar distrust, and deemed that the anatomist was unmeet to advise Alexander, or the botanist to deal with the categories. But the writings of the Greek have long placed him beyond the reach of such idle carping; and the works of the English philosopher establish his claim to 'take all knowledge for his province,' and at the same time to sit in the Council Chamber of kings.

Bacon's reputation has suffered not a little from a defect common to biographers and historians—the propensity to try the men of one age by the maxims or the practice of another. Of all modes of studying history, none is worse than that of reading it backward. The mischief done by this inverted method is always great and sometimes irreparable. It is owing to this cause, as much as to envy or direct misrepresentation, that the portrait-galleries of the world are hung with so many caricatures. It is the worm at the root, the canker in the blossom of history. Virtue and vice, indeed, are permanent quantities, nor is there a more pernicious sophism than that which represents them as the subjects or the creatures of circumstance. It was against this sophism that Plato and Occam alike pointed their dialectic or scholastic artillery; it was such attempts to confound right with wrong that drew down the wrath

of Cato upon the ingenious Greeks. But the aspects of vice and virtue are not equally steadfast with their substance, and a man may be praised or blamed with equal injustice, by weighing him in scales of which the weights are stamped by a later generation. England, it is to be hoped, especially when we bear in mind the greater number of her pulpits, is not less moral in the 19th than she was in the 17th century, yet in the earlier period public men permitted themselves to do, and lost no reputation by doing, many things which now would justly draw on them general reprobation. In the 17th century it was not uncommon for a judge to receive gifts from both plaintiff and defendant. Sir Thomas More did so, and no one taxed *that* Lord Chancellor with corruption. Bishops then held livings in *commendam*; yet it would be dealing hard measure to Grindal or Whitgift to rank them with the sons of Eli. Ministers of state, and captains who had done the state good service, thought it no disgrace to solicit and to farm monopolies, and would have been greatly and fairly surprised had the sovereign dismissed or Parliament impeached them for such offence. Again, historians are often misled by the manners, no less than by the morals, of past ages. Elizabeth was served at her meals with almost Byzantine ceremonies and addressed in language scarcely less servile in sound than were the compliments paid by Statius or Martial to Domitian. Yet, did Burghley tender to his mistress less wise or honest counsel, or did Raleigh and Sidney fight the worse for their genuflections or their high-flown adulation?

Fashions, like clothes grown out of  
fashion, lie  
Lock'd up from use;

but the historian should view them as merely *fashions*, and not build upon them grave and often groundless conclusions.

There is another source of error which has indirectly affected our estimate of Bacon and his contemporaries. By reason of its pre-



eminence in some respects the Elizabethan era is sometimes described as one of almost superhuman virtue, and sometimes as one of exorbitant and unblushing vice. The Protestant queen, in spite of her strong tendencies to lay by the heels such of her subjects as protested too loudly, is applauded for her perfect discretion in Church government, as well as for unerring sagacity in secular affairs. Infinite pains have been taken to expunge, or at least to dilute every spot and blemish from the surface of her 'good days.' But let a Romanist historian handle it, and all this fine gold becomes dross in his palm; the maiden-queen, if indeed he suffer her to keep that name, turns into a virago; her wise councillors into arrant knaves; her sea-captains into pirates; her administration into Neronian tyranny. Blessed is the martyr who shall die at the stake for assassinating Elizabeth: just and holy the Pope who pointed out her 'taking off' as a sure road to the martyr's crown. So wrote Father Parsons at the time; and we do not find that his superiors rebuked him for his zeal. We are asked to look at the black or the white side of the shield: such, however, is not the way to study the Elizabethan age or any other age of history. The Catholic and the Protestant judge are each alike at fault: if Bacon were the meanest of mankind—a fawner, a taker of bribes, a false friend—we shall not mend matters by blackening Robert Cecil or Sir Edward Coke: our business is in the first place to ascertain what Bacon really did or said; and in the next, to treat him not as a monster of either virtue or vice, but to do our best to understand the age in which he lived. The moment the historian descends from the judge's chair to the advocate's table, he speaks according to a brief, and what he says must be listened to with suspicion. From this error—a more noxious one to truth than any of the *Vulgar Errors* examined by Sir Thomas Browne—Mr. Spedding is exempt. He presses earnestly on our atten-

tion the salient points of his argument; he sets clearly forth the usage and the maxims of the time he is describing, but he does not colour either facts or conclusions with modern opinion, or, still worse, with his own personal sentiments. All that his own researches—extending over twice the period of silence recommended to authors by Horace—all that former labourers in the same field enable him to supply, he lays before us. On whatsoever is old or new in his narrative he comments with the precision of one accustomed to weigh evidence, with the sagacity of one skilled in sifting the grains of truth from the bushel of ignorance or falsehood. He steers clear of the rocks on which so many historical argosies are wrecked—the *suppressio veri* and the *petitio principii*. He does not start with a theory to defend: he does not pretend that all is fruitful or all barren between Dan and Beersheba: and when it is necessary for him to pronounce judgment, he warns or leaves the reader to infer that his own right of private judgment remains intact.

At a time when so much narrative, historical and biographical, is given to the world, the foregoing remarks on the province of the historian may be deemed needless, and perhaps idle. They would be truly so, had we not before us so many examples of the abuse of history. The fault is not mended even if it be committed with the best intentions. It is much to be wished that all whom the world calls great men should prove to be good men also: but they must not be made to seem so because the historian has a pet fancy to humour. The dramatic writer is justified in painting 'men as they ought to be, not as they are.' While we surrender ourselves to his illusions, we are not really deceived. We shall not maintain, after the curtain has fallen, suicide to be laudable because Cato commits it; or that to be generous is better than to be just, because Charles Surface relieves Mr. Stanley, and does not pay his own debts. But the historian

has no such privilege. If in pursuit of a theory, or for the benefit of a party, he passes from the straight road of fact—however rough it may be, or however his soul may be discouraged—into the ‘by-path meadow’ of sentiment or faction, he will fare as Christian and Hopeful did when they left the stony way and turned upon the smooth sward.

At present we have before us only the first moiety of the *Letters and the Life of Bacon*; and must await, but we trust not await long, the completion of his story. In these volumes, however, is contained an examination of one of the gravest charges against him—his conduct in relation to the Earl of Essex. To this we shall presently direct attention, since, if Mr. Spedding’s version be admitted, one stain on Bacon’s character—that of *ingratitude*—is expunged. Hereafter we may have an opportunity for dealing with his alleged *venality*. But before proceeding to the Essex business, we must glance at Bacon’s early life; for when a man is labouring to rise in the world, he is perhaps more likely to be *mean* than after he has risen in it: and *meanness* is one of the brands that common opinion has fixed on Bacon’s memory.

Mr. Spedding’s account of Bacon’s earlier days is so brief that we should mar it by further abridgment, nor are we willing to forestal the pleasure it must afford to every judicious reader. We shall therefore presume, as facts generally known, that Francis Bacon was the younger son of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas; that his mother was a sister of Lady Burghley; that he was born in 1560-1; bred up at York-house in the Strand or at Gorbamby; sent in his thirteenth year to Trinity College, Cambridge; entered at Gray’s-inn; and in 1576 was placed under the charge of Sir Amias Paulet, then English resident at the Court of France, as a preparation, probably, for diplomatic life, in which his own brother Anthony Bacon was already embarked; and that the news of the Lord Keeper’s sudden death reached

him at Paris, Francis Bacon being then eighteen years old. These incidents are related by Mr. Spedding in grave and graceful language, standing in as strong contrast to the flourishes and figments of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, as the style of Thucydides does to that of the empty-headed coxcomb Libanius.

First among these facts let us note that Bacon was born to fair hopes, since his father was at the head of the law; his uncle, in modern phrase, First Lord of the Treasury; and the Queen’s attention had already been drawn to the promising lad. Secondly, that by Sir Nicholas’s death those hopes were blighted, and that, owing to the failure of a special provision for him, Francis, the younger son of a second family, inherited from his father hardly a younger son’s portion. Instead therefore of the easy circumstances designed, and instead of the early preferment which the Lord Keeper might have procured for him, Francis was forced to be the architect of his own fortune, since he had only a fifth part of what it was intended he should inherit. His career accordingly opened with the deeper gloom, because his expectations had been so different. Powerful kinsmen, indeed, remained; but the interest in a nephew is not that in a son, and one, moreover, ‘the son of his father’s old age.’

Bacon, we now borrow an expressive image from Mr. Spedding, ‘like a general who, after laying out the design of his campaign, suddenly finds his commissariat fail, must now re-adjust his plans, combining with them some kind of employment which will pay. There was no help for it, however, and the less time lost the better. The law was his most obvious, and on many accounts his most promising resource; and being already an ancient of Gray’s-inn, he sat down at once to make himself a working lawyer. If the accidents should prove favourable, he might even find an advantage in it; if not, he would at least find a subsistence. He commenced, probably in Trinity



Term, 1578-9, his regular career as a student at law.'

With no undue exercise of fancy we may picture to ourselves Francis Bacon surveying from his solitary chamber in Gray's-inn (his brother Anthony was not to be for some time his companion) the prospect before him. By law he must earn his bread, for philosophy in those days would have starved a hermit, especially such philosophy as the budge doctors and professors of a university would shake their heads at as an idle, if not a profane novelty. Then as to law, she was at best a harsh step-mother, a blind fortune, having more blanks than prizes in her wheel. Moreover, in law,

We work by wit and not by witchcraft,  
And wit depends on dilatory time,

during which time it was obviously necessary to live in some manner becoming the son of a Lord Keeper. There was, to be sure, good hope that uncle Burghley would not neglect his wife's sister's child; but then my Lord Treasurer was a very cautious person, and might consider that nephew Francis was as yet only in his twentieth year, and that he might peril his own good name by pushing on his kinsman too fast, and perchance even get a rebuff from Elizabeth for his pains. And thus the great problem that vexes two-thirds of mankind—the means of obtaining food, lodging, and raiment sufficient for one's station—presented its wonted prickly sides to Francis Bacon.

From some of the earliest of the letters that have been preserved, Mr. Spedding gathers what Bacon's views and hopes were with regard to the ordering of his studies and life.

His intention was to study the common law as his profession; but at the same time it was his wish and hope to obtain some employment in it which should make him independent of ordinary practice at the bar. What the particular employment was for which he hoped, I cannot say; something probably connected with the service of the crown, to which the memory of his father, an old and valued servant prematurely lost, his near relationship to the Lord Treasurer,

and the personal notice which he had himself received from the Queen, would naturally lead him to look. It seems that he had spoken to Burghley on the subject, and made some overture, which Burghley undertook to recommend to the Queen; and that the Queen, who though slow to bestow favours was careful always to encourage hopes, entertained the motion graciously, and returned a favourable answer.

Of the jealousy of the Cecils, and their perseverance in hindering Bacon's rise in life, we hear nothing from Mr. Spedding, a good deal from less scrupulous biographers. With them, indeed, 'truth, and nothing but truth,' is a paltry consideration. If their fancies 'rhyme and rattle, all is well.' The first important epoch in Bacon's history was his obtaining a seat in Parliament; but before we come to it, we will offer a few remarks on two subjects material to remember in relation to the narrative under review. These are the character of the Queen herself, and that also of the times. To weigh either of them in any modern balance would be as idle as to apply to Sir Charles Lyell's system of geology tests derived from Burnet's *Theoria Sacra*.

Of Elizabeth's character as a woman, it is needless here to speak. Bacon was not on the roll of her lovers, and she would doubtless have roundly rated him had he 'penned sonnets to her eyebrow.' Neither would his years permit her to rank him among the sage, grave men on whom she leant in affairs of State. He held apparently in her esteem a place apart from contemporary statesmen and courtiers. He was not trusted like Burghley or Walsingham: he was not beloved by her (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) like Leicester or Essex: she did not sport with him as with Robert Carey and 'godson Harrington'; nor did he stand in the second rank of adorers with Raleigh and others. She had noted the promise of the boy: she awaited the performance of the man; and she neither unwisely nor unfairly preferred to office persons who had chosen their path in life at a time



when Bacon was reading with Whitgift at College, or riding in the train of Sir Amias Paulet from Paris to Poitiers.

Perhaps her 'young lord keeper' proved in his man's estate rather puzzling to his mistress. With all her great and good qualities, we are disposed to think that Elizabeth had not much foresight or much imagination. No one in her realm had a sharper insight for the actual: no one saw clearer what men in general were fitted for in the ordinary duties of war or peace. But as to young Bacon, was his vocation law or philosophy? had nature meant him to stand in his father's shoes? or to be like his namesake, Roger, more cunning in nature's realm than in her own? Of his abilities she could have no doubt; herself had tested them, and the fame of them was already in men's mouths. But would he screw his courage to the sticking point? would he be constant to one thing ever? She might have learnt that though diligent enough in keeping terms and reading law books, and anxious, as well he might be, for practice, yet he generally had in hand, beside Bracton and Littleton, some philosophic toy or other, with which he unbent his mind after it had 'its full freight' of cases and reports.

The trials and sufferings of her early years had hardened rather than strengthened the character of Elizabeth. They had given her unusual force of will, but they had also left her no ordinary share of suspicion and vanity. So long as her sister was alive, dissimulation was her shield; and after she came to the throne, she was compelled to practise for many years the lessons she had learnt as a subject. Her title was doubtful: her realm was divided; one half of her people regarded her as a usurper and a heretic: and all Catholic Europe awaited either her return to the true Church, or her dethronement. For at least eleven years after her accession Elizabeth needed, and perhaps exhibited, even more than the prudence of Augustus in holding her kingdom against imminent

domestic treason or fierce civil war. To us the latter glories of her reign conceal in great measure its early perils. To us she appears as the bard beholds her:—

Girt with many a baron bold,  
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old;  
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line,  
Her lion port, her awe-commanding face,  
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.

Sometimes a gracious, Elizabeth was always a capricious mistress; and her early habits of distrust, combined with her firm resolve to be every inch a queen, and not, as her brother and sister had been, a puppet in the hands of her nobles or churchmen, rendered her as wary in raising the humble as she was peremptory in casting down the proud. It was not among the least of Francis Bacon's early difficulties to have to deal with a mistress at once so coy and so firm.

Moreover, the Queen knew the merits and the failings of all who aspired to her favour as well as Richelieu knew the secrets of the French nobility, or as Napoleon knew what was said or done in the *salons* of Paris. She was aware that Bacon was by no means a good housekeeper, but that, on the contrary, he was qualified to say with Cowper, 'By the aid of good management and a clear notion of economical affairs, I have contrived in three months to spend the income of a twelve-month.' This failing would not recommend him to Elizabeth, who kept a heedful eye to her own expenditure, and she may have said, 'If these things be done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry?'

On the score of economy, Bacon indeed needed not Elizabeth's interference, for he had a strict domestic mistress at Gorhambury. His surviving parent was a most true and loving, if not always a congenial friend to him. The part which her letters have in Bacon's correspondence is at once pathetic and humorous. Like so many ladies of the time, Ann, the widow of Sir Nicholas, was a classical scholar, a notable housewife, and a strict Calvinist. Like many ladies

of other times also, she loved to rule, and hated Popery and all that savoured of it. First, she was vexed and wroth with her elder son, Anthony, for staying so long in foreign parts, and thereby exposing himself to the lures of Romish priests, and perhaps Romish ladies also. Next, she was displeased with Francis on sundry accounts. His balance-sheet at the year's end was never in his favour; his servants cheated him; he paid scant attention to maternal advice. His physic, his diet, his hours of sleeping, waking, and going abroad were not in accordance with her notions. Lady Bacon held that 'early to bed and early to rise' tended to health, wealth, and wisdom; whereas Francis 'outwatched the Bear,' and liked to have the world well aired before he broke his fast in a morning. He wished to raise his rents: she told him that old tenants, even if they paid too little, but were honest folk, were better than new tenants, who would probably bolt at quarter-day, or at least work out his land if they paid him at all. The following passage from one of her ladyship's letters shows that in her opinion Francis, though not a stray sheep from the Church's fold, was not so mindful of his religious duties as he might be. The advice and the inuendo are addressed to her elder son on his return from abroad.

This one chiefest counsel your Christian and natural mother doth give you even before the Lord, that above all worldly respects you carry yourself ever at your first coming as one that doth unfeignedly profess the true religion of Christ, and hath the love of the truth now by long continuance fast settled in your heart, and that with judgment, wisdom, and discretion, and are not afraid or ashamed to testify the same by hearing and delighting in those religious exercises of the sincerer sort, be they French or English. *In hoc noli adhibere fratrem tuum ad consilium aut exemplum.*

On this good and true woman Mr. Spedding remarks—

Lady Bacon's letters, of which a great number, directed to Anthony, but addressed to both her sons, are among the

Tenison MSS. at Lambeth, exhibit tender and anxious affection, fervid piety, proneness to suspect everybody about her son of preying upon him and abusing his simplicity and inexperience: irritable jealousy with regard to her own maternal authority, curiously mixed with little sollicitudes about his physic, his diet, his hours of sleeping, waking, and going abroad, and all his smaller household arrangements.

Next, Bacon's eagerness for employment is reckoned by some persons among his particular foibles, and alleged among the proofs of his *meanness*. We have no desire to excuse his want of prudence in domestic affairs, but we cannot see how anxiety for preferment should properly be an offence in him or in any one else. We have high authority for saying that he who desires a bishopric, desires a good work. Why should desire to do the State service be accounted a bad one? We profess not to have entered the adytum of any minister's cabinet or any bishop's study:

*Has ne possimus magnorum accedere partes*  
*Quippe pudor vetat, et circum prœcordia sanguis;*

but may it not be just possible that the inferior clergy—that, we believe, is the proper designation of all below archdeacons—may occasionally address the givers of good things in 'a bondman's key,' or briefless barristers may burn incense before the high altar of the woolsack? Patient merit may take scoffs from the unworthy, but cannot be blinded by them to its own fitness, where it exists, for a Stall or a County Court judgeship. Bacon could not be ignorant of his own aptitude for office, neither fail to discern that his claims were superior to many more favoured suitors. Was it incumbent on him, solely and singly in his age, to wrap his talents in a napkin—to take 'Nolo episcopari' for his device, either in a natural or non-natural sense? In imputing undue eagerness or unusual servility to him, we mistranslate the language of solicitation common at the time. There was an euphuism in the phrase of suitors in the sixteenth

century, no less than in literature. Cæsar was not beguiled by it then, neither should we now. We might as justly accuse the worthies of Elizabeth's reign of extravagant foppery because our garments are of a grave colour, while theirs were gay, pinked, slashed, and adorned with lace and jewels.

Bacon's desire for advancement, then, was not a fault, but a property of his nature, as inalienable from it as his philosophical aspirations, or his majestic intellect. His was an age of unusual promise, enterprise, and development; and all the braver and more intellectual minds in it shared in his impulses. And in this, as in so many other respects, the men of that day are often misconstrued. It seems that they accepted one half only of Touchstone's division of life. To them the only life was in the Court. Drake could not sail to the Spanish Main, Sidney could not trail a pike in the Low Countries, without permission from the Queen, any more than Coke could become Attorney-General or Whitgift Archbishop.

At the present moment Britain affords avenues to wealth and position unknown to the sixteenth century. Now, an intelligent country gentleman can with profit to himself and his country devote himself to the management of his estate, his duties as a magistrate, or the interests of the tenants and labourers who look up to him as their natural guide and patron. A career in either House of Parliament, even without any prospect of a seat in the Cabinet, is now an object of laudable ambition. Law and physic offer no mean attractions in our provincial towns to hundreds of persons of learning and ability. Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool at this moment contain more scientific men than all Europe possessed in Bacon's age. To all such men Court favour is not more essential than a gold-stick or a companionship of the Bath. But, two centuries ago, Britain did not afford many mansions for men of brain and energy. Parliament was by no means a safe arena for

busy or eloquent gentlemen. St. Stephen's chapel was not far removed from the Tower. Elizabeth did not recognise that useful institution, Her Majesty's Opposition; she had a touch of her sire's condition, that did not brook the accent of reproof. She would rate Mr. Speaker roundly, if he permitted honourable members to touch on her prerogative; she pruned flights of eloquence by the hand of the Sergeant-at-arms. In the Parliamentary tournament 'the courtiers,' in Don Quixote's phrase, 'carried off the prizes from the strange knights.' Again, a gentleman of the sixteenth century, unless he were beef-witted, had but a sorry time of it in his manor-house. His neighbours were Justice Shallow or Master Silence: his companions and counsellors Davy and William Vizard. In tillage he was little in advance of Cincinnatus. When his flocks were in fold he could not amuse himself with the *Agricultural Journal*, nor gain perennial honours at agricultural associations by a speech on manure, or by exhibiting pigs and bullocks sleek as satin and round as a hoop. Samuel Johnson, two centuries later, could, without widely departing from truth, describe the country as the abode of dulness; and Fielding present, without much stretch of fancy, the Westerns and Sullens as samples of rural squires and parish priests. But much more justly, in Bacon's time, might Devon or Warwickshire appear to Raleigh and Leicester as abodes fit only for thick heads and open throats. We might proceed to show that neither law nor physic offered temptations to men of parts to settle in the country; that Birmingham was then of less consideration as a manufacturing city than Norwich, and that the exports of Bristol were then at least ten times greater than the exports of Liverpool. To Elizabeth a mill-owner of the modern stamp would have been hardly less a prodigy than the electric telegraph; and the most liberal of her ministers or favourites would have deemed it scandalous to buckle a knight's



spurs on the heels of a Davy or an Arkwright.

In his twenty-fifth year, on the 23rd of November, 1584, Bacon entered Parliament as member for Melcombe, in Dorsetshire; and now, according to the common notions of his character, we might expect his servility to manifest itself; more especially since, as Mr. Spedding observes, 'the first breath of his public life was drawn in a very contagious atmosphere of loyalty and anti-popery.' The risk of an independent course was patent: the policy of pleasing by vote and speech both Elizabeth and his kinsmen was obvious. He had his fortune to make. He brought with him neither the influence which landed property confers, nor that which attends great legal reputation. Even his name was not wholly an advantage to him. By awakening recollections, it would also provoke comparisons. If he trod not in his father's footsteps, the indolent or the envious of the time might regard, or might affect to regard him as a degenerate son.

In order that the manner in which Bacon comported himself at his entrance upon public life may be the better understood, we will briefly state the circumstances which engrossed the public mind, and made it expedient to summon a Parliament in that November. The circumstances were of a highly agitating character. In spite of the papal bull of excommunication issued against Elizabeth in 1569, England remained Protestant; in spite of frequent plots against her life—plots undertaken by individuals, but all certainly popish and countenanced by popish powers abroad—Elizabeth was still unharmed and undismayed. The Catholic world was growing impatient for her death. No provision had been made for the succession, and Mary of Scotland was the natural heir to the crown. All the ills which had troubled Edward's reign or rendered Mary's reign disastrous were again threatening the kingdom with division, and were held in abeyance by one precarious life—a life which, beside

ordinary accidents, had been for some years the butt of foreign intrigues and domestic treason. All Protestants, indeed, were united in emulous devotion to Elizabeth, and all regarded the possible accession of Mary with equally unanimous dread. But England was a kingdom divided in itself. The popish party was strong, numerous, and exasperated at home; abroad it was supported by the Pope and Spain, and by a considerable faction in Scotland, then almost a foreign country also. If we do not include France at this moment in the Catholic league, it is because the Guises were not then in the ascendant; but had Mary of Scotland once been crowned, there is little doubt that France would have laid aside, as regarded England, her wonted jealousy of Spain. It was to debate and to conclude upon the course most proper to be adopted at this critical juncture that the Parliament of 1584 met; and the Queen was perhaps not more an object of national enthusiasm when she reviewed her army at Tilbury, than when she opened the session in this anxious year; for, as Mr. Spedding observes,

Whoever regarded the Reformed Church as God's cause—whoever believed the anointed Head to be under God's special protection—whoever abhorred murder and treachery—whoever feared civil war—whoever valued national independence—whoever felt his blood run warmer at the sight of a woman who, in the face of perils so secret and imminent, could exhibit all majesty and no fear—all fell in alike with the popular sentiment of the time and swelled the flood of loyalty.

Here, then, was an opening for a partisan of the Clodian stamp aspiring to ride the popular wave, or for one of the Curio stamp zealous only to magnify Cæsar. What was Bacon's line of action? It is not probable that he took any conspicuous or active part in any of these proceedings. He served on a committee; at a late period of the session he made a speech; he probably addressed 'a letter of advice to the Queen,' which may be read in Mr. Spedding's volume;

but he took no other steps to display the eloquence he so undoubtedly possessed, or to advance the fortunes which he is accused of pushing by every means in his power, whether of open adulation or of secret intrigue. He apparently thought that the best mode of recommending himself to the Queen, as well as of acquiring influence in the House, was to serve his apprenticeship before he proceeded master-workman in State business.

One more phase of Bacon's parliamentary life must be presented before we are warranted in demanding the proofs of his subservience as a politician. It may be alleged that to so skilful a waiter on Providence delay in choosing his party was only natural; that the reserve he practised in his first session was but warrantable caution in one whose fortunes might not henceforward depend on law alone. The House of Commons may have seemed to Bacon the sword with which he would open the oyster of the world.

Nine years have elapsed since his maiden speech was delivered, since his name was first enrolled on a committee, and Bacon's fortunes were scarcely advanced a step. He had become, indeed, reader at Gray's-inn, the clerkship of the Council in the Star Chamber had been granted him in reversion, and his acquaintance with the Earl of Essex had begun. His pen had not been idle; he was doubtless better known at court and at the bar than he was in 1584; nor can we imagine that the Queen, who, as he says, 'trained him on' to deliver his mind on matters of State, can have watched without interest his growing experience, for that quality would recommend him to her much more than his ready wit or ripening eloquence. Yet *τί πρὸς ἀλφειτα*—what profit had as yet accrued to Bacon from either his performance or his promise? He was now in his thirty-third year; he had been a bencher of his Inn for seven years, a reader for nearly six; but it does not seem that he was getting into practice,

and it is certain that his purse was running low. Assuredly, if he were a servile or an urgent suitor, never was humility more thrown away, never was the sin of impatience more effectively rebuked.

The events of these nine years were not indeed favourable to promotion. The attention of the realm and its sovereign had been fixed on the last conspiracy of the Queen of Scots and on the final act of her long tragedy. Hardly had men ceased to gaze on the scaffold at Fotheringay, when their eyes were drawn to the Groyne and the Scheldt, to the preparation of the Invincible Armada, and to the scarcely less alarming concentration of Parma's battalions. Twice only in the annals of the world had so high a spring-tide of invasion receded from the shore it menaced—once in the bay of Salamis, and again when Marius in the Raudian plains arrested and annihilated the Cimbric columns. But *afflavit Deus et dissipantur*, and Spain boasted no longer 'so exceeding proudly.' In these years of expectation, however, it was on her grey-headed counsellors and her proven soldiers that Elizabeth's trust reposed, and not on the young men whose armour had not been proved.

Early in January, 1592-93, the English Government received intelligence that called for grave debate and prompt action. Philip of Spain, whose wrath and zeal some believed the wreck of the Armada had cooled, was, it appeared, as sedulous as ever in plotting the invasion of England and the destruction of Elizabeth. Warned by the fate of his Leviathans, he had been furnishing himself since 1588 with ships of a lighter build, fitter for the narrow seas. He had laid hands on some of the strongholds in Brittany whence his flotilla might advance with less risk and with more speed than from the Groyne. He no longer trusted to the unassisted might of his own kingdom, preponderant as it was; he took example from the crafty Macedonian, whom gold served as well

as iron. A portion of the revenues of the Indies secured for Philip a party in Scotland, where the Romanists, if not the country in general, were burning with indignation against England for the execution of the Scottish Queen. The northern half of the heretical island would afford him means far superior to Dunkirk, Flushing, or Antwerp for concentrating his army; and the Setons, the Hamiltons, and other Catholic leaders had promised under their hands and seals to allow his army to land. England was at the moment ill-provided with either the material or the sinews of war. Her fleet and militia had been replaced on the peace footing; the double subsidy voted three years before had already been expended in aid to France and the Netherlands. In the front of such pressing danger, no time was to be lost in summoning a Parliament.

Of the general spirit of her subjects, Elizabeth entertained no doubt. That had been made manifest in 1588, when even the better sort of the Romanists, no less than the oppressed Brownists, had given or proffered their aid against the insolent foe. The main question accordingly for Parliament to consider was the amount of supplies required, and the best method of raising them. A significant hint was conveyed by the Lord Keeper to the House that they were to mind no other business except that of the supplies, and that it were best to be quick about it. But this intimation, which would be impossible now, and which even fifty years afterwards would have raised the whirlwind of privilege, passed unnoticed at the time, and was indeed nothing unusual.

We have already said that there was nothing in those days like a Parliamentary opposition in the modern sense of the term. Yet all did not run smoothly with this Supply question. The hesitation in voting the amount demanded did not arise from the unpopularity of the war, neither from any suspicion that former grants had been wasted or misapplied, still less from

any project of the malcontents for embarrassing the Ministers in the hope of supplanting them. Mr. Spedding attributes to the Queen herself the obstructions and misunderstandings which, before a week had passed, signalized the Parliament which met on the 19th of February, 1592. The rule had been to vote one subsidy only at a time. This had been broken by the last Parliament; but the departure from the rule was accompanied by an intimation that the case was extraordinary, and by a proviso that it should not be taken for a precedent. The proviso was viewed by Elizabeth as an encroachment on her prerogative, and she now took advantage of what seemed a favourable crisis—a just, necessary, and popular war of self-defence—not merely for obtaining ample supplies, but also for establishing one or two precedents in her own favour upon certain points of form not as yet settled by custom. One of these had reference to the right of free debate, a second to the voting of single, double, or triple subsidies, as occasion might demand; a third to the discussion of money bills by a conference of the Lords and Commons. On the first of these points Elizabeth was triumphant. Liberty of *vote* remained, but liberty of *speech* was virtually denied; and Peter Wentworth and others, who refused to be ‘gagged,’ were called before the Council and committed to the Tower or the Fleet. But although her faithful Commons suffered the Queen to put a bridle in their mouths, they were not so well content at her fingering their purses, and they only awaited a leader to give utterance to their discontent.

Homer has recorded in very graphic verses the astonishment of the Trojans at Ulysses being the spokesman of the Greek deputation which had come to Troy to demand the surrender of Helen. Until the Ithacan king stood up, and poured forth his honeyed periods like snow-flakes, he had been almost unmarked, for all eyes had been turned upon the young and handsome Menelaus. Perhaps hardly



less astonishment pervaded the House on the 26th of February, 1593, when the late Lord Keeper's son and the nephew of the Prime Minister delivered a speech in which, although he supported the motion of the government 'for a select and grave committee to consider of the dangers of the realm, and of speedy supply and aid to her Majesty,' he broached the awful question of reforming or codifying the laws of the realm. Here was a worshipful supporter of the Cabinet in time of trouble! Here was a Saul prophesying with a vengeance! 'Speaking in favour of supply,' Mr. Spedding says, 'in a Parliament expressly called, not for laws but money, all that remains of his speech relates not to money but to laws.' Had Bacon forgotten at the moment that Peter Wentworth was looking through prison-bars? Could he have been ignorant that if ever statesman valued the maxim of '*quieta non movere*,' that statesman was Burghley? or if ever there were a sovereign to whom change was odious, that sovereign was Elizabeth. '*Virtus post nummos*,' 'supply now—grievances at some more convenient season'—would seem to have been the natural, and, under the circumstances, not the blameable reflection of a waiter on Providence, such as we are told Francis Bacon was. Why should he imitate the perversity of Balaam the son of Beor, and disappoint those who would fill his house with silver and gold, if he prophesied smooth things? Yet Francis Bacon started as a law reformer; a reformer, too, of abuses which are perhaps more tenaciously upheld and more jealously shielded from profane amendment than even the Liturgy or the Articles of the Church. Had he shown that by some better mode than that which then prevailed of levying or imposing taxes, the Crown might get more money and incur less odium; had he suggested that by more judicious management the army and navy might be put on an equally efficient and yet less expensive footing, his presumption as a young

member might be applauded, or at least excused, by the frugal Queen and her conservative ministers. There can be no doubt, however, that the exigencies of law, and not of the treasury, were Bacon's theme on that evening; though we have only an imperfect and inaccurate report of the opening of his speech on the motion for supply. We have no solution for this enigma more probable than that which Mr. Spedding offers. He thinks

The truth was (and this it is which gives an interest to the small and mutilated fragment which has floated down to us), that he had notions of his own concerning the relations which subsisted between the Crown and Parliament, and the courtesies appertaining to them, which the proceeding of the Queen and her ministers on this occasion did not quite satisfy. In his later life, at least, he held it for a point of constitutional doctrine, that between the sovereign and the people in a monarchy there was a tie of *mutual obligation*; the sovereign by advice and consent of Parliament making laws for the benefit of his people, and the people by their representatives in Parliament supplying the wants of the sovereign: therefore that the voting of money should never be proclaimed as the *sole* cause of calling a parliament, but always accompanied with some other business of State tending to the good of the commonwealth. It was also his constant opinion, expressed both early and late in life, that no greater benefit could be conferred on the commonwealth than a general revision of the whole body of laws, and the reduction of them into one consistent and manageable code. Now although it cannot be said that this Parliament was called for no business of state except money, considering how vitally the state was interested in the cause for which money was wanted,—yet I suppose he thought it unfit that the necessities of the Crown and the demand for money should be placed so nakedly in the foreground, and all other functions of Parliament so completely set aside, as they seemed to be in the Lord Keeper's speech on opening the session, and in those of the privy councillors on moving for the committee of supply. Seeking therefore to remove such an impression, and remembering what the Lord Keeper had said about the multiplicity of laws and the expediency of abridging them, he set that great topic

in the front of his speech, and so contrived not only to draw attention towards the project itself, but also to impart to the meeting between the Queen and her people a more gracious aspect, by suggesting that if she wished them to make no more laws at that time, it was not from any forgetfulness of their just interest in legislation.

Neither party apparently understood, or indeed had leisure to scrutinize, Bacon's purpose. The Queen, knowing better than the Commons the urgency of the case, cared only for getting as speedily as she could as much money as she had asked for: the Commons were troubled by the privy council's demand for three subsidies in one session; nor were they at all soothed by the proposal to admit the Lords to a conference on a question of supply. They delayed voting the money; they declined the conference; and their temper was not improved by a message from the Lords, requesting them to make more haste. They thought if it were done too quickly, it might not be done well; that an ancient, if not an immemorial, privilege was in peril; and that even the gravity of the crisis must not be suffered to make them negligent of their rights.

Their hesitation was not without grounds. The Lord Treasurer, in fact, spoke to them in a tone more befitting Richelieu or Louvois when addressing their *Parlements*, than an English prime minister; for 'he warned them in the name of the Upper House that "their Lordships would not in anywise give their assents to pass any act in their own House of less than *three entire subsidies*," payable in the *three* next years at two payments in each year.' Whether they would assent to so little as three, he left doubtful. 'To what proportion of benevolence, or unto how much their Lordships *would* give their assents in that behalf, they would not as then show:' but 'desired another conference.' The object of this conference was obviously, as Mr. Spedding says, that they should discuss the question of supply together.

Now, had Bacon thought that on the 26th of February he had tripped in touching on Law reform, here was a *locus penitentiae*. A second speech, provided it were in the right key, would extract any sting which the first might have left behind it, either in her Majesty's or the minister's bosom. The uncle had bullied, the nephew might fawn. He had a whole night to reconsider and repent: it was no slight matter for him to oppose the Lord Treasurer. He did oppose him; he spoke for the privilege of the Commons, and against the attempted encroachment of the Lords:—

He came prepared; and so soon as Cecil sat down, he rose. 'He yielded to the subsidy, but disliked that this House should join with the Upper House in the granting of it. For the custom and privilege of this House, he said, hath always been first to make offer of the subsidy from hence unto the Upper House. And reason it is that we should stand upon our privilege.' And in such very constitutional, though rather unsubservient fashion, he proceeded to show that the Commons could not 'join with their Lordships in this business.'

Our limits will not permit us to indulge in any further abstract of Mr. Spedding's minute and most interesting dissection of this passage in Bacon's Parliamentary career. To be more full in details than he is would be impossible: to be more concise in relating them would be obscure. The upshot was that the Queen gave way, as she always did, gracefully; that the Lords conferred with the Commons without injury to their privileges; that the subsidies—Bacon again interfering on the popular side—were voted, and that the Crown and the Lower House parted, with an exception or two, on amicable terms—the one having asserted its rights, the other having gained at least two points in the game.

The main exception was Bacon. With him Elizabeth was as wroth as 'the angry woman of Abingdon' herself. And she made no secret of her displeasure, as he found, when, not long afterwards, the Earl of Essex pressed upon her his fit-

ness for the Attorney-Generalship. His whole conduct, indeed, on this memorable occasion savours more of the year 1640 than of the year 1592, and warrants us in surmising that had he lived in the middle of the next century, his place, even had his private circumstances been similar, would have been beside Hampden, Pym, St. John, and the younger Vane, and not beside Finch, and Windebank, Laud, and the Earl of Strafford.

Bacon's speech on the Subsidy Bill was for a time as effectual a bar to his advancement—and to be advanced was becoming daily more necessary for him—as if Elizabeth had committed him to the Tower. What was his demeanour on discovering that he was in her black-book? From the habitually servile man, from the unwearied suitor, from the needy barrister, we might look that he should have humbled himself even unto the dust, and sought for pardon with many tears. The great Cardinal, after his fall, on receiving a tolerably civil message from his master, alighted from his mule and knelt in the mire before the bearer of it. The great Commoner bowed so low in George the Third's closet that the tip of his hooked nose was visible between his knees to the Lord 'Bozzy,' who records the fact. These oaks of the forest were not at times devoid of the pliancy of the willow: but we have never read that Pitt was accounted a time-server, or that Wolsey was taxed with excess of humility.

On discovering that Elizabeth's eyes were turned from him, Bacon neither threw dust on his head, nor rent his garments, nor bowed himself to the ground. On the contrary, on hearing from Burghley that he must look for little favour from the Queen in her present mood, he wrote him a very remarkable letter of explanation. In that letter, so far from apologizing

for his conduct, he justified it, and expressed surprise that his speech should have given any pretext for offence. Some who have written about Bacon discover in his letter to Burghley all the tokens of a penitent, and some all the baseness of a slave. It was not so read by Elizabeth. It made her more wroth with him than ever. It was not so she chose to be served. 'Cassio, I love thee, but never more be officer of mine.' Hitherto he had enjoyed unusual freedom of access to her; now she forbade him to come into her presence. She had looked for grapes, and he had brought forth wild grapes. He had meddled with matters too high for him. He had spoken when she had commanded silence. His cue was to fill her exchequer; he had broached doctrines about law. No second letter cancelled the offensive bearing of the first. To repeat his arguments would have made matters worse, and they were bad enough. His means were running very low; his brother Anthony could no longer assist him, for he himself was at this time seriously involved also. His disgrace can have been no secret at court, or among the attorneys and clients who might have helped him at this pinch; and the road in which he had hitherto been encouraged to look for fortune seemed to be closed for ever.

In 1581, when Bacon was beginning his legal studies and pondering on the various ways then necessary for advancement, some verses were printed for the first time, which he may have conned then, and long afterwards, with an aching heart, for they were composed by one who himself had climbed great men's stairs, and eaten the bitter bread of the suppliant, and who thus, with a vigour worthy of John Dryden in his best vein, put on record the slights and the delays he had endured:—

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,  
What hell it is in suing long to bide:  
To lose good days that might be better spent:  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent:  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow:  
To feed on hope, to pine with care and sorrow:



To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers :  
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years :  
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,  
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs.\*

But if we have failed in showing Bacon to have been an adroit courtier, we may still discover him to have been a false friend. If not the *meanest*, he may nevertheless have been the most *thankless* of mankind, and Pope's antithesis, with a very slight change, may still point its moral, and console us with the thought that the greatest men are not always the best. There are few more cheering contemplations than the bar-sinister on an ancient shield. It is a kind of *fraternité* and *égalité* for 'ordinary men and Christians' to know that Shakspeare ought to have married Anne Hathaway a few months sooner than he did; that Cicero was a coward; that Demosthenes took a bribe; and that Bacon accused Essex when alive, and defamed him when dead.

Again we must beware of reading history backward. We must present Essex to ourselves as he first presented himself to Bacon, and put aside for the moment our knowledge of his defects, and the issue to which they carried him. His preferment had been rapid, but not out of proportion to his deserts. In 1585 and 1586, when he was barely eighteen years of age, he had served with distinction under the Earl of Leicester in Holland. In 1587, he had been appointed Master of the Horse; in the next year—the *annus mirabilis* of the Spanish invasion—he was General of the Horse. He joined afterwards, against the Queen's orders, the expedition to Portugal in aid of Don Antonio; but when he returned to England in 1589, he was chidden by her and forgiven. In the latter half of 1591, he commanded the forces which Elizabeth sent into France to assist Henry IV., and he thus matured his early experience in war by studying it under one of the greatest captains of the age. Essex, accordingly, like the great Pompeius, was an

accomplished soldier at a time when less able or less fortunate youths are learning the mysteries of drill and parade, or vying with one another in those follies which render the mess-table and barrack-room scarcely less equivocal nurseries of the young than Oxford or Cambridge.

But Essex possessed gifts and virtues which Pompeius wanted, and which none of his contemporaries had in equal measure, except Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney. He was a scholar no less than a soldier; and time alone, aided by good counsel, was apparently wanted for him to become a statesman also—and that not a mechanical statesman, like Robert Cecil, a man of wiles, devices, and intrigue, but such an one as was Oxenstiern and Barneveldt, or the great Pensionaries De Witt and Heinsius.

It was natural that the eyes of Bacon should be turned on this 'rose and expectancy of the time.' Essex was such a man as he needed, no less for his immediate advancement than for his ulterior projects. We have seen that, although the Queen and her Ministers could, if they thought fit, make Bacon a judge or a privy councillor, could send him as their envoy to foreign courts, or employ his pen in the composition of State papers, yet that they could not comprehend his philosophical schemes; and that, in fact, their knowledge or suspicion of those schemes rendered them distrustful of his legal or political abilities.

But Essex saw more clearly than either Elizabeth or those around her what was in Bacon. He saw that he was fit for the morrow as well for the day; that the vast round and compass of his intellect, were he once relieved from the inevitable yet ignoble cares of his present condition, would embrace service to the realm and

\* Spenser, 'Mother Hubbard's Tale.'

service to science. He saw that never sovereign had a more apt servant at hand; that never knowledge had a more able Minister at call. We cannot, indeed, imagine Essex to have probed the depth or ascended to the height of Bacon's contemplations; but he had such large sympathy with them as purged his vision and empowered it to discern how good it were for England and for humanity that Bacon should be borne over the bars and thwarting currents that hindered him from launching freely on the ocean of knowledge. And this wisdom Essex had, because, as Mr. Spedding admirably remarks, 'he had that true generosity of nature which appeals to all human hearts, because it feels an interest in all human things.'

Nor was Bacon less necessary to Essex. The *virtus Scipiadae* needed the *mitis sapientia Lali*. For there were elements in Essex which, rightly guided and wholesomely balanced, would confirm his virtues; but which, perverted or indulged, would enfeeble, if they did not utterly spoil them. Among the ingredients of the great man, Plato assigns a high place to the θυμὸς, or irascible principle, and he exhibits its operations in the character of Polemarchus. He is young, energetic, carried away by good natural impulses. He hates violently, and he loves violently. He would benefit his friends at any cost to himself; but he is equally prone to avenge himself on his enemies. He is docile, willing to acknowledge his errors, quick in apprehension, and wanting only a guide—the *idéai* of truth in the Platonic system—and an instructor like Socrates to realize a noble character. The θυμὸς is an admirable servant, but an execrable master: and of this irascible quality Essex had his full share. Whither it led him we know; whither it might have conducted him under discreet guidance it is idle now to speculate: but for this earnest, sincere, impetuous temperament, Bacon, with his calm, penetrating and many-sided mind, would have been the guardian genius, had

not Essex harkened to evil counsellors, even as Polemarchus gave heed to evil poets. Each was a half man requiring his moiety to complete him. Essex, however, was more in need of Bacon's wisdom than Bacon of Essex's force of character.

Their friendship began in 1590 or the early part of 1591. Essex was then twenty-three years old: Bacon some nine years older. Each brought to their union a several and a common stock of sympathy and experience. Both were eager to do the State service: but the one had seen more of life in camps, the other of life below the level of courts. His high offices had brought Essex in close contact with the great: his low estate had made Bacon the better acquainted with the sentiments and discourse of the people. Both were unusually stored with book knowledge. Sidney and Raleigh, indeed, may have read and reflected as much as Essex; but among soldiers and courtiers in general he was a 'scholar-gowned.' That Bacon was as far above Coke in philosophy and general literature, as Coke was above him in the 'text and margin' of the law books, needs no demonstration.

The story of Bacon and Essex—how for a while the currents of their lives ran parallel, and how widely they at last diverged—is written in many books, but in none so well as in Mr. Spedding's recent volumes. To that narrative, the clearest and the fullest, the most candid and the most comprehensive that has ever been penned of this sad story, we refer our readers, and hasten to what appears to us, after repeatedly and attentively perusing it, the inexorable conclusion.

As regards Essex, the popular articles of belief are these: and Athanasian condemnation has not seldom been pronounced against all who refuse to accept them. It is assumed that he took Bacon to his heart at the time when kinsfolk looked coldly on him; when his means ran low; when the paths of life were dark before him; and when his soul was divided between



the deferred hope that maketh sick, and a purpose of abandoning law and politics, and sequestering himself in a student's cell in what would have been to him the barren pursuit of philosophy. Essex, it is alleged, and so far truly, encouraged him to welcome back again discarded hope, urged upon the Queen and the Cecils, in season and out of season, Bacon's claims to preferment; incurred rebuffs for his importunity; and softened disappointment by the princely gift of an estate.

We need not adopt Mr. Hepworth Dixon's sorry shift, which indeed helps Essex as little as it does Bacon, that the Earl, being indebted to his legal friend for 'hearing, consulting, and advising with' him at sundry times, and wishing to pay his bill, gave him land which he could well spare, instead of money of which he was generally and then particularly short. But we may fairly ask whether Essex, without doubt a generous man, might not consider, with Cicero and Seneca, that gifts are an ingredient in friendship; whether human beings do not sometimes do good acts; or whether the word *donation* was so unknown in the sixteenth century as to be excluded from Cooper's dictionary, or Florio's 'World of words'?

Bacon, as we may learn from the fragments of their correspondence printed by Mr. Spedding, gave Essex good advice. Essex notoriously mismanaged the war in Ireland. Elizabeth was justly incensed; he wasted her money; he made no progress in her affairs, but on the contrary, strengthened the hands of Tyrone. He had thrust himself into the war; he returned without leave; he was banished from the court, when any one else would have been sent to the Tower. He had done worse even than this, he had offended the Queen in her most tender points, her public reputation and her personal vanity. The sticklers for boundless gratitude assert or insinuate that a true friend would have applauded his follies, and written panegyrics on his malversation in

Ireland. Such partisans remind us of the extravagant friendship imputed to Blossius of Cumæ. Asked by the senatorian committee 'Was Caius Gracchus your friend?' he replied, 'Aye, and a good one, too.' 'Did you share in his revolutionary plans?' 'I did.' 'Had he required of you to set fire to the capitol, would you have kindled the torch?' 'Gracchus,' answered this paragon of amity, 'would never have given such an order, but if he had, I should have felt bound in love, if not in duty, to execute it.'

Essex makes his raid on the City, his pretext being to remove his personal enemies, evil counsellors, as he phrased it, from the Queen's person. He fails; he is arrested; he is committed to the Tower, is tried by his peers, and dies a traitor's death.

How stands the case between Essex and Bacon under these strange and serious circumstances? In the first place, their intimacy had been relaxed for some year and half before the Earl went to Ireland. Essex had taken to himself Rehoboam's counsellors, and Bacon had 'not been called or advised with, as in former times. Shortly before he went, he had, indeed, solicited, but he did not follow Bacon's advice, and there are no traces of any further communication between them until Essex's return. When he had come back, suddenly, against orders, and with the objects of his mission all unaccomplished, Bacon tendered his counsel, but if Essex listened to it, he certainly neglected it. For more than ten months Essex was under restraint, and Bacon had no means of access to him, for the Earl did not openly converse with any one, and of all men living, probably dreaded his friend's seeing or suspecting the nature of his private correspondence. When he was again at large, Bacon again—i.e., in July, 1600—busied himself in his affairs, and did his utmost to bring him once more into favour with the Queen. But Bacon was no longer his real adviser. Essex was then opening his heart to far different



persons, and Bacon was employed on the surface only of his affairs. If the Queen could be won by argument and fair means, it would be well; but if she still remained averse, then force must do the work of reason. Was it Bacon's duty, if he suspected the real facts, to say, 'Your lordship is deceiving me with this half-confidence. I must know your thoughts, and even if they aim at controlling or deposing our hard-ruled Queen, I am still, come what may, your humble servant'?

'The meanest of mankind' was assuredly the most maladroit of courtiers. While he was attempting to reconcile the Queen to her former favourite, he was himself giving her offence. Between Michaelmas, 1600, and the day of Essex's insurrection in the following February, Bacon had only one interview with Elizabeth. In that, which was in the beginning of January, he made his own peace with her, but he could draw from her not a word of grace for the Earl. Not until then did he despair; but after that day he resolved to meddle no more in the matter. He read as legibly as if it had been carved on the rock with a pencil of iron that she would trust Essex no more.

A darker day was behind. The next time that Essex and Bacon confront each other, the one is a prisoner at the bar, the other a sworn law-officer of the Crown, commanded to examine witnesses and to conduct the prosecution. Was it Bacon's duty at this solemn season to say, 'Truth indeed is dear to me, but my friend is dearer? What though he have done his utmost to set the country in a flame, has he not given *me* two thousand pounds' worth of freehold land in the county of Middlesex?

But, it is urged, in almost *Cassius*' vein, 'a friend should bear a friend's infirmities'—'a friendly eye should never see his faults.' He should rather cast allegiance to the winds, excuse rebellion, palliate treason, and sacrifice the whole duty of a subject on the

altar of personal sentiment. We are almost ashamed of stating such arguments, so palpable is it that Bacon took the only path which honour and integrity pointed out to him. But even had he said to Elizabeth and her Ministers,—'I do perceive here a divided duty. I grant your worships that my Lord of Essex is a traitor; but yet God forbid but a traitor should have some countenance at his *friend's* request; and so, good people, shift for yourselves'—how would Essex have been benefited? Would he rather have had an enemy at the council table? Would he have preferred the tender mercies of Cecil, or a cross-examination by Coke? There is no appearance of Bacon's having pressed unduly on his unfortunate friend. But it was his duty as counsel for the prosecution to make the charge out in all its parts, as well for the sake of truth, as for shielding the Crown from any suspicion that vengeance rather than justice was its object.

It has been made a charge against Bacon, that after Essex was condemned, he made no effort to save him; that a true friend would have wrought on the woman's feelings in Elizabeth for one she had once so loved and so cherished, after he had satisfied her claim as a queen. But how can we know whether she still entertained affection for Essex, whether Bacon had the opportunity which he is accused of neglecting? That Elizabeth was profoundly afflicted by the treason we cannot doubt; but does it follow that she still loved the traitor? The crime he had committed, the designs he had formed, showed her the hollowness of profession, the worth of lip-service, the uncertainty which hedges a crown. But the author of the crime had long been undermining her early love for him in a thousand ways,—by petulance, by disobedience, by rashness, by incompetence, and at last by a direct attempt to rob her of what she prized above life, her freedom of action. Never was sovereign less disposed than Elizabeth to accept a mayor of the palace, or

less likely to pardon a direct assault on her authority. And what plea could Bacon with any colour allege on behalf of Essex? and what time was there left for any plea to be effectual? The fact was admitted: the confession of Essex showed that his guilt had not been exaggerated. He was less excusable than Norfolk or Babington, for they at least had the pretext that religion called for the deposition of a heretic, whereas the Earl had no excuse to allege but wounded vanity. It appears that Bacon did, on the only occasion of his being with the Queen between the arraignment and the execution, enlarge on the excellent quality of mercy, 'terming it to her an excellent balm that did continually distil from her sovereign hands, and made an excellent odour in the senses of her people.' We are not prepared to say that Elizabeth was to blame for disregarding the hint: we cannot see how Bacon could do more than risk it. When it becomes lawful to read or write history sentimentally, we may find some excuse for Essex, and afford to censure Elizabeth and Bacon. But so long as truth, and not feeling, is to guide us in judging of men and times, it is a violation of the one and an abuse of the other to measure them by the variable standard of our own personal opinions.

We must now close Mr. Spedding's volumes. We have no scruple in confessing that to ourselves they carry conviction, that they have removed some of our previous notions and modified others, and that they have thrown more light on the character of Elizabeth and her times than we have derived from any former record of them. For the reader we cannot answer: he may still doubt where we have ceased to question; he may demand more proofs where we think there are enough. On the character of Bacon we as yet offer no opinion;

he has yet a probation to pass through. We have at present had to deal with only two counts in the indictment. He is acquitted, in our judgment, of undue time-serving and of falsehood in friendship. It remains to be seen whether he can also be absolved from corruption and venality. If he can, Mr. Spedding will entitle him to a verdict in favour, without seeking to bias our judgments; if he cannot be proved worthy of such absolution, he will afford one more instance that greatness and goodness are not convertible terms.

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Since the foregoing pages were in type, we have met with a book, entitled, the *Life and Correspondence of Francis Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, &c.*, in which the author, who modestly conceals his name, labours to show that 'the Lord Chancellor of England' *was* the 'meanest,' and was far from being either 'the brightest or the wisest of mankind.' Now this is no half-faced fellowship; this is root and branch work; this is war to the knife. From the vigour with which he plies his cudgel on Mr. Hepworth Dixon's head, we suspect that the writer has ere now highly distinguished himself at Donnybrook fair. Yet if he have not done so already, Mr. Hepworth Dixon is bound to send 'Anonymous' a letter of thanks, for 'Anonymous' has done him yeoman's service, by showing that there is nothing so bad but there may be something worse in store. Could we suspect Mr. Spedding of stratagem, we should surmise that he had taken a hint from an old play, and hired the devil to thrash the collier. But we do not find that any of the gods interfered while Dares was beating Entellus black and blue; and Mr. Spedding doubtless looks down on this combat with similar equanimity.

## A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A NIGHT OF DANGER.

KATE was the first to discover that it was no simulated swoon when her mother sank fainting on the floor of the stage. Ere the curtain had shut out the scene from the audience, Effie, the old servant, uttered a cry, and rushing forwards, was down on her knees by her mother's side, unfastening the hood and kerchief about her neck.

'Mamma is ill; help, help!' cried the young girl, in alarm; and knowing what I knew, I stood powerless for a moment as she bent over her mother.

The stage was immediately crowded with actors and audience, mingled strangely together, their faces filled with anxiety and alarm. Mrs. Rutter's swoon lasted so long that every one grew uneasy. Drawing Rutter aside into our deserted green-room, I closed the door and told him that his mother had received a severe shock during the evening, and the best thing to be done was to send away the guests as quickly as possible.

'What shock?' asked the young man; and he sank down on a sofa near with a white face, as I informed him what had happened.

'What! here, in this very house, Hamilton? It is impossible.'

He seemed staggered and unable to believe me.

'Is this man, then, to haunt us through life at every turn?' he cried, indignantly. 'Ever since I was a boy his shadow has darkened our home. Ever since I can recollect, he has risen up in our path from time to time, and brought us shame and sorrow. What right, what claim has he to our protection? I will drag him from yon hidingplace with my own hands, and give him up to justice. He shall rot in a jail, as he deserves, the villain!'

With disordered looks, Rutter rose and crossed the floor, as

though about to put his words into execution.

'He spoke of the galleys, you say?' he stammered out, turning towards me again. 'Do you know what new crime he has committed?'

'No; he only said the police were on his track, and implored your mother to hide him under her roof for a few hours.'

'And she consented,' murmured Rutter to himself, and he stood for some moments with his hands clenched together, in thought. 'Oh, Hamilton!' he cried the next minute, throwing himself on the sofa and burying his head in his hands, 'would to God I knew what all this mystery means! If it were not that I have unbounded confidence in my mother—if I did not know her to be the *best* of mothers and of women—I should be the most miserable fellow on earth. She has never told me more than this—that Lewis Wilson, or Hague, or whatever he calls himself, was intimately connected with my father (he is a kinsman, I expect); that we are in some way greatly indebted to him, and that he has power to injure us. More than this, she has always told me it was better I should not know. Kate even knows not as much.'

We were silent. Rutter's face remained hidden in his hands.

'Whatever else I am ignorant of, thus much I do know,' he continued, with bitterness, raising his head again, 'that the fellow is a thorough scoundrel and merits transportation, let him be who he may. You may guess now, Hamilton, why we left England. Yes, it's of no use keeping this brave secret longer. *You* at least have a right to know it. As much as I know, Will, you shall know. That man now hiding under our roof forged cheques in my mother's name for more than three thousand



pounds. It was *his* handwriting my mother recognised that day when the bank clerk visited us at Elmfields. The affair was hushed up (the villain well knew with whom he had to deal), and we left home to escape further such drains on my mother's fortune. We had better have thrown him into Newgate then and there, I think.'

The humiliation of this avowal was as painful to me as to my friend. Rutter's face flushed crimson as he spoke; his hands trembled, and tears of shame glistened in his eyes. I bid him remember the need for immediate action, and urged him to lose no time in dismissing the guests, on the ground of his mother's indisposition.

'Ay, let us get rid of this masquerading,' said Rutter, looking down on his dress. 'I will announce to them that the *fête* must be at once broken up. The play cannot proceed, that's clear; my mother is far too ill, were there no other cause;' and he threw aside his buff jerkin and slouch hat as he spoke.

The announcement when made naturally filled every one with regret and consternation.

'Ah! she has overtaxed herself for our amusement, I fear,' said the old Countess de Saugpourpre.

'She was carried away by her genius, which is sublime,' observed Madame de Longueville.

'She is a true artist—a veritable enthusiast!' sighed Monsieur de Bois-sec; 'but such emotions are not counterfeited without danger to the nervous system, and the reaction is always terrible.'

With many expressions of sympathy and regret, the guests took their departure. In half-an-hour's time the last carriage wheels had rolled down the drive, and we were alone.

'What is to be done?' said Rutter, as we stood on the hall steps looking out upon the gardens, where the coloured lamps still swung in the night-breeze; 'my mother is utterly incapable of anything. She lies yonder in her room in a state of complete prostration. I whispered to her that

I knew all, and would act as she would wish me. She is so exhausted she can scarcely speak. Kate is with her, and Mademoiselle Victorine. They neither of them know the true cause of my mother's seizure. Poor girls! they are frightened enough as it is! Oh, Hamilton! I am too wretched to think or plan. What is to be done?'

'First, let us get this fellow, Jules, out of the way,' I replied, for I knew there was more danger to be feared from the inquisitorial glances of that pair of black eyes than from any other quarter. 'See, he is blowing out the lights yonder. Bid him get to bed; the other servants have already retired, save Euphrasie, who is in your mother's room.'

We got rid of Jules, and then entered the house and held a short consultation together.

'I don't know whether I should tell my sister to-night or not; my mother murmured to me not to let Kate know at present. Where are the matches, Hamilton?'

We were lighting a lantern as Rutter spoke, for we had resolved to lose no time in visiting the loft in the courtyard, now that the coast was clear.

'Better wait till morning before you tell your sister,' I answered; 'she has anxiety enough to-night;' and then, having ascertained that our movements were not watched, we took up the lantern and traversed in silence the echoing pavement of the court, where the bats, scared by the light we carried, flitted duskily around us. Picking our steps noiselessly along, we passed into the deserted coach-house, and ascended the railed ladder that led to the loft above. When we first entered, it was difficult to discern anything in the big raftered chamber, vaulted with shadows and walled in with darkness. The lamp I had left was just expiring, and it was not until Rutter raised his lantern that we could make out that the dark bundle of clothes lying on a truss of hay before us was the man we sought.

'He is asleep,' whispered Rutter.

The man had cast off his priest's hat, and lay with his black dress wrapped round him, one hand supporting his head, the other grasping his pistol. He stirred as we approached, and then with a sudden cry started up and stood before us, ready to discharge the weapon at our heads.

'Oh! it's you, is it! Light sleepers are easily alarmed, you see. Have these fine folks all gone yet? The man's voice was husky and weak, and his limbs shook as with an ague.

'Yes; thanks to yourself, they have,' replied Rutter; 'my mother is ill, and is lying scarcely sensible on her bed. Is it true that the police are on your track? Are you resolved to bring infamy upon us?'

'Ah! it's easy to fling stones at a lame dog,' retorted Wilson. 'I was a starving man before I entered this house to-night. I am pretty near a dying one now, so abuse me as you like. I broke a bloodvessel ten days ago, and have slept chiefly in ditches since. I only want fifty pounds, and I'd make my way to Bordeaux and sail for South America, and never trouble you again. I—I'm worn out, that's the fact,—clean stumped up, body and soul. If one of you gentlemen would just pop this leaden bullet through my brain you'd do me a service, and rid the world of as sorry a scoundrel as ever darkened sunshine.'

The man burst into a fit of coughing as he spoke, and flung himself down again on the bundle of hay, haggard and panting.

'You want to know how I came here,' he continued. 'I'll tell you. Thanks to that gentleman, I may say,' he pointed to me as he spoke. 'Yes, on your father's library table I picked up an envelope, addressed to 'W. Hamilton, Esq., St. Barbe, Auvergne,' one day when I paid that worthy gentleman a visit after our agreeable encounter at Dover. I had no need to inquire further for the address I wanted. Soon after, being in pressing want of funds, I followed you to France, but fate threw in my way some of my old comrades in Paris; and

perhaps on what transpired from that same meeting the less said the better.'

'Go on,' said Rutter, whilst I stood miserably conscious that it was my father's letter that had supplied the clue to my friend's retreat.

'Well, then, we gambled. We played and we won—won with that astounding good luck that makes gamblers maniacs; and then lost—lost with that unvarying ill luck that makes them suicides; and then we found ourselves penniless in the streets of Paris.'

'That is not all,' said Rutter.

'Not quite; but ——'

I think, even in his present abasement and degradation, the man felt some sense of shame at these confessions, and hesitated at the next revelation he had to make.

'Well, to cut the story short, we were desperate men, and stopped at nothing. Two of us had been schoolfellows at a college at St. Omer years ago, when your father was educating me for something better than the callings I have lately followed. We were reckless and penniless, and when an opportunity offered itself to retrieve our fortunes by a stroke of business more dangerous than lawful, we didn't even stop at that. But the police got scent of us, and it was only by a life-and-death struggle that I escaped their clutches. They led me a pretty dance for three days. At the end of that time I got hold of this disguise—shaved off my beard, cut my hair short, and became a travelling priest. If I had had the means of reaching a seaport then and there, you would probably never have heard of me more. Of course you don't believe me, but I swear to you, Robert Rutter, that I had determined never to show my face before your mother again. Villain as I am, low as I have fallen, I had resolved on that. But I didn't know what starvation was then,' he added, grimly. 'I didn't know what it was to lie sick and famishing by the roadside. Don't make rash vows, young man, with a full stomach and a few gold pieces in

your purse. Wait till sickness and want have pulled you down, before you measure your virtue and your strength so readily.'

He sighed, and throwing himself back on the hay, hid his face with his arm, whilst we both stood looking at him in silence.

'You must fetch me some brandy,' he muttered, in a faint voice; 'and—and I have a wound here that wants binding up. Can you find me a piece of linen?'

He removed the black skull-cap he wore, and disclosed a gash across his shaven temple.

'In a couple of hours I shall be ready to be off again. I am not safe here. If you can furnish me with a new disguise and fifty louis, I'll be on the road by sunrise, I promise you. Make haste, fetch brandy or wine, I'm sinking.'

He looked so pallid as he spoke, his eyes were so lustreless, his voice so feeble, that I half expected to see him faint dead away before us. We took up the lantern and hastened off to the house in search of the things.

'We had better do as he requires,' said I, as we retraced our way through the silent court. 'Find him the money and the clothes, and let him be off. I don't know much about the French law, but whatever offence he has committed, we are making your mother an accessory by concealing him here, knowing his guilt. The sooner he departs the better.'

'But how am I to get these things to-night? I have only twenty louis in my desk, and, of all things, I don't want Kate and Mademoiselle Victorine——'

'I can supply you with thirty more, and as for clothes, it would be easy to arrange a dress from our theatrical wardrobe. Suppose he puts on a working man's clothes—a blue blouse and linen trousers—we have all the things ready in the theatre?'

We collected the things, fetched the money and the brandy, and in five minutes more were descending the large staircase into the front hall with silent steps. We had reached the bottom, when the

door leading to the servants' offices opened, and to our dismay Mademoiselle Victorine, bearing a jug of water and a light, suddenly stood before us.

'I have been looking for these things in the kitchen, monsieur; your sister does not like to leave our poor invalid,' began Victorine, but she stopped as she beheld our faces.

'Gentlemen—what—what is the matter? You are pale as death! Is anything amiss? Oh, tell me, I beseech you.'

It has occurred to me since, that Mademoiselle Victorine had more cause for alarm than I thought at the moment. Two young men stealing from the house with a mysterious package and a black bottle that might be mistaken for a pistol; did Mademoiselle's thoughts turn in the direction of duels, and Monsieur Sabreton's offended visage of the preceding night rise before her? She was so frightened that she let her candlestick fall on the paved floor with a loud clatter, and stood gazing at us both with big eyes.

'Mademoiselle—I—we—that is—' Rutter stood flushed and stammering before her, unable to proceed.

'Why should I deceive you?' he hurried on after a moment's pause. 'Mademoiselle, I know you well enough to feel sure our secret will be safe in your keeping. Yes, I will confide to you this disgrace that has come upon us.' We are threatened with an ignominious exposure that may turn the friendship of all the guests we entertained to-night into contempt and enmity. If Mademoiselle de Longueville is amongst that number, I am deceived, however,' and in a few words Rutter told of the arrival of his disgraced kinsman, and his concealment at the present time in the courtyard.

'Oh, monsieur, need I say that your secret is safe with me? No one, not even grandmamma, shall hear of it. How can I aid you? What is there I can do?'

Mademoiselle Victorine's eyes sparkled, her bosom heaved, her



whole bearing expressed sympathy and generous emotion, but ere Rutter could reply, a voice from the floor above cried,

'Anything amiss, mademoiselle, down there? Pardon me, but I was startled by a crash of something.'

It was Jules peering over the staircase balustrades, in cotton nightcap, attracted by the noise of the candlestick Victorine had let fall.

'No, nothing; all is right, Jules. I dropped my candlestick only, coming to fetch some water.' Mademoiselle's presence of mind was invaluable. 'Thank you, gentlemen, for your assistance, the jug is so heavy. There, now I will return to Madame Rutter, and wish you good night.' With a low whisper to the effect that she would be back again in a few minutes, she passed up the staircase and left us.

Not only in the little emergency above was the coolness and ready wit of the young French girl of service to us. Wilson had fainted when we returned to the loft in the courtyard, and without mademoiselle's aid we should have made sorry work in restoring him and binding up the wound on his temple, from which the blood was trickling. Rutter called her in from the court outside, and asked her to fetch us some eau de Cologne. She was back again directly with a flacon of the scent, and far from being alarmed at the sight of the wounded stranger, as we expected, knelt down, bathed his forehead, and with her own hands tore up her handkerchief for the bandage which she fastened about his head. She was more suggestive, more ready in expedients, cooler, prompter than either of us. Her courage and presence of mind did not even forsake her when the wounded man, affected by the brandy, which he drank off like water, began to wander and talk incoherently.

The night was advanced, the loft dimly lighted, and full of shadows from the lantern suspended to a beam overhead; the inmates of the house had retired; around us were empty, deserted buildings;

on the floor before us lay a concealed criminal, ill and raving, whose footsteps the police might at that very moment be tracking to our doors. A bold heart might have shrunk before these things, few women could have faced them, but mademoiselle seemed to breathe this atmosphere of secrecy and danger as though it were her natural element. Her beauty never shone more conspicuously than now, as, flushed with excitement, she stood with her hands clasped together, her dark eyes flashing in the gloom, holding a consultation with Rutter in a low tone.

'He cannot go yet. He must rest awhile. In another hour this delirium may have passed,' said mademoiselle, calmly and quietly.

'It is the brandy he has drunk,' replied Rutter. 'He has promised to set off before sunrise, and, if possible, shall keep his promise. Hark! what was that?'

It was only an owl hooting in the ivy outside, but it caused Rutter to start, and mademoiselle to whisper, 'courage, mon ami,' and give a brave glance at him.

'I am going to provide him with money and a disguise,' continued Rutter. 'He will then make his way to a seaport and quit the country. He was educated in France, and speaks the language. Ah, mademoiselle, you little know what a source of misery that man has been to us for years! I don't know how we can hold up our heads before you, if this last disgrace should become known.'

'Chut, don't speak of it, monsieur. It must *not* become known. We must manage otherwise. Happily, no one but myself knows of his presence here, and no tortures should wring your secret from me. But now, about the disguise. Here is the blouse, but we have no cap. Ah! here is the *casquette de voyage* of Monsieur Hamilton. With a few changes I can make that into a proper workman's cap. And see, here is the leathern belt you wore as the Puritan soldier, monsieur; that also will be of use. Where are the needle and thread I brought. There is no time to be lost.'

Mademoiselle, with a readiness I could not but admire, set to work at once.

'See, he is sleeping again,' she whispered, glancing at Wilson. 'We must have all ready by the time he awakes. Let us arrange how he is to be got away from here whilst he rests.'

The wretched man had fallen into an uneasy slumber, and whilst he lay tossing and moaning on his bed of hay, we discussed the plan and means of flight. An hour passed by, and the clock on the house-roof tolled out the time to the night. It still wanted another hour to daybreak. Mademoiselle, seated on an empty chest, was busy with her needle and thread, effecting the necessary changes in the disguise Wilson was to wear; Rutter stood by with his arms folded, watching her with a gloomy face, and I kept guard by the window at the stair-head, with an eye on the court below. We had all grown silent. The influences of the time and place, the dim light, the fitful moans and wanderings of the sick man, the strange appearance of the piles of worn-out furniture, broken implements, and ghostly lumber that filled the garret, were enough, without the actual consciousness of impending danger, to depress and create disquiet. Even mademoiselle's spirit seemed to be flagging as the night wore slowly on, and her glance shunned the black background of the chamber, where a chaos of queer shapes and objects loomed. The rustle of a mouse in the straw caused her to start and glance anxiously around. But she was more quiet and composed than either of us, nevertheless. Rutter chafed and fidgeted uneasily, now opening one of the shuttered windows to look into the court, now bending over Wilson to see whether he still slept. For myself, I was haunted by a thousand fears, at one time detecting voices in the court below, at another discerning traces of approaching death in the ghastly face of the sleeper, and always creating foolish fancies out of the dim background of confused

objects that filled the chamber. A dilapidated statue from the garden beckoned with a broken arm; a disused chariot, mounted near the roof, grew full of ghostly tenants; a pair of stag's antlers fastened themselves to the body of a shadowy demon; a bunch of herbs, hung up to dry, waved like a hearse's plumes; and a gardener's scythe and a sack suspended to a beam became a guillotine and a headless trunk. These things, added to the sense of secrecy attending our position—the danger of discovery, and the miserable consciousness of the guilt of the man we were taking this trouble to conceal, made our watch oppressive and terrible.

The dawn was just beginning to break, and a pale bluish light peering through the crevices of the tiles overhead, when mademoiselle, whose fine ear had a subtle delicacy in distinguishing sound, laid down her work and said,

'Some one is at the garden doors on the other side of the house. Listen!'

We held our breath, but heard nothing.

'The doors were shaken, I am positive,' continued mademoiselle, looking up at us. 'There, there, I am right!'

As she spoke, the silence of the dawn was suddenly broken by the ringing of the large bell at the garden doors. We stared at one another in alarm.

'Is it the police, think you? Who else can it be at this hour?' asked Rutter.

'I will go and see,' said mademoiselle, rising from her seat. 'Mr. Hamilton, you had better rouse the sleeper, and tell him to put on his disguise at once. If it be the gendarmes, there is no time to lose.' She paused a moment reflectively, and then added, 'Wait here, gentlemen, a few moments, and when you see my light in the little window on the stairs at the back, follow me to the house. Trust to me.'

In another moment, Mademoiselle Victorine had glided past us with a look of encouragement at Rutter, flitted down the railed

ladder, and was gone. We awoke Wilson, assisted him in putting on his disguise, and hid the priest's dress he cast off amongst the hay. Then Rutter drew forth his purse, and counted out fifty louis into the man's hand, bidding him remember that it was the last time he would ever meet with aid from him. He nodded his head, but seemed too distraught by the sudden awakening from sleep and the fear that was upon him to pay much attention to Rutter's words.

'How am I to escape? Show me the way. Hark! hark! they are coming!' and I caught the gleam of the pistol concealed in his bosom as he rushed to the stair-head. But we forced him back, assuring him that his only chance of escape lay in trusting himself entirely to our hands.

'Remain here till some of us return,' I whispered. 'Yonder is the light in the window. Blow out the lamp, and be still as death till we come back.'

I had difficulty in making him comply. His sole idea was flight, instant flight; but on my repeating that a discovery would be inevitable, if he attempted to escape before the coast was clear, he assented, and with a sigh threw himself on the hay once more.

Mademoiselle opened the little window on the back stairs as we approached the house, and whispered,

'Jules has heard the bell, and has gone to see what is the matter. Retire to your rooms, and feign to have been awake from sleep. Leave the rest to me;' and she closed the window again.

We entered the house, and made our way upstairs. I had scarcely closed the door of my chamber, when I heard voices at the hall-door below. I opened the window, and beheld in the dim light of early morning four gendarmes, with two police agents, interrogating Jules. At the same moment another window opened above, and a shrill voice cried,

'What is the matter? Heaven protect us! the police, the police! I am a lonely woman, gentlemen;

I harbour no one unfriendly to law or government under my roof. Go away, I beseech you. Oh, oh!—help! help!' and Madame de Longueville was off in hysterics in her room overhead.

'Pray, gentlemen, inform me what is the matter? What can this intrusion mean?' asked a less excited voice; and Mademoiselle Victorine, in dressing-gown and shawl, looked forth from an adjoining window.

'Oh, it is impossible! A criminal concealed here! Monsieur Menottes, you are of St. Barbe, and should know us better.' Mademoiselle put a tone of hauteur into her voice. 'I will descend, gentlemen, if you insist. Madame de Longueville is too ill and alarmed to come down;' and mademoiselle closed her window, and hastened downstairs, whilst I and Rutter, in a sort of presentable undress, quitted our rooms at the same moment.

'Mademoiselle must not suppose that we suspect so honourable a family of conniving at the concealment of a criminal,' the police agent from Paris was saying as we reached the hall, where in the grey twilight of early dawn stood the gendarmes, mademoiselle, and Jules. 'We have been on the track of these scoundrels for weeks, and yesterday traced one of them to this town. He was last seen in the dress of a priest loitering about these doors. You had a ball here last night, mademoiselle, and we have reason to suspect that the man we seek found an opportunity of concealing himself amongst your guests, and is now hidden somewhere on the premises.'

'Good heaven, monsieur, is it possible!' cried Victorine, with an air of utter astonishment. 'Pray, then, let every corner of the house be searched. You alarm me greatly.'

'Mademoiselle need be under no apprehension for herself or friends,' continued the agent. 'I have merely a few questions to ask, and then will trouble her no further, if I can help.'

The first question elicited from Jules (who was not addressed, but



volunteered a gratuitous reply) that *he* had seen a priest in the grounds overnight ; a stranger, and of a bad countenance, he affirmed.

'Why, monsieur, need you pursue these inquiries?' asked Victorine. 'Set about the search. It is the readiest means of putting the matter at rest. Even while we talk, the criminal may be escaping. I will fetch you the keys myself.'

'It will be well, mademoiselle, to explore first the buildings in the rear, which are extensive, and would afford a good hiding-place, I hear ; but whilst mademoiselle fetches the keys, two of my men shall make the tour of the offices here : ' and so saying, the police agent, accompanied by two of his party, and followed closely by Jules, entered the rooms on the ground floor.

From a significant look mademoiselle threw at us as she hastened away for the keys, I surmised that she was carrying out her plan, and entreated our confidence in her.

The gendarmes had finished their search ere she returned. We stood awaiting her in the *salon* in a state of wretched suspense, not daring by word or look to show our anxiety. Jules had lighted the candles in the sconces on the high mantelpiece, and their glimmer mingled in a ghastly fashion with the light of early morning struggling in through the half-opened shutters. Jules himself, grotesque and grim in his tasseled nightcap, stood like the incarnation of suspicion, watching everybody with a stealthy eye. The police agent tapped his heel impatiently on the floor. We all were silent.

Suddenly a distant scream reached our ears. It was Mademoiselle Victorine's voice, and Rutter turned pale at the sound. Then came rapid footsteps in the hall, and the next moment the door was flung open, and mademoiselle stood before us aghast with fear.

'The man ! the man ! ' she cried, and fell back in the arms of Rutter, who had rushed forward to assist her.

'Where, mademoiselle, where?' demanded the agent of police. 'Which way is he?'

'Yonder, in the—in the theatre, I think. I caught sight of him, and fled,' replied the girl, in a feeble voice, and she closed her eyes as Rutter raised her in his arms and carried her to the sofa.

The officer instantly despatched two of his men in the direction indicated.

'Open the window, Hamilton. A glass of water, Jules.' Rutter bent over the fainting girl with an agitated face. 'Mademoiselle, speak, I implore you.' He looked distracted.

'There, there, I am better now,' murmured the girl. 'The keys, monsieur!' she continued, in reply to the agent's inquiry for them. 'The keys! Oh, heaven! I have lost them—dropped them in my fright! Stay; I remember having them in my hand when I heard the footsteps. They must be in the corridor. Jules, go this moment; you will find them there, or upon the stairs;' and the effort of uttering these words caused mademoiselle's eyes to close again and the symptoms of fainting to return.

But whilst the police agent's back was turned on her for a moment, mademoiselle opened her eyes, looked at us both with a quick, expressive look, and with her lips silently formed the word 'gone.' Then she closed her eyes again, and lay speechless as before.

Victorine had saved us. I knew it in a moment, though I could see that Rutter was confounded at the discovery that this was all mere acting, and mademoiselle's terror and fainting-fit only assumed. When, a few minutes later, the keys were produced and we accompanied the gendarmes to the courtyard, the prisoner had flown. The loft contained no traces of his presence. During her absence, mademoiselle had enabled Wilson to escape by the very doors through which the police had entered the premises, and had removed all evidence of his recent concealment. The pretended fright at the sight of the man lurking in the theatre

was a stratagem to gain time and throw the police on a wrong scent.

A careful inspection of the courtyard and premises was gone through, but of course the search was fruitless. After expressing regret at the trouble and alarm the family had been caused, the police agent and his party withdrew to follow up the pursuit without delay. When I had heard the garden doors close to with a bang, I breathed freely for the first time for some hours.

It was now broad daylight. I returned to the *salon*, where the first streaks of the newly-risen sun were gilding the painted cupids on the ceiling. Victorine and Rutter were standing side by side near one of the windows.

'How, mademoiselle, can I ever thank you for this heroism—this devotion you have displayed?' the young Englishman was murmuring with trembling lips. 'You have earned what we can never repay. As long as I live——'

'Hush, monsieur, hush! Would you not do as much yourself for me or mine? Oh, for our friends, sacrifices are sweet.'

'Do as much for you, Victorine! Would to God I could prove how readily I would lay down my life to serve you!'

'You are *both* gallant gentlemen, monsieur, and I hope are my friends.'

Perceiving me, mademoiselle had turned her head to include me in her speech.

'We have had a night of terrible excitement, have we not?' she continued, still addressing us both; 'a night I shall never forget. My head aches: I must seek my room. This disastrous secret will be safe with me, as you know, no matter what may happen. Adieu.'

Looking up at Rutter with a glance of delicate sympathy, Victorine, whose face was beginning to grow wan in the light of the early sun, drew her white dressing gown about her dainty figure, inclined her pretty head, and glided away over the polished floor, like some pale ghost vanishing before the dawn.

Thus do I still behold her, shadowy and ghost-like, with that ominous beauty, that weird grace about her, that had by turns fascinated and repulsed me the night through.

## CHAPTER XV.

### A DISCLOSURE.

Yes, Mademoiselle Victorine's courage and promptitude had saved us. The fugitive made good his escape; and hearing no more of him, we hoped he had reached Bordeaux in safety, and sailed for America.

It was some weeks before our household recovered its accustomed serenity and cheerfulness. Mrs. Rutter's health and spirits were seriously affected by the shock she had been exposed to. The necessity for concealing what had occurred and hiding the trouble that preyed upon her mind rendered her position a very painful one. This was also keenly felt by Rutter and his sister, who both abhorred dissimulation, but yet respected their mother too much to doubt that there were sufficient reasons for the course she had pursued and the secrecy she had enjoined on them. Save Mademoiselle Victorine, no one knew the real cause of our temporary renouncement of society and the retired life we led for some weeks after the night of the *fête*. Our seclusion from our friends was naturally attributed to Mrs. Rutter's health, which furnished a reasonable pretext for the change in our habits. Thus it was that Mademoiselle Victorine was the only person who could understand and enter into the feelings of the family; and this participation in their secret gave her the opportunity of knitting herself more closely to Mrs. Rutter and her daughter than any other circumstance could have done. The gratitude evoked by the devotion mademoiselle had displayed that memorable night, and the many friendly services she had since rendered, was such as generous natures like theirs would be quick to

feel and slow to renounce. Mademoiselle Victorine had got a hold on them, I knew, that would be difficult to break.

Certainly the many delicate ways in which the young girl contrived to evince her sympathy gave me a high opinion of her tact. No daughter could have shown more respectful affection towards Mrs. Rutter, no sister more tenderness to Kate. Sometimes the perplexity I have already alluded to, in estimating this chameleon-like character, revisited me. But the old instinctive aversion for this fair and captivating creature remained at the bottom of my mind, unalterable and unchanged.

One thing I ought, in justice to an enemy, to state. I believe that Mademoiselle de Longueville entertained no worse opinion of her friends for what had occurred, and both then and afterwards kept the secret entrusted to her.

Some weeks passed away, and we were now in mid autumn. We had returned to our old habits of life, and found the garden, the woods, and the neighbouring mountains yield us their former pleasures. The sun still shone brightly, the sky was blue overhead, and for yet a short season this happy summer of our lives was prolonged to us. It was fast drawing to a close.

It was a bright autumn morning, I remember, when an event occurred that for many days plunged me in gloom. Through circumstances I should little have expected, the mystery that had so deepened around my friends of late was suddenly cleared up.

I had for some days been anxiously expecting news from home. Recent letters from my father had led me to believe he was likely to be presented ere long to an excellent living in the north of England, and I was naturally desirous to hear whether this good fortune had befallen him. The post being late, I was walking up and down the terrace front, looking out for the arrival of the *facteur* whose peaked cap and neat uniform I momentarily expected to see emerge from behind the orange-trees near

the garden doors, when a soft step and a stifled cough behind me caused me to turn and behold Monsieur Jules, letter in hand.

'Monsieur has got his letter this morning, and a heavy one it is. Double post, monsieur;' and the man handed me one of the letters he held, with a leer on his face, which he perhaps intended for a polite smile.

How he came to know that I was expecting a letter I don't know. But Monsieur Jules had sources of information that honest people would never suspect. I paid him the extra postage, and betook myself to the perusal of my letter.

It was a long and interesting epistle. My father had purposely delayed writing until he could give me a pleasurable surprise. Not only had he been presented to the living mentioned (a secret he had hitherto partially concealed from me), but he was actually installed in his new home, where he had already spent some ten days.

'The change is even greater than I could have anticipated,' wrote my father. 'After thirty years of city life and labour in a field where weeds and briars grow thick, and and the hand of the husbandman must never rest, the transition to this prosperous corner of the earth, where, if one did not know what human nature is, one might expect the realization of a golden age, is like a removal to a new planet and a new race of men. If I regret, as I sometimes do, my absence from those for whom and with whom I laboured so many years, I am consoled by the thought that this new and less arduous field is better suited for my declining years, and that the welfare of the flock I leave will be best advanced by a younger and more active man.'

I could hear my father's voice and see his calm serious gaze bent on me, as I read words so natural to his lips. But the bell rang for luncheon, and I hastened into the house, anxious to communicate the good news to my friends. Of course, it served as the topic for conversation throughout the meal, and put us all in good spirits.



'Let us hear all about the place, Hamilton. Do tell us more,' said Rutter, when luncheon was over.

Mrs. Rutter and Kate echoed the wish, and I resumed my letter:

'You will want to know what the house is like. It is a substantial brick mansion, old enough to look highly respectable, and modern enough to be very convenient. It contains—but I need not attempt a catalogue, I am not clever at Dutch painting. The garden is extensive, and, thanks to my predecessor, a lover of botany, contains every flower in my acquaintance, and many beyond it. How your friend, Mrs. Rutter and her daughter, would exult in the contents of my greenhouse. One day they will come and teach me the learned names of my plants, I hope. Now for the parish. Geographically, it is large; but as regards population exceedingly small. I shall want no curates here. We are not more than five hundred souls in all, including the inmates of an extensive private asylum near. My parishioners are for the most part agricultural labourers. They seem civil and quiet folks, with an ingrained respect for broadcloth and the constituted authorities. They would be no worse for a few new ideas on the subject of cleanliness, but we must hope that will come, with other things, in time. In every respect (dirt and poverty excepted) they offer a striking contrast to the keen, town-sharpened minds I have left behind me. The "march of intellect" has either marched by Halsmere or not arrived there yet.'

'Halsmere?' interrupted Mrs. Rutter, quickly, with a singular expression on her face, which vanished again as I repeated the name. I looked at her inquiringly, but she only motioned to me to continue.

'Consequently,' I went on, 'we are sadly behind the age, and shall have something to do to catch it up. But if the social advantages of this neighbourhood are likely to be restricted, and my educated parishioners not so numerous as I could wish, I have at least one

neighbour whose acquaintance it will be a pleasure to cultivate. The physician of the asylum I have alluded to is a man of very superior intellect. His large and advanced views are such as one might expect to find in the author of the clever treatise on insanity that bears his name. I can assure you, I was proud to find that I numbered Dr. Vanhilston amongst my parishioners. Judge of my surprise, however, when, on calling upon him yesterday, I found this intellectual doctor to be a plump, jolly little man, with a bald head and a face like the rising moon.'

'No, tall and thin, with grey hair, I think,' exclaimed Mrs. Rutter, hurriedly; and looking up, I found her gazing at me with the same startled air.

'What! Do you know him, mother?' inquired Rutter, with surprise.

'I met him once some years ago, that is all. But it is so long since, I suppose I am mistaken as to his appearance. Go on, Mr. Hamilton.'

Mrs. Rutter had as suddenly resumed her composure as she had lost it. Her face only expressed a calm attention throughout the rest of the letter; but I fancied that she heard no more of what I read.

When I had finished, Rutter and his sister went off for a promised stroll in the woods with Mademoiselle Victorine, and I remained behind to write to my father, and convey to him the congratulations of myself and friends.

The servant who was clearing away luncheon had scarcely closed the door, when I heard a long sigh, and looking up, beheld Mrs. Rutter standing by the window, gazing at me with a singular expression on her face. It was an expression of fear, of pitiful entreaty, of intense but suppressed emotion. She stood thus regarding me for some moments, and then said, suddenly,

'I can bear it no longer. This must have an end. This acting is intolerable. Mr. Hamilton, I have a secret on my mind that is crushing me, killing me. I must tell

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some one, or I cannot live ;' and as she spoke, her breath came quickly.

I gazed at her in silence, almost in fear. There was intolerable anguish in her voice. She sank on a chair, clasped her hands together, and continued—

'It is more than coincidence, this. It seems (without presumption I say it, I trust) that Providence wills that this secret should be revealed—and revealed to you. That letter you hold opens the way to a disclosure that I have long wished, but have not dared, to make in some friendly ear. I can scarcely frame words, though, to tell this miserable history, even to you.'

She trembled from head to foot as she looked at me. After pausing a few moments, as though to gather strength and courage for the task she had imposed on herself, she went on :

'This mystery (I know not what else to call it) that you have observed under our roof dates far back. It is part of a burden I have long had to bear. I must begin with the beginning. Listen, Mr. Hamilton; and if it be possible, give me counsel.'

For one moment she paused again. It was evident that she shrank from this revelation. Her face contracted with pain as she began.

'You are aware that—that my husband, Mr. Rutter, was many years older than myself when we married. He was introduced to me as a widower of large fortune, whose first wife had been insane for a number of years, and had died in an asylum. Mr. Rutter had in consequence led a very retired life, and devoted himself entirely to business. He was a frank, kind-hearted, sensible man, who had raised himself by his own exertions. I truly loved and honoured him. Our married life was a very happy one. My husband's first study was to secure my happiness, and he surrounded me with every refinement and luxury that his wealth could procure. One shadow only rests on the six happy years we spent together; that shadow

was cast over us by the man who still darkens my life. Lewis Hague (Wilson is a false name) was an inmate of my husband's house when I first entered it. He was then a handsome, high-spirited youth of twenty, well educated, and with plenty of ability. He was not related to Mr. Rutter in any way, but was an orphan whom he had adopted and brought up as a son. My husband was not on good terms with his relatives. They had neglected and ignored him until he became a rich man. Mr. Rutter consequently clung the more closely to this adopted lad. He spared no expense upon his education, sent him to a college at St. Omer, and allowed him afterwards to make a long tour on the Continent, from which he had just returned when I entered my new home. Lewis Hague was at that time as unlike what you have since seen him as it is possible to conceive. The affectionate feelings with which my husband regarded him were soon shared in by myself. I grew to look upon him almost as a brother. His kindness to me was unvarying, and his accomplishments, wit, and good humour made him a pleasant companion. If occasionally I felt there was a want of earnestness and stability in his character, I trusted that time would supply the more solid qualities in which he was deficient. Thus stood matters when, shortly after the birth of my daughter Kate, Lewis Hague suddenly quitted our house, under circumstances which were never fully explained to me. I only knew that he had seriously offended my husband in some way. I have since found out that he gambled—a vice Mr. Rutter loathed. My husband was much depressed for some days, and informed me that for a time Lewis would probably remain abroad, where he had sent him to transact certain business. From that period, Lewis Hague was never again a regular inmate of our house, but only appeared in it on three occasions during my husband's lifetime—twice to receive the yearly stipend that Mr. Rutter allowed him, and

once (at my request) to take a farewell of his benefactor during his last illness. I stood in the ante-room when he quitted my husband's bedside, and I recollect the feeling of thankfulness I experienced in the midst of all my sorrow, when I heard Mr. Rutter murmur, "God bless you, Lewis; remember my last words, and try to profit by them." I knew that whatever he might have done to forfeit his benefactor's good-will, he was then forgiven. Twenty-four hours after their interview, my husband died suddenly, before he had time to make an alteration in his will, which I think he intended. The whole of his property was left to me and my children, of whom I was appointed sole guardian and trustee. There was no mention of Lewis Hague in the will, which was dated shortly after the time when he first went away.

'For some weeks my health was bad, but as soon as I was strong enough, Lewis Hague came down to Elmfields, and offered to assist me in winding-up my husband's affairs. I gladly accepted his aid, which was the more valuable from his former position and his knowledge of my husband's business. He was kind and courteous as of old, but sobered, I thought, by his recent trials. He appeared in no way to resent the omission of his name in the will, trusting, probably, to my generosity to compensate him. One day (it seems yesterday, and yet long ages ago—so near in my vivid recollection of it—so remote, measured by what I have suffered since) I was engaged with Lewis Hague in the library at Elmfields, sorting and arranging papers. We had opened my husband's private *escritoire*, and Lewis was handing me the various letters and documents it contained, to know which were to be retained and which destroyed. I was looking over some accounts which I regarded with peculiar interest (they were entries of sums advanced by my husband, when he was a young man, to his mother, whom he had supported ever since he was twenty years of

age), when an exclamation from my companion caused me to look up. Lewis stood with some papers in his hand which he was regarding with a disturbed air. I requested to know what he was examining thus attentively. He made a hesitating, confused reply, and immediately tried to hide the papers from me. I insisted on knowing what it was he was concealing, and with considerable reluctance he handed me the papers he held. They were simply a collection of doctor's bills, receipted. I was at a loss to understand his excitement.

"What is there here to surprise you?" I asked.

'He made no reply. I looked at them more closely, and with a natural feeling of pain, remarked that they were receipts signed by the physician of the asylum at Halsmere, where Mr. Rutter's first wife had, I knew, been confined. But this did not account for the agitation of my companion. "You knew the history of my husband's first wife, Lewis, did you not?" I inquired. "Why are you thus amazed?"

"The—the date," he stammered.

'I cast my eye again on the paper before me, and beheld that it was dated only some four years back.

"Oh, this must be some mistake," I cried; "there is evidently an error here." I looked at my companion, whose face had the same uneasy look. "Have you ever seen other receipts, other papers?" I asked. "Let us search, we can soon put this right."

"Lewis looked at me with a sort of sorrowful compassion, and said, "We had better not investigate further, perhaps. It may be as you say, only a mistake. But for my stupid exclamation, you——" he stopped.

"What do you mean, Lewis?" I asked, suddenly alarmed by his manner. "Have you reason to suspect anything? Tell me what all this means. I insist and *will* know. You have no right to conceal anything from me."

'He seemed much distressed, and had difficulty in speaking as he proceeded to tell me that he had a



few days before discovered in this same *escritoire* various letters and receipts from the physician of the Halsmere asylum, all bearing comparatively recent dates, and referring to the actual existence of Mrs. Rutter at the time they were written. But it was some minutes before the terrible suspicion his words pointed to fully dawned upon me. I was slow to grasp the horrible idea—that—that——"Mrs. Rutter stopped for a moment, and then added, in a suppressed voice, "that my husband's first wife was living at the time when he married me!"

She paused. The words she had just uttered seemed to completely crush her. She shrank back in her chair, with pallid lips and exhausted looks, shutting out the light of day with her hands. I thought she was fainting, and rose to hand her water. She motioned me away, raised her head, and went on quickly,

'Let me continue. I demanded to see the papers referred to. Lewis opened a secret drawer he had discovered in the *escritoire*, and produced them. It was as he had said. There were letters and receipted bills in regular succession up to within the last three years. But I refused to believe the very documents before my eyes—declared there was some mistake—pronounced my firm conviction that these facts were capable of some explanation. How could I renounce in a moment my faith in the husband I had so lately lost? How, indeed, to this day can I reconcile the existence of fraud and perfect integrity, of base duplicity and child-like candour in the same man? There is only one, and that an imperfect palliation of his conduct to be found, the condition of the wife who was alive, and yet dead to him all those years.'

Mrs. Rutter's tears were flowing as she spoke. To see her sorrowing over the darkened memory of the husband she had so well loved, was inexpressibly affecting. I did not bid her cease to weep, but, with a sense of profound misery, waited till she resumed.

'If these same papers had been the only evidence I was to have of the existence of Mr. Rutter's first wife at the time of my marriage with him, I might have rejected it as insufficient, and probably by this time should have outlived the suspicions they excited. But other disclosures were to follow. The documents I had seen naturally rendered me very uneasy. The more I thought of them, the more inexplicable they appeared. At last, after a week of great mental anxiety, I resolved to visit the parish where the asylum was situated, and ascertain from the register the actual date of the first Mrs. Rutter's death. I believe Lewis Hague suggested this course as the best means of putting our doubts at rest. He also proposed that I should have a private interview with the physician of the asylum (this very Dr. Vanhilston of whom your father speaks), for the purpose of making further inquiries. It was arranged that I was to travel down to Halsmere as quietly and privately as possible, and assume another name, to avert all suspicion from my errand. To arrange the interview with the doctor, and also to spare me any trouble, Lewis Hague offered to go down to Halsmere a day or two before me, and I thankfully availed myself of his offer. I still feel grateful to him for his kindness to me throughout all that trying time. He seemed as anxious to preserve my secret as I was myself. It was a black winter's day when I at length arrived at Halsmere, after a long and tedious journey. Lewis met me at the little village inn, where we had arranged to meet. Although it was late in the afternoon, we started off immediately for the church, for I wished no time to be lost. I was in a state of wretched anxiety. Arrived there, I went into the clerk's cottage close by, whilst Lewis adjourned to the vestry with the clerk himself, in search of the parish books. A few minutes elapsed, and then the clerk came out and asked me to step into the church, where "the gentleman" was waiting for me.

My agitation was so great that I was glad, when I entered the vestry, that I and Lewis were alone. There he stood, in the dusk of the gloomy chamber, with the open register before him. He pointed to an entry on the leaf he was gazing at as I approached. I read it, and felt my heart stand still as I did so. There before my eyes was the actual confirmation of all I dreaded. Mr. Rutter's first wife had *not* died until three years after my marriage. I should have fallen to the floor had not my companion supported me. I implored him to take me from the place. The air of the chamber was suffocating me. I reached the clerk's cottage and then fainted away. When we returned to the inn, Dr. Vanhilston was awaiting us. I had regained my composure, and was ready to carry out with stoicism the part I had to play. I knew it must be done. I was introduced to the doctor under my assumed name. I professed to have come down to Halsmere to make inquiries respecting his establishment for a probable patient. In the course of the conversation that ensued, I asked, in a casual way, whether a lady of the name of Rutter was once a patient of his, and then inquired how long she had been dead. The doctor's reply, of course, corroborated the testimony of the register. Mrs. Rutter had only died about three years ago. Yes, there was no longer any doubt, any hope left. My marriage was invalid, and my poor children were——'

Mrs. Rutter stopped, and looked at me with an expression of woe upon her face that I still see.

'How I made the journey back to London I no longer recollect. I was very ill for some weeks following. During that time I saw no one but Lewis Hague, who seemed to feel great sympathy for me, and constantly assured me my secret was safe in his hands. I had no one to turn to for advice but him. I dare not open my lips to any human being. He counselled silence; and I was only too glad to persuade myself that I was not bound, as a matter of duty, to dis-

close what I had discovered. But day and night I was tortured with doubts and scruples on this point. I dare not consult a lawyer to ascertain whether, in the event of a disclosure, I and my children would still retain our right to our property. I knew nothing of my legal position. I only knew that my husband never intended that any one else should inherit his wealth, and that it would be doing violence to his wishes to permit it to pass away to those distant relatives (he had no others living) who had turned their back upon him when he was in adverse circumstances. After many a struggle, I resigned myself to the course of events, feeling every day I delayed the disclosure, that it became more difficult, indeed, impossible. Some months elapsed, when I discovered that the man who shared my secret was inclined, in spite of all his protestations, to take advantage of my position. I was already allowing Lewis Hague three hundred a year, knowing that my husband, had he lived to alter his will, would have done as much. But this was not enough. Lewis was an inveterate gambler, I found, and his demands upon me soon became more than I could satisfy. I reasoned and remonstrated with him repeatedly: it was useless. He either could not or would not break from the toils in which he had involved himself. At last he did not scruple to tell me that I *must* find him money, or my secret would not be safe. I consented to his demands, and then went abroad for four or five years to educate my children. From that time, Lewis Hague's downward career was a rapid one. Whatever good had hitherto existed in him, it soon disappeared under the abandoned life he led. Occasionally I heard nothing of him for many months together; then he would suddenly reappear before me, without a penny in his pocket, and with a face on which his disgraceful life was plainly written, to make new and more exorbitant demands. At last he grew utterly reckless, and took to violent measures to

procure money. He forged my name to cheques of large amount (you remember the circumstance), and I left England in consequence. What I have endured all these years, with this secret weighing on me, God only knows. The dread of exposure has been terrible enough, but, oh, Mr. Hamilton, it has been worse—worse to have this black shadow cast over the memory of the husband I loved.'

Again she hid her face between her hands, and paused a few moments ere she resumed—

'If it had been only a question of fortune, I would not have allowed this man his power over me a single day, as soon as I had discovered how he was likely to use it. I would have made this dreaded disclosure, and accepted the consequences, whatever they might be. But there was my own good name to consider—and—and *my children*. They know not to this hour what reasons I have had for fearing and conciliating Lewis Hagne. I have never dared to tell them. Long ago, when he was but a schoolboy, my son once saw this man under my roof. I then told him that he was an old acquaintance of Mr. Rutter's, who had claims upon our family. Later on I disclosed to him that Mr. Hagne had it in his power to do me serious injury if he willed, and that I did not wish to offend him. More than that I never told him. Sometimes I resolved that when my son grew old enough I would reveal all to him; but as I watched the growth of his character, I did not dare to do it. The effects of such a disclosure on a nature like his a mother might well fear. You, who know him well, can understand this. Alas! poor fellow, it has been his pride always that his father was a good and honourable man; and I have often heard him boast that he cared for no other or higher descent. How could I, his mother, undeceive him? How can I ever do it? No; I must still bear, as I have hitherto borne, this burden alone.'

The unhappy woman clasped her hands together, and the tears

rolled down her cheeks as she spoke.

I was silent. What answer could I make? All ordinary forms of consolation failed here. I sat overwhelmed and staggered by the disclosure I had just listened to.

'Tell me, Mr. Hamilton, how ought I to have acted?' said Mrs. Rutter, suddenly, after a few minutes of silence. 'Many an hour have I passed in trying to reconcile this concealment with my conscience. Sometimes I bitterly reproach myself; at others, I feel I have acted as any mother would and ought to have done. Tell me, have I done right or wrong?'

I hesitated a moment. I felt that a difficult and perplexing question of morality was involved in the inquiry. After a short consideration, I replied—

'I can hardly think that you were bound to make known to the world a discovery, thus accidentally made, that would have stamped your own, your children's, and your dead husband's name with dishonour. Although, in a question of right or wrong, we ought not, perhaps, to concern ourselves with the consequences of our actions, but should leave that to a higher Power; still, in this case the good that might arise from the disclosure was so doubtful, and the evil so imminent, that I cannot but think you were justified in keeping the matter secret. As regards your husband's property, you well know that you were morally, if not legally, entitled to it; and that Mr. Rutter's natural and just intentions would have been frustrated had his fortune gone into any other quarter. To have voluntarily proclaimed your position, would have been great heroism; but I am not sure that you were under a positive moral obligation to make it known. It is one of those questions which perplex the casuist, and—oh, Mrs. Rutter, it is of no use my attempting to reason calmly and dispassionately in a matter where my feelings are so deeply concerned. You have acted, I believe, as I myself and the majority of men and women would have done under



like circumstances. *He* who permits his erring children to be thus tried, can alone estimate the difficulties and temptations of such a position, and *He* only has the right to judge them.'

'At least,' said Mrs. Rutter, looking at me gratefully, 'I have lightened my burden by confiding in you. It is a great relief to me to have disclosed this miserable secret to any one, especially to you, Mr. Hamilton, whose friendship for my son constitutes a strong claim on my confidence. There is no one to whom I would more readily have disclosed this sad story, even had not the news of your father's removal to Halsmere rendered it mere prudence on my part to confide in you.'

At the mention of my father's name I was about to utter aloud a thought then passing through my mind, when Mrs. Rutter rose, and said—

'I can say no more now. I

know that my secret rests in safe keeping, and that the knowledge of it will in no way lessen your regard for me and mine;' and as she spoke, she grasped my hand, and with a white sorrowful face passed from the room.

I sat thinking over what I had just heard until a sound of voices from the garden roused me from the reverie I had fallen into. They were home again from the woods. Rutter's gay laugh, as they drew near, turned me cold as I listened to it. It assorted ill with the thoughts I was pondering.

'What, not begun your letter yet!' he cried, looking in at the window. 'You idle dreamer; if I had known you were going to waste the afternoon in cloudland, I would have made you go with us yonder. What have you been about?'

I looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. Three hours indeed had passed away.

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## AN AUTUMNAL THOUGHT.

IN the bright morning sun,  
In the warm crystal air,  
When merry squirrels run,  
And frisks the woodland hare,  
And basks the glossy pheasant,—  
Is it indeed so pleasant,  
So easy a thing to die?  
That thus, dear leaves, ye fly,  
So airily light and gay—  
As if it were death in play—  
A twinkling, golden rain,  
From the boughs where never again  
Ye shall rustle in April showers,  
Or dream through summer hours.

Ah me!—Ah would that thus  
Our Autumn came to us!  
That souls might take a flight  
As easy and swift and light,  
Without the sorrow and sighing,  
Without the wrestling and pain,  
The travail to those who are dying,  
The wailing to those who remain!

E. HINXMAN.

## PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF A BYGONE GENERATION.

BY A MAN ON THE SHADY SIDE OF FIFTY.

CABANIS—who was much more than a physician—who was a scholar, a travelled man, a man of the world, and a philosopher—who was the friend and physician of Condorcet, and the friend and physician of a much greater man, Mirabeau,—tells us that medicine is the first of all arts, the profession of physic one of the first of professions; and we are not at all disposed to disagree with him. Physicians, I take shame to myself in declaring, are a far more learned and liberal body in general than lawyers, to whom I have the honour of belonging. They are better and more fully read than men of law, though not so agile minded, so fluent and forcible in conversation, or so thoroughly ready of fence in general society. But taken as a profession, they write better than lawyers, and have generally broader views and larger and more solid attainments than the men of the wig and gown. The disputants of the forum wrangle, not for truth, but for victory and a verdict; whereas physicians and first-rate surgeons, who ordinarily also study medicine, in the universities or otherwise, have generally higher aims. Their special studies do not give them greater intelligence, certainly, but more elevate their mind, developing nobler, more generous, and more philanthropic feelings. Among all the learned and intellectual callings, there is not, excepting the profession of a clergyman or a priest, one which exercises so great an amount of influence for universal good as the physician or surgeon. How much pain does he alleviate! How many sorrows does he soothe! In the houses of the wealthy and high-born both can do much good by earnest counsel and advice, as well as by assiduous professional attention, but it is in the houses of the poor and lowly, or in ministering to their sufferings at their own mansions, that physician or surgeon

can do a world of unseen and kindly service. I have now, man and boy, been acquainted with London for a period of nearly forty years, having first made my *début* in this metropolis when I had scarcely attained my eighteenth year; and I can safely say, from that period to the present time there has not been an eminent surgeon or physician of my acquaintance who was not always ready to give gratuitously his best advice to the poor and needy, or to those who, not absolutely paupers, were in straitened or embarrassed circumstances. In my youthful days it was a notorious thing that Abernethy and Astley Cooper used to do the most kind and generous things to poor sufferers who were not able to fee them, sufferers who could not bring themselves to go into a hospital; and there always have been, to the credit of human nature, physicians as benevolent and liberal minded as these eminent surgeons. Jean Jacques Rousseau, who needed as often the assistance of the surgeon and physician as other improvident men of genius, declared that ‘*par tous les pays, ce sont les hommes, les plus véritablement utiles et savants*’; and De Balzac, probably the best painter of manners of our day, has given us, in his *Médecin de Campagne*, an admirable description of the real benevolence and kindness of the country physician, who is surgeon, counsellor, friend, and family adviser at one and the same time. The surgeon and the physician, in truth, whether in town or country, whether in England or France, whether in America or the East Indies, is obliged not only to possess prudence, vigilance, patience, and discretion in his art, but he feels himself obliged, and in duty bound, to render all his professional attainments, all his strength as a man, and all his skill as a physician, subsidiary to the cure of his suffer-

ing patients. Men trained from early life to act in this manner, feel that high human duties are incident to their position and profession, and they generally fulfil what Dr. Whewell calls the obligations of their station. Physicians and surgeons of the highest character, so far as my experience extends, have for their patients a kind of paternal affection and interest. They feel for them when brought before their thoughts as men and women under the infliction of pain or suffering, of organic disease, or of slow and lingering illness. There is, to my belief, prevailing in the higher walks of the medical and surgical professions an impulse of compassion, which mellows by time into benevolent regard, for suffering humanity, and which prompts the accomplished physician to render his good offices to rich or poor with equal zeal and alacrity. This, as far as I have noted, is one of the operative moral principles of the profession, and it is one which is commended, loved, and sympathized with by the public at large. We all admire and relish the cleverness, the address, and the eloquence of British lawyers; but we more than admire, we venerate, we revere and hallow the humanity, benevolence, and kindly feeling of our physicians and surgeons. It has been my fate during a pretty active life to have been mixed up a good deal with medical and surgical practitioners; and I will now shortly proceed to give my impressions of the most eminent among those whom I knew in bygone times in London.

The first surgeon I ever consulted in this great capital was a man then world-renowned, and not yet forgotten, though he has been more than thirty years numbered with the dead. This was the celebrated John Abernethy, who was then in the zenith of his fame. I lived, at the period I speak of, in Queen-square, Westminster, and there were residing near to me two very eminent surgeons—one, the late Anthony White, who lived in Parliament-street; and the other,

Astley Cooper, who dwelt almost within a stone's throw of me in New-street, Spring-gardens. But I had heard so much in my childhood of the shrewdness and sagacity of Abernethy, and of his genius and originality in his profession, that I resolved to consult him in preference to all others.

In those early days of youth I did not rise so early as I do now, and then also devoted considerably more time to the toilet; so that when I was fairly out of my lodgings in quest of Abernethy it was a quarter-past eleven o'clock of a dark and damp November morning. Winding my way across the park, through the Horse-Guards, and over Scotland-yard, I debouched into Craven-street, turned into the Strand, and crossing Southampton-street and Covent-garden Market, found myself in Holborn. Traversing Hand-court to the left, a locality in which two excellent taverns then existed, much frequented by barristers and students of the Inns of Court, I ultimately found myself in Bedford-row, a spacious street, in which, at the time I am speaking of, one judge, two queen's counsel, one sergeant-at-law, three barristers, and three medical men of eminence, resided. It was not without a kind of nervous tremor I approached No. 14, the house in which the Professor of Anatomy to the Corporation of Surgeons, and the Surgeon of Bartholomew's Hospital, then lived. The hall-door, if I remember rightly, was a remarkable one, made of bright mahogany, and it was rendered more conspicuous by a peculiar flat porch or portico which surmounted it. As I knocked and rang there was a carriage at the door, which, from the appearance of the horses and coachman, I rightly judged to be the eminent surgeon's.

To my inquiry whether Mr. Abernethy was at home, the servant replied in the affirmative, adding that he was soon going out. 'I will not detain him many minutes,' was my rejoinder; and tipping the footman a shilling, he showed me at once into the front parlour.



There stood, with his back to a blazing fire, a bluff, burly, fresh-looking man, of about fifty-eight or sixty, wearing a blue coat with gilt buttons, a buff vest, loose Oxford grey trousers, in the breeches pockets of which both his hands for the moment reposed. He looked hale and healthy, had a clear grey eye, and a ruddy complexion. 'Well, sir,' said the surgeon, with a slight inclination of the head, pointing simultaneously to the clock over his head, which marked twenty minutes to one, 'you come very late indeed; for at one o'clock I must be—at least, I ought to be—at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. But never mind; take a chair, and tell me as shortly as you can what is the matter with you.' 'Sir,' I replied, 'as you are standing, I prefer to stand also, and will thus tell you my symptoms.' 'Ah!' said the surgeon, opening his waistcoat rather roughly, and disclosing an inner flannel one, into which he thrust his three fingers, 'it is a relief to me to stand; but sit or stand, as you please, only be short—do be short, like a good fellow.' 'Sir,' I replied, 'if you have not time to hear my symptoms, I will come another day—to-morrow, or the day after.' 'No, no; go on now, at once.'

I had not spoken for more than a minute and a half when Abernethy brusquely interrupted me, saying, 'You are exceedingly fluent, have words at will; but come—do come, there's a good fellow!—to the point.' 'Mr. Abernethy,' said I, quietly but firmly, 'you are a physician, not a prophet; and I am willing to persuade myself to believe, notwithstanding all I have heard and read of you, a reasonable being and a sagacious surgeon. If you can by intuition, by conjecture, by divination, by some species of medical magic, and without deduction of reason, know what is the matter with me without hearing my symptoms and sensations from my own lips, I will hold my peace; but if you have not these preternatural gifts, it would be but reasonable, proper, and commonly polite to hear me; and hear me

you must, or I will bid you good morning.' Suiting the action to the word I took up my hat, intending, if he were obstinate, to retreat at once. 'No, dash it! no, my young friend (my learned friend I dare say I ought to have called you, for you are a student for the bar, or ought to be);—go on, tell me all you wish, and I promise not to interrupt you again.' It was now ten minutes to one o'clock, so that full ten minutes had been lost in this preliminary wrangle. But plunging at once *in medias res*, I unfolded all my symptoms, and had concluded all I had to say just as the clock struck one.

'Clearly and cleverly too,' said Abernethy, 'you have stated your case, and there has only been one word too much in all you have said. I ought, however, not to be now here, but at Bartholomew's. But never mind. Let me feel your pulse' (he felt it), 'and now let me see your tongue. The pulse,' he said, 'is slow, but strong, but the tongue shows nervous and stomachic derangement. And now, as I have listened to you patiently and without interruption, do you in turn listen to me.' Placing himself with his back to the fire, he addressed himself to all I had stated, going with great clearness through my symptoms, and expressing his conviction that I did not labour under the complaint I had supposed, and should be thoroughly well, with ordinary care, in ten days or a fortnight. 'You will take every night,' he said, 'a spoonful of the electuary I order; drink as little as possible till you have finished your breakfast or dinner, which means drink not but after your meals, and let me see you again in about a week.' The honorarium was between my fingers, wrapped up in white paper, and I handed it towards him. 'Well,' he said, 'that is neither here nor there, for I have seen you at hospital time, and you can give me the fee this day week.' 'No,' said I, 'Mr. Abernethy; if you don't take it now you will not see me this day week.' 'Well,' he said, 'be it so; but come this day week an hour

or two earlier than you did to-day. You youngsters,' he proceeded, 'spoil your health, and make yourselves doughy and delicate, by remaining too long of mornings under the blankets. You ought to be up at six or seven, though I dare say you lie soaking in bed till ten or eleven, or mayhap breakfast between the sheets.' Again tendering the fee, Abernethy thrust it into his pocket, and I took my leave. Within a week I again made my appearance at Bedford-row, fully ten minutes before ten A.M. Of this I had full assurance from two circumstances,—the first was, that the well known face of old Justice Burrough, then one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, who lived next door to Abernethy, and commonly called 'Jackey Burrough,' appeared over the window-blind of his domicile, and he had not yet departed from home for court; and the second was, that I took out my watch to assure myself how wonderfully matutinal I had become. A public clock chimed ten. 'Ah!' said Abernethy, as I was ushered into the room, 'I see you are better already. Your eye is clearer and brighter; you have not that anxious and excitable look you had a week ago. You are calmer and better in every respect, and less excited and anxious. Go on with the medicine, and you will find that you fatten upon it; walk or ride daily a couple of hours; and generally I cannot give you better counsel than the "gude Scotch wife" gave her son when coming to Lunnun' (thus he pronounced the word)—"Above all things, my son," said she, "have the fear of God before your eyes, and in the second place, mind you keep your bowels open."'" Saying these words, he chuckled slightly, and his keen grey eye twinkled with pleasure, as though he had said a right good thing. After a little general conversation, in which he praised Bacon and exalted the Baconian philosophy, I prepared to take my leave, and was proceeding to hand the surgeon his proper honorarium, when, thrusting his hands behind his coat-skirts, he said—

'You had *your* way this day week, my youngling, but I'll have mine to-day. Rest assured you'll find plenty of use for the guinea you offer me before you are many hours older. I remember the time I was a student myself, and know how the coin went. Though older and wiser now, I, however, repudiate the maxim,

*Querenda pecunia primum.*

Really, however, you have no need to fee me to-day. You fee-ed me this day week, and on both occasions you came to my house, and I have not come to yours, which makes, or ought to make, a difference.' Contesting the point no longer, I was proceeding to take my leave, when Abernethy asked me whether I was not a bit of a bookworm. I replied that I read a good deal during the morning and day, but gave my evenings chiefly to society. 'I opine,' said he, 'that more than half your illness arises from too much reading.' On my answering that my reading was chiefly history, which amused while it instructed, he replied, 'That is no answer to my objection. At your time of life a young fellow should endeavour to strengthen his constitution, and lay in a stock of health. Besides, too much reading never yet made an able man. It is not so much the extent and amount of what we read that serves us, as what we assimilate and make our own. It is that, to use an illustration borrowed from my profession, that constitutes the chyle of the mind. I have always found that really indolent men, men of what I would call *flabby* intellects, are great readers. It is far easier to read than to think, to reflect, or to observe; and these fellows not having learned to think, cram themselves with the ideas or the words of others. This they call study, but it is not so. In my own profession I have observed that the greatest men were not the mere readers, but the men who observed, who reflected, who fairly thought out an idea. To learn to reflect and observe is a grand desideratum for a young



man. John Hunter owed to his power of observation that fine discrimination, that keen judgment, that intuitiveness which he possessed in a greater degree than any of the surgeons of his time.'

While Abernethy was dissertating in this fashion, knock after knock at the door announced the arrival of fresh patients, so I hastily withdrew. 'Let me see you again in a week; and as you are so much of a reader, you would do well to read from pp. 28 to 42 in the last edition of my book' (these are the pages, as well as I remember, though my recollection is not distinct on the point)—'which you can borrow at the medical libraries in Wardour or Windmill-street, or at Underwood's, in Fleet-street.' A couple of days after this interview, I met at dinner a celebrated Irish barrister, who had been a great friend of the celebrated John Philpot Curran, the eminent Irish orator. Mentioning my first interview with Abernethy, he said, 'I can well believe all you state, for Curran told me a story of an interview with the surgeon, in which he displayed still more eccentricity. When Curran had given up the Irish Rolls from ill health, he came over to this country, and took, in 1817, a house at Michael's-place, Old Brompton. He suffered much from indigestion and low spirits, and called on Abernethy in the hope of relief. Of a mean appearance, insignificant in person, and slovenly in dress, Curran, who was an early riser, arrived before any other patient, and was at once shown into Abernethy's room, where he found the Professor of St. Bartholomew's standing with his back to the fire, as was his wont. After a formal bow on both sides, Abernethy said, 'Well, sir, tell me shortly what's the matter with you—let me hear succinctly the symptoms.' Curran, suffering from hypochondriasis, and who was under the combined influence of melancholy and dyspepsia, began, in a plaintive tone, describing graphically, and possibly with poetic exaggeration, all his mental and bodily sufferings, his dejection, his

listlessness, his frightful dreams, &c. &c. Abernethy, struck by the voluble and unearthly tones, impassioned manner, and strange gestures of his patient, forcibly restrained his rising gorge for a couple of minutes, but at length broke out—'Why, zounds! sir, you had better begin from the beginning, and tell me your name, birth, parentage, and education.'

Curran, lowering his voice to a whisper, began thus: 'My name is John Philpot Curran. I was born on the 24th August, 1759, at the small village of Newmarket, in the county of Cork. My father, a man of sense and education far beyond his fortunes, was seneschal of his native village, and my mother, a woman of as much gentleness as sagacity, was of an honourable though decayed family of the name of Philpot.' For a moment Abernethy was dumbfounded, and appeared excited and moved. But soon overcoming his emotion, he held out both hands to his gifted patient, exclaiming, 'Forgive, my dear sir, my impatience, and believe me when I say there is not a man in the empire I was more desirous of seeing than the eminent and gifted Mr. Curran. Long familiar with his name, I read, when a pupil of Sir Charles Blicke, some of his most brilliant speeches in Parliament and at the bar, and now, under my own roof, I shall be happy and proud to render him any professional services in my poor power. Pray go on, sir, in a detail of your symptoms; resume, if you please, at the point where I interrupted you.' Curran accordingly gathered up the threads of his broken story and completed the history of his case. Abernethy, after seeing him a couple of times afterwards, advised change of air and scene; and it was in consequence of this recommendation Curran proceeded to Paris, where he soon recovered his health and elasticity of spirits. On his return to London he renewed his acquaintance with Abernethy, and I learned from Curran's friend, to whom I have before alluded, that the lawyer and the surgeon enter-



tained for each other a sincere regard. I had several opportunities of seeing Abernethy afterwards, and always found him kindly and cordial, though somewhat eccentric in manner. He was a man of an original mind and views, but at the same time solid-headed and sagacious. He was, I believe, the first who discovered—or at least who publicly announced—that local diseases may have a constitutional origin. In his work on the *Constitutional Origin and Treatment of Local Diseases*, he, as forcibly as felicitously, argues that local diseases are symptoms of a disordered constitution, and not primary maladies; that they are to be cured by remedies calculated to work on the constitution, and not by topical treatment or local remedies, still less by surgical operations. Indeed, though an expert operator, he had generally an aversion to operations, maintaining that they were the reproach of medicine—a theory which he frequently enunciated to patients who desired the employment of the knife, the sound, or the bistoury. His views in this respect had a great influence on the profession, and gave an impulse to an improved and philosophical system. Abernethy also contended, and indeed proved, in his medical and surgical works, that the disordered state of the general or constitutional system originates from, or is incident to, derangements of the stomach and bowels, and he deduced that the constitutional disease can only be reached by remedies which exercise a corrective and curative influence on the stomach and bowels. The layman who remarked his disrelish to operations sometimes concluded that he was not expert as an operator. This was a great mistake. He performed early in life two bolder operations in surgery than any which had been antecedently attempted, operations which have been since often successfully repeated—the tying the carotid and the external iliac arteries. The successful performance of these operations not merely established

the reputation of Abernethy on the Continent, but raised the credit and the character of English surgery throughout Europe. Great as Abernethy was as an anatomist, physiologist, and surgeon, his success as a teacher and expounder of his art was probably still more renowned. I attended several of his lectures after I had had an opportunity of hearing the lectures of a very able and gifted Professor of Surgery—Dr. Macartney, in the University of Dublin, and I must say that he was endowed with the rarest power of communicating with clearness and concinnity the large results of his knowledge and varied experience. His language was fluent, marked by fire, vigour, and a limpid clearness the result of completely thinking out and elaborating his principles. His lectures, moreover, abounded with anecdotes and illustrations, and were marked by a quaintness, humour, and raciness distinctive of the man. Though Abernethy sometimes appeared to wander from the immediate subject before him, yet there was a method in his divagations. If he stepped out of the natural or regular disposition of the subject, it was only the better to illustrate it and to facilitate practical operations. His general style was the conversational, sharply pointed. Often his manner was playful and dramatic, occasionally savouring somewhat of drollery and coarseness. But he soon relapsed into the serious and impressive style suited to a sensible and sagacious teacher, and he always left the impression on his audience that he clearly comprehended and thoroughly understood his subject. I never myself experienced any churlishness or incivility at his hands, though he had the repute of being capricious and overbearing to his patients. On the contrary, he appeared to me a kind and well-meaning man, somewhat eccentric, and very impetuous and impulsive. The late George Vance, himself an Irishman and a native of Antrim, told me that Abernethy was a countryman and a fellow-townsmen of his,

and that early in life he had been engaged in commercial affairs. I have reason to believe this was a mistake. Abernethy was a regular Cockney, born in London in 1765. His father and family may have been Irish, but he was himself articled to Sir Charles Blicke as a pupil in his sixteenth year, and when only twenty-two was appointed assistant-surgeon to St. Bartholomew's. The house which Abernethy inhabited in town was 14, Bedford-row, exactly opposite to Princes-street, Red-Lion-square. It was subsequently in the possession of Mr. Lloyd, the surgeon, and is now occupied by Messrs. Atcheson and Hathaway, solicitors. Abernethy was no advocate for drenching a patient with drugs any more than for unnecessarily operating. He always said to me, 'Take as little medicine as possible; and if you have recourse to any, let it be the simplest. The more medicine you take, the more you will require; trust, if you have no organic disease, to the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.' My departed friend was also wont to enjoin on his patients the practice of not drinking till they had finished their meals. 'Don't swallow your tea,' he was wont to say, 'till you have eaten your bread-and-butter, your egg, or your toasted bread.'

In the year 1824 I was living in Regent-street, on my return from a long journey on the Continent, and suffering severely from acute rheumatism caught in a journey over the Alps. It was painful to me to move any distance, and instead of journeying down to Bedford-row to consult Abernethy, a friend who was much my senior in age, and who had great knowledge of the world, induced me to consult John Pearson, who resided within a stone's throw of my lodging, at 26, Golden-square, western side. Though not bred to the medical profession, I had occasionally attended medical, surgical, and chemical lectures, and had read a good deal on the theory of medicine. The name of John Pearson was therefore familiar to me. I had seen some papers of his in the *Philosophical Transactions*, with

which I was much struck, and I had also looked at his *Principles of Surgery*, which seemed to me perspicuous and well adapted to students, for which it was intended. I therefore fell at once into my friend's views, and rushed before breakfast on a fine summer's morning in the month of June, to the house of John Pearson. He was already at work, seated at his desk writing. He appeared to me at first view about sixty-five years of age, with a somewhat sour and sickly cast of countenance. He scrutinized me with a very keen and searching glance, and saw I was suffering from acute pain and want of sleep. Without giving me any hope of instantaneous relief, he intimated that I must undergo the process of what was then called the diet drink, and that in a month or five weeks I should be considerably better. 'But,' he added, 'all depends on your steadily and regularly taking the medicine I shall order you, and which you will obtain at Hudson's, in the Haymarket.' This was the compound essence or extract of sarsaparilla, and which then sold at a guinea a pint. After taking the dose for about three weeks my symptoms were much relieved. At this period I had paid seven visits to Pearson, laying down the honorarium on leaving his study. It being now the middle of July, I made preparations for leaving London, and before starting for Cheltenham, where I had promised to spend a fortnight with a friend, I called early to pay a farewell visit to my Esculapius, principally to tell him that I was on the point of departure for a watering-place, and also to inquire whether I was to continue the diet drink. 'I had rather,' said he, 'you were going to Bath or to Buxton than to Cheltenham, for at either of those places you might take the waters with advantage; but this cannot be helped. During your absence,' said he, 'you may take the prescription I have written.' Thinking only of my speedy departure, I put the prescription in my pocket and was walking thoughtlessly out of the room. I had just reached the door,



and was about to open it, when Mr. Pearson, gruffly, and in harsh tones, ejaculated, 'Hallo, sir! I wish you to understand I don't write a prescription without a fee.' The thought then flashed across my mind that I had not paid the man his fee, though I had carefully done up the sovereign and shilling enveloped in a bit of note paper before I left my lodgings. My first impulse was to thrust my hands into my pocket, and there lay the fee ready prepared for instant delivery. 'Pardon my absence of mind, sir,' I said. 'Rest assured, however, that had you not recalled me, I should, on discovering my involuntary mistake, have forwarded your honorarium in a complimentary note.' Bowing to my rather morose host, I withdrew from his presence and never saw him afterwards. To say the truth, the keen and covetous way in which he looked for his guinea, and the undignified manner in which he reminded me of an oversight, quite disgusted me. I mentioned the circumstance afterwards to an eminent surgeon, who said, 'Pearson always looked rather too sharply after his fees. In early life,' said he, 'he was hard put to it for money, and was obliged to write for his bread. To his latest day he was over-careful to hold and over-anxious to get money, and looked somewhat too sordidly after it.' 'I do not blame him,' I said, 'for calling my attention to the fact that I had not fee-ed him; what I blame is the coarse manner in which he made the fact known to me.' Pearson was some years the senior of Abernethy. He was senior surgeon to the Lock Hospital, and to the public dispensary. He was a good writer and an accomplished chemist. His work on Anthrax and Erysipelas, is still an authority, I believe, in the profession.

In the following year I became acquainted with Astley Cooper, meeting him rather frequently at dinner. He was a person of an eminently jovial and social turn, enjoying life and its good things with a delicious zest. No man relished more a good dinner or a

choice dessert, or drank a glass of champagne with greater gusto. He had at the period of which I speak a portly presence, and being fifty-eight years of age, had somewhat fallen into fat. But in his early prime he must have been eminently handsome, for he was still good-looking at seventy. Cooper had a great deal of personal anecdote, and was a good-humoured and good-tempered man, with excellent common sense, and great knowledge of the world of London. But he was not eminently intellectual or at all original in his views or opinions. He had a thorough knowledge of surgery, and was considered, I believe, the best operator of his day. With the knife in his hand, and an ordinary patient awaiting him, he did his work unostentatiously and confidently, but if a king was the subject of his manipulations, such was his Tory reverence for kingliness that he lacked nerve. George IV. sent for him to remove a small tumour from his royal head. Had it been John a Nokes or Peter Styles, the thing would have been done in a few minutes, effectively and without a tremor. But after making the first incision, Cooper's old master, Cline, who was present as serjeant surgeon, saw that his pupil faltered and became nervous from the responsibility, and the old man took the instrument out of his hand and finished the work as though he had been operating on the royal coachman, Mason. Had it been Mason, Astley Cooper would have performed the operation exquisitely and expeditiously, but he regarded a king with a reverence mixed with fear, and he was appalled at the responsibility. In 1824 and 1825, Sir Astley was in the receipt of the largest professional income in England, and therefore in the world, with the exception of one man, Sir James Scarlett, who lived next door but one to him, in New-street, Spring Gardens. I heard Sir James Scarlett say that one year his professional gains were 19,600 odd pounds, and for sundry years they had averaged £19,000. A couple of years later, the professional in-



come of Sir Edward Sugden must have been nearly equal to that of Scarlett. I had been two years acquainted with Cooper before I employed him professionally. No one could be more friendly and assiduous than he in his professional visits. But my case was a medical and not a surgical case. Sir Astley, though unequalled as an operating or consulting surgeon, was not profound in medicine. It would be an impertinence in me to utter this opinion as my own. It was the opinion of the medical profession, and they judge each other fairly. Shortly after the period of which I speak, a valued friend of mine was ill, and attended by a surgeon whom I had myself recommended some years previously. This gentleman had no hope of his patient, pronouncing that there was a fatal organic disease. At my request Cooper was called into consultation. From the first moment he maintained that there was no organic disease, but merely a local ailment, which could be removed in a short time. It was removed under Cooper's direction, and the patient is still alive. Several years afterwards, the mistaken surgeon being dead, I said to Cooper, 'How could our late friend have made so great a mistake?' 'We are all liable to mistakes, my dear fellow,' was his reply; 'I have made many mistakes myself. In learning the anatomy of the eye, I dare say I have spoiled a hatfull of eyes. The best surgeon, like the best general, is he who makes the fewest mistakes. If you were bred to surgery yourself, you would have made many mistakes.' Cooper, on the death of his first wife retired from practice, and went into the country to farm. He soon got tired of this life, and returned to London, resuming practice as a consulting surgeon, having taken a house at 39, Conduit-street, two doors removed from Dr. Elliotson's. Though he had been some time absent from the metropolis, yet so eminent was his repute that his old patients and friends returned to him. There is no other instance of a professional man's resuming his former position

after an absence, that I am aware of, excepting in the case of that great lawyer and advocate, the late Sir William Follett. Cooper was lecturer in surgery and anatomy at Guy's, and surgeon to that hospital so far back as 1810. Before coming westward, he lived in Broad-street, in the City. He was a pleasant and perspicuous lecturer, eminently practical in his views. He published two or three surgical treatises between 1804 and 1807, on the merits of which I am not qualified to pronounce an opinion. Sir Astley died on the 12th February, 1840, in his seventy-second year. I believe no surgeon since his day has ever earned so large an income as he enjoyed from 1821 to 1826.

It was at the close of 1827 I first became acquainted with a most valuable and able man, the late George Vance, of No. 27, Sackville-street. My introduction to him was through a patient of very high rank, whose health he had essentially benefited. Mr. Vance, an Irishman by birth, was then, I should say, about sixty years of age, probably a year the senior of Cooper, and a couple of years the junior of Abernethy. He had early in life entered as a surgeon in the Royal navy, was with Lord Hood at the taking of Toulon, and had seen much service in the Mediterranean. After the Peace of 1815, Mr. Vance was appointed surgeon to Haslar Hospital, and practised his profession in the counties of Hampshire and Devonshire, in both of which he was much esteemed as a kind and friendly man, and as an able practitioner, both in surgery and medicine. He had, as he deserved to have, a large practice among the general officers of the army and navy; and on the death of Sir Everard Home, the retirement of Cline, and the removal of Heavyside Charlton, and others who are now almost forgotten, Vance came up to London to try his fortune. He was at this period a married man, with a family, on the shady side of fifty; and so little sordid had been his practice, that he started from Haslar with only a few hundred pounds in his

pockets. All his old patients, however, most of them admirals and generals, officers in the army and navy, rallied round him, and he took a house in Sackville-street, within three doors of the old house of the Master of Brodie, Sir Everard Home. Here he almost immediately rose into first-rate practice; and his repute was greatly enhanced by some remarkable cures of people of rank which he effected. He was extremely successful in the cases of the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, of Lords Bridport and Nelson, the Duke of Buckingham, and others. He also acquired an immense repute in cases of gout and rheumatism, in which he exhibited his famous pill, which goes by his name to this day, and which is as well known to chemists as Plummer's pill or Dover's powder. When I first visited him I was so emaciated by illness that he requested me to get myself weighed in the Arcade, when the register showed nine stone one pound. When Vance called on me on the following day he said 'Do not be surprised at this. In the hospital at Haslar there are the records of cases where patients were still more reduced from their ordinary weight, and who recovered their plumpness in a time incredibly short. There is nothing in your case which leads me to anticipate a different result. At the end of six weeks it is likely you will be quite restored to health, and weigh fully ten stone, if not more.' The fact turned out as my excellent friend predicted. At the end of a month I was restored to health and to tranquil sleep, which I had not known for years; and at the end of six weeks I weighed very nearly ten stone. For nearly ten years of my life I profited by the medical care and counsels of Vance; and during that period he was successful in subduing illness in which I consulted him. He was a man of a very friendly and social disposition, who enjoyed a quiet dinner and a rubber of whist. Till the last year of his life he dressed like the physician of the old school, in black, with white cravat, tights and

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silk stockings, but he did not carry a gold-headed cane, like the physicians and surgeons of a previous generation. Though a large man, with coarse features, and somewhat bluff and lively in appearance, he was of gentle manners and suave address. His voice was low and well toned, his air and manner serious and dignified. His death occurred in a most melancholy manner. He was visiting a patient of the name of Broadly, a gentleman of property in Yorkshire, who was subject to fits of mental alienation. This madman had received Vance quietly in his lodgings, and answered his questions satisfactorily. The surgeon rose in the two-pair bed-room to take his leave, when Broadly politely offered to accompany his medical attendant downstairs. Seized with an access of fury on the first landing, he laid hands on his victim, and violently pitched him over the staircase into the hall, fracturing the skull of poor Vance. A very few months previously a daughter of Vance's had overbalanced herself in leaning over the nursery staircase at No. 27, Sackville-street, pitching into the hall on her head. Her father arrived from his daily round of visits a minute or two after the accident, and trepanned the child, but the case was nearly hopeless. The accident to the father happened in 1837 or 1838, when he must have been nearly, if not quite, seventy years of age. I remember dining in Manchester-square on the day it occurred, and being just informed of it by Mr. Earle, the surgeon of Hanover-square (nephew of Sir James Earle, Surgeon Extraordinary to George III.), who was one of the party, and who had been sent for, as the nearest at hand, to attend poor Vance. On my expressing the sadness and pain of mind which the loss of a valued friend and medical adviser caused me, Earle, who himself was carried off shortly afterward, said, 'Even though the accident had never happened, the poor fellow could not have survived three months. He had been a considerable time a sufferer from

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diabetes. You must have observed,' he went on to state, 'that of late Vance's limbs were falling away, and that he had left off shorts and taken to trousers.' Vance, as far as I could judge, had a better knowledge of medicine, chemistry, and pharmacy, than the generality of surgeons of his day. This he disclosed in all his prescriptions. His London practice had not, I think, extended beyond eleven or twelve years; and it is a great proof of his sound knowledge and attainments that he realized in these twelve years considerably above £100,000. This was an immense sum for a man to make in the great wilderness of London, who commenced his metropolitan career at an age beyond fifty.

While in my teens I made the acquaintance of the late Sir Philip Crampton, who probably enjoyed a larger, a more lucrative, and a more select practice as a surgeon, than any of his professional rivals in Ireland. Sir Philip was a man of handsome person, of excellent figure, gentle manners, good temper, and the finest spirits. In early life he had excelled in all athletic sports. In agility he was a second Dan Mackinnon; and as a dancer, if he did not equal Lord Aboyne in grace and elegance, he surpassed him in the spirit and persistency with which he could foot it from eleven P.M. to five and six A.M. Mr. Crampton, when a young man, shot well; and to the last he rode well, and enjoyed a day's sport with as much zest as the late Assheton Smith. He was always well mounted, and even in the busiest part of his professional life followed the hounds at least once, and not seldom twice a week. He possessed a competent knowledge of music, played well on the flute; and though not so first-rate an artist as his son, the British Minister at Madrid, yet was a good draughtsman, and had considerable knowledge of pictures. With all these varied accomplishments he possessed a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and was a first-rate operator—neat, dexterous, prompt in contrivance, and quick at invent-

ing expedients. He was at once light and firm of hand, and there was a cheerfulness, a gaiety, and a genial kindness in his manner, which gave comfort and satisfaction to his patients. The proof of this will appear by the following anecdote. In his earlier career, before he occupied a house in Merrion-square, Crampton lived in Dawson-street, Dublin, in which there was a famous tavern, where the first people dined. One evening, while at dinner in his own house, a breathless messenger knocked at Crampton's door, saying there was a person in the tavern who was choking, the passage of the breath being stopped by a bone filling the windpipe. The surgeon in hurrying to the scene forgot his instruments, but was not taken aback. Quick as lightning he took a small penknife from his waistcoat pocket, made an incision in the neck, and extracted the offending bone which blocked up the passage. Twelve or fourteen years previously a similar operation had been successfully performed in the coffee-room of the Irish House of Commons, on the Right Hon. Denis Browne, if I remember rightly, by an eminent surgeon, named Solomon Richards. The feat is recorded in verse, in a poem called the *Metropolis*, and also in *Familiar Epistles* by the late J. W. Croker. For very nearly half a century Crampton enjoyed the cream of the best practice in Ireland, having been body surgeon to every Viceroy since the days of the Duke of Richmond. It has been said that his connexion with that most eloquent and able man, Bushe (he was the brother-in-law of Bushe, Solicitor-General in the days of the Duke of Richmond, and subsequently Chief Justice of the Court of King's and Queen's Bench), contributed to his success in his profession. That it may have served him a good deal, cannot be denied, but Crampton's own merit was his chief title to success. If the remark of Rochefoucauld be true, that we judge of the merit of our friends chiefly from the satisfaction we find in their society, no man



could have a greater share of merit than this eminent surgeon, for every one was satisfied with a social commerce with one who was clever, agreeable, and good-natured. With patients of the softer sex he was as much a favourite as with his own. His was the philosophy that taught — ‘*C'est une ennuyeuse maladie que de conserver sa santé par un trop grand régime* ;’ and what he chiefly recommended were air and exercise, and not medicine.

Sir Philip Crampton was well read in the poets, orators, and dramatists of his country ; nor was he devoid of talent as a controversialist and a metaphysician. At the period when the Hohenlohe miracles excited so much attention, one of the cleverest pamphlets published on the subject was of his composition. He lived to a good old age, dying about four years ago. As for nearly half a century he enjoyed the most lucrative practice in Ireland, he must have amassed a considerable fortune.

I will close this paper with a short notice of three surgeons whom I met a good deal in society between 1830 and 1840. With only one of these, Thomas Copland, had I relations in the way of his profession. When I first knew Copland he lived at No. 4, Golden-square, on the opposite side (the eastern) to John Pearson. He had then a good deal of practice among military men, having been in early life a surgeon in the Guards, which regiment he accompanied to the Peninsula. He seemed to me a sensible and judicious man in his profession, though he never stood in the rank of Abernethy, Cooper, or Vance ; still less in the rank of Sir Benjamin Brodie, a man equally skilled as surgeon and physician, and of whom, as he is still living (long may he live !), though retired from the profession, I forbear to speak. As a member of society, Copland was a pleasant, shrewd, conversible man, with a good deal of anecdote, and much quaint and curious reading. He relished a good dinner fully as much as Cooper, was a rare *bon vivant*, and suffered severely from gout.

Within the last ten years he removed from Golden to 17, Cavendish-square, a house formerly occupied by Dr. Wilson Philip. But as at this period he must have attained, if he had not by three or four years exceeded his eightieth year, I saw but little of him, suffering as he did from constant attacks of gout.

A still more agreeable man than Copland was old John Joberns, of No. 9, Upper John-street, Golden-square. This vivacious *raconteur*, who dressed in tight pants and hessian boots, had also originally been a surgeon in the Guards, but subsequently became surgeon to the Middlesex Hospital. In my early days he was a diner-out of the first magnitude, and a welcome guest in many first-rate houses. He was a friend of Sir John Byng, of Lord Hopetoun, Dan Mackinnon, Berkeley Drummond, and many other distinguished officers and men of fashion.

A surgeon of more eminence and of more practice than either Copland or Joberns, was George Guthrie, of Berkeley-street, Piccadilly. He too had been a military surgeon in a regiment of Guards, and had become famous for his treatment of gun-shot wounds. He was, when I first knew him, more than thirty years ago, a handsome gentlemanly man, enjoying a fashionable practice among the aristocracy, and living a good deal in society. In diseases of the eye he was considered clever, but in gun-shot wounds he was especially pre-eminent, which he proved in the case of the late Lord Beaumont. This gentleman had been challenged by General Lorenzo Moore for words used respecting Miss Moore, his daughter. The parties fought, and the general's ball lodged in the abdomen of Mr. Stapleton, afterwards Lord Beaumont. He was carried to an hotel in Bond-street, and attended by two first-rate surgeons, who laid him on his back and probed for the ball, but in vain. After thirty hours elapsed it had not been found ; and when Guthrie was called into consultation he found the patient on

his back, and instantly suggested that his position should be reversed—in a word, that he should be placed on his belly. When Stapleton had been twenty-four hours in this position, the ball worked its way, descended by gravity to the surface, and was easily extracted. This was a great triumph for Guthrie, and he was not a little vain, as well he might be, of his success. But the success might have been accounted for. For every gun-shot wound treated by civil surgeons, Guthrie had treated some thousands; and he had, moreover, written a book on the subject

so early as 1815. Nor was this his only contribution to surgical science, for he was the author of several other works of considerable merit. In society he was gentlemanly and agreeable, but somewhat vain. He was the favourite surgeon of the late Count D'Orsay, who faithfully sketched his likeness, and also of the late Lady Blessington.

Here I must break off; and if this paper be not found dull I may by and bye be tempted to speak of some eminent physicians who are gone to 'another and a better world.'

### REDIVIVA.

AH, is it in her eyes,  
Or is it in her hair,  
Or on her tender lips,  
Or is it everywhere?  
'Tis but one little child  
Among the many round;  
Yet she holds me in a spell,  
And I am on holy ground.  
As I look into her eyes,  
The long years backward glide,  
And I am alone with Darling,  
Two children side by side.  
Her sash blows over my knee,  
Her ringlets dance on my cheek:  
And do I see her smile?  
And shall I hear her speak?  
O Love, so royally trustful,  
That your faith and fulfilment were one!  
O World, that doest so much!  
O God, that beholdest it done!  
She looks me clear in the face,  
She says, 'Please tell us the time,'—  
And I, 'Tis twenty years since—  
O no, 'tis a quarter to nine.'  
And the children go for their hats,  
And homewards blithely run;  
But I am left with the memory  
In which Past and Future are one.  
Ah, and was it in her eyes,  
Or was it in her hair,  
Or on her tender lips,  
Or was it everywhere?

F.

## ERNEST RENAN.

THE fame of M. Renan wins its way slowly but steadily amongst us. In Paris he already stands in the first rank, and is generally admitted to be the 'most remarkable writer of the generation which appeared on the stage about 1850.' In Germany his name is less known to general readers—a comparatively small class in that country; but he is admitted as *ebenbürtig* by the proudest *savans* of Berlin and Heidelberg.

From time to time we meet, however, in England, persons of great merit and information who do not even know his name, and are surprised when they are assured that a star of the first magnitude has escaped their observation. It is for those who are asking, Who is M. Renan?—not for those to whom his views are already familiar—that we have thrown together the following notes on his life and works.

Ernest Renan was born at Tréguier, in the department of the Côtes du Nord, in 1823. After finishing his classical studies, he entered the Séminaire of St. Sulpice, with a view to devote himself to the higher branches of theology. It was here that he began to study the Semitic languages, and here that, through the gate of biblical learning, he passed into freer regions of thought than those of the great communion to which he belonged. He abandoned all idea of becoming a priest, left St. Sulpice, and continued his labours as a solitary student. To the world he first became known by gaining the Volney prize for an essay on the comparative grammar of the Semitic languages, and in 1849 he was sent by the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres to Italy, whence he brought back the materials for his work on Averroes, which greatly extended his literary reputation. In 1850 he was appointed to a situation in the Bibliothèque, and in 1856 he succeeded his friend Augustin Thierry as a member of that academy

which is more especially devoted to the encouragement of learning. Ever since the commencement of his literary life, M. Renan has been much connected with the periodical press, and many of his best pieces have, as we shall see, originally appeared in the pages of reviews. He has also been long attached to the *Journal des Débats*, where he has always defended the 'good right' of the Liberal party.

A year or two ago the attention of the Emperor was drawn to him by a lady who has often given good advice under strangely varying circumstances to the present ruler of France. After some negotiation, M. Renan agreed to undertake, under the auspices of the French Government, and under the protection of the French troops in Syria, a series of excavations on the sites of the old Phenician cities. His expedition was but moderately successful. He found only three Phenician inscriptions; but he has brought to Paris some antiquities and many drawings, and has collected much information which throws great light upon the architecture of ancient Jerusalem, and many other subjects connected with Palestinian history. He is now drawing up an account of his travels and explorations, which will not, however, we believe, appear for some time, as the illustrations will be numerous and elaborate.

When the chair of Oriental languages at the Collège de France became vacant some months ago, the Emperor, much to his honour, gave it to M. Renan, who is incomparably better qualified to fill it than any living Frenchman. The fact, however, of his having accepted even a non-political appointment at the hands of Celui-ci has excited much indignation amongst a portion of the French Liberals, and the Ultramontane party has pursued him with the most unwearied hatred ever since he broke their bands asunder and left St. Sulpice. It was arranged, accordingly, that on the occasion



of his inaugural lecture one of those foolish demonstrations which are but too common in Paris should be got up, and an attempt made to interrupt the proceedings. M. Renan has been blamed for having given occasion for this disturbance, by having stated his opinions upon various theological questions with too great frankness; but it should be distinctly understood that the *fracas* was premeditated. The writer of the present paper was warned that it was about to take place some days before the event. We are not concerned to pass any judgment either on the expediency of saying what M. Renan said at that time and place, or on the truth or error of his opinions. Indeed in the whole of this article we intend studiously to confine ourselves to stating the ideas of the author with whom we are dealing, not to controverting or upholding them. There can, however, be no doubt as to the gross impropriety, and indeed brutality, of the course pursued by the fanatics of Ultramontaniam. The action of the Catholic brawlers in the lecture-room was seconded by the representations of the French cardinals; and the Emperor, who was, as he still is, very uneasy about the fermentation produced by his Italian policy, was obliged to throw a sop to Cerberus, and suspended M. Renan's lectures. Since that time they have not been resumed; but the silenced lecturer continues to draw his salary and to retain his honourable position, assured of the protection of the head of the State. Meanwhile he occupies himself, as we have seen, with the preparation of his work on Phenicia, and with a book which cannot fail to be of great interest, on *Les Origines du Christianisme*. The most essential part of this treatise—that which relates to the life of Jesus—is already finished. It was written in Palestine, amidst the scenes which it describes, and we may be sure, whatever may have to be said about its doctrinal aspects, that it will be characterized by profound learning, by deep reverence, by an intense feeling for all that is

beautiful and pure, as well as by marvellous delicacy of handling and fine critical tact.

An English weekly paper remarkable for the accuracy of its information, was misled on a recent occasion into announcing to its readers that M. Renan was a Jew. A more curious mistake could hardly have been made. No one who is at all acquainted with the writings of that remarkable colony of Jewish scholars which inhabits Paris, and recalls the mediæval glories of the school of Narbonne, could for an instant confound its modes of thought and forms of language with those of a man who is, if ever there was one, a true child of Brittany, the most intensely Christian province in France.

He was not brought up, like Munk or Cohen, upon that rabbinical learning, which exercises so strange an effect upon the mind that a great German Orientalist of our day has declared that it seemed that a man, after passing through it, got a new kind of *verstand*, different from and less serviceable than that of other men. He was brought up on the legends of one of the most poetical districts in Europe, and he passed from their influence only to fall under that of the Roman Church, and to lead the thoughtful, silent life of the seminary, so crushing to secondary minds, so powerful in developing great and original ones. We pass, however, from the writer to his works. The *Histoire Générale des Langues Sémitiques* is by far the largest work which M. Renan has up to this time produced. It is a volume of nearly five hundred pages, an expansion of the general introduction to his treatise on the grammatical system of the Semitic languages, which received, as we have seen, the Volney prize in 1847. For those who are not acquainted with Hebrew and its cognate tongues, and who are only interested in them in so far as they bear upon the history of religion, it is not so well worth reading as most of his other books, more especially as many of the general views which

are most easily assimilated by one who does not make a special study of these subjects, are reproduced by M. Renan elsewhere, more especially in the *Études d'Histoire Religieuse*. This fact makes it unnecessary for us to attempt to convey to the reader anything more than the most general idea of the ground traversed and of the method of treatment.

The *Histoire des Langues Sémitiques* is divided into five books.

In the first of these M. Renan describes the general character of the Semitic peoples and their languages, points out their original seat, and determines their distinctive peculiarities. We learn to appreciate the singular subjectivity of their intellect, their monotheistic tendencies, the simplicity and directness of their thought, the sensuousness of their speech, their gravity, their intolerance, their want of curiosity, their incapacity for political life and complicated organization, their passionate selfishness, and their want of adaptability.

We are carried back to the earliest period of their history. We trace their first migrations; we are taught to comprehend that the 10th chapter of Genesis is a geographical, not an ethnographical document. We see the effects of their earliest contact with the Arian races in the account of the Tower of Babel. We make a circuit round their frontiers, observing the limits which encompassed them at the earliest period at which they are known to us, and the boundaries which they afterwards reached. We examine the origin of their various dialects, and discuss the hypothesis of a primitive Semitic language.

The second book is devoted to the Hebrew and the Phœnician. Some portion of it will not be found of much value to the general reader, but by far the greater part is perfectly intelligible to him, and of great importance to all students of the Old Testament.

In the third book, M. Renan passes to the consideration of the second period in the develop-

ment of the Semitic languages, which he calls the Aramaic age. The first chapter of this division contains much that bears directly or indirectly upon Biblical studies. The second, which discusses the Nabathæan branch of the Aramaic literature, leads us far away from those paths of knowledge which most of us are called to tread. The third, which is devoted to the Christian branch of the same literature, comes nearer to the circle of studies in which those who are not Semitic scholars usually move, without, however, passing its circumference. In the fourth chapter, the spectacle of the contact of the Greek and the Semitic mind during the Aramaic age is more generally instructive.

The next book carries us to Christian Abyssinia, and plunges us deep in the learning of pre-Islamite as well as Islamite Arabia. The fifth is devoted to general conclusions with regard to Semitic philology.

The small but most honourable company of scholars which devotes itself to these difficult though fruitful studies, complains that the second part of M. Renan's work, which is to be purely grammatical, and is designed for specialists alone, is very long in appearing. In the meantime some grumble, and say that M. Renan 'tortures his facts by forcing them into the Procrustean bed of theory.' Few can say 'yea' or 'nay' to this accusation. We shall be surprised if time does not give his verdict on most important points in favour of the keen-eyed Celt, who, reversing the habits of his race, has fixed so intent a gaze upon the morning land.

If first-rate Semitic scholars are few, those readers who can check by their own knowledge the statements of M. Renan in his work on Averroes, are still fewer. We have no such pretension, and are free to confess that most of the facts in the volume were, when we first read it, entirely new to us. The latter half of it cannot be said to be of any very general interest, although it abounds in statements



which throw a curious light upon the Middle Ages, and make us doubt whether that period of faith and darkness was quite as unenlightened and quite as faithful as we have been accustomed to believe.

The long life of Averroes occupies nearly the whole of the twelfth century. He died in 1198, the last representative of the Arabic philosophy, which had flourished for about two hundred years in Andalusia, protected by wise and tolerant rulers, and crowning a civilization which lulled into temporary harmlessness the mutual hatreds of Jews, Christians, and Mahomedans.

Averroes, or Ibn-Roschd, for such was his real name, was far from being the most distinguished man of the school to which he belonged. He had, however, the advantage of coming after others into whose labours he entered, and accidental circumstances made him known far beyond the narrow bounds of Islamite Spain. He lived chiefly at Cordova, but was at one time *cadi* of Seville, and occupied himself with medicine, jurisprudence, and theology, but above all, with Aristotle. His knowledge was not really very great. Such as it was, it was derived from very imperfect versions of Aristotle, Galen, and Ptolemy; in addition to which, he was acquainted with the Mahomedan canon law and with Arabic poetry. His *Great Commentary* on Aristotle, whom he could not read in the original, is of even less value to us than the ineffable rubbish with which most Oxford men were at one time, and perhaps still are, dosed, under the name of science.

The modern world knows Averroes only through translations. Few Arabic copies of any of his writings are to be found in our libraries, and none have ever been printed. Many Hebrew translations of them exist in manuscript, but his printed works are a Latin translation of a Hebrew translation of an Arabic Commentary on an Arabic translation of a Syriac translation from the Greek of Aristotle.

During the last years of the life of Averroes, the fanatical or priest party obtained power, and philosophy was for a time at a discount. There would seem, however, to be no valid reason for supposing that Averroes was not a fairly good Mussulman. Islam really lays so little burden on the credulity of its disciples, that it is very probable that he was. This did not prevent—nay, rather aided him to become the type of unbelief to all the Middle Age. He represented and incarnated Islam in the mind of Christendom. Some of his remarks, quoted by M. Renan are extremely just; and several of them might come from the pen of our own religious and social reformers. We recommend, for example, to Professor Kingsley a passage on a future life in page 122 of the edition of 1852, and to Miss Emily Faithful another, with regard to the capacities of women, in page 127.

The fame of Averroes has chiefly spread, not within but beyond the pale of Islam. Maimonides was his contemporary, and an admiring student of his works. This was enough to insure him a hearing in the Jewish philosophical schools of Southern Europe, and in the fourteenth century his words were oracles in many of them. Michael Scot would seem to have been the first apostle of Averroism in Christendom, and the Dominicans were its fiercest opponents until the age of the revival of classical literature, when the friends of the old learning banded together to destroy its counterfeit. Even as late, however, as the end of the fifteenth century, the great university of Padua was in the hands of the Averroists, whom Petrarch had vainly attacked so many years before. Averroism, it may be readily imagined, wandered far enough away from the views of Ibn-Roschd, and seems to have become a name applied to many various modes of thought, which all agreed, however, in having a certain free-thinking and heretical flavour, and in employing a peculiar method as well as a pedantic turn of language. In vir-



tue of the first of these peculiarities Averroism was hated by the zealots. In virtue of the latter it was displeasing to the classicists.

We strongly recommend those whose curiosity may be excited by the facts which we have mentioned, to turn to M. Renan's pages. The volume cannot long be allowed to remain out of print.

The essay *On the Origin of Language* was published in 1848, but the edition which we have used is that of 1859, and contains a preface in which M. Renan notes the points of difference or agreement between himself and several other scholars who have written upon this subject in the last few years.

Space prevents us attempting to analyse this extremely clear and agreeably written treatise. Suffice it to say that M. Renan disclaims at the outset all intention of attempting to arrive at the *primitive language*. He is content to investigate the *primitive processes* by which language was formed and developed. He puts aside the old hypothesis that it was a gift to man, and pays no respect to the doctrine of the eighteenth century, which held that it was an invention, like the compass or the steam-engine. 'Man,' he says, is '*naturellement parlant* as he is *naturellement pensant*.' Language grew out of the spontaneous exercise of his faculty of speech. It was not and could not in the nature of things have been the work of an individual, however gifted. The scientific language of Leibnitz would have been less convenient than the jargon of the Iroquois. The existing languages of the world cannot be traced to a common origin. No ingenuity can bridge over the chasm between Hebrew and Chinese. We are not, however, entitled by the proved original diversity of tongues to draw any conclusions about the original diversity of races. That is a question for the physiologist. Language takes us back to the '*premier moment social*,' not to the '*premier moment d'existence matérielle de l'humanité*.'

The volume called *Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse* consists of ten

pieces of unequal length, all of which had been previously published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or elsewhere. Of all the works of M. Renan, it is perhaps that which is best suited to excite the interest of the cultivated reader, and to make him wish to become better acquainted with the writings of its author.

The long essay on M. Guigniaut's translation and re-arrangement of Creuzer's work on the religions of antiquity is extremely well worth reading, but does not perhaps exactly represent the present views of M. Renan, or at least does not fully express all that he would wish to say upon the subject. The paper which follows it, on '*le peuple d'Israel*,' epitomizes in a popular form the views set forth in the *Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*.

Not the least remarkable of these essays is the one which is devoted to the life of Mahomet and to the rise of Islamism. We know not where to turn for so fair an 'appreciation' of the Prophet. The estimate of his character, which is, on the whole, favourable, is not deformed by those foolish exaggerations which are the not unnatural reaction against the too unfavourable view which prevailed till lately in the West—the descendant of that mediæval bigotry which classed Mahound in a sort of 'Trinity of evil with Averroes and Antichrist. M. Renan points out how trifling is the admixture of legend in his history, and how little there is for an Islamite Strauss to overthrow. He shows how many of the traits which we usually associate with the heroic character were absent from the breast of the great innovator. He explains the various influences which converged to make a religious movement possible in Arabia at the time when Mahomet began his work, and he concludes his long and careful paper by some remarks on the probable effects upon Islamism of the contact with European culture. His advice to those who are anxious to aid by their interference in the changes of the East, appears to us

thoroughly sound:—‘Let Europe propagate her doctrine, that is to say her civilization; but let her leave to nations who live beyond her pale the infinitely difficult task of accommodating their religious traditions with their new wants.’

In his essay on the critical historians of Jesus, M. Renan traces the gradual growth of opinion on this subject from Eichhorn downwards. He gives Strauss the praise which his vast erudition, his boldness, and his acuteness deserve; but thinks that his system cannot possibly be adopted in anything like its entirety. He believes in the existence of mythical elements in the Gospels; but expresses his opinion that most of the narrations, not strictly historical, which they contain, are rather legends than myths. He shows that Strauss has erred in immensely underrating the personal influence of Christ, and that he nowhere explains how it was that his disciples came to regard him as the Messiah. Strauss has shut his eyes to the fact, that after making every allowance for the intermixture of illusions of all kinds, the character and work of Jesus remain absolutely unique.

Sorti d'un petit canton très-exclusif, quant à la nationalité et très provincial quant à l'esprit, il est devenu l'idéal universel: Athènes et Rome l'adoptèrent, les Barbares tombèrent à ses pieds, et aujourd'hui encore le rationalisme n'ose le regarder un peu fixement qu'à genoux devant lui \* \* \* \* \* Le Jésus vraiment admirable est à l'abri de la critique historique; il a son trône dans la conscience, il ne sera remplacé que par un idéal supérieur; il est roi pour longtemps encore. Que dis-je? Sa beauté est éternelle, son règne n'aura pas de fin. L'Eglise a été dépassée, et s'est dépassée elle-même; le Christ n'a pas été dépassé.

The same idea is further developed in another of M. Renan's works:—

Jésus fonda la religion éternelle de l'humanité, la religion de l'esprit, dégagée de tout sacerdoce, de tout culte, de tout observance, accessible à toutes les races, supérieure à toutes les castes, absolue en un mot. ‘Femme, le temps est venu où l'on n'adorera plus sur cette montagne ni à Jérusalem, mais où les vrais

adorateurs adoreront en esprit et en vérité.’

A mind at once so clear-sighted and so reverent as that of M. Renan, could have little sympathy with the modern Capaneus:—

Plût à Dieu que M. Feuerbach se fût plongé à des sources plus riches de vie que celles de son Germanisme exclusif et hautain!

This is the key-note of the paper which is devoted to the neo-Hegelian school:—

Il ne sert de rien de déverser sa haine contre les mots de Christianisme, de théologie, etc. Qui donc a fait le Christianisme? Qui a fait la théologie? L'humanité n'accepte d'autres chaînes que celles qu'elle s'impose elle-même. L'humanité a tout fait, et nous voulons le croire, tout bien fait.

He smiles at M. Feuerbach when he calls himself an atheist, seduced by that ‘pedantry of boldness’ which is common in the universities of Germany. Feuerbach foolishly says that he has ‘quarrelled with God and all the world.’ His critic ridicules this absurd way of speaking, and endeavours to formulate the idea which is conveyed to his own mind by that mysterious word, so lightly used by many, and by few more lightly than by some of those who pretend to speak in the name of the Almighty.

The pages upon Ary Scheffer's picture of the Temptation are very beautiful, and show us more of the artistic side of M. Renan's nature than any of the others.

The article on Calvin is an example of that highest kind of tolerance which does not exclude from its operation even the most intolerant of mankind. That on Channing should be read along with some paragraphs in the preface, which slightly qualify its language, and show to those not conversant with M. Renan's writings, what no one who has studied them can for a moment doubt, that, viz., he gives its due meed of praise to the enlightened, though somewhat unpoetical tone of mind which was characteristic of the distinguished American. The *Théologie à la Franklin*, is excellent for a large

portion of the human race, at least at this epoch of its development. The last page of this article, in which M. Renan expresses his opinion that Buddhism is destined to disappear, that Islamism will only be eternal in the Arab race, but that it is difficult to believe that the balance of the three great sects of Christendom will be materially altered by time, and that 'la philosophie sera toujours le fait d'une minorité imperceptible quant au nombre,' is marked, we think, by a less hopeful spirit than usual, and reflects a little, perhaps, the 'dépit' which a prolonged study of the optimism of Channing might not improbably cause.

The essay headed *La Vie des Saints*, was suggested by the continuation of the *Acta Sanctorum*, now proceeding under the auspices of the new association of Bollandists formed by the Belgian government. M. Renan blames the present editors for their omissions of miracles and other alleged facts which do not square with their ideas of what is right and orthodox, as well as for the dissertations which they are given to introduce, forgetful that their duty is to collect ancient legends, not to infuse into their style 'l'acide du raisonnement.'

In his article on the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, M. Renan sums up in favour of Gerson, abbot of St. Stephen's, at Vercelli, in the beginning of the thirteenth century. The hypothesis which attributes its origin to Gerson, he altogether rejects, and he thinks that a-Kempis has the merit of having made the work famous, but not that of having composed it.

'Would that I were a painter,' says M. Renan, 'that I might represent the author as he rises before my mind's eye, gentle and self-contemplative, seated on his oaken arm-chair in the beautiful dress of the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. Through the lattice of his window we should see the world covered with an azure tint, as in the miniatures of the fourteenth century; in the foreground a landscape dotted with slender trees, in

the manner of Perugino—on the horizon, the peaks of the Alps covered with snow.'

M. Renan's translation of the Book of Job may be considered as a sort of appendix to his history of the Semitic languages. *Job* is with him the type, so to speak, of a Semitic poem, the most characteristic expression which we possess of the genius of the race. It appeared to him, further, that by translating it, he could best show how a Semitic work should be rendered into an Indo-European tongue, and what accommodations were necessary in order to convey the sense without derogating from the puritanical precision of the French language.

M. Renan does not claim to have made many new discoveries in interpretation. It would seem indeed that there is hardly a verse in the poem which has not been discussed by competent critics on the other side of the Rhine. Those passages which are now obscure, will, M. Renan thinks, always remain so. It is much to be regretted that M. Ary Scheffer did not live to complete, nay, hardly to commence, the series of drawings which were to have illustrated the work of the husband of his favourite niece.

Helas ! quelles leçons d'élévation morale, qu'elles sources d'émotions profondes et de hautes pensées ont disparu pour notre siècle, si pauvre en grandes âmes, avec le dernier soupir de cet homme de cœur et de génie.

The poem was probably composed about the time of Hezekiah, before the religious reforms of Josiah had altered the old Hebrew character. Rome did not as yet exist. Greece had songs, but could not write them, 'quand un sage inconnu resté fidèle à l'esprit des anciens jours, écrivit pour l'humanité cette dispute sublime où la souffrance et les doutes de tous les âges devaient trouver une si éloquente expression.'

M. Renan thinks that *Job* has come down to us more nearly in its original state than some critics suppose. He admits, however, that



the alterations of the original have been serious, and he agrees with all the best authorities in rejecting the speech of Elihu as quite inferior to the rest of the poem, and manifestly the work either of a later hand or of the same author after the glory of his genius had departed.

Passing from the date to the meaning of the composition, M. Renan points out that there is nothing more striking than the perpetual contradiction between our ideas of justice and the facts of the universe.

De là une sublime lamentation qui dure depuis l'origine du monde, et qui jusqu'à la fin portera vers le ciel la protestation de l'homme moral. Le poème de Job est la plus sublime expression de ce cri de l'âme.

It dates from the time when the old simple patriarchal theory, 'fondée uniquement sur les promesses de la vie terrestre,' would no longer square with the experience of life.

The solution of the problem which is given by the author of the Book of Job, although expressed in terms very different from those which philosophy now employs, is, after all, the 'dernier mot' which is to be said on the subject.

The Idumean sages thought of God and man in the presence of each other in the heart of the desert. We have a much less clear and trenchant idea of divinity. Bold indeed must be he who, having any pretensions to think at all, can put down in a formula what he exactly believes about God and human destiny. But we have all a conviction that the drama of life does not end here; that we see only of all the Great Universe, 'quelques courbes et quelques nervures dont on ne voit pas la loi fondamentale, et qui vont se réunir à la hauteur de l'infini.' The destiny of the individual man is, after all that has passed, not much clearer to us than it was to the old seekers after wisdom beyond the Jordan.

Mais un mot que ni Job ni ses amis ne prononcent a acquis un sens et une valeur sublimes; le devoir, avec ses incalculables conséquences philosophiques, en s'im-

posant à tous, résout tous les doutes, concilie toutes les oppositions, et sert de base pour réédifier ce que la raison détruit ou laisse crouler.

M. Renan's views as to the age and the character of the Book of Job are stated at considerable length; but his conclusions may be very briefly summed up as follows:—

The work belongs to the great school of aphoristic philosophy, which is one of the glories of the Semitic race, and to which belong, not only the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, several Books of the Apocrypha; but also the sayings or writings of half-forgotten sages like Lemuel, like Agur, and the group of wise men whose wisdom, as we are told, was surpassed by that of Solomon. It is written in Hebrew; and there is no reason to suppose that it is a translation: but the author had evidently drunk deeply of non-Hebrew sources, and has unquestionably 'transmitted to us an echo of the ancient wisdom of Theman.'

With regard to M. Renan's translation, we are only in a position to say that it stands high in the estimation of Hebraists, and that it will open to those who read it new beauties in a composition which is sublime even when seen through the mist of our imperfect authorized version, and environed by all the halo of misconception which centuries of superstition have gathered round it. May the time soon come when for each Book in the Bible we have such a monograph, based on all that patient research, vast knowledge, and the intuition of genius can do, and expressed in that incomparably clear and transparent style which is the glory of France, and of which England can offer a few examples. What results would not have already been produced in the world if it had pleased the Almighty to have given powers of expression commensurate with their knowledge to the great German theologians! Let any man lay down Renan, and take up, let us say, F. C. Baur or Hilgenfeld, and he will assuredly echo the sentiment, 'Si l'Allemagne pouvait!' In the meantime, why have we not

a series of articles on the different Books of the Bible, such as that which appeared a few years ago on this very Book of Job in the *Westminster Review*? Can the movement party in the Church produce nothing better than those overpraised and over-blamed *Essays and Reviews*?

The first four articles of the *Essais de Morale et de Critique*, which we shall next notice, are devoted to distinguished contemporaries, members, like M. Renan himself, of Parisian society. M. de Sacy leads the van, and receives the honour to which his classical taste, his long support of liberal opinions, and the uprightness of his character, most justly entitled him. 'J'aurai peut-être quelques restrictions à proposer aux jugements de M. de Sacy, critique littéraire, et de M. de Sacy, historien; je ne puis qu'applaudir sans réserve aux opinions de M. Sacy, moraliste.' The remarks in this paper upon the Christian mystical literature are extremely characteristic of their author, showing as they do his thorough appreciation of its value and charm, apart from the truth or falsehood of the dogmas which underlie it. 'Le moraliste, et non le critique, m'occupe en ce moment; j'ai à rechercher, non la vérité de telle ou telle croyance, mais ses effets sur le caractère et le goût.'

The political reflections in this article are also of great interest, especially those with which it concludes, upon the advantages which the modern world presents over the iron circle of the *Orbis Romanus*, from which the persecuted enemy of power had no escape.

The next paper is on M. Cousin, and gave, we believe, great offence to the more devoted admirers of that brilliant *esprit faux*, who occupies in Paris a sort of regal position, which is ludicrously above his deserts. M. Renan does ample justice to his great powers, and gives at least twenty grains of praise for one of blame. He cannot, however, help commenting on the vulgar Gallicism of the illustrious sophist, who does not even fear the reproach of *banalité*—

'Quand il s'agit des gloires de la France, et admire tout, même le Code Civil.' And he smiles at the orthodoxy of a man who accepts Christianity as a patron accepts a *protégé*. Speaking of the men of M. Cousin's generation, he says—

N'ayant connu le Christianisme que tard et à un âge réfléchi, n'ayant pas été bercés de ces belles croyances, qui laissent toujours dans l'âme un parfum de poésie et de moralité, ils ont agi avec notre vieille mère d'une façon sèche et hautaine qui nous blesse. Ils sont Chrétiens par politique : nous le sommes de sentiment. Qui de nous est plus près du Royaume de Dieu?

The review of Augustin Thierry is singularly charming, although we may hesitate as to how far M. Renan succeeds in clearing his friend from the reproach of seeing more in a group of historical facts than is really to be found in them.

The pages which describe the religious views of the great historian are curious; and not less so are the details as to his manner of working. He dictated only from twelve to twenty lines in the day, and never ceased to alter and re-alter till the turn of every sentence was exactly according to his liking. M. Renan's testimony to the marvellous way in which Thierry bore up against his blindness, paralysis, and other infirmities, is confirmed by that of all who knew this remarkable man, who resembled some of the most distinguished of his female contemporaries in being able not only to write, but to 'tenir salon' amidst a complication of bodily ailments which would have rapidly crushed the spirit and destroyed the existence of most human beings.

The article on Lamennais, the product of 'la Bretagne et le Séminaire,' and thus on one side closely related to his critic, is melancholy, like everything which treats of that unhappy and violent nature, whose peculiarities M. Renan faithfully epitomizes in a short sentence: 'Un même système de haine éloquente appliqué aux objets les plus divers—voilà Lamennais.' The essay may be read with great advantage as a cor-



rective of the views which are promulgated in the earlier part of M. de Montalembert's recent work on Lacordaire.

It would be difficult to find any phrase which would more exactly point out the defects of Lamennais than the following—'Il se ruait sur la vérité avec la lourde impétuosité d'un sanglier: la vérité fugace et légère se détournait, et faute de souplesse il la manquait toujours.' Nor could the charm of his style in his happier moments be better expressed than by the words, 'Cette note suave, comme d'une harpe éolienne au milieu de l'orage, est le trait caractéristique de Lamennais. Entre toutes les natures poétiques de ce temps la sienne resta la plus sincère.' The two articles on Dom Luigi Tosti, and on Ferrari's *Italian Revolutions*, should be read together. The former is devoted to the learned Benedictine of Monte Cassino, whose political opinions have been frequently discussed in England since the appearance of a remarkable letter in the *Edinburgh Review* last year. M. Renan rightly considers him the incarnation of the Neo-Guelf party. Happily the world has come full circle since M. Renan wrote; and if he had now to address Tosti, he would employ more cheerful language. There are indeed many things in this paper which do not represent M. Renan's mature opinions, but much that he says is most worthy of consideration in this moment of half-completed national regeneration. Most especially valuable are his remarks upon the false move which the Italians made when they clamoured for the return of the Popes from Avignon. As long as Italy rules the consciences of so large a part of Europe, the Catholic Powers will always think themselves justified in meddling with her affairs. Well for her would it be if the dream of the Abbé Michon could be realized, and the successor of St. Peter sent back to the land of his ancestors—out of harm's way.

In the second of these articles occurs the passage which gave so much offence, beginning 'Pour moi,

je ne puis envisager sans terreur le jour où la vie pénétrerait de nouveau ce sublime tas de décombres,' and in which M. Renan suggests that Rome should not only remain a museum, but that the priests and monks should be paid, 'pour maintenir au dedans la tristesse et la misère à l'entour la fièvre et le désert.' It is not difficult, however, to see that this is the mere *boutade* of a man of genius, and that his real wishes for Italy are very different. Would that she would lay to heart another of his sayings about her—'Une seule chose lui a manqué, chose humble en apparence, mais en réalité la plus grande des choses, l'honnêteté.' A new edition of the *Farce de Patelin* enables M. Renan to bring out very forcibly the contrast between the true middle age and the detestable period which intervened between it and the triumph of the modern spirit. The *Farce de Patelin* is of uncertain date, but reflects the vileness of the age of Louis XI. It is, however, very clever, and the worthy ancestor of *Tartuffe*. *Les Séances de Hariri*, is the name of a sort of novel composed in Arabic at Basora during the eleventh century, detailing the adventures of a mendicant whose native city was destroyed by the Crusaders, and who is the type of contented rascality. A very celebrated edition of this work, edited by M. de Sacy, leads M. Renan to notice it, as a translation by M. Isambert of the scandalous *Secret History* of the court of Justinian, from the pen of Procopius, gives him an opportunity of at once expressing his opinion as to the degree of credit to be attached to that much-controverted performance, and of pointing out how infallibly all attempts to control the liberty of speaking and writing turn to the disadvantage of the tyrants who endeavour to do so.

The *Souvenirs d'un Vieux Professeur Allemand* is a kindly notice of a work by Creuzer, the author of the *Symbolik*, full of pleasant remark on the lives of scholars. 'Qu'il y aurait une belle apologie à



écrire *Pro docto femineo sexu*,' exclaims M. Renan, who has looked behind the veil of Novella d'Andrea, and talked in spirit about Plato with Madame Wyttenbach.

*L'Académie Française* is a history and a defence of the only institution in France which 'is a little more than two hundred years old,' and which is really the most dignified name now remaining in that country of destroyed illusions, one of those 'fragments from the wreck of the old monarchy' on which float so many things that are precious. *La Poésie de l'Exposition*, written in 1855, may be read with advantage now, as a protest against the often reproved materialism of our times, coupled with a frank recognition of the wonders which they have brought about. It may not be disagreeable to some readers to be reminded of the curiously different colour which such vast gatherings as we have this year witnessed in London were formerly wont to take; of that mighty concourse, for example, which filled the streets of Rome in 1300, when Boniface VIII. proclaimed the jubilee.

The article on the poetry of the Celtic races is the last, and on the whole, probably the most important in the volume. It is far too long and far too full for analysis, but it should be read by those who have leisure to read none of the others, because it gives a clue to the mind of the author, which is not to be so easily found elsewhere. In addition to this, it opens to those who have never occupied themselves with the literature of Wales or Brittany, a whole world of new interest, and we are inclined to think that the arguments which M. Renan advances in favour of the Celtic origin of chivalry are such as the partisans of the two conflicting theories of its Christian or Teutonic origin would do well to weigh carefully. Compare Beowulf and Pérédur, Gudruna and Iseult. Other very curious points touched in the article are the Celtic influences which aided in forming the character of Joan of Arc, the legends

of the Breton saints, the wide diffusion of the fame of Arthur, the strange beliefs still surviving in parts of Ireland, and the explorations of the early Celtic religious teachers among the western and northern isles.

M. Renan's last work of importance was his *Etude sur le Cantique des Cantiques*, published in 1860. Many of our readers are doubtless aware that several excellent Hebrew scholars, rendered desperate by the difficulty of tracing the connexion between the different parts of that composition, have been driven to conclude that the *Song of Songs* is only a collection of detached love poems. M. Renan altogether dissents from this view, which has indeed of late years been less generally held, and sees in the Canticles a sort of dramatic poem, of a singularly loose and inartificial structure indeed, but still developing a sort of plot, and composed of five acts and an epilogue.

The story of the piece, according to M. Renan, is somewhat as follows. A young maiden of Sulem, a village of the tribe of Issachar, in Northern Palestine, has been carried off by the attendants of Solomon. Introduced into the seraglio, she resists the persuasions of the other women, as well as the solicitations of the monarch, and remains faithful to her absent lover, who eventually appears and carries her back to her home, where she laughs to scorn the plans and the ill-contrived precautions of her brothers, who know nothing of what had befallen her, and counsels her lover to keep himself out of the way till a favourable opportunity arrives for their union.

The first act, in M. Renan's arrangement, extends from the beginning of the book to ii. 7; the second to iii. 5; the third to v. 1; the fourth to vi. 3; the fifth to viii. 7; and the epilogue to the end. The *dramatis personæ* are the Shulamite, her lover, Solomon, the brothers of the heroine, women of the seraglio of Solomon, women of Jerusalem, citizens of Jerusalem, attendants of Solomon, companions

of the lover, the chorus, and a sage who draws the moral of the piece.

M. Renan believes that this libretto was acted with amplifications and musical accompaniments during the marriage ceremonies of the Hebrews, which extended over a series of days, and he sees an allusion to it in the words of Jeremiah vii. 34, 'Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah and from the streets of Jerusalem the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, *the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride.*' These last words he supposes to have been the old name of the work before it became surrounded by an atmosphere of legend. A similar kind of composition, half eclogue, half drama, grew up in the middle ages. The *Jeu de Robin et Marion*, which used to be played by the burghers of Arras, is a close parallel in plot and general character, although inferior in grace and elevation of sentiment.

There has been much difference of opinion amongst scholars as to the date of the *Song of Songs*. M. Renan unhesitatingly places it about the middle of the tenth century before Christ, and his arguments seem to us quite convincing even without the support of the great name of Hitzig, which may be used for further assurance. One passage—vi. 4—amounts to a demonstration. The heroine is compared to the capitals of Israel and Judah respectively, to Tirzah and Jerusalem. Now Tirzah was a capital only from the days of Jeroboam, father of Omri, from B.C. 975 to B.C. 924. After that date it disappears from history, and its very site is unknown. There are, however, many other proofs. It is clear, for example, that the *Song of Songs* must have been written while the memory of the oppressions of the reign of Solomon was still fresh in the mind of the people, and before the history of the great king had gathered round it that halo with which the imagination of later days loved to invest it. The guard consists of sixty men of valour; the arsenal contains a thou-

sand shields. In later compositions like the Book of Kings, these modest figures are immensely exaggerated. The whole tone and feeling of the Canticles is that of a time of simplicity. There is not a trace of the gloomy religionism of the period subsequent to the Captivity. It is evidently a product of Northern Palestine. Every place mentioned in it, with the exception of Jerusalem, Heshbon, and Engedi, is situated in that district.

The fancy that under the simple and natural meaning of the *Song of Songs* a mystical and religious meaning lies hid, is of course of comparatively modern origin. It seems to have arisen about the time of Philo or rather earlier. In the second century a key to the Song of Songs was composed by a Christian bishop, but Origen was the great disseminator of the illusions on this subject which have so long prevailed in Christendom. We need hardly say that no one who has the slightest pretension to the name of a scholar has now any superstitions on the subject.

The poem (says M. Renan) is neither mystical, as the theologians would have it to be, nor indecent, as Castalion believed, nor purely erotic, according to Herder; it is moral. The key to it is to be found in the last verse of the 5th act, i.e. viii. 7: 'If a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would *utterly be contemned*'—or, as M. Renan translates, 'il ne recueille que la confusion.'

The mistaken and more or less absurd ideas which have been connected with this book have, however, led to some good. We will let M. Renan speak in his own words:

Comment regretter, en effet, cette guirlande de poétiques mensonges que l'imagination chrétienne a tressée à l'objet de ces rêves favoris, quand on songe que sans ce réseau de méprises pieuses les âmes mystiques n'eussent pas eu leur livre saint? Que d'amours pars ont vécu de ce beau *vulnerasti cor meum* que l'Eglise chante dans ses fêtes. Ces litanies de la Vierge et ces hymnes composées tout entières d'images mélancoliques ou brûlantes empruntées à l'idylle sacrée, que de larmes (les meilleures peut-être qui ont coulé ici-bas) elles ont



fait verser ! Ajoutons que l'interprétation Chrétienne a donné au Cantique ce que manque dans l'original, de la transparence et de la délicatesse. La Sulamite Chrétienne est bien plus distinguée que l'antique vierge de la tribu d'Issachar ; la finesse de sentiment des races nouvelles a corrigé ce que le génie hébreu a d'un peu mat et d'un peu lourd.

Since the publication of his monograph on the Song of Songs, M. Renan has given to the world several remarkable articles and papers, but his only substantive work has been the inaugural lecture to which we have already alluded. This lecture, which was the pretext for so much excitement, contains nothing that is not sufficiently familiar to M. Renan's readers. It is a popular account of the influence which has been exercised upon the history of civilization by the Semitic races. As a composition it has all the usual excellence of its author's style, and the preface, written after the foolish *fracas* to which we have alluded, is characterized by that tone of moderation which we so frequently find in M. Renan's works, and which is admirable if assumed, and more than admirable if it expresses his real sentiments.

After explaining that he proposed to give, according to the usual custom, one popular inaugural lecture before he plunged into the abstruse and technical details of Semitic philology, M. Renan proceeded to explain how M. Bopp had pointed out the distinction between the Indo-European and Semitic families of languages, how successive German scholars had raised up by the side of the science of comparative philology the hardly less important science of comparative mythology, and how by the help of these two we can trace far back into the past the radical divergence of these two great races—a divergence which was never more strongly marked than it is in our own day. He then shows that although the races have not mingled, their ideas have reacted on each other, and that we more especially have been deeply influenced by our Semitic relatives.

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In politics, indeed, we have learned nothing from them. They know only theocracy, anarchy, or despotism.

La politique tirée de l'écriture sainte (fort mal tirée, il est vrai), par Bossuet, est une détestable politique.

In art they have taught us nothing. In poetry, on the other hand, we are debtors to them for a great deal. Milton, Lamartine, Lamennais would either not have been poets at all, or would have been very different poets without the Psalms. We may smile at the conjunction of names, but the words were spoken in Paris, and by a Breton, not a *Briton*. Still all that is highest in the poetry which has been inspired by the Hebrew hymns is the work of our own race.

In science and philosophy we owe nothing to the Semites. Compare Aristotle with the contemporary author of Ecclesiastes. Which of the two had gone furthest towards exhausting the universe, and which is it that talks of 'vanity and vexation of spirit' ? Their morality is sometimes pure and elevated, but there is a want of that delicacy of sentiment which seems to belong more especially to the Germanic and Celtic races.

In industry, in material civilization, and inventions, they have taught us much. Commerce was first practised on a large scale by the Phenicians, and in the middle ages the Jews and the Arabs were still the foremost traders in the world. To the Phenicians also we owe the greatest of all inventions—the art of writing.

The chief gift, however, which the Semitic nations have bestowed upon the modern world is the gift of religion. The Indo-European races, with the exception of 'la famille Brahmanique' and the feeble remnant of the Parsees, have adopted one or other of the great Semitic creeds. Christianity, however, as we now see it, is at least as much an Indo-European as a Semitic product, and the whole of its future depends on its getting

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rid as much as possible of its purely Semitic elements. Islam does not seem destined to be so successful, and in this we see the true explanation of its gradual but sure decline.

Notre religion deviendra de moins en moins juive ; de plus en plus elle repoussera toute organisation politique appliquée aux choses de l'âme. Elle deviendra la religion du cœur, l'intime poésie de chacun. En morale nous poursuivrons des délicatesses inconnues aux âpres natures de la vieille alliance : nous deviendrons de plus en plus Chrétiens.

Some persons in this country who know a little of M. Renan's writings have rather rashly assumed that because he has drunk deeply of German waters he is nothing more than a popularizer of German discoveries. This is not so. The Germans, so ready to see in the works of foreign scholars only an echo of their own, frankly admit that Renan stands upon the same level as themselves in point of learning, and surpasses them infinitely in power of expression. Unquestionably his mind has been more influenced by Germany than by any other country ; but no one can observe the perfect justice of his remarks with regard to all things English when he has occasion to touch on them, without seeing that his intellect and his heart are thoroughly open to all good influences. He is essentially French, and writes as beautiful a French style as any man now living. M. Scherer, in an interesting article, contrasts his exquisite diction with the clumsiness of M. Guizot ; but still, from the first page of his works to the last, there is not one line or one expression which shows a touch of French vanity or narrowmindedness. How few pages of Thiers, for example, do we need to run through before we find something at which we say, 'There peeps out the vain, half-informed, *banal* Frenchman.'

It is probably in the field of Oriental scholarship that M. Renan is most likely to achieve a name which will make him famous in the history of learning. Over his contemporaries, however, it is to

be expected that he will exercise most influence, in virtue of his religious views. To examine their value for the world at large, would involve an inquiry into their truth which would be quite foreign to the pages of a secular periodical ; but leaving that question entirely on one side, we may, perhaps, with advantage investigate their relative value to France. Men's minds in that country may be said, speaking generally, to be ruled either by the Roman Church, by an unintelligent Materialism, or by the opinions of a few sects and quasi-philosophical cliques, of which the Protestants are the most numerous. The adherents of the Roman Church are divided, rather by political views than by religious differences, into the comparatively enlightened school which is represented by the *Correspondant*, and at the head of which stand such men as Montalembert or De Falloux ; and the much more numerous and powerful rabble whose organ until recently was the notorious *Univers*. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that Romanism in its worst form is not still very powerful in France. There is no doubt that the Imperial Government was most seriously alarmed by the folly of the Archbishop of Toulouse, and that deplorable riots might have followed if he had been allowed to celebrate the anniversary to which he called the attention of the faithful in language so disgraceful to a Christian priest. The blood of Languedoc is hotter than that of many other districts ; but nevertheless the same spirit which fires that 'savage fold' is not unknown elsewhere. There has been a steady reaction in favour of Roman Catholicism ever since 1830, when it was dangerous for a priest to wear his *soutane* in the streets of Paris. Of late the *bourgeoisie* have been taking to religion 'pour faire de l'opposition ;' and in many districts the peasantry is still blindly and devotedly Catholic. Even in Paris no one can frequent the churches without seeing that Rome still holds a great sway over the population.

It is not the less true that there is an enormous amount of disbelief in France, and that this disbelief generally takes the form of open contempt for all religious and moral restraint. This is the side of the French character which is best known in England, because it is the side which is most frequently represented in novels, and because great attention was drawn to it at the Revolution of 1848. Many people, too, still take their ideas of French opinion from what they learnt in their youth about Voltaire, and the school of philosophers who prepared the way for 1793. The *ouvrier* class in Paris, and, indeed, generally, is thoroughly and actively hostile to religion in all its forms, but it is perhaps capable of being acted upon by better agencies, if there were any to address in exactly the proper way. The truly formidable *nuance* of opinion is that which is characteristic of so much of the light literature of France, and which is marked by an utter disbelief in honour, virtue, and purity, and by a brutal Realism which is destructive not only of all nobility of character, but even of ordinary propriety of conduct.

Whatever may be thought of the ideas of M. Renan upon certain points, there can be no doubt that his works are immeasurably superior in their tendency either to the inconsequent teachings of Montalembert, to the raving of the Veuillot type of fanatics, or to the detestable literature of which we have just been speaking. The old French Protestantism is utterly dead. All the French Protestants of any intellectual importance—

the Colanis, Reusses, Scherers, Revilles, and so forth—are virtually of the same way of thinking as Renan. They differ, no doubt, on isolated points; and there is this great distinction, that Renan is a liberalized Catholic, while the others are liberalized Calvinists; but in the main they agree. As to the philosophical clique, the only philosopher who can dispute the public ear with Renan is Jules Simon. Of one of the works of that distinguished thinker and most philanthropic man as many as twenty thousand copies have been sold, an enormous number for France. Perhaps the simple teaching of the author of *La Liberté* may be better suited to the ordinary French intellect. ‘Gros pain’ may, as has been said, be more needful to it at present than ‘pâtisserie fine;’ but still we cannot think that minds which have ever found in Catholicism the satisfaction of a real intellectual and spiritual want are so likely to be influenced by any liberal writer as by Renan. Not only for France, but still more for the southern nations of Europe, anything like the Protestantism of the sixteenth century is out of the question. No man who is really acquainted with Italy can look upon the dreams of some good people about the Anglican Church and the Waldensian Church with anything but good-natured pity. The views of M. Renan, important in more ways than one, are not less important because they seem to prefigure the religious tendencies of educated men in Catholic countries two or three generations hence.



## 'WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR OLD MAIDS?'

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

IN the Convocation of Canterbury for this year of 1862, the readers of such journals as report in full the sayings and doings of that not very interesting assembly, were surprised to find the subject of Protestant Sisterhoods, or Deaconesses, discussed with an unanimity of feeling almost unique in the annals of ecclesiastic parliaments. High Churchman and Low, Broad Churchman and Hard, all seemed agreed that there was good work for women to do, and which women *were* doing all over England; and that it was extremely desirable that all these lady guerillas of philanthropy should be enrolled in the regular disciplined army of the Church, together with as many new recruits as might be enlisted. To use a more appropriate simile, Mother Church expressed herself satisfied at her daughters 'coming out,' but considered that her chaperonage was decidedly necessary to their decorum.

Again, at the Social Science Congress of this summer, in London, the Employment of women, the Emigration of women, the Education of women, and all the other rights and wrongs of women, were urged, if not with an unanimity equal to that of their reverend predecessors, yet with, at the very least, equal animation. It is quite evident that the subject is not to be allowed to go to sleep, and we may as well face it valiantly, and endeavour to see light through its complications, rather than attempt to lecture the female sex generally on the merits of a 'golden silence,' and the propriety of adorning themselves with that decoration (doubtless modestly declined, as too precious for their own use, by masculine reviewers), 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.' In a former article ('Celibacy v. Marriage'—*Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1862) we treated the subject in part. We now propose to pursue it further, and investigate in particular the

new phases which it has lately assumed.

The questions involved may be stated very simply.

It appears that there is a natural excess of four or five per cent. of females over the males in our population. This, then, might be assumed to be the limits within which female celibacy was normal and inevitable.

There is, however, an actual ratio of thirty per cent. of women now in England who never marry, leaving one-fourth of both sexes in a state of celibacy. This proportion further appears to be constantly on the increase. It is obvious enough that these facts call for a revision of many of our social arrangements. The old assumption that marriage was the sole destiny of woman, and that it was the business of her husband to afford her support, is brought up short by the statement that one woman in four is certain not to marry, and that three millions of women earn their own living at this moment in England. We may view the case two ways: either—

1st, We must frankly accept this new state of things, and educate women and modify trade in accordance therewith, so as to make the condition of celibacy as little injurious as possible; or—

2nd, We must set ourselves vigorously to stop the current which is leading men and women away from the natural order of Providence. We must do nothing whatever to render celibacy easy or attractive; and we must make the utmost efforts to promote marriage by emigration of women to the colonies, and all other means in our power.

The second of these views we shall in the first place consider. It may be found to colour the ideas of a vast number of writers, and to influence essentially the decisions made on many points—as the admission of women to university



degrees, to the medical profession, and generally to free competition in employment. Lately it has met a powerful and not unkindly exposition in an article in a contemporary quarterly, entitled, 'Why are Women Redundant?' Therein it is plainly set forth that all efforts to make celibacy easy for women are labours in a wrong direction, and are to be likened to the noxious exertions of quacks to mitigate the symptoms of disease, and allow the patient to persist in his evil courses. The root of the malady should be struck at, and marriage, the only true vocation for women, promoted at any cost, even by the most enormous schemes for the deportation of 440,000 females. Thus alone (and by the enforcing of a stricter morality on men) should the evil be touched. As to making the labours of single women remunerative, and their lives free and happy, all such mistaken philanthropy will but tend to place them in a position more and more false and unnatural. Marriage will then become to them a matter of 'cold philosophic choice,' and accordingly may be expected to be more and more frequently declined.

There is a great deal in this view of the case which, on the first blush approves itself to our minds, and we have not been surprised to find the article in question quoted as of the soundest common-sense. All, save ascetics and visionaries, must admit that, for the mass of mankind, marriage is the right condition, the happiest, and the most conducive to virtue. This position fairly and fully conceded, it *might* appear that the whole of the consequences deduced followed of necessity, and that the direct promotion of marriage and discountenancing of celibacy was all we had to do in the matter.

A little deeper reflection, however, discloses a very important point which has been dropped out of the argument. Marriage is, indeed, the happiest and best condition for mankind. But does any one think that all marriages are so? When we make the assertion that marriage is good and virtuous, do

we mean a marriage of interest, a marriage for wealth, for position, for rank, for support? Surely nothing of the kind. Such marriages as these are the sources of misery and sin, not of happiness and virtue, nay, their moral character, to be fitly designated, would require stronger words than we care to use. There is only one kind of marriage which makes good the assertion that it is the right and happy condition for mankind, and that is a marriage founded on free choice, esteem, and affection—in one word, on love. If, then, we seek to promote the happiness and virtue of the community, our efforts must be directed to encouraging *only* marriages which are of the sort to produce them—namely, marriages founded on love. All marriages founded on interest, on the desire for position, support, or the like, we must discourage to the utmost of our power, as the sources of nothing but wretchedness. Where, now, have we reached? Is it not to the conclusion that to make it a woman's *interest* to marry, to force her, by barring out every means of self-support and all fairly remunerative labour, to look to marriage as her sole chance of competency, is precisely to drive her into one of those sinful and unhappy marriages? It is quite clear we can never drive her into *love*. That is a sentiment which poverty, friendlessness, and helplessness can by no means call out. Nor, on the contrary, can competence and freedom in any way check it. It will arise under its natural conditions, if we will but leave the matter alone. A *loving* marriage can never become a matter of 'cold philosophic choice.' And if *not* a loving one, then, for Heaven's sake, let us give no motive for choice at all.

Let the employments of women be raised and multiplied as much as possible, let their labour be as fairly remunerated, let their education be pushed as high, let their whole position be made as healthy and happy as possible, and there will come out once more, here as in every other department of life, the

triumph of the Divine laws of our nature. Loving marriages are (we cannot doubt) what God has designed, not marriages of interest. When we have made it *less* women's interest to marry, we shall indeed have less and fewer interested marriages, with all their train of miseries and evils. But we shall also have more *loving* ones, more marriages founded on free choice and free affection. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that for the very end of promoting marriage—that is, such marriage as it is alone desirable to promote—we should pursue a precisely opposite course to that suggested by the Reviewer or his party. Instead of leaving single women as helpless as possible, and their labour as ill-rewarded—instead of dinning into their ears from childhood that marriage is their one vocation and concern in life, and securing afterwards if they miss it that they shall find no other vocation or concern;—instead of all this, we shall act exactly on the reverse principle. We shall make single life so free and happy that they shall have not one temptation to change it save the only temptation which *ought* to determine them—namely, love. Instead of making marriage a case of 'Hobson's choice' for a woman, we shall endeavour to give her such independence of all interested considerations that she may make it a choice, not indeed 'cold and philosophic,' but warm from the heart, and guided by heart and conscience only.

And again, in another way the same principle holds good, and marriage will be found to be best promoted by aiding and not by thwarting the efforts of single women to improve their condition. It is a topic on which we cannot speak much, but thus far may suffice. The reviewer alludes with painful truth to a class of the community whose lot is far more grievous than either celibacy or marriage. Justly he traces the unwillingness of hundreds of men to marry to the existence of these unhappy women in their present condition. He would remedy the

evil by preaching marriage to such men. But does not all the world know that thousands of these poor souls, of all degrees, would never have fallen into their miserable vocation had any *other* course been open to them, and they had been enabled to acquire a competence by honest labour? Let such honest courses be opened to them, and then we shall see, as in America, the recruiting of that wretched army becoming less and less possible every year in the country. The self-supporting, and therefore self-respecting woman may indeed become a wife, and a good and happy one, but she will no longer afford any man a reason for declining to marry.

It is curious to note that while, on the one hand, we are urged to make marriage the sole vocation of women, we are simultaneously met on the other by the outpourings of ridicule and contempt on all who for themselves, or even for their children, seek ever so indirectly to attain this vocation. Only last year all England was entertained by jests concerning 'Belgravian mothers,' and the wiles and devices of widows and damsels afford an unending topic of satire and amusement in private and public. Now we ask, in all seriousness, Wherefore all this ridicule and contempt? *If* marriage be indeed the one object of a woman's life—if to give her any other pursuit or interest be only to divert her from that one object and 'palliate the symptoms while fostering a great social disease'—then, we repeat, *why* despise these match-making mothers? Are they to do nothing to help their daughters to their only true vocation, which, if they should miss, their lives *ought* to be failures, poverty-stricken and miserable? Nay; but if things be so, the most open, unblushing marketing of their daughters is the *duty* of parents, and the father or mother who leaves the matter to chance is flagrantly neglectful. Truly it is a paradox passing all limits of reason, that society should enforce marriage on woman as her only

honourable life, and at the same time should stigmatize as dishonourable the efforts of her parents to settle her in marriage.

The spontaneous sentiment of mankind has hit a deeper truth than the theories of economists. It is in the nature of things disgraceful and abominable that marriage should be made the aim of a woman's life. It can only become what it is meant to be, the completion and crown of the life of either man or woman, when it has arisen from sentiments which can never be bespoken for the convenient fulfilment of any vocation whatsoever.

But it is urged, and not unreasonably—If it be admitted on all hands that marriage is the best condition, and that only one-fourth of the female sex do not marry, how can we expect provision to be made for this contingency of one chance in four by a girl's parents and by herself in going through an education (perhaps costly and laborious) for a trade or profession which there are three chances in four she will not long continue to exercise?

It must be admitted here is the great knot and difficulty of the higher branches of woman's employment. It does require far-seeing care on the part of the parent, perseverance and resolution of no mean order on that of the daughter, to go through in youth the training which will fit her to earn her livelihood hereafter in any of the more elevated occupations. Nay, it demands that she devote to such training the precise years of life wherein the chances of marriage are commonly offered, and the difficulties of pursuing a steady course are very much enhanced by temptations of all kinds. If she wait till the years when such chances fail, and take up a pursuit at thirty merely as a *pis aller*, she must inevitably remain for ever behindhand and in an inferior position.

The trial is undoubtedly considerable, but there are symptoms that both young women and their parents will not be always unwill-

ling to meet it, and to invest both time and money in lines of education which *may* indeed prove superfluous, but which likewise may afford the mainstay of a life which, without them, would be helpless, aimless, and miserable. The magnitude of the risk ought surely to weigh somewhat in the balance. At the lowest point of view, a woman is no worse off if she marry eventually, for having first gone through an education for some good pursuit; while if she remain single, she is wretchedly off for not having had such education. But this is in fact only a half view of the case. As we have insisted before, it is only on the standing-ground of a happy and independent celibacy that a woman can really make a free choice in marriage. To secure this standing-ground, a pursuit is more needful than a pecuniary competence, for a life without aim or object is one which, more than all others, goads a woman into accepting any chance of a change. Mariana (we are privately convinced) would have eloped out of the Moated Grange not only with that particular 'he' who never came, but with any other suitor who might have presented himself. Only a woman who has something else than making love to do and to think of will love really and deeply. It is in *real lives*—lives devoted to actual service of father or mother, or to work of some kind for God or man—that alone spring up *real feelings*. Lives of idleness and pleasure have no depth to nourish such plants.

Again, we are very far indeed from maintaining that *during* marriage it is at all to be desired that a woman should struggle to keep up whatever pursuit she had adopted beforehand. In nine cases out of ten this will drop naturally to the ground, especially when she has children. The great and paramount duties of a mother and wife once adopted, every other interest sinks, by the beneficent laws of our nature, into a subordinate place in normally constituted minds, and the effort to perpetuate them is as



false as it is usually fruitless. Where necessity and poverty compel mothers in the lower ranks to go out to work, we all know too well the evils which ensue. And in the higher classes doubtless the holding tenaciously by any pursuit interfering with home duties must produce such Mrs. Jellabys as we sometimes hear of. It is not only leisure which is in question. There appear to be some occult laws in woman's nature providing against such mistakes by rendering it impossible to pursue the higher branches of art or literature or any work tasking mental exertion, while home and motherly cares have their claims. We have heard of a great artist saying that she is always obliged to leave her children for a few weeks before she can throw herself again into the artist-feeling of her youth, and we believe her experience is corroborated on all hands. No great books have been written or works achieved by women while their children were around them in infancy. No woman can lead the two lives at the same time.

But it is often strangely forgotten that there are such things as widows, left such in the prime of life, and quite as much needing occupation as if they had remained single. Thus, then, another chance must fairly be added to our one in four that a woman may need such a pursuit as we have supposed. She may never marry, or having married she may be left a childless widow, or a widow whose few children occupy but a portion of her time. Suppose, for instance, she has been a physician. How often would the possibility of returning to her early profession be an invaluable resource after her husband's death! The greatest female mathematician living, was saved from despairing sorrow in widowhood, by throwing herself afresh into the studies of her youth.

It may be a pleasantly romantic idea to some minds, that of woman growing up solely with the hope of becoming some man's devoted wife, marrying the first that offers, and when he dies, becoming a sort of

moral Suttée whose heart is supposed to be henceforth dead and in ashes. But it is quite clear that Providence can never have designed any such order of things. All the infinite tenderness and devotion He has placed in women's hearts, though meant to make marriage blessed and happy, and diffusing as from a hearth of warm affections, kindness and love on all around, is yet meant to be subordinated to the great purposes of the existence of all rational souls—the approximation to God through virtue. With reverence be it spoken, God is the only true centre of life for us all, not any creature he has made. 'To live unto God' is the law for man and woman alike. Whoever strives to do this will neither spend youth in longing for happiness which may be withheld, nor age in despair for that which may be withdrawn.

To resume. It appears that from every point of view in which we regard the subject, it is desirable that women should have other aims, pursuits, and interests in life beside matrimony, and that by possessing them they are guaranteed against being driven into unloving marriages, and rendered more fitted for loving ones; while their single life, whether in maidenhood or widowhood, is made useful and happy.

Before closing this part of the subject, we cannot but add a few words to express our amused surprise at the way in which the writers on this subject constantly concern themselves with the question of *female* celibacy, deplore it, abuse it, propose amazing remedies for it, but take little or no notice of the twenty-five per cent. old bachelors (or thereabouts) who needs must exist to match the thirty per cent. old maids. *Their* moral condition seems to excite no alarm, their lonely old age no foreboding compassion, their action on the community no reprobation. Nobody scolds them very seriously, unless some stray Belgravian grandmother. All the alarm, compassion, reprobation, and scoldings are reserved for the poor old maids.

But of the two, which of the parties is the chief delinquent? The *Zend Avesta*, as translated by Anquetil du Perron, contains somewhere this awful denunciation:—‘That damsel who having reached the age of eighteen, shall refuse to marry, must remain in hell till the Resurrection!’ A severe penalty, doubtless, for the crime, and wonderful to meet in the mild creed of Zoroaster, where no greater punishment is allotted to any offence whatsoever. Were these Guebre young ladies so terribly cruel, and *mazdiesmans* (true believers) so desperately enamoured? Are we to imagine the obdurate damsels despatching whole dozens of despairing gentlemen in conical caps to join the society in the shades below—

Hapless youths who died for love,  
Wandering in a myrtle grove!

It takes a vivid stretch of imagination in England, in the nineteenth century, to picture anything of the kind. Whatever other offences our young ladies may be guilty of, or other weaknesses our young gentlemen, obduracy on the one hand, and dying for love on the other, are rarities, at all events. Yet one would suppose that Zoroaster was needed over here, to judge of the manner in which old maids are lectured on their very improper position. ‘The Repression of Crime,’ as the benevolent Recorder of Birmingham would phrase it, seems on the point of being exercised against them, since it has been found out that their offence is on the increase, like poaching in country districts and landlord shooting in Ireland. The mildest punishment, we are told, is to be transportation, to which half a million have just been condemned, and for the terror of future evil doers, it is decreed that no single woman’s work ought to be fairly remunerated, nor her position allowed to be entirely respectable, lest she exercise ‘a cold philosophic choice’ about matrimony. No false charity to criminals! Transportation or starvation to all old maids!

Poor old maids! Will not the Reformatory, Union, or some other friends of the criminal, take their case in hand? They are too old for Miss Carpenter. Could not Sir Walter Crofton’s Intermediate System be of some use? There is reason to hope that many of them would be willing to adopt a more honest way of life were the chance offered them.

If the reader should have gone with us thus far, we shall be able better to follow the subject from a point of view which shall in fact unite the two leading ideas of which we made mention at starting. We shall, with the *first*, seek earnestly how the condition of single women may be most effectually improved; and with the *second*, we shall admit the promotion of marriage (*provided it be disinterested and loving*) to be the best end at which such improvements will tend.

In one point there is a practical unanimity between the schemes of the two parties, and this we should desire to notice before proceeding to consider the ways in which the condition of single women may be improved as such. This scheme is that of emigration for women to the colonies. Here we have multitudes of women offered in the first place remunerative employment beyond anything they could obtain at home; and further, the facilitation of marriage effected for large numbers, to the great benefit of both men and women. What there might appear in the plan contradictory to the principles we have laid down above, is only apparent, and not real. The woman who arrives in a colony where her labour, of head or hands, can command an ample maintenance, stands in the precise condition we have desired to make marriage—a matter of free choice. She has left ‘Hobson’s choice’ behind her with the poverty of England, and has come out to find competence and freedom, and if she choose (but *only* if she choose), marriage also.

It is needless to say that this scheme has our entire sympathy and good wishes, though we do not

expect to live to see the time when our reviewer's plans will be fulfilled by the deportation of women at the rate of thirty or forty thousand a year.\*

An important point, however, must not be overlooked. However far the emigration of women of the working classes may be carried, that of educated women must at all times remain very limited, inasmuch as the demand for them in the colonies is comparatively trifling. Now, it is of educated women that the great body of 'old maids' consists; in the lower orders celibacy is rare. Thus, it should be borne in mind that emigration schemes do not essentially bear on the main point, 'How shall we improve the condition of the thirty per cent. of single women in England?' The reviewer to whom we have so often alluded, does indeed dispose of the matter by observing that the transportation he fondly hopes to see effected, of 440,000 women to the colonies, will at least *relieve the market* for those who remain. We cannot but fear, however, that the governesses and other ladies so accommodated will not much profit by the large selection thus afforded them among the blacksmiths and ploughmen, deprived of their proper companions. At the least we shall have a quarter of a million of old maids *in esse* and *in posse* left on hands. What can we do for them?

For convenience we may divide them into two classes. One of them, without capital or high cultivation, needs employment suitable to a woman's powers, and yet affording better remuneration than woman's work has hitherto usually received. Here we find the efforts of Miss Faithfull, Miss Crowe, Miss Rye, and the other ladies in combination with the society founded by Miss Parkes, labouring to procure such employment for them by the Victoria Printing Press, the Law Copying Office, and other

plans in action or contemplated for watchmaking, hair-dressing, and the like. We may look on this class as in good hands; and as the emigration of women will actually touch it and carry away numbers of its members, we may hope that its destinies are likely henceforth to improve.

The other and higher class is that of which we desire more particularly to speak, namely, of ladies either possessed of sufficient pecuniary means to support themselves comfortably, or else of such gifts and cultivation as shall command a competence. The help these women need is not of a pecuniary nature, but a large portion of them require aid, and the removal of existing restrictions, to afford them the full exercise of their natural powers, and make their lives as useful and happy as Providence has intended. Of *all* the position is at the present moment of transition worthy of some attention, and suggestive of some curious speculations regarding the future of women. Channing remarks that when the negro races become thoroughly Christianized we shall see a development of the religion never known before. At least equally justly may we predict that when woman's gifts are at last expanded in an atmosphere of freedom and happiness, we shall find graces and powers revealed to us of which we yet have little dreamed. To the consideration, then, of the condition and prospects of women of the upper classes who remain unmarried, we shall devote the following pages.

All the pursuits of mankind, beside mere money-getting, may be fitly classed in three great orders. They are in one way or another the pursuit of the True, the Beautiful, or the Good. In a general way we may say that science, literature, and philosophy are devoted to Truth; art in all its branches (including poetic literature) to the

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\* We rejoice to hear that Miss Maria S. Rye, who has already done so much for this cause, is on the point of sailing to Otago with one hundred female emigrants, to superintend personally the arrangements for their welfare. This is doing woman's work in working style truly.



Beautiful; and politics and philanthropy to the Good. Within certain limits, each of these lines of action are open to women; and it is in the aspect they bear as regards women's work that we are now to regard them. But before analysing them further, I would fain be allowed to make one remark which is far too often forgotten. Each of these pursuits is equally noble in itself; it is our fitness for one or the other, not its intrinsic sanctity or value, which ought to determine our choice; and we are all astray in our judgments if we come to the examination of them with prejudices for or against one or the other. In these days, when 'the icy chains of custom and of prejudice' are somewhat loosened, and men and women go forth more freely than ever of old to choose and make their lives, there is too often this false measurement of our brother's choice. Each of us asks his friend in effect, if not in words—'Why not follow my calling rather than your own? Why not use such a gift? Why not adopt such a task?' The answer to these questions must not be made with the senseless pedantry of the assumption, that because to *us* art or literature, or philanthropy or politics, is the true vocation, therefore for all men and women it is the noblest; and that God meant Mozart to be a statesman, and Howard a sculptor, and Kant a teacher in a ragged school. The true, the beautiful, and the good are all revelations of the Infinite One, and therefore all holy. It is enough for a man if it be given him in his lifetime to pursue any one of them to profit—to carry a single step further the torch of humanity along either of the three roads, every one of which leads up to God. The philosopher, who studies and teaches us the laws of mind or matter—the artist, who beholds with illumined eyes the beauty of the world, and creates it afresh in poetry or painting—the statesman or philanthropist, who labours to make Right victorious, and to ad-

vance the virtue and happiness of mankind,—all these in their several ways are God's seers, God's prophets, as much the one as the other. We could afford to lose none of them, to undervalue none of them. The philosopher is not to be honoured only for the goodness or the beauty of the *truth* he has revealed. All truth is good and beautiful, but it is to be prized because it is *truth*, and not merely for its goodness or beauty. The artist is not to be honoured only for the truth or the goodness of the *beautiful* he has revealed. The beautiful is necessarily good and true, but it is to be loved because it is *beautiful*, and not merely for its truth or goodness.\* Like the old Athanasian symbol, we may say, 'The Truth is divine, the Beautiful is divine, and the Good is divine. And yet they are not three divine things, but three revelations of the One Divine Lord.' If men would but feel this each in his own pursuit, and in judging of the pursuits of others, how holy and noble would all faithful work become! We are haunted yet with the Romish thought that a life of asceticism, of preaching, of prayer, of charity, is altogether on a different plane of being from a life devoted to other tasks. But it is not so. From *every* field of honest human toil there rises a ladder up into heaven. Was Kepler further from God than any Howard or Xavier when, after discovering the law of the planetary distances, he bowed his head and exclaimed in rapture, 'O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee!' Was Milton less divine than any St. Theresa locked in her stony cell, when his mighty genius had soared 'upon the seraph wings of ecstasy' over the whole beautiful creation, and he poured out at last his triumphant Psalm—

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of Good—  
Almighty!

Of these three great modes of Divine manifestation, it would appear, however, that, though equal

\* See Victor Cousin, *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien*.

in sanctity and dignity, the pursuit of the True and of the Beautiful were designed for comparatively few among mankind. Few possess the pure abstract love of Truth in such fervour as to fit them to become the martyrs of science or the prophets of philosophy. Few also are those who are endowed with that supreme sense of the Beautiful, and power to reproduce it in form, colour, or sound, which constitute the gifts of the artist. Especially does this hold good with women. While few of them do not feel their hearts warmed with the love of goodness, and the desire to relieve the sufferings of their fellows, a mere fraction, in comparison, interest themselves to any extent in the pursuit of the abstract truths of philosophy or science, or possess any powers to reproduce the Beautiful in Art, even when they have a perception of its presence in nature. We may discuss briefly, then, here the prospects of the employment of women in the departments of Truth and Beauty, and in a future paper consider more at length the new aspect of their philanthropic labours and endeavours to do Good.

Till of very late years it was, we think, perfectly justifiable to doubt the possibility of women possessing any creative artistic power. Receptive faculties they have always had, ready and vivid perception of the beautiful in both nature and art, delicate discrimination and refined taste, nay, the power (especially in music and the drama) of reproducing what the genius of man had created. But to originate any work of even second-rate merit was what no woman had done. Sappho was a mere name, and between her and even such a feeble poetess as Mrs. Hemans, there was hardly another to fill up the gap of the whole cycle of history. No woman has written the epics, nor the dramas, nay, nor even the national songs of her country, if we may not except Miriam's and Deborah's chants of victory. In music, nothing. In architecture, nothing. In sculpture,

nothing. In painting, an Elisabetta Sirani, a Rosalba, an Angelica Kauffman — hardly exceptions enough to prove the rule. Such works as women did accomplish were all stamped with the same impress of feebleness and prettiness. As Mrs. Hemans and Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Tighe wrote poetry, so Angelica Kauffman painted pictures, and other ladies composed washy music and Minerva-press romances. If Tennyson had spoken of woman's *Art*, instead of woman's passions, he would have been as right for the one as he was wrong as regards the other. It was

As moonlight is to sunlight  
And as water is to wine.

To coin an epithet from a good type of the school—it was all 'Angelical,' no flesh and blood at all, but super-refined sentiments and super-elongated limbs.

But there seem symptoms extant that this state of things is to undergo a change, and the works of women become remarkable for other qualities beside softness and weakness. It may be a mere chance conjunction, but it is at least remarkable, that the same age has given us in the three greatest departments of art—poetry, painting, and sculpture—women who, whatever be their faults or merits, are pre-eminently distinguished for one quality above all others—namely, strength. *Aurora Leigh* is perhaps the least 'Angelical' poem in the language, and bears the relation to *Psyche* that a chiselled steel corslet does to a silk boddice with lace trimmings. The very hardness of its rhythm, its sturdy wrestlings and grapplings, one after another, with all the sternest problems of our social life—its forked-lightning revelations of character—and finally, the storm of glorified passion with which it closes in darkness (like nothing else we ever read since the mountain-tempest scene in *Childe Harold*)—all this takes us miles away from the received notion of a woman's poetry.

And for painting, let us look at Rosa Bonheur's canvas. Those

droves of wild Highland black cattle, those teams of tramping Norman horses—do they belong to the same school of female art as all the washed-out saints, and pensive ladies, and graceful bouquets of Mesdemoiselles and Signorine Rosee, and Rosalba, and Panzacchi, and Grebber, and Mérian, and Kauffman? We seem to have passed a frontier, and entered a new realm wherein Rosa Bonheurs are to be found.

Then for Sculpture. Will woman's genius ever triumph here? We confess we look to this point as to the touchstone of the whole question. Sculpture is in many respects at once the noblest art and the one which tasks highest both creative power and scientific skill. A really good and great statue is an achievement to which there must contribute more elements of power and patience than in almost any other human work, and it is, when perfected, one of the most sublime. We know generally very little of this matter in England. We possess pictures by the great masters sufficient in number and excellence to afford a fair conception (though of course an incomplete one) of the powers of painting. But notwithstanding the antique treasures in the Elgin and Arundel Collections, and a few fine modern statues to be found in private houses in this country, it is, I believe, to every one a revelation of a new agency in art when he first visits Italy and beholds the 'Laocöon,' the 'Apollo,' the 'Niobe,' and the 'Psyche' of Praxiteles. Hitherto sculpture has appeared to be merely the production of beautiful forms, more or less true to nature. Now it is perceived to be genius breathing through form, the loftiest thoughts of human souls. 'Apollo Belvidere' is not the mere figure of a perfect man in graceful attitude, as we thought it from casts and copies in England. It is Power itself, deified and made real before our eyes. The 'Laocöon' is not the hapless high-priest writhing in the coil of the serpent. It is the impersonation of the will of a giant

man, a Prometheus struggling with indomitable courage against the resistless Fate in whose grasp meaner mortals are crushed helplessly. The 'Niobe' is not merely a woman of noblest mould inspired by maternal anguish. She is glorified MOTHERHOOD, on whose great bosom we could rest, and round whose neck we could throw our arms. And the 'Psyche' in the Museo Borbonico?—is this a poor fragment of a form, once perhaps graceful and fair, but now a mere ruin? No! It is the last gleam of the unknown glory of ancient art, the one work of human hands which we forget to admire because we learn to love it—the revelation to each of us of our innermost ideal of friend or wife, the sweetest, purest of our dreams made real before our eyes.

Not untruly has sculpture been named the *Ars Divinior*. A deep and strange analogy exists between it and the highest we know of the Supreme Artist's works. Out of the clay, cold and formless, the sculptor slowly, patiently, with infinite care and love, moulds an image of beauty. Long the stubborn clay seems to resist his will, and to remain without grace or proportion, but at last the image begins, faintly and in a far-off way, to reflect that prototype which is in the sculptor's mind. The limbs grow into shape, and stand firmly balanced, the countenance becomes living and radiant. And last of all, the character of true sculpture appears; there is calm and peace over it all, and an infinite divine repose, even when the life within seems higher and fuller than that of mortality. The moulding is done, the statue is perfected.

But even then, when it should seem that the sculptor's great work is achieved, and that his image should be preserved and cherished evermore, what does he in truth do with his clay? Return hither, oh traveller, in a few short days, and the image of clay is gone, its place knows it no more. It has returned to the earth whence it was taken, thrown by, perchance for ever, or else kneaded afresh in some new



form of life. Did he make it, then, but for destruction, and mould it so carefully but to crush it out at last in dust? Look around with illumined eyes! In the great studio of the universe the Divine image is still to be found, not now moulded in clay and ready to perish, dull of hue and dead in lustre, but sculptured in eternal marble, white, and pure, and radiant; meet to stand for ever in the palaces on high.

Sculpture is the noblest of the arts; nay, it is above all others in this very thing which has been pointed at as its bane and limitation. Its aim must ever be the expression of calmness and repose. No vehement wildness of the painter's dream, no storm of the musician's harmony, no ecstasy of the poet's passion; but the stillness and the peace of which earth knows so little. To bring our

souls into sympathy with a great work of sculptural repose, is to bring them into the serener fields of the upper air, where the storms approach not, nor any clouds ascend. We do not naturally in the earlier moral life feel in union with things calm and still like these. The struggle in our own breasts, the lordly will wrestling with the lower powers for mastery, leaves us rather able to sympathize with all nature's warfare of wind and wave, all human death-battles, than with the repose in which the saint's soul rests, loving the cloudless sky and waveless sea, and the smile of a sleeping child nestled in the long sweet grass of summer. To reach that rest of the whole nature, which is at the same time absolute repose and absolute action of every power and every faculty in perfect balance, is the 'Beulah land.'

Where blessed saints dwell ever in the light  
Of God's dear love, and earth is heaven below.  
For never doubt nor sin may cloud their sight,  
And the great PEACE OF GOD calms every human woe.

The art which is the idealizing, the perpetuation of repose is, then, the divinest art—the art to be practised only by great souls—great races of men. Egyptians and Greeks were races of sculptors; Hindoos and Mexicans stone cutters of goblins. We repeat that the sharpest test to which the question of woman's genius can be put is this one of sculpture. If she succeed here, if a school of real sculptresses ever arise, then we think that in effect the problem is solved. The greater includes the less. They may still fall below male composers in music, though we have seen some (inedited) music of wonderful power from a female hand. They may produce no great drama—perhaps no great historical picture. Yet if really good statues come from their studios, statues showing at once power of conception and science of execution, then we say, women can be artists. It is no longer a question whether the creative faculty be granted to them.

Now, we venture to believe that

there are distinct tokens that this solution is really to be given to the problem. For long centuries women never seem to have attempted sculpture at all; perhaps because it was then customary for the artist to perform much of the mechanical labour of the marble-cutter himself; perhaps because women could rarely command either the large outlay or the anatomical instructions. But in our time things are changed. The *Princesse Marie d'Orleans*, in her well-known *Joan of Arc*, accomplished a really noble work of sculpture. Others have followed and are following in her path, but most marked of all by power and skill comes *Harriet Hosmer*, whose *Zenobia* (now standing in the International Exhibition, in the same temple with *Gibson's Venus*) is a definite proof that a woman can make a statue of the very highest order. Whether we consider the noble conception of this majestic figure, or the science displayed in every part of it, from the perfect pose and accurate anatomy, to the

admirable truth and finish of the drapery, we are equally satisfied. Here is what we wanted. A woman—aye, a woman with all the charms of youthful womanhood—can be a sculptor, and a great one.

Now we have arrived at a conclusion worthy of some little attention. Women a few years ago could only show a few weak and washy female poets and painters, and no sculptors at all. They can now boast of such true and powerful artists in these lines as Mrs. Browning, Rosa Bonheur, and Harriet Hosmer. What account can we give of the rise of such a new constellation? We confess ourselves unable to offer any solution, save that proposed by a gifted lady to whom we propounded our query. Female artists hitherto always started on a wrong track; being persuaded beforehand that they ought only to compose sweet verses and soft pictures, they set themselves to make them accordingly, and left us Mrs. Hemans' Works and Angelica's paintings. *Now*, women who possess any real genius, apply it to the creation of what they (and not society for them) really admire. A woman naturally admires power, force, grandeur. It is these qualities, then, which we shall see more and more appearing as the spontaneous genius of woman asserts itself.

We know not how this may be. It is at all events a curious speculation. One remark we must make before leaving this subject. This new element of *strength* in female art seems to impress spectators very differently. It cannot be concealed that while all true artists recognise it with delight, there is no inconsiderable number of men to whom it is obviously distasteful, and who turn away more or less decidedly in feeling from the display of this or any other power in women, exercised never so inoffensively. There is a feeling (tacit or expressed) 'Yes, it is very clever, but somehow it is not quite feminine.' Now we do not wish to use sarcastic words about sentiments of this kind, or demonstrate all their unworthiness and ungenerousness.

We would rather make an appeal to a better judgment, and entreat for a resolute stop to expressions ever so remotely founded on them. The origin of them all has perhaps been the old error that clipping and fettering every faculty of body and mind was the sole method of making a woman—that as the Chinese make a lady's foot, so we should make a lady's mind; and that, in a word, the old ale-house sign was not so far wrong in depicting 'The Good Woman' as a woman without any head whatsoever. Earnestly would we enforce the opposite doctrine, that as God means a woman to *be* a woman and not a man, every faculty he has given her is a woman's faculty, and the more each of them can be drawn out, trained, and perfected, the more *womanly* she will become. She will be a larger, richer, nobler woman for art, for learning, for every grace and gift she can acquire. It must indeed be a mean and miserable man who would prefer that a woman's nature should be pinched, and starved, and dwarfed to keep on his level, rather than be nurtured and trained to its loftiest capacity, to meet worthily his highest also.

Thus we quit the subject of woman's pursuit of the Beautiful, rejoicing in the new promise of its success, and wishing all prosperity to the efforts to afford female students of art that sound and solid training, the lack of which has been their greatest stumblingblock hitherto. The School of Art and Design in London is a good augury with its eight hundred and sixty-three lady pupils!

But for woman's devotion to the True in physics and metaphysics, woman's science and woman's learning, what shall we venture to say? The fact must be frankly admitted—women have even more rarely the powers and tastes needful to carry them in this direction than in that of art. The love of abstract truth as a real passion is probably antithetic in some measure to that vivid interest in persons which belongs to the warm sympathies

and strong affections of women. Their quickness of perception militates against the slow toil of science, and their vividness of intuitive faith renders them often impatient of the discussions of philosophy. Many women love truth warmly enough, and for religious truth female martyrs have never been wanting since the mother of the Maccabees. But few women complete their love of truth by such hatred of error as shall urge them to the exertion of laboriously establishing and defining the limits of the truths they possess. These natural causes again have been reinforced by endless artificial hindrances. The want of schools and colleges, the absence of such rewards as encourage (though they cannot inspire) the pursuit of knowledge, popular and domestic prejudices rendering study disfavoured, difficult access to books or leisure from household duties, the fluctuating health fostered by the unwholesome habits of women; and lastly, the idleness and distractions of those very years of youth in which education can rise above the puerile instruction of a girl's school-room.

Far be it from us to wish to force all women into courses of severe study—to put (as has been well said of late) Arabian horses to the plough, and educate directly against the grain; only we desire thus much, that those women who do possess the noble love of knowledge and are willing to undergo the drudgery of its acquirement, should have every aid supplied and every stumblingblock removed from their paths. The improvements which in our time are making in these directions may be briefly stated. First, popular prejudice against well-educated women is dying away. It is found they do *not* 'neglect infants for quadratic equations,' nor perform in any way less conscientiously the various duties of life after reading Plato or even Kant. Secondly, the opening of ladies' colleges, such as Bedford-square and Harley-street, where really sound and solid instruction is given by first-rate teachers at a

cost not equal to half that of the shallow and superficial boarding-school of twenty years ago. Thirdly, women have benefited even more than men by the general progress of the times, the facilitation of travelling (formerly impossible to them without protection), the opening of good lending-libraries, cheap books and postage. The dead sea of ennui in which so many of them lived is now rippled by a hundred currents from all quarters of heaven, and we may trust that the pettiness of gossip which has been the standing reproach of the sex will disappear with the narrowness of life which supplied no wholesomer food for conversation or thought. To cramp every faculty and cut off all large interests, and then complain that a human being so treated is narrow-minded and scandal-loving, is precisely an injustice parallel to that of some Southern Americans whom we have heard detail those vices of the negroes *which slavery had produced*, as the reason why they were justified in keeping so degraded a race in such a condition. It would be indeed a miracle often if a woman manufactured on some not unpopular principles were anything else than a very poor and pitiful piece of mechanism. The further improvements which may be sought in these directions are of various kinds. The standard of ordinary female education cannot perhaps be elevated above that of the ladies' colleges already mentioned, but *this* standard will become not (as now) the high-water mark for a few, but the common tide-line for all women of the middle and higher classes supposed to be fairly educated. Above this high standard, again, facilities and encouragements may be given to women of exceptionally studious tastes to rise to the levels of any instruction attainable. One important way in which this last end may be reached—namely, the admission of women to the examinations and honours of the London University—has been lately much debated. The arguments which have determined its temporary rejection by the senate



of the University (a rejection, however, only decided by the casting vote of the chairman), seem to have been all of the character discussed a few pages ago,—the supposed necessity of keeping women to their sole vocation of wives and mothers, and so on. The benefits which would accrue from the measure were urged by the present writer before the Social Science Congress,\* and were briefly these—that women need as much or more than men a stimulus to carry their education to a high pitch of perfection and accuracy; that this stimulus has always been supplied to men by university examinations and rewards of honour; that it ought to be offered to women, as likely to produce on them the same desirable results; lastly, that the University of London requiring no collegiate residence, and having its examinations conducted in special apartments perfectly unobjectionable for women's use, it constitutes the one university in the kingdom which ought to admit women to its examinations.

Intimately connected with this matter is that of opening to women the medical profession, for which university degrees would be the first steps. The subject has been well worn of late; yet we must needs make a few remarks concerning it, and notably to put a question or two to objectors. Beloved reader (male or female, as the chance may be), did it ever happen to you to live in a household of half a dozen persons in which some woman was *not* the self-constituted family physician, to whom all the other members of the party applied for advice in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred? A cold, a cough, a rheumatism, a sprain, a cut, a burn, bile, indigestion, headaches and heartaches, are they not all submitted to her counsel, and the remedies she prescribes for them devoutly taken? Usually it is the grandmother or the housekeeper of the family who is con-

sulted; but whichever it may chance to be, mistress or servant, it is always a *woman*. Who ever dreamed of asking his grandfather or his uncle, his butler or footman, 'what he should do for this bad cold,' or to 'be so kind as to tie up this cut finger'? We can hardly imagine the astonishment of 'Jeames' at such a request; but any woman above stairs or below would take it as perfectly natural. Doctoring is one of the 'rights of women,' which albeit theoretically denied is practically conceded so universally that it is probable that all the M.D.'s in England, with the apothecaries to boot, do not order more drugs than are yearly 'exhibited' by their unlicensed female domestic rivals. It is not a question whether such a state of things be desirable; it exists, and no legislation can alter it. The two differences between the authorized doctors and unauthorized doctresses are simply these—that the first are paid and the second unpaid for their services, and the first have *some* scientific knowledge and the second none at all. It behoves us a little to consider these two distinctions. First, if patients choose to go for advice to women, and women inspire them with sufficient confidence to be consulted, it is a piece of interference quite anomalous in our day to prevent such services being rewarded, or in other words, to prevent the woman from qualifying herself legally to accept such reward. A woman may or may not be a desirable doctor, just as a dissenter may or may not be a desirable teacher; but unless we are to go back to paternal governments, we must permit patients and congregations to be the judges of what suits them best, and not any medical or ecclesiastical corporation. It is not that *women* are called on to show cause why they should be permitted to enter the medical profession and obtain remuneration for their services, but

\* *Female Education, and how it would be affected by University Education.* A Paper read before the Social Science Congress. Published by Emily Faithfull and Co., Great Coram-street. Price 2d.

the *doctors*, who are bound to show cause why they should exclude them and deprive them of the remuneration which there are abundance of patients ready to bestow. This is the side of the rights of the doctor. But are we not still more concerned with the second point of difference, which involves the safety of the patient ? As we have said, men and women *will* go continually to women for medical advice in all those thousand contingencies and minor maladies out of which three-fourths of the mortal diseases of humanity arise. There is no use scolding, and saying they *ought* to go to the apothecary or the M.D. People will *not* do so, least of all will delicate women do so when it is possible to avoid it. The only question is, whether the advice which in any case they will get from a woman will be good advice or bad advice—advice founded on some scientific knowledge, or advice derived from the wildest empiricism and crassest ignorance.

We have sometimes lamented that we have lacked the precaution of making memoranda of the wonderful remedies which have become known to us in the course of time, as applied by that class of domestic doctresses of which we have spoken. They would have afforded a valuable storehouse of arguments to prove that, if 'the little knowledge' of medicine (which we are told is all women could hope to acquire in a college) is 'a dangerous thing,' the utter absence of all knowledge whatever which they at present display, is a hundred times more perilous still. Well can we recal, for instance, in the home of our childhood, a certain admirable old cook who was the oracle in medical matters of the whole establishment. Notwithstanding the constant visits of an excellent physician, it was to her opinion that recourse was had on all emergencies ; and the results may be imagined when it is avowed that in her genius the culinary and therapeutic arts were so assimilated, that she invariably *cooked* her patients as well as their dinners. On one oc-

casion a groom having received an immense laceration and excoriation of the leg, was treated by having the wound *rubbed with salt, and held before a hot fire !*

At the opposite end of the social scale we can remember a lady of high degree and true Lady Bountiful disposition pressing on us, in succession, the merits of Morison's pills, hydropathy, and brandy and salt ; 'and if none of them cure your attack, there is St. John Long's remedy, which is *quite* infallible.' It would not be easy to calculate how often such practitioners might incur the same chance as a grandmother of our own, who, asking an Irish labourer his name, received the *foudroyante* reply—'Ah ! and don't you know me, my lady ! And didn't your ladyship give the dose to my wife, and she died the next day ?—*long life to your ladyship !*'

All this folly and quackery—nay, the use of quack medicines altogether—would be vastly diminished, if not stopped, by the training of a certain number of women as regular physicians, and the instruction derived through them of females generally, in the rudiments of physiology and sanitary science. It is vain to calculate whether individual lady physicians would be as successful as the ordinary average of male doctors. To argue about an untried capacity, *à priori*, seems absurd ; and such experience as America has afforded us appears wholly favourable. But the point is, not whether women will make as good doctors as men, but how the whole female sex may be better taught in a matter of vital importance, not only to themselves, but to men whose health is modified through life by their mother's treatment in infancy. As the diffusion of physiological knowledge among women *generally* must unquestionably come from the instruction of a few women *specially* educated, the exclusion of females from courses of medical study assumes the shape of a decree that the sex on whom the health of the community peculiarly depends,



shall for ever remain in ignorance of the laws by which that health is to be maintained.

With the highest possible education for women in ladies' colleges, with University examinations and the medical profession opened to them, we have little doubt that a new life would enter into many, and the pursuit of knowledge become a real vocation, where it has been hitherto hardly more than an amusement. Many a field of learning will yield unexpected flowers to a woman's fresh research, and many a path of science grow firm and clear before the feet which will follow in the steps of Mrs. Somerville. Already women have made for themselves a place, and a large one, in the literature of our time; and when their general instruction becomes deeper and higher, their works must become more and more valuable. Whether doctoresses are to be permitted or not, may be a question; but authoresses are already a guild, which, instead of opposition, has met kindest welcome. It is now a real profession to women as to men, to be writers. Let any one read the list of books in a modern library, and judge how large a share of them were written by women. Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Brontë, George Eliot, Mrs. Gaskell, Susan and Katherine Winkworth, Miss Martineau, Miss Bremer, George Sand, Mrs. Browning, Miss Procter, Miss Austen, Miss Strickland, Miss Pardoe, Miss Mulock, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Trollope, Miss Jewsbury, Mrs. Speir, Mrs. Gatty, Miss Blagden, Lady Georgiana Fullarton, Miss Marsh, and a dozen others. There is little need to talk of literature as a field for woman's future work. She is ploughing it in all directions already. The one thing is to do it thoroughly, and let the plough go deep enough, with good thorough drainage to begin upon. Writing books ought never to be thought of slightly. In one sense, it is morally a serious thing, a power of addressing many persons at once with somewhat more weight than in common speech. We cannot

without offence misuse such a power, and adorn vice, or sneer at virtue, or libel human nature as all low, and base, and selfish. We cannot without offence neglect to *use* such a power for a good end; and if to give pleasure be the object of our book, make it at least to the reader an ennobling and refining pleasure. A book ought always to be the *high water-mark* of its author—his best thoughts, his clearest faith, his loftiest aspiration. No need to taunt him, and say he is not equal to his book. His book ought not to be merely the average of his daily ebb and flow, but his flood-line—his spring-tide, jetsam of shells and corallines, and all 'the treasures of the deep.'

And again, writing is an Art, and as an art it should be seriously pursued. The true artist spirit which grudges no amount of preparatory study, no labour of final completion,—this belongs as much to the pen as to the pencil or the chisel. It is precisely this spirit which women have too often lacked, fondly imagining their quickness would do duty for patience, and their tact cover the defect of study. If their work is (as we hope and believe) to be a real contribution to the happiness and welfare of mankind hereafter, the first lesson to be learned is this—conscientious preparatory study, conscientious veracity of expression, conscientious labour after perfection of every kind, clearness of thought, and symmetry of form. The time will come, we doubt not, when all this will be better understood. Writing a novel or a book of travels will not be supposed to come to a lady by nature, any more than teaching children to a reduced gentlewoman. Each art needs its special study and careful cultivation; and the woman who means to pursue aright either literature or science, will consider it her business to prepare herself for so doing, *at least* as much as if she purposed to dance on the stage or make bonnets in a milliner's shop.

Then, we believe we shall find women able to carry forward the



common progress of the human race along the path of the True, as well as of the Beautiful and the Good ; nay, to give us those views of truth which are naturally the property of woman. For be it remembered, as in optics we need two eyes to see the roundness and fulness of objects, so in philosophy we need to behold every great truth from two stand-points ; and it is scarcely a fanciful analogy to say, that these stand-points are provided for us by the different faculties and sentiments of men's and women's natures. In every question of philosophy there enters the intuitive and the experimental, the arguments *à priori* and *à posteriori*. In every question of morals there is the side of justice and the side of love. In every question of religion there is the idea of God as

the Father of the world—the careful Creator, yet severe and awful Judge ; and there is the idea of God as the Mother, whose tender mercies are over us all, who is grieved by our sins as our mothers were grieved by them, and in whose infinite heart is our only refuge. At the highest point all these views unite. Absolute Philosophy is both intuitive and experimental ; absolute Morality is both justice and love ; absolute Religion is the worship (at once full of awe and love) of the 'Parent of Good, Almighty,' who is both parents in One. But to reach these completed views we need each side by turns to be presented to us ; and this can hardly be better effected than by the alternate action of men's and women's minds on each other.

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## LAWRENCE BLOOMFIELD IN IRELAND.

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### I.

#### LAWRENCE.

**A**UTUMNAL sunshine spread on Irish hills  
 Imagination's brightening mirror fills,  
 Wherein a Horseman on a handsome grey  
 Along the high road takes his easy way,  
 Saluted low by every ragged hat,  
 Saluting kindly every Teague and Pat  
 Who plods the mud or jolts on lazy wheels,  
 Or smokes his *dudheen* with an ass and creels  
 (Pipe quick removed before obeisance made),  
 Or checks, regardant, his potato spade ;  
 ' Fine day,' the young man says with friendly nod,  
 ' Fine day, your honour—glory be to God !'  
 Then, too polite to stare, they talk their fill  
 Of Minor Bloomfield (so they call him still,  
 Though six-and-twenty now) come back of late  
 From foreign countries to his own estate,  
 And who in turn has no incurious eye  
 For each, and all the world, in passing by ;  
 The cornstacks seen through rusty sycamores,  
 Pigs, tatter'd children, pools at cabin doors,  
 Unshelter'd rocky hillsides, browsed by sheep,  
 Summer's last flow'rs that nigh some brooklet creep,

Black flats of bog, stone-fences loose and rough,  
 A thorn-branch in a gap thought gate enough,  
 And all the wide and groveless landscape round,  
 Moor, stubble, aftermath, or new-plough'd ground,  
 Where with the crows white seagulls come to pick;  
 Or many a wasteful acre crowded thick  
 With docken, coltsfoot, and the hoary weed  
 Call'd fairy-horse, and tufted thistle-seed  
 Which *for* the farm, *against* the farmer tells;  
 Or wrinkled hawthorns shading homestead wells,  
 Or, saddest sight, some ruin'd cottage-wall,  
 The roof-tree cut, the rafters forced to fall  
 From gables with domestic smoke embrown'd,  
 Where Poverty at worst a shelter found,  
 The scene, perhaps, of all its little life,  
 Its humble joys, and unsuccessful strife.  
 Th' observant rider pass'd too many such;  
 'Let them do more (he thought) who do so much,  
 Nor, where they've kill'd a human dwelling-place,  
 Unburied leave the skeleton's disgrace.'  
 Though Irish, he was of the absentees,  
 And unaccustomed yet to sights like these.

At twelve years old his birthplace he had left,  
 A child endow'd with much, of much bereft;  
 Return'd a boy—a lad—the third time now  
 Returns, a man, with broad and serious brow.  
 A younger son (the better lot at first),  
 And by a Celtic peasant fondly nurst,  
 Bloomfield is Irish born and English bred,  
 Surviving heir of both his parents dead;  
 One who has studied, travell'd, lived, and thought,  
 Is brave, and modest, as a young man ought;  
 Calm—sympathetic; hasty—full of tact;  
 Poetic, but insisting much on fact;  
 A complex character and various mind,  
 Where all, like some rich landscape, lies combined.

From school to Ireland, Lawrence first return'd  
 A patriot vow'd; his soul for Ireland burn'd.  
 Oft did his schoolmates' taunts in combat end,  
 And high his plans with one Hibernian friend,  
 Who long'd like him for manhood, to set free  
 Their emerald Inisfail from sea to sea,  
 With army, senate, all a nation's life,  
 Copartner in the great world's glorious strife,  
 Peer in all arts, gay rival in each race,  
 Illustrious, firm, in her peculiar place.  
 The glories and the griefs of Erin fill'd  
 Heart and imagination. How he thrill'd  
 To some fine harp-note of her antique fame,  
 How, to her storied wounds, his cheek would flame!  
 And hearing some great speaker, on a day,  
 Whose urgent grasp held thousands under sway

While thus he thunder'd,—' 'Tis for slaves alone  
 To live without a country of their own !  
 Alas for Ireland ! she whose sons are born  
 The wide earth's pity and proud England's scorn,  
 England whose fraud and guilt have sunk us low.  
 Speak, Irishmen, shall this be always so ?'  
 Judge how young Lawrence felt. ' Like a young fool,'  
 His guardian growl'd, and shipp'd him back to school.

Not such was he at Cambridge ; for he found  
 Thought's new horizons daily opening round,  
 While History spread her pictures grave and vast ;  
 And living Britain startled him at last  
 To recognise the large imperial tone,  
 And all the grandeur of a well-built throne.  
 O joy, a part in England's pride to claim,  
 To flush with triumph in her force and fame,  
 See distant powers confess with wondering awe  
 Her martial strength, her majesty of law,  
 And every child of hers throughout the world  
 Stand safe beneath her banner, broad unfurl'd !

A beardless Burke of college parliament  
 The loyal Lawrence back to Ireland went,  
 On visit to a rich relation's house ;  
 Where boldly to Sir Ulick he avows  
 An alter'd mind, and sees with alter'd sight  
 Reckless provincials, hating rule and right,  
 Busy for mischief without aim or sense,  
 Their politics mere factious turbulence,  
 Drawn this and that way by the word or nod  
 Of noisy rogues and stealthy men-of-God ;  
 And checks them with a small ideal band  
 Who, brothers, round the British Ensign stand,  
 To face rebellion, Papistry, and crime,  
 With staunchness proved in many a perilous time.  
 At twenty-one, his too a place shall hold  
 With names ancestral in the Lodge enroll'd ;  
 Or thus at least resolved the young man, eager-soul'd.

I then knew Lawrence first, and could descry  
 Keen intellect and generous sympathy  
 In every look ; life's fountain fresh and bright  
 In him, for one man, freely sprang to light.  
 Full was his nostril, sensitive his mouth,  
 His candid brow capacious of the truth ;  
 Eyes, good Hibernian, warmest of all grays,  
 Fervent and clear, or veil'd in thoughtful haze ;  
 Locks loosely curling, 'twixt a black and brown ;  
 His lips and chin, though but in boyhood's down,  
 Were sculptured boldly, to confirm the face ;  
 A slender figure swayed with careless grace  
 To every impulse, every varying mood,  
 Nothing in him was formal, nothing rude.



The first five minutes rank'd him as a friend,  
He still was new and rare at five years' end.

Gowns, books, degrees, will leave a fool a fool,  
But wit is best when wit has gone to school.  
In busy leisure 'mid these cloisters gray,  
This young man communed many a happy day  
With thoughts perennial of the mighty dead,  
To which his soul, how often, whilst he read,  
Sprang up with greeting; nor, in prose or rhyme,  
Fail'd he to mark the Spirit of the Time;  
Then wander'd forth, saw Germany and Greece,  
France, fairer Italy, with large increase  
For that eternal storehouse in the mind;  
Saw, too, earth's younger half, whose western wind  
Would bear across the sea, if wind could bear,  
To Ireland many a wish and filial pray'r.  
And now he treads again the shamrock shore,  
Of age, and half a fruitful decade more;  
By books, by travel, and by life matured,  
With words less ready, insight more assured,  
A student still, of all beneath the sun,  
And wishing good to each, and wrong to none.

His life, the first great impulse falling slack,  
Has now begun to feel or fear a lack,  
Unknown, undreamt-of hitherto, a void,  
A need in truth for work; to rise employ'd  
Each morning light on some progressive toil,  
Itself not all inadequate, the foil  
And clasp for ruby, pearl, and diamond hours,  
Or say, the root and stem for life's best flow'rs.  
Public ambitions are not to his mind,  
His nature's proper work seems hard to find,  
Grown sick of London's huge and flimsy maze,  
Polite, luxurious, ineffectual days.  
But no such turn suspect his English friends;  
This morning, gay Tom Stanley's letter ends—  
'Your Blessed Island I have also seen,  
And much among the savage natives been,  
And semi-savage—that is, high and low;  
Not unamusing for a month or so;  
But fancy living in the place!—take care  
And don't get shot, old fellow, whilst you're there.'  
So Stanley. Meanwhile, fain are other some  
To keep the youth in Ireland, now he's come.

Greatly his friends and relatives desire  
To colour staring blue the rich young Squire,  
With vivid streaks of orange, to describe  
A noble chieftain of their loyal tribe,  
That in such war-paint he may lead their van  
To fight the county with a fierce Green Man.  
Alas! they find this Bloomfield less and more  
Than lived in their philosophy before;

Direct and frank in motive, plan, and deed,  
 Cautious and mild in theory and creed,  
 There friendly, here reserved, but not by rule,  
 Like those who send their cordial smile to school;  
 Cold upon interests where the rest grow hot,  
 Intent, where they have never given a thought;  
 Too apt to lightly leap 'the usual course,'  
 Turn, look about,—he may perhaps do worse;  
 He visits Phelim's farm, and Pat's, and Mike's,  
 And questions Pigot more than Pigot likes;  
 Each tenant's history fain would understand,  
 Examines every corner of his land,  
 Day after day has freely seen and heard,  
 But of his general thought avows no word;  
 Perhaps, in secret, striving to arrange  
 Experiences so multiform and strange.

Thus much of Lawrence Bloomfield, on his way  
 From Croghan Lodge, this bright autumnal day,  
 Quickly, by turns, and slowly, man and beast,  
 To where Sir Ulick Harvey spreads the feast.  
 Twice, a well-arm'd police patrol he met,  
 Duly, to guard the dinner-party, set.

Beyond the dirty town an Irish mile,  
 Thick laurels round Sir Ulick's gateway smile;  
 A mail'd arm cut on either pillar-stone  
 Defends the Harvey motto, doubly shown,  
*Meis, ut placet, utens*; gravel-spread,  
 And dusk with boughs that whisper overhead,  
 A private drive at every turn displays  
 The vista'd park where silky cattle graze,  
 Through clumps of flow'rs and greensward sweeping wide  
 Unfolds the heavy mansion's front of pride,  
 And whirls, if such felicity be yours,  
 Your chariot to the hospitable doors,  
 Where men of soft address and portly frame,  
 As if in rainbows clad, announce your name.  
 Lisnamoy House can see far summits rise  
 In azure bloom, or cold on misty skies,  
 Above the broad plantation set to screen  
 Those dismal wastes of bog that stretch between;  
 North lies the Village, showing but a spire,  
 As humbly conscious of the haughty Squire,  
 Whose Lady visits but the Rector's wife,  
 Each meaner building crouching for its life.  
 Thick stand the woods, though change is on the trees,  
 Their first light losses borne on every breeze,  
 And shut from view a thousand vulgar fields,  
 Whose foison great Sir Ulick's grandeur yields,  
 With many a roof of thatch, where daily toil  
 Extorts the bread of man from earth's dull soil.

'This must be: and if Toil receive his share,  
 Nor Gather'd Power be selfish and unfair,

Toil will not grudge Inheritance or Gain,  
The part which these in manly mood sustain.  
Toil, Poverty, are tolerable things,—  
Injustice every human spirit wrings;  
*Thence* flows the bitter stream of discontent,  
For him that earns a wage or pays a rent,  
As through the patriot's pulses, who must feel  
His country's wounds enkindle fiery zeal.'  
Thus meditated Bloomfield, while his horse  
Turn'd to familiar stableyard his course.  
'A kind just man would make the poor his friends,  
And use his riches for no private ends;  
Till rich and poor, harmoniously conjoint,  
Form'd alto, basso, in a counterpoint.  
But could he so in this distracted isle?  
Traditionary wrongs each heart defile,  
Received, inflicted, rankling, and renew'd;  
All passions shout the cries of ancient feud;  
God's worship is the pledge of endless hate:  
Who, linking class with class, these venoms can abate?  
How, once I quit the glorious world of dreams,  
Begin, where all a vile confusion seems?  
Perchance these Irish Captains, view'd aright,  
Sustain as best they may an ugly fight.  
'So let them. I'll interrogate the Sphinx,  
And Him who sleeps at Philæ, for the links  
Of past and future; and behold the while  
Great dawns and sunsets mirror'd in the Nile.'

*(To be continued.)*





## A D R I A N.

## CHAPTER XV.

## AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

Often events by chance unexpectedly come to pass when we have ceased to wish or hope for them.—TERENCE.

Some there be that shadows kiss ;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE marriage was rather hurried on after everybody's consent and approval had been thus cordially given. It was already late in the season, and Lord Medway was by no means inclined to let so unimportant a circumstance interfere with his grouse shooting. So, during the month or six weeks claimed by lawyers and dress-makers, his lordship took himself off to Cowes ; and Laura did a pretty little bit of self-sacrifice very cheap, by giving up her yachting, the miseries of which—for she suffered intensely from sea-sickness—she was in the habit of enduring yearly with a heroism worthy of a better cause. So 'darling Medway' was suffered to go to Cowes alone, and she remained in London in order to superintend the trousseau, and preside over the arrangements generally. Presents, congratulations, and profuse orders to milliners and dress-makers gave her a kind of occupation for which she was eminently fitted ; and the marriage preparations were conducted with an ardour of devotion which would not have been misplaced if the whole future happiness of the bride had depended on the richness of her silks and the fineness of her embroideries.

But how fared it meanwhile with those prospects of happiness ? Not so well as might be. Catherine was anything rather than a sentimental young lady, but she was deeply in love, with the whole force of a true and loving woman's heart. She had never frittered away her feelings in transient fancies or unmeaning flirtations. Adrian L'Estrange was the only man in the world for whom she had ever experienced even a pass-

ing preference, and to him she had given her whole wealth of affection. She knew that it was not so with him, and she could not help feeling that there was a great, to her it appeared a humiliating, difference between the love which filled her whole being for him, and that which an unerring instinct told her he entertained for her.

There was but too much of truth in her misgivings. From the moment in which Adrian had been led to speak to her of love, the image of Lilian revived in his memory, haunting him by day and night like an accusing spirit. Vainly did he bring all the most potent exorcisms he could command to conjure the pale phantom ; vainly did he teach his mind to dwell on the thought of Catherine, her beauty and her love. While in her society, he could forget the haunting memories that tortured him in the sweet and subtle influence she exercised over his feelings ; but no sooner did he find himself alone, than memory avenged herself for her temporary defeat, and overwhelmed him with thoughts of Lilian.

In this respect he must have been very unlike the generality of men, and it might be well if there were more like him. How many in his position, the object of tenderest affection to a loving and beautiful woman, and on the eve of marriage with her, would indulge at all in the inconvenient exercise of retrospection ; or if they did so, would not see some sweet sorrowful face rise up before their mind's eye, which was not that of the lady of their vows ? Do you think we could find many such happy, heart-whole bridegrooms, if

we searched diligently from the rising to the setting of the sun? Well for them if the poor, almost forgotten face is not reproachful as well as sad in its expression; well, also, if the vision comes alone, and does not form one of a sorrowful procession, like that which stirred the conscience of the spirit-haunted Richard to frenzy on the eve of Bosworth, with the ominous chant,

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

So perhaps Adrian L'Estrange was more to be pitied and less to be blamed than many who carry a brave front to the world, and let the waters of Lethe obliterate the little trembling footmarks on their heart's past history. The worst of it to him was, that he had put so much of earnestness into his first hapless love, that he had but a pittance left wherewith to recompense the full, pure, beautiful affection that Catherine bestowed upon him so freely. Most men would have considered this amply sufficient, and would have taken her, her beauty, her fortune, and her love, as the just tribute to their own transcendent merits. But poor Adrian, with all his faults, was of a different stamp from these. He could not quietly take all that Catherine had to give him, and feel that she was well repaid by the empty shell of a heart which had poured out all its fulness for another. And thus the hours they passed together as affianced lovers were not so brightly happy as they ought to have been. He often felt self-reproachful and ill at ease, sometimes absent and cold, and Catherine's instinct warned her of this; so that both felt wretched at times, while carefully feigning happiness and contentment to each other. A bad beginning.

But still the marriage preparations went on as though all were as bright and orderly in the heart of the bride as in her outward adornments. Only one untoward incident occurred. The wedding-veil was sent home one evening while Adrian was present, and being called on by Lady Medway, whose gift it was, to admire it, he

declared that he was utterly ignorant of such matters in the abstract, and threw it over Catherine's head, where it certainly showed to great advantage, half concealing and half heightening the beauty of the soft complexion and lovely eyes it covered. But Lady Medway's superstitious feelings took fright at this very irregular proceeding.

'Good heavens, Adrian! what are you doing? Take it off this instant. Don't you know that nothing is so unlucky as for a bride to put on her wedding-veil before the day? And for you, of all people, to put it on her!'

Catherine, laughing, tried to disengage herself from the delicate folds; and Adrian, convinced by the number of notes of admiration which Lady Medway contrived to express in the horror-stricken tone of her voice that he must have done something very preposterous, did his best to help her. Between them, they managed to entangle the lace in Adrian's watch-chain; and as he moved away, leaving the veil in Catherine's hand, it tore,—a long, long rent, not to be repaired without leaving visible marks of the mischief.

Laura screamed and hid her eyes, and even Catherine turned rather pale. Following so immediately on what had been said, it was not a pleasant circumstance; but they laughed it off, and Lady Medway made quite a heroic effort to receive Adrian's apologies with a good grace.

Superstitions—the old world-believed follies which we imbibe somehow in our childhood, and never forget, while so much that it would be useful and beneficial to remember is forgotten—are sometimes sources of great discomfort; and Catherine often dwelt on this trifle of evil omen in after days.

It wanted but a week of the day fixed for the marriage, when another annoying circumstance occurred. Catherine's maid fell ill, and it was evident at once that she would be quite unable to attend her mistress on her wedding-tour.

Laura was in despair; a very

little sufficed, on her own showing, to reduce her to this state of mind.

'My poor darling,' she said to Catherine, 'what *will* you do? You know that you should have Anastasie, and be a million times welcome to her, but what *should* I do in the Highlands without somebody who knows my ways?'

'Don't think of it,' answered Catherine. 'Mrs. Harrison, I know, was anxious to recommend somebody to me, for she asked poor Stephens the other day if she was to remain or not. I will go to her, for I would take her recommendation as readily as any one's.'

Mrs. Harrison, *par parenthèses*, was formerly housekeeper to Catherine's mother, and was now settled in London, in business as a dress-maker, and extensively employed on the trousseau.

The result of Catherine's inquiry was that 'the young person,' as Mrs. Harrison called her, was desired to come to Grosvenor-square on the following day; and a pale young woman, dressed in deep mourning, came at the appointed time.

She had a little dog with her, which composed itself on the doormat in the hall with a quiet, self-possessed air, which disarmed all objections on the part of the porter, who was about to suggest that it should remain outside. The young woman assured him that it would not move till her return.

She had not left it for more than a few minutes, when Adrian called at the door to leave a note for Catherine. At the first sound of his voice, the little creature jumped up, and rushing between the legs of the startled porter, frisked round Adrian, with barks, and cries, and tail-waggings, and every demonstration of excessive joy that a little dog can make.

'Why, Fanny, poor Fanny!' exclaimed Adrian; 'where on earth have you come from?'

'A young person left the dog in the hall, sir, when she went upstairs to see Miss Vernon.'

Adrian pushed past the man and rushed upstairs. In the drawing-

room he found Lady Medway alone; the folding doors were closed.

'Where is Catherine?' he inquired, abruptly, taking no heed of Laura's outstretched hand.

'In my sitting-room, with a girl who is come to be hired instead of Stephens; but what is the matter, Adrian? has anything happened?'

'Lady Medway, I must see that girl. Do, for mercy's sake, make some excuse and call her here. I *must* see her directly.'

'Why, what is the matter?'

'The matter only is, that unless you can contrive that I should see the—the person who is with Catherine at once, I must go to her, and perhaps there may be a scene. Lady Medway, for pity's sake, make some excuse to get her away from Catherine.'

Laura, puzzled, and half offended, was yet so impressed by Adrian's manner, as to feel compelled to obey his wishes; but just as she was moving towards the door, it partly opened, and the face of a young girl appeared.

Adrian L'Estrange started up with a suppressed exclamation, and rushed out of the room and out of the house.

Before Lady Medway had by any means recovered from her extreme astonishment, Catherine came in, full of interest about the young woman who had just left her.

'I wish you had seen her, Laura; she is such a nice creature, quiet and ladylike, and so pretty. She is an orphan, obliged to earn her living, but she has evidently been brought up like a lady, and is one. She told me that Harrison knows all about her; but she appeared very unwilling to speak of herself, and as Harrison recommends her so warmly, I may safely engage her without further inquiry; don't you think so?'

Laura had been composing her countenance, and endeavouring to look unconcerned while Catherine spoke, and now said carelessly,

'I think I had a glimpse of her; did she not come to the folding door?'

'Yes; she mistook the way out,



and came into the other room instead of going down the passage; is she not pretty?

'I didn't notice her much, dearest. Have you positively engaged her?'

'She is to call again to-morrow; she wished me to see Harrison before I decided, but I am more than satisfied with her, and think I have been very lucky.'

Catherine would have been surprised had she caught the pitying, sorrowful look which Lady Medway gave her as she spoke; but she made no other reply, and contented herself with an inward resolution to see Harrison without loss of time, and arrive somehow or other at the truth concerning the 'young person,' and her connexion with Adrian L'Estrange.

Meanwhile, Adrian had dashed downstairs, and stationed himself at the corner of the square, eagerly watching Lord Medway's house. In a few minutes the door opened, and the little dog ran down the steps, followed by a slight figure in black. Adrian let her walk on for a few paces, and then followed her till they were out of sight of the house.

She stopped for a moment at a crossing, and he came quietly up behind her.

'Rachel,' he said, in a low voice.

Rachel Denborough turned round, and with difficulty repressed a scream. She trembled from head to foot, and could scarcely articulate.

'I never thought to see you again,' she murmured; 'and it is too late now. Let me go my way, Adrian; it must be far enough from yours for ever.'

Adrian's only answer was to take her hand, and place it on his arm.

'Do not think that I am going to lose sight of you, Rachel. God knows how long and earnestly I have sought you; and now we must not part till you have told me all.'

Perceiving that the poor girl was overwhelmed with agitation, and scarcely able to speak or stand, Adrian hailed a passing cab, and placing her in it, seated himself by her side.

'Where to, please?'

'Oh, anywhere. Shoreditch.'

'Vell,' soliloquised the cabman, as he resumed his place on the box, 'if I *was* dispodged to go anyvheres with a young woman by way of a lark, I wouldn't choose the "Eastern Counties" by no manner of means.'

Rachel sank back in the corner and sobbed piteously.

'One word, for mercy's sake,' said Adrian. 'Rachel, do not keep me in this torturing suspense. Where is Lilian?'

'Lost—dead—oh, worse than dead! Lily, my Lily!'

Adrian seized the poor girl's hands in a grasp of which he knew not the strength.

'Rachel, you *must* compose yourself and speak to me at once. What do you mean by those terrible words?'

Rachel sat up and released her hands. Then she looked fixedly at him for a moment.

'Lily is mad!' she said, in a harsh, unnatural voice.

'Mad! oh, my God!—and your father?'

'He is dead—he poisoned himself, after he and the other between them had driven Lily mad. And now I have nothing more to tell you. Let me go.' Rachel spoke these words with a stony indifference.

Adrian looked at his poor companion, almost hoping that hers was the brain which had given way; it seemed too dreadful to hear such words uttered in that cold, passionless tone. But there was nothing like insanity in the fixed gaze that met his. An unutterable sadness, a despairing melancholy sat on her pale features, but their stony calm was only the result of a strong effort at self-command. There was no alternative for her between a stoic affectation of indifference to her sorrows, and the wild self-abandonment of utter misery; but it was too evident that she had merely stated the truth. A pang of agony shot through Adrian's heart.

'Rachel, dear Rachel, have pity on me, and tell me all. What has happened? how are you reduced to this forlorn condition? my poor

Rachel, how you must have suffered !

'Suffered ! oh God ! how much indeed ! and you have been the cause of all ! Had it not been for your forgetfulness, your cruel trifling, your barbarous silence—Let me go, Adrian L'Estrange, I cannot breathe while I am near you.'

She tried to unfasten the door of the cab with her nervous, shaking hands. Adrian laid his upon them gently.

'Rachel, you must listen to me. Some baneful influence has been exerted to separate us ; I have never forgotten you or Lily. I wrote often, urgently, imploringly, to you both, and never obtained a single word from either. After my father recovered from a severe accident which befel him on the very day of my return to England, I went to Alainville and did all I could to trace you out. Madame Bontemps told me enough to show me that we were the victims of some clever conspiracy, and with the slight clue she was able to afford, I sought you in Paris—too late, Rachel, only a few days too late ! Lilian, I found, had been given by a vain form of marriage, to some one calling himself also Dubois.'

'You know who he is, of course ?' interrupted Rachel ; 'you know him well—are you really ignorant of his dealings with us ?'

'On my life, I neither know who he is, nor have I the slightest clue to the mystery that has surrounded you ever since we parted. Do you really think me such a cold-hearted villain, Rachel ? What can I say to make you believe me ?'

'I will believe you,' Rachel answered, touched by the profound earnestness with which he spoke ; 'though I have indeed had cause to say that all men are liars, I will try to believe that you are true. If anything could give me comfort in this world, it would be to know that you were not deliberately false to Lily—it would almost take the stain of blood from my soul, guilty as I have ever felt of allowing your intimacy with her.'

'Believe it, then, fully and freely. I swear to you that my dearest hopes of happiness were centred in her, and when she seemed lost to me for ever, I mourned for her as for my most precious treasure. But tell me, I beseech you, what has happened to her, and who is the villain who must account to me for the ruin of the happiness of us both ?'

'A villain, indeed ; but is it possible that you do not know it was Darcy Pierrepont ?'

'Darcy Pierrepont !' exclaimed Adrian, in amazement. 'I did not even know that he was aware of your existence. I never heard him utter your name.'

'He has been our evil genius,' said Rachel, bitterly. 'I firmly believe that it was he who first led my unhappy father to embark in those wild speculations which ended in his ruin and disgrace. For some years I know he profited immensely by their success ; and when at last the bubble burst, and a large sum of money belonging to him went with the rest, he turned upon my poor father, and persecuted him with relentless cruelty. And, to crown all, he broke Lily's heart, and drove her mad !'

Adrian L'Estrange clenched his hands. 'Tell me how !' he muttered.

'It is a long story. To make you understand it all, I must go back—far back, into the happy past, which now seems to me a land of dreams. But I should like you to know all ; for I begin to believe, Adrian, that I have done you great wrong in my thoughts, and it will be some atonement if I can now make all clear to you, though it is too late. When we were rich, and prosperous, and happy, as we were for the first twenty years of my life, we lived in a large country place in——shire, and entered into all the gaiety of the neighbourhood. We had generally a house-full of guests, and especially in the shooting season, and at Christmas-time. The year that Lily was seventeen, I was engaged to be married to one whom

I loved very dearly ; and though I always tried to act the part of a mother by my darling sister—we lost our own mother when we were both children—I fear, I fear, my thoughts were too much given to *him*, and I was not watchful enough over her, the sweet, innocent child, just entering on her woman's life. Darcy Pierrepont was staying with us then ; he was often in the house for weeks at a time, and I always thought he looked on Lily as a child ; for he appeared to treat her as he had always done. He was very fond of her, and admired her, as who would not ! but the thought of anything else never entered my mind. One day, while I was dressing for dinner, Lily came flying into my room, with her cheeks in a flame, and throwing herself into my arms, burst into a passion of tears. By dint of soothing and petting her, I got her to speak at last. Mr. Pierrepont had been very rude, very insolent to her, she said ; he came into our little morning room, where I had left her not long before, and after a few absurd speeches, told her he wanted her to be his wife. She laughed, and said, “a woman might not marry her grandfather,” thinking it was only a bad joke ; but he got very angry, called her a provoking little cat, and as she got up to leave the room, he put his arm round her waist and held her fast. Then she got angry too, and flung from him, and told him to remember that cats could scratch. He followed her, saying he liked her better than ever when she was in a passion, and that whatever she might say or do, she should be his wife some day or other. And then—oh how Lily sobbed as she told me!—he threw his arm round her again, and kissed her a dozen times before she could release herself. She flew upstairs to me as soon as she got away from him ; and when she had told me all, I had a world of trouble to soothe and pacify her. She refused to go down to dinner, and declared that she would never leave her room till Mr. Pierrepont was out of the house. At last, I

was obliged to speak to my father. He astonished me by the light way in which he treated the whole thing, laughed at Lily, and called her a little vixen, and said that most girls would jump at such a husband as Pierrepont. However, by his representations the man was persuaded to apologize to Lily for his behaviour. I shall never forget how lovely the darling was as she stood, quite pale and still, to listen to his words, or the withering scorn of the look she cast on him as he ceased. He looked at her, too, for a moment, and then turned away, and I saw him set his teeth and clench his hands as he did so. I believe that he then swore in his evil heart to be revenged on the innocent child who had humbled him ; and piously has he kept the vow !

‘It was not long after this that the storm burst which ruined all our lives. I was so bewildered with my own share of the misery, that I can tell you little about it. I believe it was by Mr. Pierrepont's assistance that we got away to France, with a passport in the name of Dubois. We wandered about for some time in small towns and villages, and at last settled in the château de Belleforêt.

‘There, our life, though monotonous and dreary, might have been endurable, but for the habit of drinking which grew on my poor unhappy father, and increased to a fearful height. It makes me shudder even now, though I have since gone through so much that was worse, to remember the scenes I have had there with him. I always sent Lily away, and pretended we had business to attend to ; but I dared not leave him alone in his furious fits. I need not recal their horrors. He is gone now where all his temptation and misery is known, as well as his faults, and may God be merciful to him and all of us ! I should not have alluded to the subject, except that this fatal habit of drink had much to do, I am sure, with all our after misery, and led to his terrible death.’

‘Tell me all, dear Rachel ; let it



be some comfort to you to speak of your sufferings to a brother. Every word you say goes to my heart,' said Adrian.

'It is a comfort to me,' answered the poor girl, turning her sad eyes to his face of sympathy; 'I feel that now I have begun to speak of what has never passed my lips before, some of the heavy weight is lifted off my heart. Well, after we had been some months at Belle-forêt, I saw one day in the newspaper, that—that he whose wife I ought to have been long before then, had married another woman. I did not know till that moment that I had had any hope left in my heart that he would be true to me in spite of all; but I felt it then, by the intolerable agony it gave me when it was crushed at once, and for ever. I was ill for a time, and oh that it had been God's will to give me rest!

'However, I lived through that, as through other trials; and for Lily's sake, I tried to be cheerful. Then we met you—oh, Adrian, you know that we never sought you—you know that I tried to preserve my precious sister from the misery that had wrecked my own life! You sought us—you would not be repulsed—you won that dear treasure, and——'

'And God is my witness that I would have guarded it with my life!' groaned Adrian.

'May be—but what could we think, when you left us ostensibly to ask your father's consent to your marriage with Lily, and days grew into weeks, and weeks into months, and after your first letter, written the day of your arrival in England, not one single word ever reached us from you?'

'It must have been his doing, the villain! My father must have betrayed my confidence, though I cannot and will not believe that he had anything to do with the base advantage that must have been taken of it. Pierrepont left his own house, where my father was carried after his accident, on the very day after my return to England, and was absent for months, I

know not how long. He must have intercepted our letters.'

'Most probably; and indeed it seems the only way to account for your never hearing either from Lily or me. She wrote to you three times—poor darling, it was her only pleasure—before we began to think it strange that no letter came from you. Then by my advice she waited—three long, weary, miserable weeks! At last Lily's pride broke down. She said she knew you must be ill, that some accident had befallen you, and she must and would write again. We waited—oh, how anxiously!—for an answer to this letter; and the very day that we thought one might come, we were sitting together in the twilight, while my father was asleep at the farther end of the room, when Lisette came in and said a gentleman was at the door asking for Monsieur Dubois. Lily started up, flushing all over.

'“Oh, Lisette, is it——?” she said; but Lisette shook her head.

'“Quite another, mademoiselle; a fine man, with a grand presence, but much older than Monsieur L'Etranger.”

'“Oh, Rachel, perhaps it is his father,” Lily whispered, growing red and pale by turns; but at that moment the stranger, tired of waiting, walked in. It was Darcy Pierrepont. Lily hid her face, and burst into bitter tears of disappointment. The sound of his entrance roused my father, who stood staring at him in silence, shaking in every limb, while I thought only of my poor sister, and knelt beside her to soothe and comfort her.

'“Upon my word, this is a cheerful reception,” he said, coolly, as if he had been an invited guest. “Here have I come to the end of the world to see you, Denborough, in this vile weather, and neither you nor the young ladies give me a word of welcome.”

'“I must know your errand before I can welcome you,” said my father, without moving.

'“My errand is soon told,” he answered. “I learned by accident

that you were living here; and being in Paris, without any particular occupation, I determined to pay you a visit unannounced, as I used to do in the old times. I fancied you might not be inclined to receive company; but an old friend can never be out of place, I hope, and I have made arrangements to stay here for a few days at least."

"We live very simply," I said, as my father made no effort to speak. "We are not in any way prepared to receive guests."

"Oh, I shall be easily satisfied; you can put me anywhere, and in a civilized country one can never starve. So I dare say we shall do very well, and you need have no housekeeping anxieties, Miss Rachel." He drew an arm-chair to the fire, and seated himself opposite to Lily. She rose at once, and left the room.

"What, has she not forgiven me yet?" he said, laughing. "What a rancorous little witch it is."

"In this way Mr. Pierrepont established himself in spite of us as a member of our family. I soon discovered that he had some new and powerful hold over my father; whether it was only that having discovered his retreat, a word from him might betray the secret at any time, or whether there was some darker, stronger agency at work, I knew not; but from the time of his coming all went worse than ever. My father and Mr. Pierrepont held long secret conversations, from which the latter used to come out triumphant, full of spirits, and laughing silently to himself; while my poor unhappy father remained in his own room, moaning and shivering till the dreadful brandy began to do its work; and the night ended, as they almost all did now, in his being conveyed helpless and insensible to bed.

"Mr. Pierrepont established some sort of claim on our forbearance, at least, by the assistance he rendered me in these trying scenes, though his presence added to their frequency and violence. My father held him in such dread, that I was

spared all personal exertion; and he possessed enough gentlemanly feeling to avoid the subject when we were together at other times. He talked to Lily and me of books, of what was going on in the world, and of the news contained in his letters, of which he used to receive a number, all addressed to "Monsieur Dubois, jeune." He told my father that this precaution had been taken to prevent any one from discovering where he was; and by degrees we grew almost accustomed to his presence, and our outward life was no worse than before.

"One day, when the post had brought him several letters, he exclaimed, while reading one of them,

"Ah, this is good news indeed," in a tone that plainly said he wished to be asked what it was. So I said,

"What is your good news? Anything that interests us?"

"I think not; it is the marriage of a pretty niece of mine, but I think you know nothing of her. She is to marry Adrian L'Estrange, the son of my old friend the General."

"In an agony I looked at Lilian. She was sitting upright, with a face like marble, staring wildly at him.

"Say that again!" she exclaimed, in a loud, unnatural voice.

"Why, what is it to you, lady fair?" he inquired, with an air of surprise. "Adrian L'Estrange, the son of an old friend of mine, is going to marry my pretty niece, Catherine——"

"Here Lily gave a wild, ringing cry, like a wounded animal, and fell back in her chair in violent hysterics. Lisette and I carried her to her room, and by degrees she became calmer. But oh, her despair! Poor darling, I could only weep and pray for her, for I well knew the wound was beyond my powers of healing."

"The cursed villain!" murmured Adrian.

"I do not know what version of the story Darcy Pierrepont heard from my father," Rachel resumed,

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hurriedly, 'for he never again alluded to the subject. But Lily was changed from that hour. A wild recklessness came over her, totally unlike her usual gentle timidity. She no longer repelled the smallest attempt at civility offered her by Darcy Pierrepont; and though she frequently answered him with bitter, stinging sarcasms, she did not seek to avoid his conversation or his compliments, but gave him back a light kind of careless badinage, which made me terribly anxious. I saw she was desperate, and feared that

she might commit herself by some rash word, and seal her own misery for ever. Mr. Pierrepont also entirely changed his tone. He assumed a manner of earnest devotion towards Lily, and I saw that he was using all the art of which he was a master to fascinate and entrap her. In her present reckless mood, I dared not think how successful he might be; and feeling my own helplessness, I resolved, hopeless though the task appeared, to appeal to my father to protect his child from the evil designs of that bad man.'

## CHAPTER XVI.

### RACHEL.

In very sooth,  
A piteous tale ! Methinks the stones would weep  
To hear it, if the stones had eyes and ears.  
The while thou speak'st, I feel a heavy weight  
Oppress my brain, and gather round my heart ;  
As when the clouds dark lour, and men aver  
There's thunder in the air.—DEE.

WHEN Rachel Denborough reached this point of her story, the cab suddenly stopped, and the driver jumped down and threw open the door. Both she and Adrian started at this interruption, for they had been so entirely absorbed in the subject that occupied them, that they had completely forgotten where they were. Adrian looked out, and saw that the cab was drawn up at the terminus of the Eastern Counties Railway.

Two or three porters came bustling forward.

'Train starts in five minutes, sir.'

'Thank you,' said Adrian. 'Drive back to Grosvenor-square.'

The porters looked at each other, and the cabman, resuming the reins, blessed himself if he hadn't thought before that the party was cracked.

Rachel, to whom this little interlude had only been an unwelcome interruption, resumed her story at once.

'Oh, Adrian! how shall I tell you the result of my appeal to my unhappy father? I found that he was aware of all that was going on.

He was bound hand and foot by a bond, whose nature he could not or would not explain, to Darcy Pierrepont; and as the price of his forbearance, or indulgence, or whatever it might be, the tyrant demanded Lilian. My father had agreed that she should become his wife, and all that was going on was a part of their joint scheme.

'I threw myself on my knees to my father, and implored him not to sacrifice that innocent darling. I reminded him of my own wrecked hopes and lost happiness, and asked if he could really deliberately ruin hers also. But alas! I might as well have pleaded with the stones of the old chateau. He called me a sentimental fool, and said it was no reason because I was always crying for spilt milk that his little Lily should be such an idiot, and not know how to take the world as she found it. For his part, he was glad enough to get the girl so well off his hands; and he desired that I would not push my d—d officiousness so far as to interfere in a scheme which had his perfect approbation.

'I had often, very often, felt



miserable before that day, but now I despaired. I felt that Lily was lost. I knew that sooner or later she would fall into the cruel snare that was spread for her; and for her warm heart and impulsive feelings, I foresaw too plainly that a marriage without love would be worse than death. And worst of all, I saw that my father was daily acquiring more and more influence over her, and teaching her to shun and look coldly on me. She began to avoid all occasions of being alone with me, and took long walks with Darcy Pierrepont, from which she used to return with a forced gaiety of manner, though more than once I surprised her alone in her own room in a paroxysm of tears and sobs. She resented all my attempts to pity and comfort her, and sharply desired me to mind my own affairs, and leave her alone. So I had nothing left to do but to watch and wait, and pray for her—my unhappy, darling sister!

‘One day Mr. Pierrepont received a letter which seemed to affect him powerfully. He desired to see my father at once, and a stormy conference ensued. After a while Lilian was summoned by my father, and I sat alone with my own sad and anxious thoughts for more than an hour, occasionally hearing a word or two in a raised voice from my father or Darcy Pierrepont, or a sob that went to my heart coming from the heart of Lily. At length she came in. Can I ever forget the pale despair of her countenance, and the vain effort she made to throw over it a veil of reckless gaiety. She came towards me smiling.

“‘Congratulate me, Rachel,” she said; “I am going to be married.”

“‘Lily! oh, Lily! what have you done?” I could scarcely speak.

“‘I have told papa,” she said, in the rapid, reckless manner she had adopted of late, “that I will marry Mr. Pierrepont. It seems that somehow or other my doing so will benefit him. I knew we were poor, but I did not think it cost so very much to keep me. However, it does not signify. I have

promised; and as I must be wretched for the rest of my life, I may as well turn my fate to some good account, for papa if I can—it won't be for long.”

‘In vain I wept and prayed. In vain I urged that my father had no right to demand such a sacrifice from her—that she was dooming herself to hopeless misery. She persisted in asserting that it did not signify, that she must be wretched, and that it was best to be of use to her father, since it appeared that it was in her power to be so. The others came in while I was pleading with her, and my father swore at me and called me a fool, and said he would not have his little Lily put out of conceit with her bargain; and Darcy Pierrepont acted the part of an accepted lover, and talked to Lily as if he had been her own free choice, till all at once she fell again into one of those fearful hysteric fits, such as she had had at intervals since she heard of your marriage, and was carried shrieking to her room.

‘But as soon as she recovered, she took the same tone as before; and with a bleeding heart I made preparations, by my father's desire, for leaving Belleforêt, and going to Paris, where the marriage was to take place.’

‘But surely,’ interrupted Adrian, ‘surely your father must have known that such a marriage was, in point of fact, none. He must have been aware——’

‘I dare not think of it,’ replied Rachel; ‘it is too dreadful; and yet, even to me, little as I knew on the subject, it appeared that a merely civil contract, in a strange country, and under feigned names, could not make a real marriage; and surmounting the horror I felt for him, I appealed to Darcy Pierrepont as a last resource in behalf of my poor darling, and implored him, if he were really bent on making her wretched, at least to give her a right to his real name, and make her his lawful wife. He only answered me with a sneer—I shall never forget the evil expression of his dark, hand-

some, wicked face! I found I was utterly powerless in every way; and with a breaking heart I stood by while the vain forms were gone through which consigned my helpless sister to his power. They left us that very day for Brussels; and my father and I moved into an old dilapidated house in one of the suburbs of Paris, where we occupied rooms on the first-floor, the rest of the house being uninhabited, and almost ruinous. There for several months I led a weary life of utter stagnation; sometimes hoping that I had won my poor father in some degree from the thralldom of the tyrant drink, and then falling deeper into despondency as some fresh outbreak threw him more hopelessly than ever into its clutches.

'I never heard from Lilian. Not one word of tidings of her reached me from the day she left my sight through all that long sultry summer and dreary autumn. If she had been dead, my sweet sister, I might at least have had the relief of weeping over her grave, and thinking of her among God's angels. But she was living, suffering, weeping somewhere—I knew not where—with no one to comfort her; and we, who had never been separated before, were now more utterly divided than if the grave had closed over her.

'Time crept on. It was the dead of winter, soon after the new year, and my father was slowly recovering from an attack of the frightful malady which now prostrated him in body and mind from time to time. We were sitting together, when a letter was brought him by the banker's clerk who came on the first day of every month with a sum of money for our household expenses. My father tried to read the letter, but he could not see clearly, and handed it to me. It was from Darcy Pierrepont—oh, such a cruel, dreadful letter! I read it through, though I felt as if my brain was turning to stone as I read. Even now I remember the look of the paper, the form in which it was folded, and the cruel sentences stand out one by one, as

if in letters of fire. He said he had borne with Lily's insulting coldness and crazy fancies till he was quite weary of them, and thought it high time to explain to her the footing on which they really stood towards each other. She had made a violent scene in consequence, and locked herself into her room: and after waiting several hours in hopes that her passion would spend itself, he had forced open the door, and found that she had made her escape through the window. She had not much money, he added, and would probably come at once to her father; but he warned him that if he concealed her, or took her part in any way, he, Darcy Pierrepont, would at once make use of the papers which my father knew were still in his possession. If Lily came to us, she must be kept closely a prisoner in our house till he had been communicated with. He ended by giving his address at a small town in Northern Italy, where he said he should wait until he heard from my father; as perhaps the fancy might take her to return to him when she was starved into submission.

'I can scarcely tell you how I bore this dreadful news, for my whole strength of mind was called forth to support my unhappy father. He fell at the reading of that letter into such a paroxysm of remorse and agony as I had never witnessed, and can never see again. After a terrible time of suffering, I soothed him, and persuaded him to go to bed, and to promise not to touch brandy again that night. He implored me so pitifully to give him the dose of laudanum which the doctor prescribed when he was suffering under his fits of excitement, that I could not refuse; but after dropping it out, I took away the bottle, and locked it up in my own room, where I always kept it. I shall always feel thankful that I did that.

'By the time I left my father it was late, but I felt that rest was out of the question. I had a settled conviction that Lilian would come at once to us; for though she had

never written since she left us, I had written to her at Brussels, and I felt sure she knew our address. So I made up a good fire, and then went to the little room on the ground-floor, where the concierge lived. She was a very old deaf woman, who went among the neighbours by the name of 'la mère Immobile.' She had almost outlived all her faculties, but the one mechanical duty of opening the door to those who came in and went out, made a sort of acquaintance between us at first, and by degrees I discovered a kind, compassionate heart in her uncouth old body. In my lonely wretchedness I made a sort of friend of her, and often found in the neat little "loge" a refuge from miserable and overpowering thoughts which made solitude unendurable. From her window I could see up and down the street by the flickering light of a gas-lamp opposite the door, which threw its changeful shadows on the snowy ground, as the wind swayed the flame to and fro; and there I sat for hours. At my earnest request the old woman went to bed in the little closet which served her as a bed-room, and was soon snoring loudly; but it seemed to me that an invisible chain bound me to the spot, and, wrapped in a large shawl, I sat there as the weary hours went by, and all sound of life died out in that remote faubourg as the night wore on.

'At length—it was far on in the night—I heard a distant footfall, faint and irregular, on the snowy ground. It came nearer, and a woman's form seemed to grow out of the dim darkness, and draw slowly and wearily towards the light. She raised her face to look at the house, but I needed not a sight of those wan features. In a moment I was beside her, folding her in my arms, dragging her in to the warmth and light, and kissing her again and again—my poor heartbroken wanderer, so fearfully changed from the bright darling that went from me in the spring-time.

'We scarcely spoke at first. We

had nothing to say to each other that was not painful even to agony, so we gave ourselves up for a little while to the one joy of being together again. I prepared some coffee for her, and when she had drunk it, and recovered from the passion of tears into which she fell when I first drew her towards me, she became quiet and subdued, and allowed me to undress her, and place her in my bed. There she fell at once into a deep sleep; and with a prayer that was all thanksgiving, I slept also by her side.

'In the grey of the morning I was roused by a wild scream. Lily woke in an agony of terror, not knowing where she was, and forgetting all that had passed since she left her cruel persecutor. When I succeeded in recalling her to herself, it was little better. She hid her face and would not look at me, and moaned and sobbed, uttering wild exclamations of despair and misery, which made me tremble with a new and horrible dread. By degrees I soothed her a little; and hiding her poor face on my shoulder, she told me the cruel story of the last few months. I need not repeat it. Doubtless the unhappy darling was wayward and fitful in her moods—but oh! she was bitterly wronged, most cruelly deceived! The first open rupture between her and Darcy Pierrepont occurred after she saw your name in some traveller's book at a German bath.'

'I wrote it everywhere, in the hope that she might see it,' murmured Adrian.

'Somehow,' Rachel continued, 'the emotion she displayed led to a very stormy conversation between them; and in the course of it Darcy Pierrepont told her that the report of your marriage was an invention of his own to further his views upon her. I suppose my father had told him of your attachment; and he thought that as long as she was looking and hoping for your return, she would never be persuaded to listen to him. She upbraided him bitterly with his deceit, and from that time they were at open war, as she called it.



At length, weary of the wretched life she was leading, she told him that she would bear it no longer, but would insist on a separation. He answered, with that fiendish sneer of his, that she must first prove that there had been a marriage; and with cold-blooded cruelty he went on to tell her that the form they had gone through in Paris was no marriage at all; that she was not his wife, and was certainly at liberty to leave him at any time; but that he was not yet tired of her, in spite of her vixenish humours, and that he should make no provision for her if she chose to go away. He advised her to consider whether her position as his cast-off mistress would be better than the one she now found so intolerable; and he put the crowning stroke to his barbarity by adding, that the day she left him he would put into execution those threats against my father which had at first frightened her into consenting to his proposals.

‘Up to this moment, she said, she listened in bewildered horror, scarcely able to comprehend the full extent of his villany; but then she started up, stung to madness, and defied him to do his worst, for she would not remain another hour with him, let the consequences be what they might. She could scarcely tell how she made the few hasty preparations for her flight, and escaped by the balcony of her room, which communicated with another, and found her way into the street. She had enough of money, and by repeating constantly the one word “Paris,” she got safely to her journey’s end. The people, wherever she went, were kind and pitying to her: she said, “They thought I could not speak the language, and I think some of them fancied I was not quite right here”—touching her forehead—“and indeed, Rachel, I am not quite sure that they were wrong. I have a tight band round my head, and sometimes I feel as if it were made of red-hot iron.”

‘My poor crushed Lily! Thus she had made her way, half-crazed and broken-hearted, to the only

home that was open to her—a home which I knew too well could not long shelter her, though I little foresaw what would happen!

‘Lisette came into the room just as Lilian finished her story; and her vociferous astonishment saved me for the moment from the cruel necessity of telling my sister anything, either of our father’s state, or of Darcy Pierrepont’s letter. At the time this seemed a welcome reprieve; but oh! afterwards I would have given my life to have had a few minutes’ quiet talk with her then—to have prepared her mind, and endeavoured to strengthen her for the trials which yet lay before her, as far as I then knew them myself.

‘Lisette was our only servant, and I was in the habit of assisting her in the morning, by preparing coffee for my father, which I always took to his own room. I left Lily for this purpose, begging her to take another hour’s rest, and promising to tell my father of her arrival, and persuade him to receive her kindly. The poor child shrank from the explanation that she had resolved to seek from him, of the real position in which she stood towards Darcy Pierrepont, as though she had been the guilty instead of the injured one.

‘Oh, Adrian! I can scarcely go on with my story. Inured as I am to misery, the recollection of that dreadful day overpowers me. But it must be told. I went to my father’s room with his coffee; and as he was lying still, with his face turned away, I went through the usual preparations, opened his shutters, and spread the breakfast on a small table before awaking him. Then I went up to his bedside—

‘The fearful scream I gave must have reached Lily’s ears at the farther end of the long passage; for I heard her footstep flying towards me, and endeavoured to drag myself to the door to prevent her entrance. But she came too quickly upon me, pushed me aside, and went straight up to the bed.

‘I cannot enter into any detail of what followed. My father must

have been dead for some hours; and the empty laudanum bottle, which lay where it had dropped from his hand, gave all the explanation that was needed. Thank God! it was not the bottle which I kept for him by the doctor's directions, but one which he must have procured unknown to me.

'Oh, Lily's shrieks! They rang through my brain, roused me from the sort of stupor into which I fell at first, and told me that the worst was yet to come. Worn with grief and agitation, weak from want of rest, and with her nerves strung to a pitch of agony by all she had already gone through, her mind gave way utterly under this new and fearful shock. Oh, Adrian! she has never recovered it; she is mad now, my poor lost darling!'

'Where—where is she?' muttered Adrian, in a hoarse whisper.

'I will tell you. Give me a moment and I will finish my story,' said Rachel, checking the sobs that were rising in her throat. 'There is little more to say now. My first act was to send for the banker who supplied us with money, and who was the only human being to whom I could look for advice or assistance in Paris. He came at once, kind and compassionate, and did all that was necessary. But with my own

hand I wrote to Darcy Pierrepont, —one little line, only these few words: "My father is dead; Lily is here, and mad." If he had any heart, any conscience, surely those few words must wound and sting them.

'Before I believed it possible, he came, and—I must be just—he was dreadfully shocked at the ruin and misery he had wrought. So little did he know the dear child whom he had made his victim, that he seems to have thought that after a while the knowledge that the past was irrevocable, and that he held her father's fate at his disposal, would have reconciled her to her lot, and he assured me that he was only waiting for this turn of events to have their marriage properly celebrated. I do believe that in his own wild wicked way he loved her. He said so again and again, and declared that he would give his life to restore her to reason and be able to make some atonement for the past. Deeply as I loathe him, I believe he spoke truly thus, for he was smitten to the heart. It is one of the redeeming features of human nature that a lie does not come readily to our lips when we are under strong excitement; the language of passion is generally truth.'

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE TURNING POINT.

My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,  
And I myself see not the bottom of it.—SHAKESPEARE.

'WHEN I was able to think of myself and of the future, the one fixed idea in my mind was that I would owe nothing to Darcy Pierrepont's charity. I would take my poor afflicted sister somewhere out of sight of all who had known us in former years, and work for her support. We were not quite penniless, and a very little would suffice. But alas, alas! she whom I loved better than my life, who in happier times had clung to me with the confiding tenderness of a child, now in her dread calamity turned from me with fear and

hatred so intense that I dared not even venture into her presence. Thus I had no resource but to listen to the plans and suggestions of Darcy Pierrepont. He possessed an old house, he told me, in a remote part of the North of England; but, as it happened, in the neighbourhood of a retired physician once very celebrated for his treatment of mental disorders. He proposed that Lily should go there with the good faithful Lisette, and remain, for a time at least, until Dr. Pigott should have tried all means for her recovery. Mr.

Pierrepoint promised me solemnly that he would never seek to see her; and indeed her aversion to him was even greater than that she showed me, and it was not safe for him to appear before her. Lisette was the only person she could endure, or who had any power over her in her wild fits; and the good affectionate creature willingly undertook to remain with the poor darling and devote her life to her service. So I felt that this was the best thing to be done. It was a poor reparation, a wretched kind of atonement that Darcy Pierrepoint was called on to make for the ruin and misery he had wrought; but such as it was he earnestly desired to offer it, and I had no right, even if I had had the power, to forbid him when the welfare of my unhappy Lilian was his object. So there she is, in that lonely distant place, with only Lisette to care for and watch over her, and living in an old half-ruined country-house in the North.'

'Darcy Tower; I have often heard of it.'

'Yes; a farmer and his family live there also, but in quite a separate part of the house, and Lisette writes to me now and then, and tells me that lately my poor darling has seemed quiet and tolerably happy. The doctor thinks that in time, with much care and gentleness, her mind may recover its tone, and only a day or two ago I had a few precious words written by her dear self.'

Rachel drew a letter from her pocket, and gave it to Adrian. It contained only a few words, written in a weak trembling hand,—

'My own Rachel,—I am better, and something seems to whisper to me that I shall be free soon, and happier than I have ever been. How can this be, Rachel? Write if you know, and tell your loving  
LILY.'

'That is all I live for now,' said Rachel, as Adrian silently returned her the letter. 'If I have a hope, a comforting thought for the future, it is that Lily will get well enough to come to me and let me live with

and for her, and give her such peace as she can know again. It is with this object that I am seeking to engage myself as lady's maid to a young lady who is about to be married.'

Adrian started, but Rachel was full of her own thoughts, and did not notice the effect produced by her words.

'A person who knew me well in former times, and is aware of the reasons I have for concealing my name, told me of this only yesterday. The lady seems kind and gentle; and by this means I can lay by the trifling sum that remained to us of my poor mother's fortune till it becomes sufficient to support me and Lily.'

'Rachel,' interrupted Adrian, hurriedly, 'do not think of this. I can see nothing clearly now; what you have told me has set my brain whirling so that I cannot think. But this thing that you talk of is impossible. You know I should have been your brother now, and you must let me act by you as if that dear tie existed between us.'

Rachel shook her head sadly. 'You forget, Adrian, that what may appear degradation to you, is none to me. My father's daughter must be thankful for any honest means of gaining her bread.'

'But not this means, it is too impossible. Promise me to decide on nothing till you hear from me again.'

The cab stopped in the narrow street beyond the Edgeware-road, where Rachel lived.

'Promise me,' Adrian repeated 'do not go back to that house till you hear from me again.'

'Very well,' answered Rachel, not sorry to be spared the immediate execution of her scheme. Adrian wrung her hand, and after paying the cabman with a liberality which increased the mystification of that bewildered individual, turned into the Park, vainly striving to calm the tumult of his mind and form some plan of action.

At length his resolution was taken, and he went home at once to put it into execution.



## THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

**T**HE judgment of the public has now been given, and the International Exhibition of 1862 will take rank as being by far the best and most instructive on record. That of 1851, it is true, has left a more brilliant impression, but that this is due more to the palace of glass, which rose like enchantment in Hyde Park, than to the objects within it, wonderful and beautiful as they were, is certain. On the present occasion circumstances are almost entirely reversed; for while the Exhibition Building of 1862 is one of the most monstrous architectural piles that ever deformed a city, its contents will be long remembered as the most beautiful and wonderful that have ever been brought together.

Our readers will see that the strong censure that we felt compelled to pass on Captain Fowke's building in our first article on the Exhibition is in no degree modified, and being among the first to express indignation that the designs for the present building should have been carried out without any attempt having been made to ascertain whether the profession of architects could not have done something worthy of the occasion, we have been gratified to find that our judgment has been universally endorsed. We say universally, because we have only heard of one person who has been bold enough to lift up his voice in favour of the incongruous structure. Abroad, as we know from personal experience, our architectural reputation, never high, is still more depreciated by the building at South Kensington, but that foreigners believe that we can turn out something better than Fowkesian architecture, is evident by the fact that the municipality of Amsterdam invited English architects to send in designs for the Crystal Palace now erecting in that city, and that among them are two by Gilbert Scott and E. M. Barry, infinitely superior to Captain Fowke's creation. The domes, too, those colossal dish-covers, have proved to

be even worse than failures. Neither water nor sun tight, that at the west end has been masked almost since the opening day by a huge velarium, the tented sweep of which is, however, generally admitted to be far preferable in effect than the dome itself. Nor, when criticising this architectural fungus, must its cost be forgotten. How enormous this is, Sir Charles Fox pertinently shows by these expressive figures. Cost of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham plus the Exhibition building of 1851, £396,540. Cost of the South Kensington building £430,000. Happily, however, just as no setting, be it ever so poor, can entirely deprive a brilliant gem of its lustre or value, so when the doors of the Exhibition building are passed and you bestow your attention on its contents, you forget, or at least are no longer oppressed by architectural deformity. For in whatever direction you bend your steps you see objects either of great beauty or highly suggestive of the genius of man, which is ever improving, inventing, and constructing. Walking through the Exhibition, we are indeed tempted to define man, not as a hunting, but as an inventive animal. For is it possible to imagine a greater contrast than the two pictures of England, one as she was a few centuries ago, when her painted inhabitants dwelt in rude huts and eked out a precarious subsistence by hunting wild beasts, the other reflecting the present period, when the lowest labourers among her people are far better off than the chiefs of old; and remembering that, as the poet says,

The thoughts of men are widened with  
the process of the suns,—

who shall prescribe the limit of this power of invention? For it is surely not illogical to assume that so much having been done under certain conditions of knowledge, when this is enlarged, much more will be done. Think, too, how many centuries will pass before

God's command, that this world shall be replenished, and the rough places of the earth made smooth, will be fulfilled; and who can doubt that while this is being accomplished, inventions will be born that we as little dream of now, as did our forefathers of steam power, electric telegraphy, or photography.

One great use, therefore, of Exhibitions is to be able to test man's social progress by comparing one Exhibition with another, and it is with this view that we propose looking at the Exhibition whose doors are about to close for ever.

With singular propriety, though not perhaps in the best taste, we are arrested at the very entrance to the building (assuming that we approach it from London) by an object which more than any other in the Exhibition marks our great progress since 1851. We allude to the great Victoria gold trophy, which rears its glittering sides to the height of forty-four and a half feet. Had Napoleon seen this, he would probably have been inclined to add the adjective rich to his denomination of us as a nation of shopkeepers—and with considerable reason; for seeing that the National purse is becoming annually more plethoric by the comfortable addition of seventy millions of pounds sterling being added to our capital, we are entitled to being regarded as traders, and successful traders too. Turning to the chronicles of the Exhibition of 1851, we do not find any mention of Australian gold, and now a large space in the colonial courts is devoted to the exhibition of specimens of the metal and the machinery by which it is obtained. The gold trophy is, in truth, a most eloquent monument of our social progress. Listen to the oracle. 'This obelisk, though measuring only 1492½ cubic feet, represents

the quantity of gold exported from Victoria between October 1, 1851, and October 1, 1861, which amounted to 26,162,432 ounces troy, equal to 800 tons 17 cwt. 3 qrs. and 7 lbs., the value of which is £104,649,728,\* just one-eighth of the national debt.

Ten years hence, the same story will probably be told of Columbia.

Although gold, however, from the amazing discoveries of this metal since 1856, possesses extraordinary importance and interest in the Exhibition, yet our iron trade must be regarded, taken in conjunction with that of coal, as still paramount to all others, influencing as it does every nation of the earth. The most Arcadian districts, cultivating only the fruits of the earth, are not free from the intrusion of iron, for not only do they require improved agricultural implements, but they also want steam-engines and railways. Whether for peace or for war, it is upon iron that we now place so firm a reliance, that the quantity of this metal produced by a nation becomes an index of its manufacturing power, and, to some extent, of its political greatness.

We are therefore deeply concerned in the iron trade, and we turned with great interest to the Report of the Jurors on its development since 1851. There we find that while in 1800 we made 180,000 tons of iron, in 1860 we made 3,826,752 tons; and that since 1851 considerable beds of iron ore have been found in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, which will do us good service in future years. Nor must we omit mention of the abundant and excellent iron ores in various parts of India, which recent researches have brought to light. Dr. Watson, in his admirable descriptive catalogue of the Indian collection at the Exhibition, states that various ores yield seventy to seventy-five per cent. of pig iron,

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\* A striking proof of the enormous comparative richness of the Victoria gold fields may be shown by the circumstance that the Reports of the Juries of the 1851 Exhibition make special mention of the great yield of the Russia gold mines, which are under £4,000,000 a year, while the colony of Victoria is yielding at the rate of £11,000,000.

and that the cost of quarrying is only two per cent. What a field will be opened in this article alone when railways are made in India. Considerable improvements have also been made in smelting iron ore; but by far the most important event in metallurgy since 1851 is the new process of converting iron into steel. This discovery, known as Bessemer's process, is not only extremely simple, as compared with the cementation and other processes, but is also capable of producing steel at a much lower cost and in considerably less time. It is well known that the cementation process, which until lately has been that most extensively used, is very complicated, and at the same time expensive. It was to supersede the necessity of converting pig into wrought iron, and to save the expense and time thus required, that Mr. Bessemer was induced to make those experiments which have resulted in so important a discovery. The principle of decarbonizing iron by the various processes through which it must pass in the conversion of it from the pig to bars, and subsequently of recarbonating it in order to produce steel, must at once strike even a casual thinker as being unnecessary, provided it were found possible to bring the molten metal, when run from the blast furnace, to that degree of carburization which would practically constitute steel. Mr. Bessemer by his invention has succeeded in accomplishing this object, and in as many minutes as the cementation process takes days he converts iron taken from the blast furnace into steel that bears favourable comparison with the best made in any other way. The *modus operandi* at Mr. Bessemer's works at Sheffield is essentially different from that upon which his patent is worked in Sweden; but in each instance the principle is the same, and the difference is simply rendered necessary by the fact that the raw material employed is also of a different nature at each of these places.

At Sheffield the pig-iron is smelted in a reverberatory furnace,

from which it is transferred by means of a ladle to the converting-vessel, in the bottom of which are a number of holes, through which heated air is forced at a very high pressure, causing a great ebullition in the interior of the converting-vessel. By this means the silicon is got rid of, and the amount of carbon contained in the iron as taken from the furnace is reduced to the desired extent, so that steel may be produced of any degree of carburization that may be thought requisite, and, in fact, by a longer continuance of the blowing, the metal may be reduced to the state of wrought-iron.

In Sweden the iron is run direct from the blast-furnace into the converting-vessel; this is also done at the East Indian Iron Company's works at Beypoor; but in all other respects the process is conducted at these places much in the same manner as at Sheffield. The ores used in Sweden and India are principally magnetic oxides, whereas at Sheffield hematites and clay bands are mostly employed; and as each of the latter contain a much larger proportion of sulphur and phosphorus than the two former, it is thought better to re-smelt the iron in a reverberatory furnace previously to placing it in the converting-vessel.

Such is Mr. Bessemer's process, which has been rewarded by a prize medal, as it well deserved.

Our notice of the improvements and progress in the manufacture of iron and steel since 1851 would be imperfect if we omitted mentioning Mr. Krupp, of the Essen Works, in Rhenish Prussia, who obtained much celebrity at the Exhibition of 1851 for the size of his castings in steel, and also for their excellent quality, but who has since that period far surpassed his previous efforts.

The weight of his largest casting in 1851, and that was the heaviest exhibited, was 4500 pounds; whereas at the present Exhibition he shows an ingot of cylindrical form that weighs *twenty tons*. This is a most remarkable production, not only as regards its dimensions



and weight, but also in respect to the beautiful homogeneity of its structure. This immense ingot, forty-four inches in diameter, and eight feet long, has been broken in the centre, having been first sawed partially through, and then subjected to the blows of a steam hammer fifty tons in weight. The fracture shows such an uniformity of grain, that it is impossible to detect even the smallest flaw or blow-hole. There are many other equally wonderful contributions by the same exhibitor, amongst them a cast-steel gun, weighing 18,000 lbs., which was forged out of an ingot weighing 50,000 lbs.

Numerous specimens of tires for locomotive engines are also exhibited, made without a weld, several of which have been taken off locomotive engines after running distances varying from 50,000 to 90,000 miles without repairs. The whole of the steel exhibited by Mr. Krupp was melted in small crucibles, containing about seventy pounds a piece; but we must not consider the high state of perfection of the quality to have been obtained by any peculiarity of the process employed in its manufacture, but should rather attribute it to the excellence of the ore from which the iron is first obtained (a sparry carbonate), and also to the careful manipulation, as well as the efficient character of the machinery in use.

Another most interesting novelty under the head of metallurgy since 1851 is aluminium, the value of which, like the electro-plating in 1851, is only just dawning on our manufacturers. Electro-plating was so much in its infancy at the last Exhibition, that the jury were in doubt whether the specimens exhibited should be even commended. Now electro-plate takes high rank in the operations of a silversmith, and we have only to look at the superb and exquisite electro-silver trophy of Messrs. Elkington to be made aware of the great value of this invention. But

it is the fate of all inventions to be superseded by others; and we apprehend that in the course of a few years aluminium will to a very great extent, if not entirely, supersede electro-plating. Its extreme lightness, ductility, hardness, and above all, its non-liability to tarnish, no matter how highly its surface may be burnished or to what atmospheric influences it may be exposed, all mark it as a metal certain to enter largely into use. Its price is now about three shillings an ounce; and one of its peculiarities is, that one ounce in jeweller's work will go as far as six of silver. Several beautiful specimens of this metal wrought in various articles are exhibited; the most curious, perhaps, is lace, which is sold at about half-a-crown a yard. Another valuable quality of aluminium is its golden appearance when mixed with copper. Ten parts of aluminium and five of copper make a metal which can really only be distinguished from gold by its extreme lightness, and has, moreover, all the freedom from oxidation appertaining to that precious metal.

The great drain on our coal mines for metallurgical, steam-engine, and domestic purposes,\* has had the natural effect of directing attention more than ever to our almost inexhaustible supplies of peat, with the view of utilizing it. Several schemes have been devised, but that recently patented by Mr. Brunton is the only one likely, as we believe, to answer. His process consists in subjecting freshly-dug peat to the action of a pugging screw, working in a conical case, the bottom of which is pierced by small holes. Through these the valuable burning matter is forced, and drops in a vermicular form on an endless travelling band, which delivers it to a brick machine, where it is moulded into blocks and dried by artificial heat. The coarse fibres that will not pass through the holes fall into a waste pipe, and

\* The quantity of coals raised in Great Britain and Ireland in 1854 was 64,661,401 tons; and in 1860, 83,208,581 tons.

are rejected. The peat prepared by this process is found by various experimental trials to possess astonishing heating powers, the same quantity in weight of prepared peat fuel boiling the same body of water in one minute that requires six minutes to boil with good furnace coal. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this invention, bearing in mind that the deposits of peat in Great Britain and Ireland occupy an area of not less than six million acres, and thus, assuming the average thickness to be only twelve feet, the deposits would produce twenty-one thousand million tons of peat per annum for a thousand years.

It is, we apprehend, pretty generally admitted that there are no branches of manufacture in which we have made greater progress since 1851 than in glass and ceramic ware.

It is remarkable that although the art of glass-making dates from a very early age, it is only during comparatively recent years that it has acquired its present excellence in England. This is due in a great measure to the duty having been taken off English glass. Prior to the repeal of this tax, glass manufactories were crippled by harassing enactments; but since science has been allowed to enter the experimental laboratory without being taxed, glass, and particularly plate and optical glass, have been brought to very great perfection. Indeed, the improvements have been so remarkable that we may question whether wonder-working chemistry will not, after all, discover the lost secret of making glass malleable, which Tiberius buried in the grave of its inventor. Messrs. Chance, of Birmingham, are now able to supply twelve-inch object-glasses for £44 which are equal in purity to the celebrated Munich glasses, and their plate glass is quite as good as that exhibited by the famous manufactory of Gobain. It is also interesting to notice how chemistry, while improving the manufacture of glass, has also diminished its cost. Wine bottles, for example,

which a few years ago cost three and four shillings a dozen, are now made equal in quality for one and two shillings. This is important, for so enormous is the demand for them that at the Aire and Calder Companies' Works alone 20,000 bottles are made five days each week, the same quantity by three smaller firms in the same place, and double the quantity in other districts in Yorkshire, thus giving a total weekly production in that county alone of about 400,000 bottles.

It is not easy to arrive at the precise average composition used by eminent glass manufacturers for the best plate glass. The following proportions are believed, however, to approximate very closely to the truth. Fine white sand, 300 pounds; soda, 200 pounds; lime, 30 pounds; oxide of manganese, 32 ounces; oxide of cobalt, 3 ounces; fragments of glass, 300 pounds. Such are the proportions used to produce the best plate glass in the Exhibition. A curious instance of the destruction of glass made of an imperfect composition of materials may be seen in Switzerland, where in many villages, and particularly those at high elevations, the little window panes blaze like jewels. This is due to oxidation, which eating into the surface of the imperfectly made glass, causes it to appear prismatic. Indeed, many window panes in the Canton Vallais, and especially at Fée, in the Val Saas, are as beautiful as the ancient prismatic glass.

In the pottery and porcelain branches of the ceramic art enormous strides have been made since 1851. Until very recently, we were almost entirely dependent on the manufactories of the Continent, and especially on those at Berlin, for a variety of hard porcelain. Now we derive our kaolin, or china or porcelain clay, from the tin mine of Carclaze, near St. Austell, in Cornwall, and Lee Moor, in Devonshire. From both of these localities remarkably fine qualities are procured. It is worthy of mention that the clay from St. Austell was formerly a serious in-



convenience to the miner, who, ignorant of its value, could only get rid of it by piling it up as rubbish near the mine. Now the clay is much more valuable than the tin, as this metal occurs at Carclaze in very small quantities. It consists of disintegrated schorlaceous granite, characterized by the partial decomposition of felspar, and is used not only for the manufacture of china and porcelain, but also for bleaching paper and calico. There are specimens of it in the Exhibition; and at the present time, about 85,000 tons, valued at £250,000, are annually exported.

But it is to Messrs. Minton that the chief praise is due for our advance in the ceramic art. In the Report of the Jurors on the Exhibition of 1851, this firm is mentioned as having been just then established, and likely to produce great results. This prophecy is abundantly fulfilled, and the firm have succeeded in making various kinds of pottery never before produced in this country. It would be impossible to enumerate in this paper a tithe of the beautiful articles exhibited by this establishment, so we must content ourselves by merely stating that after many experiments the Messrs. Minton have succeeded, since 1851, in producing the famous old Sèvres colours, rose du Barry, turquoise, and bleu de roi. Their vases are also extremely large, showing that they can now rival the great French ceramic Government establishments.

Not less noteworthy is the advance made in porcelain painting, specimens of which rival the finest Sèvres. The best porcelain painter of the present day is Mr. Abrahams, who has studied in Paris and Antwerp; and those who have seen his Paul Potter tray, exhibited in Daniell's case, will readily acknowledge the great merit of this ceramic painter.

Mr. Prosser's beautiful invention of compressing dry porcelain powder between steel dies has undergone great improvements since 1851. This possesses particular interest, as it is intended to exe-

cute colossal mosaic pictures, according to Mr. Prosser's process, for the decoration of the permanent portion of the Exhibition building.

No historical record of progress in our manufactures since 1851 would be perfect without noticing the various contrivances adapted to meet the supposed great scarcity of the ordinary raw material, rags, which from its not being capable, like other raw materials, of being grown or produced in greater abundance, would soon, it was expected, be entirely inadequate to meet the greatly increased demand. We have, however, the authority of the Jurors of the Paper Class for stating that there has never been any serious deficiency, nor has there been any difficulty in procuring rags at by no means an excessive price.

The rag panic, as it may be called, has been, however, of service, for it has stimulated thousands of persons throughout the world to search for and suggest materials as substitutes for paper. How numerous these are will be seen by the fact, that between 1852 and 1857 no fewer than 147 patents have been obtained for either making paper from new substances, or improvements in its manufacture. Among the many substances proposed are winter broom, wood shavings, hop plant, Brazilian grass, Indian grass, refuse tan, cocoa-nut fibre, roots of potatoes, parsnips, turnips, mangold-wurzel, clover, thistles, nettles, grass, New Zealand flax, mustard stems, tobacco-plant stalks, hollyhocks, sea-weeds, rice straw, leather cuttings, horse-radish, stalks of rhubarb, jute, gunny bagging, palms, &c. &c. Of these, and many others not enumerated, few have come into general or profitable use. Exceptions, however, must be made in favour of wood, straw, esparto, a Spanish grass, and hop-bine, excellent specimens of papers made from these materials being exhibited in the Paper Class. That made from straw is of course no novelty, paper having been made from this material as long ago as the year



1800; but that exhibited in the above class is remarkable for its smooth texture and general excellence. Indeed, the manufacture of straw paper has rapidly increased since 1851; the large straw paper-mills consume 3000 tons of straw yearly. This, according to the Jurors' Report, has the effect of causing a great scarcity of straw for brick-making and agricultural purposes; so much so, that the number of farms on which the sale of straw is prohibited is annually increasing. It is probable that esparto (*spartium seggalim* of botanists), the Spanish grass of which we have spoken, and which may be procured in almost unlimited quantities, will take the place of straw when this is scarce. Already 12,000 tons are imported yearly; and as its fibrous nature admits of minute subdivision without destroying the feathery arrangement, it is likely to come into very extensive use.

Wood, too, for making paper is now largely used. In 1851, the art of converting wood into paper was kept a secret by the inventor, and the machinery was very far from being in the state of perfection to which it has since attained. Now it is only necessary to put the wood into one end of the machine, and take out at the other the pulp ready for being converted into paper. So important has this manufacture become, that at the celebrated waterfalls of Trolhatten, in Sweden, mills have been erected for rubbing down, by means of enormous water-power, trees and fragments of pine into a kind of pulp, which is partially dried, removed in casks, and used in the manufacture of paper in the neighbourhood of Gothenburg, and some of it even has been imported into Great Britain for the same purpose.

A prominent feature in the Exhibition is the great variety of paper shown by foreign exhibitors, nearly all of which is highly commended by the Jurors in their Report. Thus, although the present cotton famine has, and will for some time to come exercise considerable

influence on the supply of cotton rags, it is evident that we shall continue to be well supplied with paper, and that the quantity of rags collected might be increased, is apparent by an interesting note appended to the Report of the Jurors on Paper. In this they state that the quantity of linen and cotton retained for home consumption in 1860 was 210,000 tons, and that 99,840 tons of paper were charged with duty in that year. This is the largest aggregate ever reached, and yet it falls far short of the quantity of rags available for paper-making. The suggestion arising from these returns is obvious. Rag brigades should be established all over the country, who would probably reap a crop of rags, if not so abundant as that already gathered in London, certainly sufficiently ample to be remunerative.

With respect to the machines and machinery in the Exhibition, we have to state on the highest scientific authority, that though they do not represent any very important new discovery since 1851, they are remarkable for their great excellence of construction. A very cursory examination of the contents of the western annexe, and also of the machinery department in the eastern, suffices to show the perfection of execution, and the exquisite accuracy of the tools employed to construct the machines exhibited. The latter instruments alone form a wonderful exhibition. It is to this branch of iron and steel work that Mr. Whitworth has given his special attention. To produce a perfect plane, a perfect sphere, and a straight edge, are no easy tasks; but having succeeded, the adaptation of these forms to machinery is comparatively easy. But to fashion iron and steel into perfect geometrical forms can only be done by tools which must be themselves faultless. The Jurors appointed to examine the tools exhibited, state that at no former exhibition has there been such a display of excellence as on the present occasion. The tool machinery for the manufacture of fire-

arms, shells, rockets, &c., is of such a character as to render the whole operations, however minute, perfectly automaton or self-acting, with an accuracy of repetition that produces every article in such precise duplicate, that in no case is there a deviation in size from the original of more than a quarter of an inch.

Since 1851, it is evident that foreign manufacturing nations have made great progress in machines and engines, but England still retains her pre-eminence in constructing engines which are unrivalled in simplicity of design, great compactness of form, and clear conceptions in working out the details of the parts. An exception, however, must be made in favour of France in boring tools. The art of boring for water has been carried out far more scientifically in that country than elsewhere. The depths attained in the earth by the use of these boring instruments is amazing, and what is even more extraordinary, from great depths pillar-like portions of rocks and minerals are brought up, cut as neatly as if they had been fashioned by a stonemason. Specimens of these, obtained from the depth of 1650 feet, are exhibited in the French Court, with the boring instruments employed for the artesian wells and other purposes.

The most noteworthy feature in connexion with the land steam-engine, of which many magnificent specimens are exhibited, is the growing importance of the horizontal, which is rapidly superseding the beam or vertical engine. The horizontal engine possesses the great advantage of being more economical than the vertical, smooth and almost noiseless in their action, and easily made auxiliary to those of larger dimensions.\*

In no respect does the Exhibition

of 1862 differ more from that of 1851 than in the branch of war implements. The articles exhibited in the latter year were very few in number. The jurors stated in their Report—‘It has been felt that since it is the main object of the Exhibition rather to make known the progress and to promote the arts that add to the comforts and enjoyments of life than the powerful and destructive engines employed in war, such engines are not in place here.’ Thus England and France sent nothing; and the few war implements exhibited on that occasion by other nations were shown rather as samples of manufacture and of materials than for their original merits as instruments of war.

The present Exhibition tells a very different story, for the war-engines exhibited are so numerous and varied that it is most evident that the ingenuity of man has been hard at work devising the best method of exterminating an enemy by land and sea; and while we cannot but deplore that the Utopian dream of 1851 has not come to pass, and that we are still very far distant from the day when we shall be in a condition to ‘break our mailed fleets and armed towers,’ we must at the same time congratulate ourselves that England is not behind in the race of making war as scientific, and, therefore, as short as possible. But what a race it is! A ‘véritable duel d’argent,’ as a French politician pertinently observed. Commenced by Napoleon III., who in 1854 began plating his war-ships, we have been going on ever since constructing armour-plates and guns at a frightful expense. Up to a very recent period it was found that no shot or shell was able to penetrate the four-and-a-half inch armour plates of the *Warrior*. And with this fact before their eyes, the Jurors of the Military and Naval Class

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\* Although not belonging to this class of steam-engines, we cannot forbear noticing a very beautiful model steam-engine exhibited by Messrs. Chadburn, in the class of Philosophical Instruments. It is the smallest in the Exhibition, being somewhat less in diameter than the bowl of a tobacco-pipe. When the tiny boiler is filled with water, and the little machine is placed in a lighted pipe, it works with great regularity.



not very wisely state in their Report that armour plating is 'completely impervious to any artillery and projectiles that can be brought against it.' But the ink with which this was written was hardly dry before the flat-fronted shot discharged from the monster guns of Horsfall and Whitworth went crashing through these four-and-a-half inch plates, proving that if these missiles were brought to bear against the *Warrior*, she would be sunk in a few minutes.

Thus up to the present time victory is on the side of the gun; and, indeed, it appears but reasonable that, however thick the armour-plates of ships may be, it will be always possible to construct guns of sufficient power to destroy those plates. But if they should fail there is another war-engine, models of which are exhibited at South Kensington, more terrible even than the most colossal gun, which, instead of torturing the enemy by drilling holes in him, sinks ship and enemy at one fell swoop. We allude to the 'Ram,' which, if properly constructed so as to destroy by enormous momentum, without being injured by imparting the blow, would assuredly be able to dash into the *Warrior* as into a bandbox. As the Laureate well observed—

War himself must make alliance  
With rough labour and fine science,  
Else he would but strike in vain.\*

We may well lament that the course of events should force such men as Whitworth and Armstrong to devote their genius and abilities to the construction of great war-engines, but it is clear that England cannot remain still while all other nations are arming for defence, or, it may be, battle.

From war-engines to the beverage that maketh glad the heart of man, is a very great transition; and yet there are few commodities that minister to his requirements and comfort in which a greater development has been made since 1851, than wine. The public, who

know international exhibitions only as visitors, are little aware of the work, hard and responsible, too, that they entail: for, as will be evident on a little consideration, it is not for the curious visitor alone that international exhibitions such as that at South Kensington are organized. They have a deeper and more important object; and it is the business of the Jurors to work out these, and by commending when commendation is deserved, develop the resources of young countries, which otherwise might remain latent. It may appear at first sight that the Jurors appointed to report on 'Food substances' and 'Beverages' would have rather a pleasant task than otherwise. With respect to the former, we may answer in the affirmative; for it is at once agreeable and entertaining to test by practical experience at a social dinner party whether kangaroo-tail soup, bison's humps, Labrador salmon, and an endless variety of preserved meats and fruits, are succulent and good. But the Jurors on Beverages had a very different task. Within a small room off the eastern annexe, day after day for many weeks, sat some half dozen gentlemen for several hours daily, surrounded by dozens upon dozens of bottles of all conceivable shapes that ever bottles have been blown into, and filled with liquors as varied and strange as the names they bear. On the ground before each gentleman was a bucket, and on the table plates of dry bread and small bottles of vinegar. These gentlemen were the tasters, who were required, or at all events expected, to taste the samples of wines, spirits, and liqueurs exhibited by various parties. So numerous, however, were these samples, that although the Jurors were of course careful not to pass suddenly from one description of wine to another, nor from brandies or rums to delicate liqueurs, their organs of taste soon became perplexed, and it was only by cleaning the delicate and sensitive papillæ of the tongue by

\* These lines formed a portion of the original Inauguration Ode.



washing out the mouth with vinegar, and eating small pieces of dry bread, that the organs were restored to their normal sensitiveness. Nor was this the only inconvenience felt by those patriotic gentlemen. For although they were of course careful to follow the advice given to visitors to the London Dock wine cellars provided with a tasting-order—viz., 'taste, but do not swallow'—the fumes of the wines and spirits had a very unpleasant effect, giving generally bad headaches, and in some cases even severe indisposition. Having been privileged to enter this wine-tasting sanctum, we can vouch for the pains that were taken by the Jurors to give a righteous judgment on the beverages submitted to them. And when we state that some Dantzic and Berlin spirit-merchants exhibited nearly one hundred and fifty varieties of spirits and liqueurs, it will be easily understood that judgment on these puzzling varieties was not easily given. Nor were the wines less difficult to come to a decision upon; for, as is well known, the slightest difference in soil occasions so remarkable a difference in the quality of the grapes, that although the vines may be within a few yards of each other, the respective fruits have all the peculiarities of a distinct species, and thus produce different wines.

It is not our intention to attempt even to give any account of the latter, nor of the beverages which, under the name of liqueurs, are concocted to keep the cold out of the bodies of the nations who live on the shores of the boisterous North Sea. But we should omit a notable sign of progress throughout the world if we took no note of the excellent wines which have been sent to the Exhibition from various countries, and particularly from our Australian colonies. So numerous are these that we seem to be cycling back to the Elizabethan era, when two-fifths of the vinous consumption of England consisted of wines from Gascony, Burgundy, Guienne, Cyprus, Malmsey, Rhenish, Tent, and Malaga. The duty

on foreign wines having been considerably reduced, we have at this Exhibition an almost bewildering variety of wines from Austria, Hungary, Italy, Algeria, Russia, and Spain, and in direct competition with these a large variety from Australia and Africa. The great feature of all these wines is their tender flavour compared to the fiery wines to which we have unfortunately accustomed our palate. That this is the result of a doctoring process is well known; indeed port itself, which is now a brandied drink, was formerly a mild and pure claret. We are enabled from personal experience to state that the majority of the Hungarian and Italian wines are excellent, and that they will, we feel sure, command a large sale in this country. More interesting, however, is the fact that our vast Australian colonies have made great progress since 1851 in growing good wines. In that year patches of vines were alone seen around South Australian homesteads; but wine-growing is now becoming so rapidly a distinct pursuit that before many years the colonists fully expect to export wine, not in sample quantities, but by cargoes. New South Wales, as the eldest colony, took the lead, and produced wines that have been brought into comparison with first-class wines in Europe. The greatest difficulty which the South Australian vine-growers have had to contend with in extending their operations has been the abstraction of nearly all the available labour by the gold fields. But in the face of this, it appears from the Official Catalogue of the Products of South Australia, that while in 1856 only 1753 acres were under vines, in 1861 there were 3180. All the Australian wines exhibited are almost without an exception excellent. We have tasted several, among which are various very superior clarets, sauternes, and muscatels, all of which would be highly appreciated in England. These wines, though quite young, are remarkably free from that earthy taste which we remember remarking as particu-

larly prevalent in the wines grown on the Ohio, which we tasted at Cincinnati.

Under the head of philosophical instruments and processes depending on their use, there has not been any very notable original invention since 1851. The instruments exhibited in this class, foreign as well as British, are, however, extremely numerous, and remarkable for the delicacy and excellence of their construction. In noticing the most noteworthy—and our limited space compels us to be brief—the place of honour is due to Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, which though now far from novel, yet may be said to have been brought before the public now for the first time. For although it has long been in the museum of King's College, very few have seen it there. It was sent to the Exhibition by Her Majesty's Government, to whom it belongs, the officer of works being instructed to set it up in the Exhibition, but as the Government refused to pay the expense of having it explained, although Mr. Babbage undertook to supply a competent person to do this for the modest honorarium of thirty shillings a week, the machine, excepting on those occasions when explained by Mr. Babbage or the superintendent of the class of philosophical instruments (Mr. Weld), has remained during the Exhibition a silent mechanical riddle. Its history is curious. Commenced in 1822, Mr. Babbage laboured on it gratuitously for nearly twenty years, for the grants that he received from Government, and which amounted in the aggregate to £17,000, were entirely devoted to the expenses of construction. When this sum had been expended, the Government, becoming impatient for its completion, declined advancing more money and the works were stopped. This was un-

fortunate, because the engine, with its auxiliary printing machinery, was nearly completed. However, although practically arrested, Mr. Babbage's brain went on working, and his inventive genius conceived so many improvements that eventually a calculating engine of an entirely new principle occurred to him, the power of which over the most complicated arithmetical operations seemed almost unbounded. This new ideal engine is intended to either tabulate, develope, or weave as it were, algebraical patterns, just as the jacquard loom weaves figures of flowers and leaves. The engine in the Exhibition is capable of calculating to five figures, and two orders of differences, and performs the work with absolute precision, but the printing machinery, one of the great objects in the construction of the engine, has not been connected with it. This portion is exhibited in an adjoining case.\* But although the money and time expended on this engine have borne no direct fruit, they have been highly instrumental in causing a machine to be made which is not only performing valuable work for the nation, but also saving the public money. We allude to the calculating machine constructed by the Messrs. Schentz of Stockholm, which is calculating a very important new life table in Somerset House. These gentlemen having read descriptions of Mr. Babbage's engine, conceived the idea of constructing one like it, and single-handed and unassisted by the Swedish Government, they have contrived a machine which not only calculates, but prints calculations, such as the logarithms of the value of human life, male and female, the value of a given annuity for any number of years, &c. The specimens of the type made, and of the tables calculated and printed by the machine in the

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\* The necessary limits of this article entirely preclude the possibility of giving any description of the mathematical principle of the machine. A full account of the engine, we may however state, will be found in Mr. Weld's *History of the Royal Society*.

office of the Registrar-General in Somerset House, are exhibited alongside of Mr. Babbage's engine, but the machine itself is performing too much valuable work to be spared for exhibition.

The great merit of calculating engines is—first, that they save a vast amount of labour;\* and secondly, that the work performed is absolutely perfect, for when they fail to calculate correctly some portion of the machinery has broken or become clogged, and they stop working.†

Under the head of Electro-Telegraphic apparatus and appliances, great progress, as might be expected, has been made since 1851. The greatest novelty is undoubtedly Mr. Wheatstone's Magneto-Electro Telegraph. This instrument, which is so portable that it may be easily carried, is worked by a magnet and signal letters, thus requiring no special training on the part of the operators. It is extensively used by Government offices and mercantile firms. The number and variety of telegraph wires insulated by caoutchouc and gutta-percha which are exhibited is very great, the question not having been yet solved respecting the comparative merits of these two insulators. The general opinion, however, seems to be in favour of india-rubber.

Closely connected with electricity are the two beautiful modern inventions of Holmes and Bonelli. Mr. Holmes's electric light, produced by a powerful current of electricity passing through con-

ducting wires, is now used at Dungeness; and those who have seen the light at the Exhibition will not soon forget its intense brilliancy. Less known is M. Bonelli's invention, by which weaving patterns is performed by electricity, the pattern following the tracing on a sheet of metallic foil.

The microscope, that great expounder of physiological wonders, has been almost made a new instrument since 1851, by Mr. Wenham's binocular invention; all first-class microscopes are now provided with a binocular body, and the admirable instruments made by Messrs. Smith and Beck have an arrangement enabling the prisms not only to be worked with great accuracy, but also to preserve the definition of the object-glass to the greatest possible extent. Such is the demand, we may state, for the microscopes of these eminent makers, that they have erected very extensive steam-driven machinery for their construction.

Mr. Peter's microscopic writing-machine, by which the Lord's Prayer can be written and read in the three hundred and fifty-six thousandth part of an inch, has attracted many visitors; but that constructed by Mr. Webb, which has been explained and worked by this gentleman, has afforded even greater interest. By it he has engraved the whole of the fifty-one verses of the first chapter of St. John in the  $\frac{1}{10000}$  of an inch, and a micrometer with squares absolutely perfect at their corners of  $\frac{1}{1000000}$  of an inch. He also ex-

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\* The saving of time by the use of Scheutz's calculating engine will be seen by the following example:—

‘Supposing the machine and the computer both start together, with the differences for the ages 20 to 50, the machine will calculate and print  $\lambda_2$  for that period (30 ages) in twenty minutes, whereas the computer, to arrive at the same result in the usual way, will have to mentally compute and write 1450 figures, which would occupy any ordinary computer at least three quarters of an hour. It should be noticed also that as the machine stereoglyphs each result, as soon as it is obtained, upon a slip of *papier mâché* (or lead), which is used as the mould for casting a stereotype plate, any chance of error which would arise in the ordinary way of setting up the figures for printing, is avoided.’

† It happened to the writer of this article to be called upon to show and explain Messrs. Scheutz's engine to the late Prince Consort; and the writer well remembers the very great interest which the Prince took in it, and the vast amount of knowledge that he displayed in its complicated mechanism.



hibits an entire novelty, in the form of cards printed from copper plates engraved by him in the Exhibition. The writing on these cards, which is quite invisible to the naked eye, can be read with great distinctness under a microscope.

Photography, which greatly depends on the perfection of philosophical instruments for excellence, has made gigantic strides since 1851. In that year the Jurors of the Photographic Class at the Exhibition expressed their disappointment that the specimens of photography exhibited were very limited, being entirely confined to objects calculated only to please the eye. 'As regards its application to an infinity of useful and instructive purposes,' say they, 'we have literally nothing; no copies of pages of ancient MSS., no magnified representations of the microscopic pages of nature, nothing, in short, useful or instructive.' The specimens of photography exhibited in 1862 tell a very different story. In 1851 all, or nearly all, were on metal plates bearing Daguerre's illustrious name; now paper is the material used, and the collodion process is almost universal; and as regards the variety of subjects exhibited, they are almost infinite.

Mr. Warren De La Rue's exquisitely beautiful photographs of the phenomena attending the late great solar eclipse, those of the moon, and a variety illustrating natural history, and other objects, attest how greatly photographic art has improved since 1851. Among the most important inventions connected with it is photo-zincography, by which ancient documents can be faithfully reproduced and printed. The process has been already turned to good account by Messrs. Reeve and Co., who have published a facsimile of the original edition of Shakspeare's Sonnets in photo-zincography.

It would, of course, be quite impossible to render justice on the present occasion to the triumphs of chemistry during the past decennial period. But this article would be very incomplete if we

omitted noticing the greatest chemical invention of modern times.

In 1840 Liebig wrote—'It would certainly be esteemed one of the greatest discoveries of the age if any one could succeed in condensing coal gas into a white, dry, solid, odourless substance, portable, and capable of being placed upon a candlestick, or burned in a lamp.' This has been done; and since 1851 chemical works have sprung into existence which are now the largest in the world. We allude to Messrs. Young and Co.'s works at Bathgate, in Scotland, where coal is turned into paraffin and paraffin-oil, the former being made into candles finer than the purest wax, the oil sold being for burning in lamps and for lubricating machinery.

It is not only the province of chemistry to separate and analyse, but also by combining various substances to create new and useful compounds. One of the most singular of these is the new substance shown at the Exhibition for the first time, composed of oil, chloride of sulphur, and collodion, and called after its inventor, Parkesine. This extraordinary substance becomes extremely hard immediately on being made. It is capable of being used for nearly every purpose to which india-rubber and gutta-percha can be applied, and is also perfectly transparent when in the state of thin plates. The inventor further informs us that it is invaluable for buttons, combs, knife-handles, and all other articles for which ivory or horn are generally employed, as it is not only capable of being moulded or pressed into any form, but possesses a hardness almost equal to iron. Its insulating properties are very powerful, and it seems to be quite indestructible by damp. It seems indeed difficult to limit the uses of this new compound, especially as Mr. Parkes states that he can produce it in large quantities for sixpence a pound.

We here close our list of the celebrities in the Exhibition of 1862, not because they are exhausted, but that our waning space

admonishes us to stop. On jewellery, musical instruments, and many other things, we have not even touched; but as these and other matters do not involve new and great discoveries, our silence is of the less consequence.

Our review of the Exhibition is sufficiently ample to demonstrate that the progress of nations is most remarkable. Many countries are represented at South Kensington, in the strength of manhood, which in 1851 were mere infants; and it should be remembered that wonderful and unsurpassed as is the Exhibition about to close for ever, it after all but imperfectly represents the progress made by those nations in the van of civilization and refinement. The fact is, that advantageous as Exhibitions doubtless are, their too frequent recurrence weakens their utility, for they militate against eminent manufacturers exhibiting. Our Exhibition, for example, follows too closely on the last at Paris, to render it worth while for many of the great French manufacturers to exhibit. Large as is the space accorded to France, she would have required double the amount had all her great producers exhibited. The public who lounge *flaneur* fashion through an Exhibition, have no conception of the labour and money that have been expended in producing the objects exhibited. For it will be evident that if a manufacturing establishment stands high, it cannot jeopardize its reputation by exhibiting inferior articles, and must therefore, if it enters into competition with other houses, bestow great thought, time, and money on the preparation of articles for exhibition. The large establishment of Messrs. De La Rue and Co., may be cited as a pertinent example. This firm having exhibited in 1851 at a cost to them of £5000, and again in Paris in 1855, are absent on the present occasion for the foregoing reasons, which we know also apply to many other manufacturing establishments at home and abroad who are not exhibitors this year.

Apart, therefore, from financial

considerations, it may, we think, be taken for granted that more than ten years will elapse before we have another exhibition, and, indeed, if France persists in holding International exhibitions quinquennially, we may question whether it will be expedient to hold another in London before the expiration of twenty years.

The time for judging the stewards to whom the management of the Exhibition of 1862 has been entrusted, has not arrived. The daily press, which has sat in judgment on the Commissioners, has, as is well known, charged them with the perpetration of many grave blunders; but they have also overcome many difficulties, the magnitude of which is not, nor probably ever will be, known to the public. It should also be remembered that their duties have been extremely onerous and laborious, and that they have rendered their services gratuitously. Probably the greatest failure in connexion with the Exhibition has been the commissariat department. It was particularly desirable that this, affecting closely as it does the purses and tempers of the visitors to the Exhibition, should have been well managed. The magnitude of the concern will be understood when we state that the employés attached to it number twelve hundred, and that six hundred dozen bottles of Allsopp's ale have been consumed daily. Bearing these facts in mind, it is particularly to be lamented that the privilege of catering for the million should have been in any degree open to a suspicion of unfair dealing.

Financially, there is now no doubt that the Exhibition will not be a success; this, however, will be due rather to the enormous cost of the building than to the shortcomings of the visitors. In every other respect the Commissioners have exercised the most rigid economy. Anticipating a surplus, the staff, who have for the most part received but very small remuneration for their services, were led to expect that the example of 1851 would be followed, and

that they would receive a bonus. But the cost of the gigantic dish-covers will, we fear, extinguish their hopes, as they have extinguished all chance of a surplus.

It is a most gratifying fact that losses by theft during the period that the Exhibition has been open have been exceedingly trifling. This immunity is doubtless due in a great measure to the admirable police arrangements by which the property of the exhibitors has been watched day and night.\* During the day about two hundred constables, besides detectives in plain clothes, have been on duty, about sixty during the morning, and during the night about sixty others. The latter have patrolled the building noiselessly, their steps being rendered inaudible by their wearing list shoes. Besides these precautions, a body of sappers, and numerous men, highly recommended, have been attached to each class, for the purpose of cleaning the floors and cases, and assisting the exhibitors in arranging and cleaning their goods; and in order that these and other duties should be performed with military regularity, the superintendents of the various districts into which the Exhibition has been divided, have been required to send every morning to the Commissioners a report of the state of their district, and the conduct of the men employed in it.

We are enabled to state from personal knowledge that the damage done to articles exposed, by the sad habit of touching, has also been extremely small. Many persons, as is well known, have an irresistible propensity to paw anything within reach; but although

this practice has of course been indulged in, we have not heard of any very serious results. One lady, not satisfied by looking at an exquisite piece of china, handled and broke it, but as she was arrested just as she was coolly decamping, she was made to pay for her malpractice. Another vile habit—viz., scribbling on walls, pillars, &c.—seems happily to be on the wane, at least it has not been nearly so prevalent during this Exhibition as it was in 1851. Then Paxton's glass-house contained many lovers' secrets scribbled in innumerable places, indeed there was scarcely a column that did not carry tender sentences assuring ladies that certain gentlemen would not fail to be at the appointed place at the appointed time; but now we have met with very few wall or pillar notes, so that either lovers have not made Captain Fowke's building a trysting-place (which we take leave to doubt), or they have not thought fit to chronicle assignations on his pillars.

As usual when great masses of people congregate, the losses of personal articles at South Kensington have been numerous. But their great number is not so startling as their strange nature. The room set apart in the police-office to contain these waifs and strays presents a most extraordinary appearance, being filled with the most incongruous objects. Umbrellas and sticks, for the most part, however, seedy affairs, greatly predominate, these articles having a very common tendency to part company from their proprietors; but there are other objects to which, seeing them in their present situation, one is inclined to apply the lines—

The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
The wonder's how the devil they got there.

Who, for example, would expect to find here false whiskers, false moustaches, false teeth and wigs, flannel-petticoats, shoes and boots? yet such articles, and many others

as strange, have been found in the building, and some in very curious places. Of jewellery there is of course sufficient to almost stock a shop; the number of lockets alone

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\* How enormous this is may be conceived by the estimated value of the contents of the Exhibition of 1851 being £1,781,929. The present Exhibition is not only much larger, but also contains pictures the value of which can scarcely be assessed.



is surprising. Opera-glasses are also very abundant, visitors being apparently very prone to leave these on seats. Great pains have been taken to register all articles found, by which means many, on being properly described, are recovered by their owners, but still more remain unclaimed; and it is evident that Her Majesty's Commissioners will have a large sale of lost articles when the Exhibition closes.

The grievous event that deprived England of a wise counsellor to the Throne, deprived the Exhibition of a sincere friend. Indeed this great undertaking could not have experienced a more severe blow than the loss of the Prince Consort; for when he bade the promoters of the Exhibition to be of good cheer, and prophesied that they would succeed, it was his intention, as is well known, to give Her Majesty's Commissioners the benefit of his high influence, advice, and experience. His death not only rendered this impossible, but also necessarily deprived the Exhibition of all the advantages that it would otherwise have derived from royal patronage. It is pleasant under these sad circumstances to know that the heir to the Crown will officiate at the last great ceremony of distributing the medals. This royal favour, for it is by the Queen's desire that the Prince of Wales will officiate, will, we are sure, be appreciated as it deserves to be. In a few weeks

the event will take place, and the curtain will then drop for ever on the greatest exhibition that the world has yet seen. The late Prince Consort, when inaugurating the Exhibition of 1851, 'confidently hoped that the impression which the view of that collection would produce upon the spectator, would be that of deep thankfulness to the Almighty for the blessings that he has bestowed upon man.' Had he been permitted to address us in May last, his words would assuredly have been full of congratulation and joy that nations have made such great progress towards the fulfilment of their high and sacred mission of conquering nature to their use. It may indeed be said with great truth that the Exhibition of 1862 is more near to the infinite than any sight yet presented to man,—so vast and infinite, that the most observant person, gifted with the most tenacious memory, could not hope to seize and remember more than a small portion of its details. Being thus foiled, we may be disposed to regret that so marvellous a collection should be dispersed for ever; but those who have had the good fortune to see it will take comfort by the reflection, that though the sight be gone, the chief glories of it will be long remembered, as the traveller who has seen the Alps and Niagara, sees the snow-crested peaks again in the dark and still hour of night, and hears the thunder of the mighty waterfall.



## NORTH AND SOUTH;

OR, WHO IS THE TRAITOR?

BY A WHITE REPUBLICAN.

IN the political judgment of the ruling Powers at Washington, a majority of the entire people of the late United States are TRAITORS.

In the religious belief of the Roman Church, which embraces more than one-half of Christendom, all who live and die without its pale are *heretics*. In all ages and eras, the best and bravest men have been denounced, imprisoned, and hung as traitors by the State; persecuted, tortured, and put to death as heretics by the Church. So arbitrary has been the power, so fallacious the judgment, and so unjust the sentence of both Church and State, that he who has nothing but a *name* to condemn him, need not fear the verdict of the future, neither in this world nor in that which is to come. Traitor and heretic! These are the popular epithets which bigotry and intolerance have more than once branded upon names destined to an honourable immortality. The rack, the dungeon, the gallows, and the cross are for ever consecrated and exalted above crowns and thrones and sceptres by the heroism they have tested, and the faith they could not shake. Traitor! We have almost come to be thankful to tyranny for the word. In recalling to mind the 'noble army of martyrs' who have worn it burnt upon their foreheads, we must accept it as a title of honour, and not of shame. As no Protestant Christian, worthy of the name, will blush to be called a heretic, so no true patriot, whose love for Rome is greater than his love for Cæsar, feels disgraced on being stigmatized as a traitor. And yet it is a bad and hateful word when rightly applied, and our present purpose is to examine the justice of its indiscriminate application by the people of the United States to the people of the Confederate

States. We propose to make a careful research for the real traitor, and when found, to try him, sentence him, and punish him according to law and the best of our ability.

It is necessary, in the first place, to define the term. What is the meaning of the word so often and so indiscriminately used? A political traitor, a traitor in the impartial 'eye of the Law,' is one who commits the crime of treason, a crime against the State. In what does this crime consist?—in words written or spoken? The Constitution of the United States says no, not in words; words are mere air—let them be free as air in speech and in print. Treason is an overt act against the Government. We quote the letter of the law. 'Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.'

It will be very natural for the hasty reader to 'jump to a conclusion' through the following easy process of reasoning:—The people of the Southern States have committed the 'overt act' of treason against the United States by 'levying war against them;' hence they are traitors, deserving the name and the punishment of traitors. Not quite so fast. The logic is facile, but fallacious; and to consider this question thoroughly, we must come down to the very root of the great controversy—the origin and nature of State and Federal relations. In looking at the causes which have led to the civil war in America, we must never for a moment lose sight of the fundamental fact that the

politicians and the people of the United States are divided into two great classes, one believing in the sovereignty of the State, the other in the supremacy of the Federal Government. The former are Secessionists, and the latter Unionists; and there is not only a wide, but a radical and irreconcilable difference between them. The believer in the legal right of secession considers allegiance to his State to be his highest political obligation. It is the government nearest to him; he feels its protection, and sees its operation. It is something palpable and paternal, while the power of the Federal Government seems remote and cold, heartless and useless, like the sceptic's Deity, 'sitting outside the Universe, and seeing it go on.' If the sentiment of loyalty exist in the United States, it is given to the individual all-embracing State, rather than to the overshadowing Union.

Rebellion against State authority in America is as rare as the unnatural crime of matricide for which the Greek ancients deemed it unnecessary to provide a law. When secession was threatened in the Senate Chamber at Washington, 'I go with my State,' was the declaration of every Southern Senator; while the sons of the South scattered over the world in the military, naval, and diplomatic service of the Union, hastened home to fight for the State that gave them birth, and that contained the ashes of their fathers. These are the men who are denounced by President Lincoln as *traitors*, and who are lauded by President Davis as *patriots*. Which is right—Davis or Lincoln? Could this question be submitted to-day to the test of a popular vote in all the late United States, we have no doubt that the result would be an overwhelming answer in favour of the Southern President. The unanimous vote of the Confederate States, a large majority of the Border States, and nearly half of the Northern States, would eagerly pronounce in favour of Davis. Who, then, is the traitor, if the question is to be

decided by the voice of the majority? But this, it may be said, is merely an opinion, and to many a fallible and offensive one. Give us facts: and this we propose to do by referring to the public acts and characters of our antagonistic heroes—the Chiefs of the two Republics.

In considering the public acts of Presidents, we include all the measures, both legislative and executive, instituted or sanctioned by their Administrations. As Mr. Lincoln is ambitious of following the example of General Jackson, in language, at least, by continually declaring that he 'takes the responsibility,' we must hold him accountable for all the acts of all his agents, military and civil; from Cabinet Minister to Provost-marshal; for the orders of Secretary Seward filling the bastiles with suspected traitors; and for the vindictive caprice of Policeman Kennedy, thrusting his victims into loathsome prison cells, to be tortured by the vilest of vermin. We hold Abraham Lincoln responsible to humanity, and to humanity's God, for all the blood that has been shed in this unholy war; for every life and limb that has been lost; for every widow and orphan that has been bereft; for the brutalities of Butler, and the outrages of Turchin; and for all the unappreciable agonies of half a million of wounded and dying men. Mr. Lincoln likes to 'take the responsibility!' Let him look on his work, and sleep after it if he can. One pacific word from Abraham Lincoln's lips on the 4th of March, 1861, and there would have been no war. And yet he likes to 'take the responsibility!' Then let truthful history pile it on him mountains high; and let it sink him where it will. Not only has he no law or precedent to vindicate his actions, but every step he has taken, from the day of his inauguration, has been in direct violation of the Constitution which he 'solemnly swore to protect, preserve, and defend,' under the tyrant's convenient plea of neces-



sity. And yet we do not mean to say that Abraham Lincoln is the very worst of men, nor even that he is a very bad man ; on the contrary, we will admit that he is 'honest as this world goes.' It is the President, and not the man, that is to be arraigned, indicted, and, if found guilty, condemned by the public opinion of the world, and by all impartial historians of this most unnatural and atrocious war. The accident of his election placed him in a position of fearful power, and still more fearful responsibility. President Lincoln could and should have said, after having taken the solemn oath of office which consecrated him as the Chief Executive of the United States, 'No, I cannot and I will not attempt to coerce these disaffected States. They are sovereign and independent Powers ; and I find no authority in the Constitution to justify the employment of force in the effort to subjugate them. Such a course would be not only unconstitutional, but impolitic ; not only a violation of my sacred oath of office, but contrary to the first principles of Republicanism, contrary to the wisest dictates of humanity ; and, above all, contrary to the precepts and the commandments of Christianity. Therefore, I will not, Pharaoh-like, harden my heart against all these pacific pleadings ; but I will "take the responsibility," and *let this people go*.'

Who can now doubt the wisdom and justice of such a conclusion on the part of the newly-installed President on the 4th of March, 1861 ?

But no : the chief executive magistrate of 30,000,000 of people, whose interests and whose lives an inscrutable Providence had placed in his hands, being fatally possessed and controlled by the spirit of Northern fanaticism, 'takes the responsibility,' decides on using force, not reason ; and the consequences of the great mistake, worse than any crime known to the laws, are now passing in a panorama of blood before the eyes

of the world. But, say the Unionists, had he decided otherwise, the Government would have been destroyed, and a state of anarchy would have followed. Not at all. The people of the North were not so rampant for war, but that they would have cheerfully submitted to a pacific policy on the part of the President ; they would have said he could not do otherwise than obey the Constitution. The great Democratic party of the North, at that time almost equal in strength to the Republican party (we believe it is superior in number *now*), were almost unanimously opposed to coercion ; and many of their ablest organs and most influential leaders were then, and still are, conscientious and zealous advocates of the abstract right of secession. President Lincoln would have risked nothing and saved everything, by 'putting his foot down' the day he came into power, on the firm constitutional ground of State rights and State sovereignty. Then the aggrieved and seceding States would have paused before breaking the Federal tie, and come to an understanding with the North that might have saved the Union from dissolution, and the 'swift destruction' that is following it. But it is neither philosophical nor satisfactory to lament over *ifs*, nor to waste unavailing regrets for things that *might* have been. Nations as well as individuals must accept their destiny, and take what comes. What is done cannot be undone ; but what is broken may sometimes be mended (though a broken word or a broken oath cannot), and what is wrong may always be righted by due repentance and reformation. To this point the Northern mind seems of late to be hopefully tending ; and the hearts of the people seem to be slowly opening to conviction. Suffering and sorrow are doing their wonted work in converting hearts of stone to hearts of flesh. If it can be proved by the record and by the book, by the law and by the testimony, that the North, and not the South, is guilty of the greater

wrong; that the 'arch traitor' to the Constitution who has violated his solemn oath, is to be found in Washington and not in Richmond, a conviction of the fact may possibly lead to the confession and repentance of the criminal.

Let us, then, resume our diligent search for the veritable traitor; and in so doing, we must take especial care, lest by confounding names with things, or by listening to popular clamour instead of to 'the quiet voice' of truth, we get hold of the wrong man; and, as is too often the case, impale the innocent party upon the gibbet, while the guilty goes 'unwhipt of justice.'

We will now turn our attention for a moment to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate Republic, and 'the best abused man in America.' Being the head of the 'rebel Government,' the commander-in-chief of its army and navy, the zealots of the Northern Administration denounce him in all their prayers as an 'arch traitor,' whose devoted head they are daily hoping to see capping the Liberty Pole of the Federal Capitol. He is anathematized as the ringleader of Secession, the principal instigator of the 'great rebellion,' the most marked and conspicuous cause of the war. Suppose all this to be true, and that President Davis led the people, instead of the people leading him, into secession and the secession war, does that make him a traitor, and *the* traitor above all others? Let us examine a little more carefully the peculiar position of the Confederate President. In 1861, Jefferson Davis was a citizen and a senator of Mississippi. In obeying the voice of the sovereign and independent State to whom his first and final allegiance is due, is he thereby committing treason against the United States? Can a man serve two masters? Senator Davis in his seat in the Senate Chamber at Washington, openly acknowledges his faith in the supreme authority of his State, and declares his fealty thereto.

She sent him to the Federal Congress to represent her will, and to protect her interests; and she can recal him to represent and protect her wishes and her honour elsewhere. Mississippi voluntarily joined the association, or alliance, or federation of the Union, believing it at the time to be her interest to do so. She now thinks it her interest to retire; and claims the same right to go out that she had to come in. The powers *delegated* by her to the Federal Government she withdraws; no longer wishing to be taxed by the Union, in order to be protected by the Union; and the agent she appointed she dismisses. This is a simple business-like way of stating the relation, which every business man can easily understand. Mississippi is a sovereign and independent State, and claims the fidelity and obedience of her citizens, just as the Queen of England claims the allegiance of her subjects. The Federal Government has no such claims; the Union has no subjects. Mississippi decides on quitting the Union which, instead of a benefit, has become to her a yoke of oppression; at all events, she thinks so; and they who bear the burthen are better judges of its weight and pressure than they who impose it. The State secedes *pro forma*, and enters into an alliance with the new Confederacy, for the same general purpose that she joined the old Union, but in the hope of getting on more pleasantly with her more congenial sisters of the South. Mr. Davis, late United States senator, is duly appointed President of the Confederate Republic. He takes the solemn oath of office, in form identical with that administered to President Lincoln, and assumes the discharge of his executive functions and duties. The North declares a war of subjugation against the new alliance, the Government of the Confederate States. What shall President Davis do; yield or resist, succumb or fight? Recollect that he has 10,000,000 of people behind

him, whose interest he represents, and whose will, embodied in their Constitution, he has solemnly sworn to obey. His own State tells him to fight. The Confederate Congress, repeating the voices of eleven sovereign States, who have committed their lives and their fortunes to his hands, command him to fight; to fight for their lives and their liberties; to risk all in the hope of saving all; to fight 'till the last armed foe expires;' to fight on 'to the bitter end;' to 'die in the last ditch;' and never yield to the invaders of their homes and the violators of their rights. For more than eighteen months, and during the fiery trial of more than a hundred battles, the gallant Chief of the Confederacy has firmly maintained his position as the standard-bearer of the South; true to his State, true to his people, true to his official oath, and true to all the political principles and professions of his public and his private life. Is the fair and candid reader still disposed to join in the ribald cry of a thoughtless mob, and denounce President Jefferson Davis as a black-hearted traitor, unfit to live, and unworthy of a decent death? If so, we beg to record an 'honest difference of opinion.'

The North does not limit its denunciation to the 'arch-traitor' at the head of the Confederate Government; but includes in its anathemas, first, all the members of that Government, its legislators and its executors; and finally, all the people of all the seceded States who support it either in a civil or military capacity, not even 'sparing the women and children.' All are indiscriminately branded as traitors, and doomed to be sacrificed to that hollow phantom called the Union!

Or let us see how this contemptuous and damnatory term applies to the leading members of the Confederate Government, most of whom, not two years ago, were honoured with high positions as Governors of their respective States, as senators and

representatives of the United States, cabinet and foreign ministers, judges of the courts, &c. &c. We have only to mention a few of these well-known names in order to refute the foul aspersion that is continually cast upon them. Five hundred Northern steam-presses running night and day, and pouring out their endless columns of vulgar epithets upon such honoured names as Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, and John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky, cannot change the record of good men's lives. They may call Breckenridge, who lately presided over the Senate of the United States, and Stephens, who now presides over the Senate of the Confederate States 'traitors,' until the very echoes are hoarse from repetition of the word; and yet all this 'damnable iteration' does not make them traitors, neither in the severe judgment of the law nor in the impartial opinion of the world.

But let us extend the catalogue of these untried, but not unsentenced traitors a little further. Mason and Stuart of Virginia, Ward and Jackson of Georgia, Slidell and Benjamin of Louisiana, Yancey and Clay of Alabama, Bell of Tennessee, Morehead of Kentucky, Sebastian of Arkansas, Westcott of Florida, Badger of North Carolina, Green of Missouri, Boyce of South Carolina, Brown of Mississippi, &c. &c. By what cunning 'conjurations and what mighty magic' have these and hundreds of other eminent men and statesmen been so suddenly metamorphosed from patriots into traitors? Men who but yesterday everywhere elicited the huzzas of the crowd where to-day they receive only its execrations! What have these men done worthy of death or of bonds, of the bastille or the gallows? They have simply adhered to their political doctrine of State rights, and proved their life-long loyalty to the principle of State sovereignty. '*I go with my State,*' was the irrevocable resolution of every Southern statesman, and in the opinion of the people of the South



he only who hesitated deserves the name of traitor. But the North, although so absolute in its denunciations of all who breathe the air of Secessia, does sometimes attempt to discriminate a little in regard to the degrees of turpitude to be found in the land of traitor-dom, and where all is black as midnight, professes to have discovered comparative shades of blackness. For instance, Governor Floyd of Virginia, late United States Secretary of War under President Buchanan, is one of 'the double-dyed traitors' whom the Northern press particularly delights to honour with its abuse. And wherefore? Because, they assert, as Secretary of War, foreseeing the Secession conflict, he caused the removal of immense quantities of arms and munitions from Northern to Southern arsenals, thereby placing ready means of resistance in the hands of the States that had already signified their determination to secede in the event of Lincoln's election. We do not allude to these popular allegations against Governor Floyd for the purpose of 'putting in a defence,' but simply to state the naked fact that has given rise to the noisy accusation. The arms of the United States being manufactured and imported by the North, had been permitted during a long period of peace to remain in the Northern depôts, instead of being duly distributed among the arsenals of the several States in accordance with a specified *quota* to which each was entitled, when Secretary Floyd very properly gave the order for the distribution; and a very timely order it has proved to the South, for which doubtless he has received as much Confederate commendation as Federal censure. On the whole, he is probably satisfied with both, as he is now serving his State and his country as brigadier-general in the Southern army, and answering his assailants with solid blows instead of empty words. If ex-Governor Floyd of Virginia is the blackest of traitors, the people of his State and of the Confederate

States evidently do not so regard him. Another signal instance in which 'opinions differ,' and in which the different names applied to an individual by his friends and by his foes very naturally lead to 'a confusion of ideas.' On the north side of an invisible line John B. Floyd is an unmitigated traitor; on the south or sunny side of the aforesaid line, he is an honoured patriot! The division of a hair's-breadth makes the mighty difference between the culprit and the hero! Surely no one need be frightened at a name. The only question is as to the direction and the source from which it comes. Is it a Northern or a Southern tongue or pen that denounces me as a traitor, or praises me as a patriot? On the one side we may expect hailstones, and on the other showers of roses. The world, like a peach, has two sides to it, and happy is he who manages to live on the sunny half.

In pursuance of our search for the traitor, let us leave for a while such high hiding-places as Executive Chambers and Legislative Halls, and join the Provost-marshal in hunting for his prey elsewhere. Perhaps we may find 'the object we are after' ensconced in some editorial *sanctum*; possibly we may catch a glimpse of him by a glance at our own mirror!

And here, if the reader will pardon the egoism, we will take him at once into our confidence, and 'make a clean breast of it' by a personal confession of treason! But not exactly in 'open court,' as that, according to the Federal Constitution, would subject us to arrest and imprisonment, perhaps even to Policeman Kennedy's *vermin torture* in 'CELL No. 4,' three feet by six, in the city of New York—a city whereof we claim to have been a good and faithful citizen for more than twenty years—obeying and supporting all its laws and ordinances to 'the best of our knowledge and belief.'

The 'White Republican' (who, being by birth and education a *Republican*, adopts the word 'White' in order not to be confounded with

either the '*Black Republicans*' or the '*Red Republicans*') will proceed to 'confess himself' to the reader frankly and freely, in 'the first person singular,' because this form of expression is more familiar and more confidential.

Yes, I am A TRAITOR! I have read the awful sentence in the newspapers, and it made my cheek burn and the blood tingle in my veins—not from any sense of guilt or shame, but from a sudden flash of indignation, from the anger which one may feel 'and sin not.'

TRAITOR! Ah, it is an ugly, cruel word—sharp-pointed, and piercing; and when it comes hissing from one's enemies, whose 'mouths are full of cursing and bitterness,' 'under whose lips is the poison of asps,' it 'biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder,' and it rankles long in the wound it makes, like the barb of a poisoned arrow.

To be a traitor in friendship is a sin, to be a traitor in love is something worse; but to sting the bosom that nursed him, to be a traitor to one's own country, is a sort of wholesale crime which comprehends all others. The magnitude of the object at which the offence is aimed seems to magnify the offence itself into overwhelming proportions; just as the crime of regicide would naturally exaggerate itself to the guilty conscience far beyond that of an ordinary homicide.

Let it not, however, be supposed that I am attempting to depict the fearful character of the crime of treason from any consciousness of ever having committed it, in thought, word, or deed; but only to show that I have some adequate conception of the enormity of the wrong 'whereof I am accused,' and that I am likely to retain a very vivid impression of the injustice of my accusers.

To begin at the beginning. The 'head and front of my offending' consists in denying the right and opposing the policy of Federal coercion employed against a sovereign State; in other words, the folly and futility of attempting to

hold the Union together by brute force. Herein lies the offence to which I plead guilty, and for which, in common with hundreds of my countrymen, I am an exile. And yet, in asserting this opinion, and in maintaining this position, I have violated no provision of the Constitution of the United States, committed no 'overt act' against the Government, nor exercised any right or privilege beyond that 'inalienable and indefeasible right' of freedom of the press and freedom of speech which the Constitution expressly guarantees to every American citizen. I have never lifted my finger against the Administration of President Lincoln, whose election I did my utmost to defeat; nor have I ever committed the unpardonable sin of 'insulting the flag of the Union,' even since regarding it as an ensign of oppression to millions of my fellow citizens of the Southern States, not only of the Confederacy, but of the Border States also.

I have not committed the crime of treason by 'levying war' against the United States, nor by 'giving aid and comfort to the enemy,' beyond publicly expressing the opinion that individual sovereign States have an inherent right to secede or do what they please, and that the only question for them to decide in regard to the policy of secession is, whether they have sufficient power to maintain their independence, and thereby justify their right to a separate government. Previous to the commencement of the war, or the proclamation of President Lincoln's coercive policy, which precipitated the war, I am not conscious of ever having written or spoken a word in favour of the dissolution of the Union. Having been educated in the conservative school of Washington, Hamilton, Webster, and Clay, I had always regarded such an event as the last calamity that could befall the Republic. The mere suggestion of the destruction of 'our glorious Union,' was enough to excite a shiver of horror, a sort of nightmare dread of the ending of the world, when the stars would drop



from the skies, 'like figs from the wind-shaken tree,' and the heavens 'roll together like a scroll.' I was a Unionist of the most conservative sect, of that 'silver-grey stripe' of 'old line Whigs,' who united with the leading Democrats of the South in 1850 to pass the famous 'Compromise Bill,' which served to hold the States together some ten years longer. With such a record to stand on, and such antecedents to refer to, I can both deny and disprove the accusation, so often repeated, of being 'a Secessionist,' although a firm believer in the abstract right of secession. He only can justly be called a 'Secessionist' who takes an active part in the secession movement, by recommending it, voting for it, fighting for it, and vindicating it. A large portion of the Democratic party of the North, more especially among the cultivated class, may be called passive, or theoretical Secessionists, believing in the right, while doubting and deprecating the policy, of secession. With this party in power, although there might have been sooner or later a separation of States, there never could have been a secession war, for the very simple and sufficient reason that the logical leaders of the Democratic party are unbelievers in the doctrine of coercion; in other words, they are consistent constitutional sticklers for State rights. Upon this point, the late Vice-President Breckenridge expresses the creed of his party in the following declaration — '*The power to coerce resides nowhere.*'

But all this, the reader may think, is less of a personal confession than a political explanation, and so I will return to the catalogue of my offences, and resume my traitorous narrative.

During the two years immediately preceding the last Presidential canvass, I confess to having been a zealous advocate of the election of Mr. Douglas; and between the day of his nomination at Baltimore, and the day of his defeat at the polls, I must also confess to having urged the claims of the 'Little Giant' to the suffrages

of the American people, through the columns of more than thirty different Democratic newspapers, in almost as many different cities. It is a way we have in America. When a grand national object is to be gained, a *simultaneous impression* is sought to be made by firing a sort of newspaper broadside from Maine to California; or, to give the fact without the metaphor, a writer in New York who possesses sufficient industry and versatility to write twenty 'original articles,' all on one and the same subject, may communicate his views, varied only in language, through the leading columns of the leading journals of all the principal cities on the same day, and thus reach at the same instant millions of readers; and this, in the management of a political campaign, is considered a most important and effective operation. For instance, a new fact comes out, or a new fiction is invented, on the excited and impressive eve of a Presidential election, and the problem is to place the new 'argument' in the best possible light before the eyes of all the people at the same moment, whether favourable to your candidate, or unfavourable to his opponent. A simultaneous publication throughout the Union cannot fail to produce a 'telling' effect.

In urging the claims of Senator Douglas, and in disparaging the pretensions of Mr. Lincoln, the personal, and even the political, merits of the two candidates sink into insignificance in comparison with the appalling question of secession or dissolution involved in the issue of the contest. It required no prophet to foresee that the triumph of a purely sectional party in the election of the Black Republican candidate must inevitably lead to the secession of a portion, if not all, of the Southern States. Had the Democratic party remained united, it would have been invincible, and Lincoln's defeat overwhelming; but the fatal 'split' in the Charleston Convention was radical and ruinous; and the telegraphic despatch thence sent by 'the indomitable Sanders' to



'Old Buck,' telling him in terse telegraphic terms that, unless he came promptly to the rescue, and healed the breach, he would be known in history as *the last President of the United States*, has proved prophetic. It has been asserted that the eloquent appeal of the sanguine Sanders was more than neutralized in the mind of the President by the unpaid toll of *twenty-eight dollars* that accompanied it. If this be true, what a trifling sum, appropriated to the prepayment of that famous despatch, might have sufficed to save the Union, prevent the war, and preserve *the last of the Presidents* from the ugly accusation of treason.

In commenting on the doings and misdoings of the schismatic Convention at Charleston, I confess to having written the following paragraph, touching the action of the minority, which was originally published in the columns of a daily London newspaper:—'Nothing can justify the South in seceding from the Convention. When majorities cease to rule in all organised and legislative bodies, popular government is no longer possible.'

A single word from President Buchanan to his official subordinates, who, as delegates, controlled the action of that Convention, and Douglas would have been nominated in May and elected in November. As it was, he received one hundred and fifty-two votes out of three hundred and three—a majority of *one vote*; but the conventional rule, requiring a two-thirds vote, defeated his nomination; and after ten days of bitter wrangling, the Convention broke up in confusion; the Northern half adjourning to meet in Baltimore on the 18th of June; and the Southern, to meet in Richmond a few days earlier. On the meeting of these divided and alienated sections of the representatives of the Democratic party, Douglas and Breckinridge were placed in the field as competitors, thereby ensuring an easy victory to the Republicans. It is not necessary to remind the

Democrats of the folly of their 'family quarrel,' which resulted so disastrously, not only to themselves, but to the American Union and the American people.

The great struggle is over, the hotly-contested race is decided, and Abraham Lincoln is President elect of the United States. The day on which the melancholy fact was announced stocks fell in Wall-street an average of *twenty per cent.* And why? Because everybody felt, even at the North, that the days of the Union were numbered, and that 'dissolution' was inevitable.

And here I have to confess to giving utterance to the following treasonable predictions in the columns of the *Picayune* newspaper, the leading journal of New Orleans, and the most influential press of the South:—

The more susceptible people are growing sentimental over the possible, if not imminent, wreck of the Republic. Is it indeed so, that the indignant South is about to tear the stars out of our glorious flag? May we no longer see and sing together—

By the dawn's rosy light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last beaming!

Is the American eagle henceforth to flutter lamely, a one-winged bird? No, no; never, never! New York holds out her pleading hands to aggrieved Louisiana, and says, 'Don't go yet; wait a little longer; we are already repenting; give us a little time to show works "meet for repentance." ' The States that have nullified the Fugitive Slave Law must expunge the treasonable enactment from their statutes. There is no alternative betwixt this act of justice on the part of the North, and dissolution of the Union on the part of the South. Let the black line be drawn around the following States on every map that is published:—Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Vermont, and Iowa. All of these, excepting Rhode Island and New Hampshire, impose fines, varying from one thousand to five thousand dollars, and imprisonment from three months to fifteen years, on all officers and citizens who shall aid in enforcing the Fugitive Slave Law! In Maine, Rhode Island, Vermont, Michigan, and Massachusetts, the use of the State jails for the detention

of arrested fugitives is forbidden. Other States provide legal defences for the fugitives. Maine and Vermont declare the slave free if brought into the State by his master, and New Hampshire declares him absolutely free. Our own Empire State of New York has often been erroneously placed in the category of the above. In order to put the matter right, let me give a brief synopsis of all that our Legislature has done with the negro question from the first to the last year of the Republic.

We find, first, that in 1786 a law was passed, providing that all slaves who shall become the property of the State on the attainder or conviction of their masters, shall be set free, and their support provided for by the Escheat Commissioners.

Second. In 1788, several general laws were passed respecting the relations of masters and slaves, such as then were and are now usual to the slave codes in the South.

Third. In 1798, a law was passed confirming manumissions made by quakers.

Fourth. In 1799, an act was passed for the gradual abolition of slavery.

Fifth. In 1811, an act prohibiting slaves from voting.

Sixth. From 1813 to 1819 some special provisions were made nearly every year respecting the practical difficulties arising from the Manumission Act.

Seventh. In 1834, an act passed in aid of the owner of a fugitive slave.

Eighth. In 1840, an act providing that the Governor shall take measures to have returned all free persons taken out of the State by kidnapping, and not by process of law.

Ninth. Also, in the same year, an act to extend trial by jury to a writ *de homine replegiendo*, which writ was passed in 1834.

Tenth. In 1847 and 1849, periodical resolutions were passed respecting the non-admission of slavery on the acquired Mexican territory, and asking Congress to act upon them.

Eleventh. In 1852 a joint resolution of the Legislature was passed against the African slave-trade.

Twelfth. In 1857, a personal liberty Bill was reported in the Assembly, and voted down.

Thirteenth. In 1858, the same subject was renewed, and strangled while in the hands of the Committee.

Fourteenth. In 1859, against the remonstrances of the leaders, a personal liberty Bill was put through the Assembly, by aid of Democratic votes, for Parliamentary stratagem, but it was denounced and defeated in the Senate.

Fifteenth. In 1860, the personal liberty Bill was voted down.

Sixteenth. In the same year, on the 6th instant, the day of the Presidential election, the question of negro suffrage was put to the people, and defeated by a majority larger than Lincoln's. . . . There is a good deal of regret expressed here at the resigning of Southern senators. If they kept their places they would hold a check on Lincoln's appointments; and, with both Houses of Congress against him, and in view of the speedy dissolution of his own party, the Black Republican occupant of the White House (it should now be painted *black*) would be compelled to say, with Macbeth—

They have put a barren sceptre in my  
grip,  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal  
hand,  
No son of mine succeeding.

Again, a little later, the traitor at the confessional keeps up his line of treason with his 'rebel journal' in New York. Writing from the city of New Orleans, he has the audacity to put forth the following 'reasonable matter':—

It is hoped and presumed here in the South, that the new and improved Constitution will soon draw other States into the Southern Confederacy; and I shall venture to advance the opinion that it will be better for all concerned to make 'Mason and Dixon's line' the *dividing line* between the Northern and the Southern Republics. Let us do the clean thing, and done with it. As long as a single Slave State remains in the Union, it will be the battle-field of the 'irrepressible conflict.' Let us agree to disagree on the ground of 'incompatibility,' which justifies the rupture of a still more sacred 'Union.' *Coercion is madness.* The Government at Washington should be the *first* to recognise the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Lincoln should have taken the initiative in his Inaugural, and the Powers of Europe would speedily have followed his example. The excitement in the 'Crescent City' during the past week has been of the most profound and painful character. Even the hilarious uproar caused by the secession of Virginia, seemed, like a fit of hysterical laughter, suddenly to be drowned in tears. It is true that men clasped each others' hands in the street with a sort of spasmodic enthusiasm, while women in drawing-rooms were embracing and weeping upon each other's bosoms. The great guns in the Square,

which 'Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,' opened their iron throats to repeat a hundred times over the glad news that the pangs of parturition were ended, and a great joy was born! The 'Old Dominion'—the mother of States and of statesmen, wearing on her honoured bosom the sacred souvenir of Mount Vernon, has seceded, and will become the empire State of the Southern Confederacy! The instant the joyful tidings reached New Orleans another star was added to the Confederate flag; and the conviction that all the other Slave States would soon follow, gave reason for hope that this most unjust and unnatural war would be brought to a speedy termination. . . . . And here let me assure our Northern readers that while every man, woman, and child in the South is ready for war, the people *do not seek it*, do not want it. They consider that they are acting entirely on the defensive, and that the sad issue of blood is forced upon them. . . . . The South in a series of years may possibly be exterminated, but they *never can be subdued*. Even the women are ready to take the field in defence of their rights and their homes. There was a most enthusiastic congress in crinoline assembled at the St. Charles Hotel yesterday, for the purpose of contributing to the wants of destitute families whose 'heads' are off to the war; and it reminded one of what is told of Spartan mothers, to see these patriotic dames and demoiselles stripping the rings from their fingers to purchase bread and clothing for the poor wives and children whom the cruel war has robbed of husbands and of fathers.

And now let me say one word in regard to the *menaces* of the North thrown out against presses and persons that cannot and will not come to the aid of the Government at Washington in the prosecution of this most wanton and wicked war. It seems that a 'reign of terror' has already commenced, even in the conservative city of New York, and that the mob has taken charge of the press, compelling journals to change their flag and front, and to follow in the wake of *The Tribune*! Now there can be no objection to sustaining the 'stars and stripes' by any one living under their protection, and recognising the Government of the United States. It is the flag of our country, and 'long may it wave.' But if these violent dictators mean to compel us to fight against our brethren of the South, or to advocate a war of coercion, then let us make up our minds at once to resist—or run. In regard to the coming conflict, I feel as if two friends

had gone out to fight a duel, and while believing one party to be mainly in the wrong, do not wish to see either hurt. Is it too late for mutual friends to step in and 'settle the difficulty'?

After the utterance of all this 'unmitigated treason,' I was not surprised on reaching home in New York, to encounter columns of averted faces in the Black Republican ranks, but I confess to a feeling of disappointment and chagrin on finding the cold look of alienation in eyes formerly friendly, which were wont to look kindly into mine, turning away only from the faults which they would not see; while from other 'baleful orbs' there flashed assassin-like gleams of vengeance, as unexpected, as unmerited, and as ungrateful as the dagger of Brutus to the heart of his 'well-beloved friend.' The day after my arrival, while walking in Broadway, I chanced to meet an old and very intimate friend, who, on shaking hands as usual from 'the force of habit,' suddenly drew back with a fierce look of mingled malice and wrath, and exclaimed that he 'hoped to live to see me hung;' and added the amiable wish that he might 'wade in secession blood up to his chin!' This man, who is one of the leading journalists and 'public opinion makers' of New York, professes to be a gentleman and a Christian! A little further on I met another old friend, an ex-United States minister to —, who immediately commenced raving like a maniac against the South, and predicting that 'the rascally rebels would all be swept into the Gulf of Mexico within sixty days.' Whereupon I ventured to remonstrate a little against his sanguinary views, and mildly suggested that the difficulty should be settled by negotiation, not by throat-cutting, and in accordance with the paternal and pacific spirit inculcated by the 'Sermon on the Mount.' 'D—n the Sermon on the Mount,' was his blasphemous exclamation; and there, of course, the conversation ended. A few minutes after, I met one of our 'popular and fashionable clergymen,' the Rev. Dr. —,



and finding him as bloodthirsty and vindictive as the rest, in spite of his 'cloth,' and his 'divine commission from the Prince of Peace,' I came to the conclusion that argument was useless, and expostulation vain. From that day to this I have considered silence wiser than speech in the 'presence of the enemy.'

Such was the bitter, unrelenting spirit of the North, even before lashed into madness by the humiliating exasperation of the Bull Run rout. 'All who sympathise with the rebels had better leave the country,' was the prudent advice of friends; while threats of bullets, daggers, and dungeons, spoken, written, and printed, were anonymously 'served' on all who were even *suspected* of opposing the coercion policy, either actively or passively. At that time, the city of New York, as Mr. Webster remarked on a convivial occasion of his native State of New Hampshire, was 'an excellent place to emigrate from,' which suggested the witty toast, 'To the men and the principles who have *left it*.' Accordingly, without waiting for any formal official warning, on a certain rainy, gloomy evening in the month of August, 1861, I bade 'my native land good night,' to seek that liberty and protection in the 'pursuit of happiness,' as a voluntary exile abroad, which is no longer guaranteed, nor even tolerated, at home. *Home!* there is now no home, but a prison, in 'the land of the free,' for him who dares to *think aloud*; while the sacred soil we loved to call our *country*, though already steeped in fraternal blood, seems even thirsting for our own. What is home without liberty, or country without protection? To be exiled from such a home, or banished from such a country, what is it but 'to be set free from daily contact with the things we loathe'?

I have only to add to these unreserved confessions, that I fully intended to continue the publication of my 'reasonable sentiments' from this side the Atlantic, through the columns of the *New York Daily*

*News*, a bold and fearless pleader for peace; but before the first of the series of Letters which I had written and forwarded from Paris reached New York, that journal was suppressed by the Government, and the friends of constitutional liberty in the North were left without an organ. But, in the closing words of the editor's valedictory, 'the *News* sleepeth, but is not dead.' The circulation during the six months immediately preceding its suppression, had increased at the rate of one thousand copies a week, and its subscribers embraced the most intelligent and conservative classes from all sections of the country. The Hon. Benjamin Wood, M.C., the principal proprietor of the paper, refused to part with his interest in the establishment, about the middle of August, for one hundred thousand dollars. On the 14th of the following month, he was compelled to bid farewell to his readers, and to the liberty of the press, in the following sad and eloquent language, which deserves a place in the history of the reign of tyranny in the United States:—

We have stood manfully at our post while the slightest hope remained of weathering the storm; but as our area of action has been narrowed until even the possibility of our rendering service to our countrymen has vanished, we lay down our pen in the bitterness of despair, and await for its resumption the propitious hour when persecution shall no longer strike the instrument of labour out of the hand of industry.

The causes that have led to our suspension are so palpable as scarcely to need a recapitulation. We have been denied the enjoyment of mail facilities, which, in itself, is virtually a suspension by Government decree. We have been shut out from express transportation, and attempts have been made to prohibit the sale of our issues in public vehicles of travel. Our property, and the property of our subscribers, has been confiscated by Government officials, acting without warrant or process of law. Our advertising patrons have been threatened through anonymous communications, and some of those who have been in the habit of contributing to our editorial columns, for no other known cause, have been arrested and consigned to the dungeons of

a fortress. Policemen, in their official capacity, have interfered with our circulation by practising intimidation upon newsvenders. Our readers have been subjected to insult and indignity, and it had absolutely become dangerous for a citizen to be seen perusing a copy of the *Daily News* in public places. Rival cotemporaries have paraded us in their columns as fit subjects for popular fury and administrative severity, and have been as unceasing and unrelenting in their persecution as were the prætors of Caligula against the early Christians. The fanatics in private life and the fanatics in high places have leagued to crush us, and we find ourselves at this day so completely shackled and shorn of all essential privileges of journalism, that further publication becomes a mockery and a mere waste of time and substance.

We wish the public to understand that while we withdraw for a time from the arena of our labours, we do not yield or retract, or in any way admit as reprehensible, erroneous, or treasonable, one thought, sentiment, or doctrine that we have hitherto advanced. The course of the paper, under its present proprietorship, was shaped after mature and deliberate consideration. Its policy was based neither upon selfishness, nor avarice, nor ambition, but upon a solemn sense of duty in an hour of great national danger. It were useless for us to rehearse now those opinions which, without deviation, we have abundantly advanced from the beginning; but, in the face of all the imputations against our loyalty that have been flung at us by thoughtless enthusiasts and railing fanatics, in the face of the bitter hate of rivals and the more effectual hostility of official power, we affirm that those opinions were born of honesty and nurtured by conviction — convictions that argument and events have not changed, and that reflection has but strengthened. Our paramount desire has been the country's welfare, and we have knowingly published to the world no word or sentiment that had not in view that sacred object. We may have erred in our estimate of the means by which a nation's prosperity can be secured, but we can admit no arbitrary dictation to our heart and brain by any mortal being.

In direct violation of an explicit provision of the Constitution, an independent, high-toned journal is persecuted to death, and the property of its proprietors destroyed, for no other offence than the daily utterance of a prayer for peace, and

the putting forth of unanswerable arguments in defence of individual rights and constitutional liberty.

We will now return from this little episode of the 'Confessional,' and resume our pursuit of the traitor. Perhaps the reader may think that he has already discovered him again and again, and that it only remains to administer the sentence in accordance with the law and the testimony. Let us be sure we have the right man in the right place, and not the right man in the wrong place, so that no 'reasonable doubt' in the mind of the jury may be given as a 'benefit' to the criminal. In the first place, there is danger of being bewildered by the confusion of names. The epithets 'traitor' and 'patriot' seem to be almost convertible terms, as they are alternately applied by different sections of the American people to *the same person for the same act*. In the South, the man who should refuse to obey the order of President Davis would be regarded and treated as a 'traitor' throughout the Confederacy; in the North, the man who should assassinate the 'rebel President' would be hailed and rewarded as a 'patriot.' Millions of tongues and pens are incessantly employed in denouncing individuals as traitors on one side, while as many millions on the opposite side are lauding the same persons as patriots. But it is the technical, legal, constitutional traitor that we are looking for, not for the party who is thus stigmatized by the fickle and thoughtless breath of popular clamour. Having noted and named several conspicuous victims of Northern denunciation, including presidents, senators, generals, journalists, and others, more or less persecuted as 'traitors' for simply defending by sword or pen 'certain inalienable rights' guaranteed as sacred and inviolable by the Federal Constitution, let us compare for a moment with these much-abused defenders of personal right and political liberty some of those model 'patriots' whom the press, the pulpit, and the public of the North are



not only magnifying into heroes, but exalting into gods. We will take, for instance, the latest example of popular deification, as illustrated in the grand ovation to General Michael Corcoran; for truly, as Cassius said of Cæsar, 'this man has become a god!' And the great empire city of New York 'culls out a holiday,' while its women, with all the eagerness of the hero-worshipping Romans, climb to the chimney-tops, their children in their arms, 'To see great *Michael* pass!' And who or what is he to be thus suddenly transformed and translated from the vulgar dispenser of 'rum' at three cents a glass into the hero of a 'popular demonstration,' so grand and so glorious, to quote the 'rich brogue' of his fellow Hibernians, 'the likes o' which was never seen in Ameriky'!

The card was played, but it did not win. The mute eloquence of a hundred thousand of their dead countrymen on the lost battle-fields of Virginia told fearfully against the enlistment efforts of Irish recruiting orators; and their 'skeleton regiments' were not filled up. We now learn by official announcement, that, moral, military, and pecuniary 'suasion' being exhausted, the Government will try the last experiment of *force*, and that in the State of New York alone, not less than 40,000 men must be drafted to make up the State's deficit on the late call for 600,000 more of the 'raw material.' And still there is another threat to swell by conscription the army to a million! Will the people of the North submit, or rebel? *Nous verrons.*

Let us dismiss from our field of view this dazzling military meteor of the North—Brigadier-General Michael Corcoran, in all his pomp and plumage, the pet 'patriot' of the Union, and, just by way of contrast, glance at his invincible adversary, *Stonewall Jackson*, the most daring, dashing, and dreaded 'traitor' of the South,—the Cromwell of the campaign—who prays and fights with equal energy and earnestness, never forgetting to 'ask a blessing' on the

eve of battle, as a sort of 'grace before meat,' when about to devour an army of Yankees. There is no 'fuss and feathers' about the indomitable 'Stonewall,' who takes his *nomme de guerre* from the fact of his always standing with his steady and unyielding columns, *like a wall of stone*, against the surging waves of war; and while his grateful people justly regard him as one sent by a special Providence to aid in their deliverance—the victorious hero of a hundred battles—they waste no time in getting up 'ovations,' nor spend money in giving him fancy swords or complimentary dinners. True merit can always afford to wait for its sure and substantial reward. In the 'patriot' Corcoran, and the 'traitor' Jackson, we have a striking, perhaps an extreme, exemplification of the spirit and character of the opposing sections in this great contest between the North and the South—this fierce and desperate struggle between the lust of empire and the love of independence, whose maimed and mortal victims have already reached the appalling aggregate of half a million of dead and damaged men!

To sum up the result of our search for the traitor: We have looked for him diligently and conscientiously in places high and low; in the Executive Chambers and Legislative Halls of Washington and of Richmond; in the highways and the byways of the two Republics; among a people fighting for power, and a people struggling for liberty; among generals and journalists, politicians and prisoners; in military ranks, and in civil crowds; in public and in private life. In seeking to track the real traitor, the veritable *bête noir*, to his hidingplace, we have endeavoured to avoid the bewilderment of false lights, the confusion of vague and illusive names, and to be guided only by *the light of the Constitution*—that sacred organic instrument of self-government, which he who violates one jot or tittle, in letter or spirit, is guilty of the whole. In the light of this lucid law, with all its provisions



before us, and its definitions well understood, where shall we find that embodiment and epitome of all crime—the traitor to his country—for whose arrest and punishment the Government of the United States has declared martial law, with a provost marshal in every city, and a spy in every house? In the dungeons of the bastille, in the dark and dirty casemates of Fort Lafayette or Warren, among the manacled crowd of miscellaneous gentlemen—many of the most refined and cultivated citizens of America—who have been dragged from their beds at midnight and hurried away, ‘without due process of law,’ to the loathsome cells of Federal jails? Or shall we find them among the political tyrants at Washington, who, elevated to power by ‘bribery and corruption,’ and suddenly ‘clothed with a little brief authority’—

Play such fantastic tricks before high  
heaven  
As make the angels weep!

President Abraham Lincoln exculpates his subordinates in the Cabinet and in the field, and ostentatiously ‘takes the responsibility.’ Then, while Time, with its ‘slow unmoving finger,’ shall point to the wreck and the ruin of his bloody reign, to a land but yesterday flowing with milk and honey, now, by his vindictive folly, ‘drenched in fraternal gore,’ there will come a voice in every sound, in the whisper of the breeze, and in the muttering of the storm, in the sigh of the dying soldier, and in the dread echoes of the battle, for ever articulating in his ear the fearful sentence of the prophet to his king: ‘*Thou art the man!*’

Abraham Lincoln ‘takes the responsibility!’ Then shall the stern voice of History repeat with ever-increasing emphasis this awful sentence of the living and the dead, of the generation present, and the generations to come—‘*Thou art the man!*’ Yes: *Thou*, who hast sown the poisoned seeds of dissolution in the hot-beds of Northern fanaticism; and who art now ‘reaping as thou hast sown,’ the black har-

vest of death on the blood-stained fields of the South. From the fatal day of your inauguration on the 4th of March, 1861, to the 22nd of September, 1862, the day on which you signed that diabolical document of consummate TREASON, every official step you have taken has been in direct violation of the Constitution of the United States, which you so recently and so solemnly swore to ‘protect and defend!’ The accusation, we know, is a serious one, and the penalty of the impeachment is DEATH, but the record compels it, and the future will award it. That atrocious ‘proclamation,’ audacious in its tyranny, and dastardly in its intent, will prove a death-warrant to the party in power at Washington, if not to the leading ‘heads of the Government.’ Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and *Abraham Lin*—may profit by their example.’ As President of the United States, he has not only committed ‘high crimes and misdemeanors,’ but what is worse—politically—he has made a fatal mistake.

A private letter of recent date which has just reached us from a gentleman in New York, gives the following reliable and lamentable picture of the reign of despotism in the ‘land of freedom:’—

‘We are all at sea now on the Abolition Proclamation, and the one that succeeded it—one to free the negroes, the other to enslave white men. You will see them in the papers. It is rumoured this morning that Lincoln issued his Abolition *manifesto* because of the danger of foreign intervention. The old coward trembles before *that*. Depend upon it, the end of the war will soon be reached, when foreign intervention calls for it. Even the simple *recognition* of the South, I think, would be enough.

‘Do not be deceived by the lies concerning Federal victories; they have achieved none. Pope was terribly whipped; he lost 15,000 men in the battles before Washington. McClellan *did* arrive in advance of Lee at South Mountain in Maryland; but it was only to be driven into gorges at Antietam

Creek to be cut to pieces. He was terribly repulsed, and has not been able to move since. The movement into Maryland was only a *raid*. It was to capture Harper's Ferry with its 12,500 prisoners, 15,000 stand of arms, 100 tons of ammunition, and fifty-seven pieces of artillery, all of which they got. Since Pope took the command before Washington, the Confederates have taken 25,000 prisoners.

'We have been of late acquiring a little more "freedom of speech;" but this very day a new proclamation has been issued, ordering the trial of all persons arrested for "disloyal practices" by "courts martial." You have no idea how many are cowed and frightened by these fulminations. The Democratic party, except a very few mercenary leaders, are entirely opposed to the present war; and we have all been in hopes we could elect Seymour for Governor, who though not fully up to the mark, is yet inclined to give us at least "free speech" and a "free press." But since Lincoln has issued his infamous Emancipation Proclamation, we expect a "reign of terror" in order to *quelch* all opposition to it. The people have opened pretty vigorously against it; but it remains to be seen how the "powers that be" will stand it. We all feel much interest to know how Europe will regard the Proclamation. Can it be possible that they will endorse the sudden freeing of 4,000,000 of negroes without any preparation therefor, even *could* they be prepared? It seems like the last act of a ruined gambler, and so it must be. The people want *peace*; but they are powerless. A police force keeps down all freedom of speech, and papers for peace are not allowed to circulate in the mails. Men expressing such views as you do in your *Flag of Truce* would go to Fort Lafayette at once. How long will it

be before they may go to the scaffold?

'Why does the civilized world stand by and see such wrong? Why will it not step forth in the name of humanity, and save a people from self-destruction?—a people not only destroying themselves, but if this abolition policy prevails, will destroy the world. If I thought you were not already fully posted in regard to public sentiment here, I would write you much more at length. Depend upon it, the newspapers give but a very little indication of the *real* sentiment of New York to-day.'

This emancipation edict is thoroughly hypocritical in spirit and purpose, in theory and practice. It does not strike the axe at the root of Slavery, but only aims a blow at the pockets of the 'rebel' slave-owners. As if the President were to say, 'Be my friend, and your sin of slave-holding shall be rewarded with riches, freedom, and honour; remain my enemy, and it shall be punished with confiscation, imprisonment, and death.' The effect of a proposition so base will only serve to weld the South more closely together, to divide and revolutionize the North, and drive the 'Border States' into the Confederacy. The Northern Democrats, if permitted the free use of the ballot-box, will carry their local and congressional elections, under the reaction of this abolition *pronunciamento*; and then, to use the great word of the war, adopted by the defeated Federals to qualify and 'cover their retreat,' the Lincoln Government will 'skedaddle' from Washington; and General M'Clellan, who is a modest and meritorious gentleman, as well as a brave and gallant soldier, may possibly be compelled, by the pressure of the army, and the stress of public necessity, to assume, for a time, the reins and responsibilities of the Federal Government.

# FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1862.

## THE REACTION IN NAPLES.

THAT the two questions of the orderly settlement of the Neapolitan provinces, and of the quiet reduction of the Pope to terms, stand in intimate connexion with each other, is an opinion whereon in Italy all are agreed, and which the mere chance looker-on from abroad can hardly fail to concur in. The connexion is not, however, pretended to be on both sides of like degree. While it is said that the disturbed state of the Neapolitan provinces is entirely due to the organized and peculiar support given to lawlessness by parties under the protection of the Court of Rome, and cannot therefore be put a stop to until such protection be made an end of, it is not, however, said that the extinction of this would necessarily involve of itself the extinction of the political authority of the Roman Court. The cause of Bourbon reaction is distinctly affirmed to be absolutely contained within that of Rome, although the cause of Rome does not necessarily lie within that of the Bourbons. The Italian Government, therefore, declares its conviction that the settlement of Southern Italy has been thwarted merely through the exceptional interference of a foreign State, which considerations of policy oblige the new kingdom to endure. Let this particular protection be withheld, it says, and all difficulty about establishing law and peace will at once vanish; for the day that foreign assistance is put out of the field, nothing remains in the country that will obstruct the influence of a beneficent and judicious administration. Every one who takes a kindly interest in the welfare

of Italy, must feel how much it is to be wished that this view may be correct; for a lengthened duration of the harassing disturbances which have been occurring in the Neapolitan provinces would not merely lower the authority of government at home, but must thoroughly lower its infant strength abroad, and prevent the Italian State from growing into a vigorous and truly independent power, except after such long and arduous struggles as cannot be gone through without more or less painful consequences. A civil war of length cripples the resources of the oldest State, much more so of one but just born, and by the circumstances of its creation exposed to a host of enemies, eagerly bent upon smiting it upon the hip whenever they can. We cannot but admit, therefore, that the chances of Italian progress, as connected with rapid advance, must be considered to depend at present upon the nature and force of the element which it will have to overcome in Southern Italy. For were the conviction to be forced upon us that the struggle in which the Italian Government finds itself engaged is of that stubborn and desperate nature which is to be found in a deeply rooted and popular feeling, then we should also have to come to the painful conclusion, that although in the end victory might yet rest with it, this could be only after a course of civil contests, ruinous in its incidents, and during its continuation unavoidably destructive of all prosperity and political importance.

It must be quite beside our purpose to dwell in detail on the



astounding circumstances of defection and faint-heartedness that marked the fall of the Bourbon dynasty before Garibaldi, and which are so strikingly like what happened when the Arragonese princes betook themselves away before Charles VIII., that Guicciardini's account of their abject departure might be perfectly read for that of King Francis. At the challenge of a recklessly bold partizan, backed by a mere handful of brave men, a government that seemed to have at its back overwhelming forces, and to possess a military strength more than thousand-fold what menaced it, crumbled down of itself. Overnight, as it were, a long-established and huge Power had been bodily swept away, leaving a thorough blank, that seemed gaping to be filled up in any way one liked. But the readiness to take whatever was thrust in, so truly characteristic of the Neapolitan want of self-guidance, was yet combined with the presence of certain positive elements, not to be overlooked with impunity by whoever aimed at establishing a lasting influence in the country.

It is certain that the individuals who were first entrusted with the administration of the Neapolitan provinces upon their annexation to the rest of Italy, had not the knowledge of the country which was wanted for their delicate duties, and fell into mistakes which have been the fruitful source of most of the embarrassments that since have continued to clog the action of the Executive. When the Lieutenant-General Farini took into his hands the reins of Neapolitan administration, his qualification for the office was his tried devotion to the cause of his country's emancipation, and the energy he had displayed in critical moments in the Duchies of Central Italy. He had no kind of personal acquaintance with men and things in the ancient kingdom of Naples. Also, he acknowledged his deficiencies, and from the beginning deferred to the advice of certain Neapolitans whose patriotism was matter of public renown.

But then these men laboured under the disadvantage of having been either immured in dungeons or relegated in exile for a weary lapse of years, and thus, though born in Naples, of having been so long removed from active connexion with it, as to be little better than thorough strangers to the men and interests of the day. To the charge of these counsellors—men of high character and tried probity—must be laid the blame of a set of most injudicious appointments and blundering enactments, that resulted in a discontent the more to be deplored, that the general feeling in the country had been decidedly ready to hail the new government, until the outcry against what was popularly termed the monopoly of refugees, became so loud that Count Cavour saw himself obliged to supersede Farini. It cannot be said that those who followed him were more successful in their administration. In some degree their task came to them unduly burdened with the unavoidable consequences entailed by their predecessors' doings; but still they likewise, in spite of adequate experience as to their inefficiency, persisted in listening to the counsels of advisers, who had not the intuitive perspicacity to distinguish between what was imperatively commanded by the requirements of the hour and the conclusions of abstract theory. They confounded what might be desirable with what was fitting; and above all, being, with hardly an exception, men whose practical knowledge was confined to the capital, its sections, cliques, and intrigues, they looked at the manifold and complicated interests of a great country through the narrow spectacles of a merely metropolitan view. The capital mistake that lay at the root of all the blunders committed, was the want of insight into the distance at which the capital and provinces of Naples stand to each other—virtually making the man born, bred, and reared in the atmosphere of the former, as perfect a stranger to the latter, as if he had been all his life a citizen of Milan or Turin. This complete separation

between the two—the extinction of all active life in the provinces, and the confining it all within the metropolis under the eyes of its police—had been the studied work of the old despotism, upon the same principle which made the ever suspicious tyrant of ancient Rome wish that he could bring the whole of its citizens under one neck, the more easily to have them under his axe. Naples has thus grown into the pen of a huge flock blown with self-importance, eaten up with selfish passions; voluble with glib representations, abounding in highly plausible disclaimers, place-hunters, intriguers, and fitting instruments for a Government relying upon coercion and an army, but little capable of giving wise counsel to one which, by its nature and peculiar position, is absolutely obliged to seek support in the popular feeling, which can obtain favour only by the spread in the provinces of those advantages and benefits which are indissolubly linked to the possession of constitutional self-government. Now, although the backwardness in education, and the sad weakness in independent spirit, that pervade the Neapolitan provinces must necessarily make their inhabitants for many years unfit to fulfil adequately all the duties incumbent on such a condition, they did nevertheless offer capital facilities to the incoming Government. The feeling for autonomy does not exist in the provinces. After some experience of the country, and careful inquiry amongst the inhabitants of the provinces, we have come to the conviction that the much spoken-of feeling for autonomy is one of the many false conceptions derived from a blind acceptance of exclusively metropolitan information. In the town of Naples there does exist, and very decidedly, a sense for autonomy. The only wonder ought to be, that it is not even stronger and more pronounced. But to say that amongst those classes of provincials who have any smattering of instruction and any stake in the country, be they land-

owners or dwellers in towns, there is to be found an intelligent and settled attachment to a national existence having its centre in Naples, and a regret at this being put an end to, seems to us either a gross delusion or a deliberate invention. Neither for the Bourbons personally, nor for the institution of a central authority in Naples, does there exist anything like affection amongst any section of the community capable of an opinion, except a portion of the clergy—especially the dignitaries—and the placemen whom the new Government has been obliged to dismiss. There never has been a long established authority that has disappeared leaving behind it so few regrets; for never has there been one which so steadfastly used its whole power for the mere purpose of withholding benefits from its subjects. The Neapolitan provincial, therefore, cordially hailed the overthrow of a Government, identified for him with mere obstruction, vexation, and tyranny. Those glaring cases of thrilling injustice, which excited the horror of Europe, were but fragments of an universal sheet of leaden oppression stretched over the whole land, and the extent of which could be realised but by those who had an opportunity of seeing the host of victims that came to light in every corner, on the sudden removal of its cruel weight. There is therefore no kind of distinctly reactionary attachment for the old state of things and the old men, although it is true, that partly the want of method in the action of the new Government—more especially on its first establishment—and partly the lawlessness infesting certain portions of the country, have been productive of discontent, which has manifested itself to some extent in doubt as to the capacity of the new rulers to manage the affairs of the country. Of these causes for dissatisfaction, the last is undoubtedly the most serious; for where property is exposed to rapine, and life is in perpetual danger of onslaught, a people far more calmly discriminating and stout-hearted



than the Neapolitans, would be ready to heap blame upon the Government for such unfortunate conditions.

The instinctive reflection to occur in reference to the opposition which we see the authority of Government meet with in Southern Italy is, that if it be indeed of a truly political nature, proceeding spontaneously from the self-sacrificing efforts of a large portion of the people in behalf of a dearly loved cause, then we have something which happens for the first time in the history of the Neapolitan nation. Dynasty succeeded dynasty, government followed government, but in every instance the determining impulse came from abroad, and the triumph remained as complete as it had been rapid, so long as it depended for success merely upon victory over the elements of opposition by themselves that were within the country. The Governments in Naples have always fallen, as they came to power, by action from without; the absence of that native force of resistance, which favoured their original success, having likewise deprived them of sufficient powers for defence. Once only did it happen, and then but for a few days, that a Government seemed shaken in Naples by a popular outburst, in no kind of connexion with any element without. This was during Massaniello's riots, in 1647, which were never anything more than the blind outbreaks of a multitudinous rabble, that required the unspeakable incapacity of the Captain-General of the day, the Duke of Arcos, to attain even a passing importance. Nor were all these various governments distinguished from the present one, by the fact of their having, at all events, preserved a Neapolitan autonomy. From 1504 to 1735, the Neapolitan States were reduced to the condition of provinces depending upon the Spanish and Austrian monarchies, under circumstances certainly far more disadvantageous to such administrations than exist at present. For especially during the Spanish dominion, they were sub-

ject to all the humiliations of conquered lands, governed almost exclusively by foreign magistrates supported by foreign armies, while the native nobility for the most part, though powerful in feudal possessions and followers, acquiesced in tamely submitting to a yoke against which they inwardly repined. There cannot be a doubt but that in the absence of any good spirit of spontaneous combination, so powerfully apparent in Neapolitan society, we trace the disastrous effect entailed by centuries of crouching deference to the harsh weight of that jealously watchful despotism which marked Spanish rule in these provinces. It is only in the case of the French sovereignty set up by Napoleon in Naples, that we find a Government seriously beset by an obstinate opposition in the country which it cannot get the better of. But then the circumstances with which this Government had to deal were likewise of a wholly exceptional kind, and exactly such as confirm our views. The desperate guerilla warfare which harassed the French conquerors and made them lose thousands of soldiers, was not at all a spontaneous effort of native patriotism in the breasts of the Neapolitan mountaineers. It was an organized movement set on foot by the expelled sovereign residing under our protection in Sicily, and which was as openly, as it was actively, assisted by ourselves in the prosecution of our great war all over the Continent, against the usurpation of Bonaparte. Had this sedulous instigation and powerful help once been withheld, the French would have found it quite as easy to master the southern, as they did find it easy to master the northern, provinces and the capital, and to fill their nominee's court with a considerable section of the Neapolitan nobility. A good deal, however, has been said about the existence of a decidedly Republican element in the Neapolitan provinces, the result of Mazzinian influence, which, it is affirmed, cannot fail materially to obstruct in those parts the solid establishment



of the constitutional system. We are under a conviction that this idea rests upon an altogether exaggerated estimate, the result of that very incorrect appreciation of Neapolitan conditions generally entertained, and which we ascribe to the inadequate, and positively false sources of information residing in exclusively metropolitan cliques and sections. That which has been pointed to as a decided and confirmed disposition towards Mazzinianism, is nothing more than Neapolitan readiness, in the absence of a clear and independent will of its own, to submit to the spell of all vehement and specious ideas. The conditions of the country were so desperate, as to be well calculated to inspire feelings of particular intensity in the breasts of those who, at that gloomy period, still ventured to have the hopeful courage to meditate their improvement. It is very easily intelligible that Neapolitan emigrants should have been amongst the readiest to join the conclaves of Mazzinian conspiracies. When, therefore, after years of bitter exile, these men returned to their homes in the moment of a happy revolution, with the successful event with which they mostly connected themselves, in the often rather dubious character of Garibaldian volunteers, it is not to be wondered at, that the indiscriminating enthusiasm of an inexperienced population should have welcomed them all as deliverers and martyrs. Thus it happened, in the absence of better known patriots, and in the first burst of popular feeling, that many of these men were sent to parliament, not from any conscious adhesion to the extreme views with which they were imbued, but simply because the people thought that they could not possibly serve the cause of the Italian Government better, than by electing men who were believed to have risked so much for the Italian cause.

There can be no doubt but that in the first elections many were chosen without the electors having any clear understanding of the

political nature of the man they chose. The want of political education, and the common rapture pervading the country, made the constituencies think the profession of an ardent love for one Italy a sufficient test for the political faith of a candidate. Thus did it happen that so many men were elected, who have been since found leavened with ideas that are not well adapted to moderate and monarchical government. The difference is, however, very great between such elections when the result of accident or misconception, and when the result of a deliberate purpose. Of course, amongst a people that has still to learn the rudiments of self-government, the influence is great which these men in their present position might exercise towards imbuing their constituencies with their peculiar views and feelings, if not counteracted in due time. That baneful influence, however, is a result still to be achieved, and which the Government, by wise and beneficent measures, ought to be thoroughly able to prevent; for the temper of the people in the provinces is neither with the Bourbons nor with the Republicans. What it sighs for is a government which, instead of withholding from it on principle every common boon, as was the case before, may facilitate its coming into the possession of the advantages of ordinary civilized existence. This aspiration is certainly not an excessive one, and it ought not to be difficult to satisfy its moderate scope. This the Italian Government has also perfectly understood, by applying itself with great energy to the immediate execution of the countless material improvements and works that long since have been known in every other country, but of which the Neapolitan provinces were deprived on principle. One instance will suffice to give a conception of the destitution thus imposed upon the country, as well as of the opportunities thereby created for the new Government for easily winning the affections of its subjects. The most important

town for commerce in Apulia is Bari. Although nature has not endowed it with a good harbour, its central situation has made it become the centre of attraction for all the trade and enterprise in that region. Bari thus grew into a populous and wealthy town, contrasting strikingly with the impoverished and haggard look of other places in those provinces. This gave umbrage to the Government. It was a State maxim with the suspicious Bourbons, that thirty thousand inhabitants within one town necessarily constituted a focus of political danger, and as Bari exceeded even that number, it had to be punished for its malevolent prosperity with systematic rigour. The first measure taken was to forbid the Lloyd steamers from any longer touching there, and to make them do so instead at Brindisi—a wretched and forlorn spot, the true image of what a pitiful Arab town in decay looks like. This collection of mean hovels and forsaken dwellings was next erected into a free bonding-place, with the view of drawing trade away from Bari, but without success. Somehow or other, though it would be difficult to say exactly wherefore, Bari was and remained the favoured spot, and to the anger of the Government it continued to thrive. Stimulated by the wish to make up for what had been lost by the steamers no longer touching, the merchants proposed making a road into the interior, so as to be able to draw on wheels instead of on mule-back the produce with which they traded. This was immediately forbidden, and it is only since the change of dynasty that this embargo has been removed from intelligent enterprise. The same vexatious proceedings that occurred in Bari occurred everywhere else, so that it is quite reasonable the Bourbons should have commanded no sympathies in the country, on the part of any class owning property, or endowed with any of the qualifications that can contribute a degree of material influence. The cause of the Bourbons can count upon no active

support in the Neapolitan provinces, except from the high ecclesiastical dignitaries, all, with a few honourable exceptions, carefully selected creatures of the old King, and who had been his most confidential instruments—the placemen whom the new Administration has found itself driven to remove from their post, because, from corruptness and ignorance, they were found incompetent for their duties—from these, and from a barbarous peasantry without an inkling of instruction, living in a state of savageness, always prone to lawlessness, and too ready to listen to all suggestions for agrarian outrages. This last is the class of King Francis' fighting men. With the exception of what has been the work of Legitimist partizans of cosmopolitan origin who came from abroad, all that we have heard of royalist risings has been done by robber bands recruited entirely amongst men of this savage type—men who cared for nothing beyond the pillage taken and the outrage perpetrated to the cry of 'Long live King Francis'—through outlaws of the worst kind, but who nevertheless were disciplined and set in combined motion by influences that were never personally present in their ranks. Those influences are to be found in the Court of King Francis. From here proceeds the systematic and fomenting direction, which has given shape and importance to what otherwise, under the circumstances of a sudden change of government and a sudden weakening of the police force, would have amounted, amongst a population of this nature, to merely desultory and unconnected outrages, without any but a strictly individual character. Indeed, one great and evident fact is enough to prove how thoroughly the Royalist cause is without the sympathies of any respectable class in the country. During all these attempts to get up an insurrection, in no one instance did the National Guard turn against the Government, and in no instance did the so-called Royalists contrive to establish



themselves in the possession of any town.

The first beginnings of the so-called popular risings in behalf of King Francis occurred during the siege of Gaeta, and as the avowed result of military operations set on foot by the King's advisers. It will be remembered that nowhere had the invading force met with the slightest opposition from the country. The King had withdrawn into his citadel, without one consoling cheer of sympathy from any portion of his subjects; having nothing whereon to rely, except the listless loyalty of his army as long as he could give it pay. It was then that the idea was started of detaching a division of the army under General Klitsch de la Grange into the mountainous district of the Abruzzi, with the view of inciting its uncouth peasantry to rise in the rear of the Piedmontese. The Neapolitan general met with no success in the field. He was pursued closely by the Piedmontese, and quickly driven to seek personal safety in flight; but when he went away, he left prepared behind him the organization for the kind of partizan warfare which has since been infesting this province. It was at this time that Chiavone was first heard of, although it was only after the fall of Gaeta and the King's coming to Rome that he became a redoubted leader of bands. By origin he is a countryman from the Abruzzi, where he was a forester in the royal domains, near Sora, his native spot. Joining General Klitsch's call to arms, Chiavone drew on himself the resentment of his neighbours by the persecuting spirit with which, during the general's short triumph, he denounced them as liberals to his vengeance. When fortune turned against the royalists, this feeling vented itself in an attack on Chiavone's house, which was burned; and on this occasion his wife was killed. It is affirmed that the passion for revenge at this outrage has been the dominant motive that made the husband embrace guerilla warfare.

The fall of Gaeta was an event

which, strange to say, took by surprise even those who ought to have been thoroughly aware of its speedy occurrence. That unaccountable self-delusion which all along weighed upon the mental vision of the Neapolitan dynasty, had kept alive to the very last a confident expectation in the intervention of some assistance from some quarter or other, which would save the royal family from utter downfall. When, therefore, the catastrophe did come on, it found the King quite undecided in his mind as to what he would next do, and without any plan of further operations. It was only after he had taken up his residence in Rome, that the idea was adopted by him of instituting a regular force of guerilla brigands, with whom to infest the Neapolitan provinces held by Victor Emmanuel, and thereby to subject his Government to incessant and harassing attacks of a most worrying nature, and extremely detrimental to its reputation abroad. Whether this project was set on foot by the King of his own suggestion, or by zealous partizans enjoying his sanction, is a point of no vital interest. The fact not to be denied, and which alone is of paramount importance for estimating the nature of the movement on foot, is that it was entirely concocted, organized, and set a-going under the protection of that Papal authority, which at present assigns to Chiavone and his fellow brigands monasteries in convenient positions, as asylums wherein to defy pursuit. We are perfectly aware that all connexion whatsoever is disavowed, both on the part of the King and of the Pope's Government, with the promoting disturbances in Naples. Where the authorities are possessed of such excessive power as in Rome, and can command therefore such immense means for the protection of those whom they favour, there must always be a difficulty in bringing them to that clear conviction, which would forcibly impose silence upon all appeal and protestations of innocence. But in this case the evidence is of such



a kind, as cannot fail to lead every candid mind to the firm belief, that alone from the emigrant Court of the Neapolitan Bourbons, with the connivance and active assistance of the Pope, proceed the instigation and the means which impel and keep alive the brigand warfare that is disturbing the quiet of the Neapolitan population.

A board of Bourbon partizans, presided over by the Count of Trapani, the King's uncle, is known to have all along been in existence at Rome, and in communication with Monsignore Merode. Some documents emanating from it have from time to time made their way into the Italian press, without eliciting any authoritative contradiction of their authenticity. It is perfectly known in certain quarters, how the arrangements preceding the first great burst of brigandage were made in Rome with most careful preparation. At the time, Chiavone, the destined leader of the force to be raised, was for ever on the high road between Rome and the mountains. He used to ride into the town in the dress of a countryman, accompanied by a nephew, one of his chief lieutenants, and who this year fell for a short while into the hands of the French at Alatri. These journeys to and fro were connected with procuring the supplies for the equipment of an efficient body of men, for Chiavone showed great prudence and decision in the method of his arrangements, before engaging himself in the adventurous hazards of a guerilla campaign. Also he was busily attentive to enlistments, which were made amongst the labourers out of work in Rome. That the many details of these operations should all have been carried out under the personal and exclusive direction of King Francis, it may be too much to assume. That, however, he was thoroughly aware of what was going on, and never did anything publicly to put a stop thereto, is very certain; while, at all events on one occasion, the fact of his having admitted Chiavone to his presence in the Quirinal has been so clearly

established, that the King himself has unwillingly been needs obliged to confess thereto.

The force thus brought together under Chiavone never numbered much above five hundred men, who, although taken from all quarters, have nevertheless been subjected to sharp discipline. Chiavone, indeed, appears to have been admirably fitted with the qualities for fulfilling the rough duties of commanding a band of lawless vagabonds. Trustworthy accounts of his proceedings bear witness to his having established an ascendancy over his followers, that enabled him to rule them with the iron absoluteness of military authority. All transgressions of order were instantly visited with summary punishments — by flogging, and even death. Thus Chiavone, if he made himself an object of dread to the peaceful inmates of Neapolitan hamlets, no less made himself one of awe to his own fellow outlaws. Yet however excellent qualities in themselves energy and resolution certainly are, they never would have alone sufficed to let Chiavone maintain the kind of absolute authority which he succeeded in securing. Men cannot be permanently kept under sharp obedience, unless their deference is encouraged by positive rewards. These Chiavone had it in his power to give. The men in his band have been in the receipt of a regular pay and bounty money, the amount of which is considerable as compared with the common wages of the country. Each recruit on joining was presented with seven Neapolitan ducats, about twenty-three shillings of our money, and received a daily pay of two pauls, or a fraction below a shilling. The fact has been established by the testimony of many prisoners who have fallen into the hands of the French, and by the entries in account-books of Chiavone's which have been taken. Of course, curiosity cannot fail to be awakened, as to how the outlaw contrived to obtain the money for his military chest. Happily, there occurred one incident, which throws sufficient

light upon the matter to warrant our drawing confident conclusions. In the summer of 1861, the French troops in the neighbourhood of Valmontone fell upon a body of men, who were escorting some laden wagons upon a secluded road leading up into the mountains, precisely in the direction where Chiavone then had his head-quarters. The convoy was stopped by the French officer in command, who brought the whole party as prisoners to Rome. It was found that the wagons were laden with Neapolitan copper coin. As the mode of this capture brought the matter within the jurisdiction of the French military authority, a board of French officers was appointed by General Goyon to try the prisoners, who were lodged in the castle of St. Angelo. This board accordingly instituted a searching examination into everything connected with the origin and purpose of the convoy, and the facts thus brought to light were of the greatest importance. The coin seized was all of one denomination, and all marked with the date of 1859. The prisoners admitted that when arrested they were on their way to the kingdom of Naples, but affirmed that they were carrying the coin thither merely as an article of commerce, for the account of certain money-brokers in Rome, who on their part gave the following explanation of the transaction. While at Gaeta King Francis had bought in Marseilles copper, with the view of striking coin. This he had not been able to do; and having no longer any need for the copper after the surrender of Gaeta, he had disposed of it to the money-brokers, who, having got it coined at the Roman mint, speculated upon making a profit by clandestinely introducing it into the country. According to this story, the affair was therefore simply one of trade between King Francis, who was getting rid of property for which he had no longer any need, and these speculators; and in support of this statement the testimony of the Roman Government was invoked. Cardinal Antonelli accord-

ingly acknowledged that the Roman Mint had been authorized to strike the coin for King Francis, adding that a die had been used for the purpose which, on leaving his capital, the King had carried away with him from his own Mint. Now, it is a very significant and suggestive fact, that the French court of inquiry came to the decided opinion, that the explanations given were not of a satisfactory nature, and full of contradictions. In the first place, a rumour having been rife some time before, that the Pope's Mint was busy striking coin for King Francis, Cardinal Antonelli repeatedly and distinctly stigmatized as one of the many inventions indulged in by an unscrupulous spirit of calumny, the very story which now he himself blandly admitted. Secondly, on a careful comparison between the coin issued at Naples in 1859 and the coin seized, the opinion was not arrived at that both had been struck with the same die, as the Cardinal affirmed. Thirdly, there was a considerable discrepancy between the amount of the money seized and of the copper bought by King Francis (the latter having been smaller), in explanation of which no information could be obtained. Indeed, the whole story was so miserably lame that it could not stand for a moment the test of inquiry; and we may confidently, therefore, pronounce that the convoy thus taken by the French was carrying to Chiavone, with the direct assistance of the Pope's Government, those indispensable supplies of money, without which he never could have maintained the peculiar position he has succeeded in holding. It must not, however, be supposed that the seizure in question deprived him permanently of the amount sequestrated. All that happened was at most to put Chiavone to some inconvenience for a few days, until his paymasters in Rome could send him up fresh supplies. The French military authorities, having no civil jurisdiction, could not confiscate the money taken. In spite of the glaring absurdities in the story



trumped up before them, they considered themselves not able to convict the parties under trial; and the money was accordingly delivered up to the Pope's functionaries, who took care to carry it next time by a safer channel. These supplies of money put it in the power of Chiavone to avoid harassing the populations of those districts which he principally frequented. On Papal territory he paid for everything that he required for his men. For instance, in the town of Veroli several hundred rations of bread were regularly baked for the use of his band every day, and were carried up the mountains on mules to certain convents which were his favourite head-quarters. These were all paid for with great exactitude, and even at a small premium above the ordinary price. It is evidently a principle of action that the country people in the Pope's territory should be made to look at the Bourbon bands not as enemies, and all accounts speak to the fact that Chiavone was most strict in his observance of this line of conduct. Nothing can exceed the inexorable severity with which he carefully punished the slightest acts of violence committed by any of his followers on this side the Neapolitan frontier. It is only when he had the opportunity of sweeping down upon the unfortunate subjects of Victor Emmanuel, that he gave full reins to the savage propensities of his lawless rabble, and indulged in an unlimited enjoyment of outrage.

There is yet more conclusive evidence in existence, as to the systematic assistance regularly sent forth from Rome, in the way of men, arms, and information. The French, although they have been unable to arrest what has been going on, are perfectly aware of what is being done, and of how their efforts are rendered futile. For upwards of a year their troops have been quartered in all the principal hamlets in the country, with strict orders to preserve the peace and arrest all armed bands. Every overt act of lawlessness, and every overt preparation for such, their

officers have the power therefore to repress; without, however, having any authority to take the least step which might encroach within the jurisdiction of the civil power. Consequently they cannot proceed to arrest any one, unless they find him on the highroad, armed, and acting in what may appear to be an openly lawless manner. To be able to do anything against an individual on the ground of mere suspicion, or even of circumstantial evidence, depends entirely on the sanction of the Pope's functionaries. This alone would be enough to defeat in most instances their exertions, which, it must be admitted, are considerable. Whatever sympathies may be ascribed to some of the higher French authorities, it is certain that the French troops quartered in the country are eager in their pursuit of the brigands. Indeed, it would appear that the knowledge of how these are protected against their efforts, adds the stimulus of resentment to their passion; for the service is a very hard one. Patrols are continually scouring the country after armed men—by day and by night—and the irritation of the soldiers is very natural when they continually see their prey escape from under their hands, through the intervention of a legal quibble of the flimsiest texture. Even when success so far attends their exertions as to bring in prisoners, the soldiers have the mortification to know that their labour has not been productive of any real result. The men thus taken are marched to Rome, where they are at once handed to the Pope's authorities, who without delay set them again at liberty. In this way upwards of a thousand men have at different times fallen into the hands of the French soldiers, with no other effect than to oblige them to make a journey to Rome. That this liberation really does take place, and is no idle invention, has been satisfactorily proved by the fact, that the French have on some occasions caught the very same individuals whom shortly before they had delivered in to the Pope's keeping. Nor can any



weight attach to the assertion that these particular cases are exceptional; for as the French singularly do nothing beyond handing over to the Pope's authorities the individuals they capture—without keeping any register themselves of their temporary prisoners—the identity has been established only in the rare cases where the same man happened to be taken a second time by the same captors. One instance will suffice to show the insuperable difficulties which these dispositions put in the way of the French soldiers, in their efforts to make an end of brigandage. An officer in command near Valmontone, and who was well known for his activity, while patrolling the country met one day a number of countrymen proceeding in knots to the mountains. His attention being excited, he stopped some, and inquired whence they came and whither they were going. They were all in the dress of labourers and unarmed—none carrying anything beyond a little bundle of linen. All replied to his question in the same way; they were railway labourers hired in Rome, and on their way to their work. There was nothing to be said in answer. The civil functionaries indeed might have interfered, but the French officer had no authority to act. Still his suspicions were not allayed, and so he had the men watched from a distance, when, after having proceeded for some way, they were seen to make off up the mountains in the direction of Chiavone's haunts. Still more annoying to the French soldiers even than these palpable tricks, is the knowledge that, while they are kept perpetually on the alert with the avowed purpose of repressing brigandage, the head-quarters thereof are quietly established within a few miles of them, without their being allowed to destroy them. The French have long occupied the towns and villages in the plain, but they never have been permitted to occupy those so-called abodes of religion which notoriously harbour Chiavone and his band. These convents are three in num-

ber—Trisulti, Scifelli, and Casamari, all at a distance of a few miles from each other, and nestled in secluded glens high up in the mountain range that divides the Papal and Neapolitan territories—sites most admirably fitted for overlooking the country in both directions. That Chiavone has here got his head-quarters—that it is here where he and his fellows are at home—is a fact perfectly established, and about which there is no kind and no pretence of doubt. Yet these convents the French have never taken possession of, because, being sacred establishments, they profess not to be able to do so in the Pope's dominions without infringing his sovereign right. Once, on the receipt of some exceptional information, a military perquisition of a few hours was made at Casamari. The officer entrusted with the duty acted with great energy, and did all that could depend on him, for overtaking the inmates of the convent by surprise. But the truth is, that any such attempt is hopeless. As soon as the slightest movement, by day or by night, occurs amongst the French detachment, a set of preconcerted signals flies through the country and gives warning of danger being abroad. The organization is so perfect as to defeat all hope of being able to steal upon a prey, and the French officers declare themselves to be so surrounded by spies, that they cannot take a step without its being signalled. When at night a French patrol sallies forth, the country side rings with peals from the church bells, and lights flash intelligence up the mountains.

It was with the idea of thereby putting an end to this really scandalous state of things, that M. de Lavalette inaugurated his ambassadorial action in Rome by causing the French troops to occupy the town of Alatri, which was notoriously the great channel through which passed the correspondence and intercourse between Rome and Chiavone. This town lies at the mouth of the glen which leads up to the Carthusian monastery of

Trisulti; and it is inconceivable, if General Goyon really cared to put down brigandage, how he should so long have overlooked its strategical importance. While he so ostentatiously quartered his troops in numberless other and most insignificant posts, Alatri had been left in the care of Papal troops. Through it passed the recruits sent up from Rome to Chiavone, who notoriously had here, under the fatherly protection of the Pope, his point of safe contact with his Roman friends. Also the Pope's Government showed intense displeasure at the proposed extension of French occupation, and made repeated efforts to prevent it. Where were the Pope's soldiers to go to, asked Cardinal Antonelli, if the French usurped every corner in the Pope's territory? No one could be more anxious than himself to have brigandage put down, and no troops would be able to do more than the Pope's to that effect. But M. de Lavalette was not to be moved, and the French troops entered Alatri without those of the Pope having moved out of it, when they were received by all the authorities with studied and open ill will. There can be no question but that this occupation very seriously distressed Chiavone and brigandage. It cut off the direct channel between him and Rome, thus putting him to very serious inconvenience, while at the same time it occurred at a moment when extraordinary preparations were going on for a new attempt at insurrection on a large scale, with the co-operation of legitimist allies from various countries. Also, one of the first results of the occupation was the capture of about a dozen men, amongst whom was Chiavone's nephew and a relative of the Spanish partizan Tristany, who then had been called by King Francis to his assistance on the miserable death of Borjes.

The truth is, that the absence of any striking success achieved by Chiavone became looked upon as a proof of his want of capacity. This was especially the view held by that body of cosmopolitan legiti-

mists, who came forward last year to take in hand the cause of King Francis. These men, who had been the champions of legitimacy in every battle-field of European politics—in France, in Portugal, in Spain—combined to throw all their energies and all their resources into the Neapolitan struggle, with the view of giving to the contest that character of efficient organization and regular warfare, which they fancied would at once suffice to secure a general demonstration of royalist feelings in the country, and an instantaneous breakdown of the new government. For this purpose, boards were instituted at Marseilles, Malta, and Trieste, which were busy in bringing together all that was wanted, in men and stores, for an expedition on an effective scale; while in Rome, visibly and palpably, the greatest activity was exerted to promote the success of the intended enterprise, for there, naturally, was the seat of supreme direction. The purely military portions of the matter devolved almost entirely upon Spaniards—old soldiers from the Carlist war. These were the fighting men of the legitimist cause; and it is a significant fact, that while these and partizans from other countries came forward, to recklessly risk their lives in the desperate adventure of the royalist cause, there is not an instance of a single Neapolitan royalist, noble or officer, amongst the emigration having dared to share their dangers. Men of Chiavone's stamp were ready to lead the life of outlaws under the pretext of political partizanship; but amongst the Neapolitan aristocracy or soldiery, not a man had the courage to expose himself for his king. It was then that the old Carlist guerilla, Tristany, was applied to. He came to Rome; and it is beyond doubt that he acted in concert both with King Francis and with the Pope's Government. He declared it to be impossible to achieve anything in the Neapolitan kingdom, without the assistance of so compact and organized a force as would at once give a regular character to the movement, and thereby inspire



he people, with confidence to join, as well as with respect to bow to, the authority of the officer in command. With this view, he proposed to get together on the Austrian coast of Dalmatia a properly equipped body of men, with which at a given moment to land on the opposite Italian shore, and then advance inland to meet Chiavone, whose force meanwhile was to have been strengthened, and by an admixture of foreign officers rendered capable of effective service. During the winter, in secluded portions of the country, at the foot of the mountains, the French fell upon a party of men on their way to join Chiavone. These men were not only perfectly accoutred; they had with them a couple of mountain guns. Could it have been possible for them, to get these through Rome, without the connivance of the authorities? Indeed, the active complicity of Monsignore Mette, the Pope's minister of war, in these preparations for civil war, is established so clearly that it is not seriously denied; only some people would fain have us think, that it is merely his own private act, and that the Pope has nothing to do with it. Yet the partizanship which his Sovereign allowed him to show went so far, that he could employ the Pontifical army tailors to make the uniforms for Tristany's soldiers; that under his protection recruiting agents and other emissaries went forward and backwards; that stores were heaped up under the safeguard of the Pope's privileges, and seditious proclamations despatched through the agency of official channels. Of course, all these machinations were thoroughly known to the French authorities; and it was out of M. de Lavalette's pressing desire for effective measures to put a stop to these outrageous proceedings, that ensued the much-canvassed misunderstanding between him and General Goyon, which has ended in the latter's recal. It must be admitted, that the result of M. de Lavalette's stirring impulse was, to goad General Goyon into exertions which, at the time, had for

effect to nip in the bud that outbreak, for which so great and earnest preparations had been made.

The first blow levelled was in the occupation of Alatri. Still, by itself this measure did no more than put out the conspirators, who had to proceed by a new and longer way. It was after M. de Lavalette's departure for Paris last April that General Goyon, stimulated perhaps in his activity by the fear of personal consequences, effected seizures which completely disarranged the whole plot for the spring of this year, while they afforded fresh and irrefutable evidence of the complicity of the Pope's Government. In the first place, the vigilance of the French troops was strained to the highest degree, and in some instances the general ventured to arrest individuals who, though notoriously agents of Chiavone, had yet acted in a way which, strictly speaking, did not put them within the bounds of his military jurisdiction. A few days later, near Cavi, the French encountered about one hundred and fifty recruits on their way to the mountains, under the command of a German officer named Zimmermann. They made off as fast as they could with their leader, but not fast enough not to lose a number of men and a bale of correspondence, in which information was found detailing accurately, the means of communication between Rome and the brigands. It consisted entirely of letters written by foreign officers, all of them Germans, with the exception of one Irishman. It appears that they were loud in their complaints about wretched treatment; and that in fact these men were suffering, as has always been the case in the service of pretenders, from the most painful destitution. More interesting is the fact, that they had been admitted to an audience of King Francis, and were therefore in direct communication with him. Also, it was an ecclesiastic of his household, and living in the Quirinal—likewise a German—who supplied them with the means and instructions for finding



their way to Chiavone. A pass given by this priest helped them to pass the Papal sentries without let; and once out of Rome, they had accurate directions of the hamlets at which to touch, with the houses where to enter, and the men to ask for as guides. Everything had evidently been organized with the greatest care. Almost at the same time, the French made at Ceperano a seizure of four hundred and ninety suits of uniform; and at Paliano one of yet greater importance. Paliano is a very small town, with a picturesque castle, which is used by the Pope as a State prison. Hence it had been left by the French in the keeping of his own troops. Repeatedly it had been remarked, that there was an unusually large transport of munition going to Paliano; but as the Pontifical Government always had some explanation ready, General Goyon never before had seen fit to look into the matter. In his present suspicious mood, however, he was induced to inquire more closely into what was going on, when what was found but 110,000 cartridges stored away in a house in the town, of which the Papal authorities could not explain the origin! A few days later a second and smaller seizure was effected, the cartridges having in this case been hidden in herring-barrels and covered with the fish to escape detection. And the only kind of explanation, which the Pontifical authorities had the inconceivable audacity to stammer forth for these occurrences was, that the ammunition must have been brought by brigands who had dared to disguise themselves in papal uniforms! While these discoveries were made in the country, the French guard at the gate of San Giovanni in Laterano in Rome, stopped a woman who was going out charged with a quantity of copies of an appeal to the Neapolitans, to rise for King Francis. This document bears the signature of *Luigi Ricciardi*, under which Italianized version of his Christian names, the same German Zimmermann, whom the French met at

Cavi, likes to be the mouthpiece of Royalist sentiments to the Neapolitans. This vagary of his is a point of no practical importance; not so, however, the fact, established on a careful examination of the type, that the proclamations in question must have issued from the Pope's official printing-press—the *Stamperia Apostolica*. In the presence of all this evidence, there can be no resisting the conviction in any candid mind, that the full and direct complicity both of King Francis and the Pope's Government, in getting up the brigandage in the Neapolitan kingdom, is proved with damning clearness. Equally clear is another conclusion that must be drawn from what has happened—namely, that without this assistance extended from Rome, the reaction represented by such outlaws as Chiavone would be unable to show itself in the field. It is certain that the greater severity shown for a season by the French had for immediate effect that nothing whatever came of the intended great burst of insurrection this spring. The moment a real check was in some degree put upon the free action of Rome, Chiavone was reduced to helplessness and disappeared from the scene. The instant the French for once gave themselves the trouble, of effectively stopping the supplies that went from Rome, Chiavone and his vaunted following were as little able to keep their ground against the Piedmontese, as their fellow outlaws have been able to do so in the Basilicata and Mount Gargannio.

Insurrection and lawlessness, if not absolutely extinguished the hour foreign action was seriously interfered with, were at all events instantaneously reduced into utterly insignificant proportions. Still what was done was very partial, and it will require a greater degree of vigilant repression on the part of the French than they have as yet exhibited, before one can hope to see the Neapolitan provinces safe from incursions by reactionary hirelings and marauders. Chiavone and his band have

been reduced merely to inaction, and under the safeguard of the church's inviolable right of asylum, they are quietly lying by for a more favourable moment. There is good reason to believe that the scarcity of funds in King Francis' exchequer, or perhaps a parsimonious indisposition to spend money as freely as hitherto, has contributed quite as much as French vigilance, to the protracted lull in brigandage on the Roman frontier. It is also known that the military organization of the bands has passed into the hands of the foreign and cosmopolitan elements that have congregated around King Francis. Although we are not in a condition to affirm what truth there may be in the story circulated, that Chiavone was shot by Tristany for treachery, and are rather inclined to doubt its authenticity, it is yet certain that the command-in-chief has been assumed by the Spanish partizan, and that the name of Chiavone has disappeared of late. In fact, since last spring the once rampant and open brigandage on the Roman frontier, has sunk into a hidden, and underground, and dormant condition which makes it impossible to get any accurate knowledge about it. All that we do know for certain is, that although shrunk in proportion from what they were, the elements for its organization are still kept together, that every now and then they flare forth in some desultory deed—that they are under the care and direction of Tristany and a knot of non-Italian officers, and that the whole of this precious assemblage is this day sheltered within the sanctuaries of the church. Those holy shrines high up in the mountains are still respected by the reverence of the French troops, and still notoriously harbour with Christian hospitality the ruffianly champions of divine right. Although for the time they have been obliged to desist from the exploits on which they formerly ventured, yet there they are, being evidently retained with the view of attempting them at a more

favourable moment, and so housed as to be able to abide quietly their time. So long as this is allowed, so long must the peace of the adjoining country be precarious, and so long will the purpose of the Pope and King Francis be perfectly answered. Hence is it that the continued preservation to the Pope of that sovereign authority, in virtue whereof he enjoys the peculiar privileges that, without danger to himself, enable him to keep perpetually dealing such harassing and irritating blows at Italy, is so earnestly denounced by the Italians as a monstrous and unbearable institution. The day Rome is stripped of its malignant prerogative, that day it is confidently felt that every element of positive discord within the country will have disappeared, and the peace of Naples be as easily secured as that of Tuscany and Central Italy. It is upon France alone that rests the responsibility involved in shielding this evil influence of Rome from punishment. When, after no little public bickerings, M. de Lavalette, who had boldly carried his complaint to the Emperor himself, was seen last May returning to Rome with the satisfaction of having obtained his condition, that General Goyon be removed from his command, many persons were sanguine enough to believe that the French Government had at last resolved on adopting such a decided line of action in regard to the Pope's temporal power, as would accord with M. de Lavalette's known views on this subject. These expectations have since been forcibly dispelled by a fresh change of persons, whose appearance in office must carry conviction to the most obdurate, that the determination arrived at by the Emperor is deliberately to continue the same line of ambiguous protection in Rome which he has been holding up to now. In presence of the recent appointments made, all doubt is at all events set at rest as to the Emperor's intentions for the present. Whatever ulterior views he may be bent upon in his heart, he has now acted in a manner to

dispel all idea of his being disposed in any way to coerce the Pope at present into submission. We may now rest assured that the French Government will not tend to contribute by practical measures to the embarrassments besetting the Pope's temporal power. However ready the French Government is to go on discussing with the Pope the advisability of his coming to terms, it will not add weight to its representations by any step which might expose him directly to the natural consequences of his inveterate obstinacy. In one word, the Emperor has made up his mind to continue standing between the Pope and his folly, and with imperturbable steadiness to persist in sustaining the Pope in the position which he is too weak to maintain of himself. Under these circumstances there is one thing, however, which may be demanded of the French Government. By the protective attitude it has assumed, which is imposing upon Italy the necessity of bearing with the Pope as a temporal prince, it has likewise announced towards Italy, which it has recognised, the duty of making him keep the peace towards her. The French, insisting by their action on rendering the Pope an unavoidable necessity, are bound to see that he does not make himself a standing nuisance under their guardianship. Let the French, who have voluntarily assumed the trusteeship for the Pope's estates, thus fulfil also the duty of properly keeping them in order, by adopting measures, not merely to suspend for a season, but lastingly to make impossible brigandage under the Pope's fatherly care and assistance. To do this it will, however, require more than a mere change of men, it will require an extension of authority. The French, who choose to hold

it their duty to occupy his territory for the Pope, must then also get over those delicate scruples, which hitherto have deterred them from looking into certain localities, and have made their sense of legality recoil from arresting individuals who were not met in a state of overt lawlessness. Above all, it will be indispensable to put an end to the disgraceful mockery of going through the farce of handing over all prisoners to the Pope's authorities, with the knowledge that they are released the next day—a farce by which upwards of a thousand brigands have at different times been marched into Rome, without one of them having really been withdrawn from the ranks of Chiavone's band. If the French Government will make an effort to crush brigandage, it must either keep in its own hands its prisoners or deliver them over to the Italians. Without some such arrangement, no vigilance and no exertion will ever be able to make an end of those machinations against the peace of Italy, of those plots and incentives to lawlessness, which are fostered and nursed in Rome, and in Rome alone. Therefore, when people have dwelt with gloomy anxiety upon the difficulties of dealing with the Neapolitan question, we hold that they have mistaken the true state of the case. There is no Neapolitan question of any real gravity. Naples in itself offers no obstacle in the way of the new Government. The Neapolitan question, in so far as it exists, exists in Rome, and depends on Rome. It is there that the only forthcoming points of difficulty are to be found—and these can be got rid of entirely but by a blow, that would be strong enough to level the objectionable structure on which alone they now find support.





## A FIRST FRIENDSHIP.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## LAYING ASIDE THE MASK.

AS might be expected, the disclosure I had heard from Mrs. Rutter's lips haunted me for many a day to come. The responsibility of advising in so difficult and delicate a matter would have troubled, no doubt, an older head than mine. More than once did Mrs. Rutter again ask me whether it was not her duty to disclose everything, put an end to this life of concealment, and accept the consequences. We were living, indeed, over a mine that might explode under us at any moment. But I hesitated to advise the step thus long delayed. I trembled to think of the effects it might have upon Rutter. Knowing my friend's character as I did, I could not, without seeing stronger moral obligations to enforce it, counsel an act that would, I feared, be fatal to his happiness through life.

Time passed on. The autumn deepened into early winter. The leaves of the chestnuts lay thick in the woods, and mists gathered more frequently around the mountain heights behind us. Gradually, as the days rolled on, the events of late weeks were fading from our minds as the sunshine was fading out of the year.

Other anxieties, however—anxieties long looming on the horizon—were drawing nearer, and taking a more tangible shape and form.

If anything could have increased the admiration with which Rutter had long regarded Mademoiselle de Longueville, it would have been her conduct on the memorable night we had spent in the courtyard, and her behaviour since to his mother and sister. From that night the passion whose growth I had watched week after week with doubt and anxiety rapidly developed itself. It seemed to be absorbing his whole nature, and supplanting all other and more

tried affections. I knew it by his fits of silence, by his altered air, by his uneasiness when we were alone, by his absent answers in the society of others, and, if further proof had been wanting, by the few passionate words of love that escaped him more than once.

A mere observer would have supposed that our relations were the same as formerly—that the old cordiality still existed between us. Rutter was too much of a gentleman ever to be a neglectful or indifferent host. My pleasure was always consulted, as before; we amused ourselves as in times gone by; and to all appearance there was the old tone between us.

And yet it was not the old tone. A vague difference (not the less sensible from its never being expressed in words) had sprung up in the relations between myself and my friend. We were both scrupulously careful not to betray this estrangement, but we each knew it and felt it in our heart of hearts, as well as though it had been expressed in words and actions. Rutter was the first to break silence on this subject.

We sat alone one night after the rest of the household had retired, each with a book before us, when Rutter suddenly put the question to me whether I liked St. Barbe as well as I used to do, adding that he thought my spirits not as good as formerly. I made some evasive reply, and we were silent again. The rain was beating heavily against the *salon* windows, and the wind roaring in the forest trees. I sat listening to them for some minutes, and then, throwing aside my book, said—

‘Rutter, I will be frank with you. The reply I just made only concealed my thoughts;’ and I intimated what I conceived to be the cause of the change, if any, in my demeanour.

'Is it possible, then, Hamilton, that you can still entertain this delusion?' answered Rutter, in no smooth tone. 'I should have thought, after all that has happened, and seeing how we are indebted to Mademoiselle de Longueville, that even *your* animosity would have been overcome by this time.'

I forget the conversation that followed. The rain and wind are still mingled with it in my memory, and the gloom and darkness of a winter's night.

'There is one subject, it appears, then, on which you and I must cease to hold discussions,' said Rutter, as we rose to retire. 'We shall never agree, I see, in this matter.'

It was true! There was one subject we must keep silence on henceforth. Alas, the close union, the brotherly intimacy of the past, were at end! The old freedom of our intercourse had gone, never to return.

Yes, I had foreseen it all along. From the hour when Victorine's beauty first struck me, I had felt a presentiment of what would follow. But it was only of late that I had admitted it to my own mind as a thing to be reasoned and reflected upon. I sickened at the picture my fancy drew. Victorine was false-hearted and wicked. I knew it by other proofs than instinct. I had not watched this beautiful panther all these months without detecting the subtle, cruel nature that lurked under that fair skin and graceful form.

Mademoiselle de Longueville was no more capable of understanding a love like Rutter's, than a mermaid of returning the affection of a human being. And yet this mermaid, with her spells and charms, so like the true graces of the womanhood she counterfeited, had got fast hold of a man's heart, strong, tender, and true, and had but to hold up her finger, or beckon with her mirror, and he would plunge down into the depths of the treacherous sea whither she would lure him.

But I resolved that every in-

fluence I possessed should be turned towards breaking the spells of the enchantress. With that view I watched every mood of the changeful, wily creature with renewed vigilance. It was evident to me that Mademoiselle Victorine, in spite of all her gaiety and light-hearted airs and graces, carried an anxious heart at times, and had some secret or other on her mind. Her moods were variable as the winds. She would alternate between a child-like mirth and a sombre pensiveness (when her brows would contract and her face look years older), with a suddenness that was startling. These changes had grown more frequent and noticeable of late, and were not unremarked by Kate, who had alluded once thereto in my presence. In my own mind I could find some explanation of this conduct, but the clue I held was loose, and required delicate handling. I resolved to confine my suspicions within my own breast, and watch and wait for further revelations.

What view Mrs. Rutter took of matters all this time I could not determine. She was evidently beginning to remark the growing influence Victorine was acquiring over her son, but whether she regarded it with distrust or approval, I could not decide. I well knew that, in the unselfish nature of her love, she would consider her son's happiness before anything else; but I doubted whether she, or any one but myself, suspected the strength of his passion. Whether it was at the instance of Victorine, or whether through his own reserve, Rutter was evidently concealing his attachment as far as possible from the eyes of his family. As for mademoiselle, it was difficult to say what her sentiments were towards him, or to detect any change in her conduct. She was cordial and friendly towards the young Englishman; but that she had always been. Had I formed my conclusions only from her behaviour before others, I should have said that, if anything, Mademoiselle de Longueville shunned rather than sought Rutter's society; and

that her friendship for his mother and sister was the true cause of her gracious behaviour towards him. Thus stood matters when, one winter's morning that brought Christmas close upon us, Mademoiselle de Longueville and I laid aside our masks for a moment, and discovered the attitude we were henceforth to stand in towards each other.

It was bright and fine, and we all sat sunning ourselves in the English garden below the terrace, which, sheltered from the winds and open to the south, was our favourite winter resort. Ere long Mrs. Rutter and her son withdrew to transact some business, leaving Kate and myself alone with Madame de Longueville and her grand-daughter.

Finding the light too dazzling for her work, Mademoiselle Victorine removed to another bench at a little distance from us. Whereupon madame the grandmother, regarding her offspring with a tender pride and admiration, began to expatiate on her virtues and perfections, assuring us that in the contemplation thereof she ever found a source of pure reflection and inexpressible content.

'One cannot find a more sweet and confiding nature in all the world. Look at her now, as she sits yonder, singing at her work and nursing her little cat. Oh, she is gay and innocent, is she not?'

Madame de Longueville, thus giving vent to her feelings at the spectacle of such beauty and virtue, wiped her eyes, and begged we would pardon the egotism of a woman and a grandmother. She felt it was bad taste, but she could not conceal her admiration for that beloved child, whose mirth and gaiety were music and sunshine to her life.

'I have thought Victorine less gay of late, madame,' remarked Kate, quietly.

'Oh no, mademoiselle; on the contrary, she is gayer than ever. How she loves you all! Ah, it is that makes her so gay, poor orphan! She had no one but her old grandmother to love her, before you

came, mademoiselle. Nannette and I were but sorry companions for a young creature like that. Certainly she sometimes sheds tears with me when we talk of the time when you will quit St. Barbe; but otherwise she is a grasshopper nowadays, and chirrups and sings from morning till night.'

The grasshopper's eyes were at that moment raised from her embroidery work and directed to us. The fine feelers of the sensitive creature probably detected what was going on. She chirruped and sang more gaily and unconsciously than before.

'Now, there is monsieur your brother,' continued Madame de Longueville; 'truly, *he* is not so gay as formerly, I sometimes think.' The old lady glanced stealthily at Kate over her big *livre d'heures*. 'He is often absent from our little réünions; and when I talk to him, as in our beautiful conversations formerly, he is distracted and dreamy. Now, how is that, think you, mademoiselle?'

'Oh! my brother has been always subject to fits of moodiness and depression. It is nothing new, as Mr. Hamilton here can testify.'

I thought Kate's answer was not quite consistent with her disturbed air and the anxious glance she suddenly cast at me.

'Ah! perhaps it is only the national temperament, after all; eh, Mr. Hamilton?' said madame, regarding me playfully but keenly. 'You islanders love the gloom of your cloudy land, and cultivate these moods, I hear. Well, well! He has all to make one happy—a noble face, a fine genius, and great riches. Is it not so?'

Madame rose a few minutes afterwards, and, accompanied by Kate, returned to the house. Left alone, mademoiselle and I sat and watched each other from our respective benches, with a sort of cat-and-dog expression on our faces, curious to behold. Mademoiselle hummed; I whistled. Mademoiselle laid aside her work; I put down my book. Mademoiselle caressed her pet; I, having nothing to caress, drew out my pencil and



began to sketch mademoiselle and her kitten, Minette.

'Monsieur,' commenced mademoiselle, stopping in the middle of a little roulade she was indulging in.

'Mademoiselle?' I replied, looking up from my sketch.

'How long have you taken impromptu portraits?'

'I did not think mademoiselle would observe how I was engaged,' I stammered, feeling that I looked rather foolish. 'She will excuse the liberty I——'

'It is usual to ask permission before taking people's likenesses; at least, in this part of the world we have that notion. Go on, monsieur, I beg. I have no wish to thwart your talent.'

'It is mademoiselle who sets me the example, I fear,' I rejoined, searching for a scrap of paper I had in my pocket-book, and advancing towards her. 'I picked up this curiosity an hour ago in yon arbour. Mademoiselle essays her talent occasionally in making sketches of her friends, I know. The portrait of the Comtesse de Mèlèze in her album, to wit—a work of art, but carelessly mounted, for one might slip an envelope between it and the cardboard behind, as I have before this remarked——'

'Well, monsieur, well?' interrupted Victorine, whom I had approached as I spoke; 'but what about the scrap of paper you hold?'

'Only that I did not know before that mademoiselle had made as successful a portrait of the Countess's godson as of the lady herself. You do Monsieur Sabreton justice, I am sure,' and I handed a sketch of the young lieutenant to Mademoiselle Victorine as I spoke.

She coloured for a moment, bit her lip, and then with a short laugh said,—

'Oh! the little thing in ink I did the other evening for grand-mamma.'

But the words had no sooner escaped her than she knew I had discovered the lie. The inscription, 'Jour de ma fête, Auteuil,' underneath the sketch, revealed the date for itself.

'How came you by it? Give it me!' she cried, suddenly snatching the paper from me, with fury in her eyes.

'I found it, as I just stated, in the arbour yonder. Perhaps mademoiselle dropped it there overnight. I know she loves to observe the stars in an evening, and I think I heard her humming "Casta Diva" to the moon last night, cool as it was, when the clock struck ten.'

Mademoiselle looked at me attentively, smoothed down her ruffled plumes, and with perfect composure, said—

'Ah, perhaps so! I have been foolish enough to risk an influenza in that way at times. Let me warn you, monsieur, not to follow so bad an example.' She regarded me with knitted brows as she spoke. 'It is not of sore throats or colds you need feel afraid; you men don't, or shouldn't, catch them, like we poor women; but there are other dangers to be shunned. Look at this face, monsieur; what does it express?'

If I had replied truthfully to the question, I should have said that Monsieur Sabreton's face expressed a taste for fire-eating and flirtation, with a strong dash of vanity, and no great wit; but politeness bade me compromise the matter by the ambiguous reply that it looked soldier-like.

'That is the word, monsieur—soldier-like! That face expresses courage, determination, and a readiness to avenge affronts. Such is the man. I have but to lift up my finger, and that man would die for me. I do not encourage his pretensions. I do not approve them, but I know his devotion.'

'Am I to understand this as a threat, mademoiselle?' I inquired.

'You understand what you please; I simply state facts. You have compelled me to make an avowal which I owed to Monsieur Sabreton to conceal. His attentions are a source of anxiety and trouble to me, but I respect him as the godson of my grandmother's dearest and oldest friend. Make what use of this knowledge you have extorted from me you please. You are a man, with a man's power to

tyrannize over the weak and friendless. I am a young girl, easily oppressed, fatherless, brotherless. A word may wrong me for life. I am aware that you are my enemy, and that you have it in your power to slander me, unpunished. Thank God, however, there is a shelter for those of our Church whom the world ill-uses and persecutes, which your Protestantism denies its followers. It may be my fate to spend my days in the convent of the Little Sisters down yonder, safe from detraction and slander, when the dear grandmother is gone. And when that day comes, monsieur, I shall pray for all those who have wronged me, and try to think charitably of my fellow-creatures, as *my* religion, if not *yours*, commands.'

With a trembling voice and tears that brimmed her big brown eyes, mademoiselle regarded me with a look of proud reproach, and, casting down her head, walked slowly and sadly away.

Consummate actress! If I had not known her well—too well to be duped by this air of injured innocence, or any other air it pleased her to assume—I should have followed her, and on my knees asked pardon for the affront I had been guilty of. But as it was, I stood and looked after her as she slowly retreated, with a heart hardened against her wiles, though it confessed the witchery and fascination that dwelt in her every word and look.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE BREACH WIDENS.

It was Christmas-eve. I sat alone in the *salle à manger*, writing letters to England. I had sat down, at least, to write; but my pen did not perform its work well to-night, and I found myself gazing at the big porcelain stove in the corner, or staring listlessly at the heavy oak buffet, with its rolls of dinner napkins, guarded by what looked like a stout club, but was in reality the family bread loaf, thinking of anything but what was on the sheet of paper before me.

There were reasons for this moody frame of mind. First of all the influences of the time, which recalled bygone Christmas-eves under brighter auspices at Elmfields and elsewhere. Nowhere but by an English hearth can the genial spirit of the season be evoked. Next, the gloomy air of the chamber (which had that naked, desolate look peculiar to French dining-rooms) had something to do with it. The dark oak floor and panelled walls seemed to absorb the light of the candles. The room had more shadow about it than was comfortable. The huge sofa, with its heavy damask hangings, looked like a draped bier, and the deep recessed doorway, like the entrance to a cavern. Then there was only a smoky wood fire on the hearth, as unlike our traditional Christmas blaze as possible. And, more than all, I had no pleasant thoughts to bear me company. I had that morning asked Rutter to let me speak to him alone to-night; and the recollection of what had passed between us the last time we discussed the subject I was about to reopen, haunted me now as it had done all day. Absorbed in sad reflections, I sat with my pen idly by my side, until the clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven. The last stroke had just sounded, when there came a knock at the door. Rutter had come then. I started up. A white figure stood in the doorway. It was not he, but his sister, who entered.

'I am afraid I am disturbing you, Mr. Hamilton,' began Miss Rutter, speaking quickly and with some embarrassment; 'but I am very anxious to speak to you, and I know my errand will excuse me. Any apology will be unnecessary to you when I tell you my object. I—I want to speak to you about my brother. I want to know whether you have observed, and can account for, the change that has come over him of late? Is there not a cause for—?'

She hesitated, and looked as though she waited to see whether I divined what she was about to say.

'I think I know what you allude to. I am very glad, Miss Rutter, that you are about to speak to me on the subject. Until now, I have thought that I alone could account for the change that has come over your brother within the last few weeks. It appears that you also have remarked——'

I hesitated, for I scarcely knew how to frame my words.

'Have remarked,' I went on, 'the influence that——'

'Let us speak plainly to each other, Mr. Hamilton,' interrupted Kate, trembling slightly as she laid her hand on the table, and looked at me with her earnest, honest eyes. 'I have discovered that my brother loves Victorine, and I choose to name it to you, strange as my doing so may appear, rather than mention it to mamma at present. The fact is, I want to know what you think of Mademoiselle de Longueville? I—I fear I have been deceived in her, and I would give much to have my suspicions set at rest. I have observed one or two acts of deception lately, and I no longer trust to her truthfulness. I would not be unjust, Mr. Hamilton; I have regarded Victorine as my friend. Will you tell me candidly what you think of her yourself?'

'I fear, then, I shall only add to your uneasiness. I believe I estimate Mademoiselle de Longueville's character more correctly than you can, and I find it to be the reverse of all that is honourable and true. I would give half my life to break her influence over your brother.'

'You speak very seriously, Mr. Hamilton, and look distressed.' Kate's lip quivered as she spoke. 'Is there nothing to be done to avert what you fear?'

I was silent.

'Oh, my poor Rob!' she murmured, interpreting my look; 'there is sorrow coming, then, I fear. I know the impetuosity of his nature, the warmth of his feelings. I know him well, and I dread what the future may have in store.' The tears gathered in her eyes, and she hid her face in her hands.

I tried to give what comfort I

could, and promised (God knows how faithfully) that if a friend could stand between him and harm, no ill should come to him.

'I know it, Mr. Hamilton; and it is because of that I came to seek your advice. Mamma is not yet in good health, and it will be time for her to know how the happiness of her life is threatened when all concealment is at an end. Active opposition from *any* quarter would be worse than useless, as you say. But you—his best, his closest friend—you will try your influence over him, will you not?'

For that sweet pleader's sake, had other motive than my love for my old friend been wanted, I would have raised my voice in warning, though only to meet with misconstruction in return.

After a few more words, Kate held out her hand to say good night, looking pale and tired. I remember still the thrill that ran through me, as she placed her little palm in mine and looked at me sadly yet confidently. I remember the sense of devotion that made my heart beat fast, as I gazed at her sorrowful blue eyes and pure guileless face. I felt proud and happy to have won this confidence. If my heart had not at that moment been too full of care, I might have anticipated—But no! It was not for that time or place. As Miss Rutter moved to the door, she gave a start. A dark figure was on the threshold.

'Oh, dear Robert, is that you! Good night.'

She kissed her brother hurriedly and was gone.

Rutter stood looking after her for a moment, then entered the room and closed the door with a strange expression on his face. We stood and regarded one another in silence. At length he spoke.

'You told me you wanted to speak to me alone to-night. I have come too soon, it appears—or rather too late—for I might have heard a few minutes since what would have served for a valuable commentary on friendship, I dare say. Now, what is it you want with me?'



It was not the first time this one had been used in addressing me of late.

'From your manner, Rutter, I could fancy you know what I want. Yes, it is the old theme. Hear me with patience, though for a few moments. It is Christmas-eve, and we wont wrangle to-night. Let us see whether old associations wont keep their influence over us and bridle our tongues. If I speak plainly, Rutter, try to bear in mind that nothing but my regard for you prompts my speech.'

I hesitated for a moment, for there was a look of haughty wonder on Rutter's face that augured ill; but I quickly proceeded again, though each word I uttered stabbed me as keenly as him whom I addressed. And they were no dainty words I spoke. This was no time for false delicacy or reserve.

'Stop!' cried Rutter, the blood rushing over his face in a crimson flush. 'Stop! there is a limit even to *your* privileges. Not even *you* shall speak thus of Mademoiselle de Longueville. How dare you address such words to me? I tell you I love her. Let that be my reply to these calumnies.'

'Rutter, do you really love her? Think of what you have often said, when we have talked of the women we would choose for wives. Does his love resemble the love you pictured then?

'Victorine resembles all that I admire and care for—all that I want and will have. Interfere no further, Hamilton, unless you want to draw a quarrel on your head. I don't pretend to much patience, and you have stung me by the insinuations you have uttered. Let there be no further discussions between us on this point. In ten months' time I shall have attained the age my father fixed for my majority, and shall come into the possession of the property which at present my mother holds under her control. In ten months' time, moreover, Mademoiselle de Longueville will be twenty-one. If there are still obstacles thrown in the way (either by you or any one else), it will then at least be within

my power to return to England and make her my wife. Who then will presume to speak evil of her, I would like to know?

He stopped in his walk as he paced the floor to and fro, and turned upon me fiercely as he spoke.

'Your wife! Would your mother have chosen such an one? How will she receive Mademoiselle de Longueville for a daughter, think you?'

His face twitched.

'What do you know of my mother's sentiments, pray? Have you tried to poison her mind, too, against Victorine? This is a fine *rôle* for a friend to play, certainly.'

Checking the indignant reply on my lips, I laid my hand gently upon his arm.

'This is not your old self, Rob. This is not what I once knew you. That speech is unworthy of you. I wont ask you to recal it, but tell me why, if you did not doubt her approval, you have concealed your attachment from your mother all this time.'

'Because there are reasons on Victorine's part (which I have the delicacy to respect) for desiring that it should remain unknown for the present. There, I have done answering questions. No more catechizing, if you please. I love Mademoiselle de Longueville, and nobody has a right to interfere in the matter. I have a strong will, and I can put it into action, if necessary.'

'You will not say that your own will is to be the sole arbiter of your actions? You will not deny a higher—'

'Yes,' he passionately interrupted me, 'yes, I will. When did I ever profess to measure my actions by the standard you adopt? Each man knows right and wrong for himself. Don't try any more sermonizing with me, I tire of it. Victorine loves me; my whole happiness is bound up in her. She shall be mine—yes, mine, in spite of your machinations—your charitable insinuations,' and he broke into a bitter strain of invective against my changed attachment for

him, and the injustice of my suspicions.

I could not long endure these taunts. 'Would to God you had never seen her!' I at last exclaimed. I looked for a moment on his hot face, quivering with passionate emotion—that face which once was never turned to me but in friendship, and with a sharp sense of pain at the change there, I hastened from the room.

Sitting alone in my chamber till long after midnight, I lived over again the scene I had just gone through, and repeated to myself, with a sort of wondering sorrow, the cruel reproaches Rutter had uttered. Writhing under this ungenerous misconstruction of my conduct, I resolved to quit St. Barbe on the morrow. I could not remain another day with those words ringing in my ears. I would renounce this friendship which I held so dear, sooner than lay myself open to these imputations, and be looked upon as a jealous meddler, a fomentor of family discord. With this resolve I went to bed. Brooding over it, I sank into an uneasy slumber. Dreaming of it, I fancied myself back at home in my father's house. It was Saturday night, and he was writing his sermon. The time and the occupation recalled to me one such Saturday night when he had spoken some earnest words to me long ago, and I awoke with those same words sounding in my ears as plainly as though they had been spoken by my bedside. A change stole over me, and my anger melted away as the morning broke.

Was I to leave my old companion now, when a friend was more necessary to him than ever? To desert him when trouble was at hand? Were words uttered in passion to blot out all the past, with its promises, its memories, its close confidence? Not thus had I learned the meaning of friendship. Not thus had my father taught the obligations of that sacred tie. The estrangement could but be for a season—our friendship was something true and lasting, not a

mere passing regard or idle preference, but a solid and sound affection, such as strikes deep root into a man's nature, and is only second in its claims and influence to one other tie—the closest of human bonds that can be formed in life.

Listening to these voices that had spoken in the silence of the night, I lay and watched the Christmas dawn break over the earth. And as I lay, I seemed to hear, far off across the main, the solemn chimes that at that same hour were ushering in the day of peace and good will in the old land of my birth, and their familiar lessons of charity and love were not lost upon me.

My right place was still by my friend's side, and that place I resolved not to forsake, loudly as my pride and wounded dignity called on me to do so. If there was any truth in the fine sentiments I professed, now was the time to put them to the test and see what stuff they were made of.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### IN THE CHRISTMAS TWILIGHT.

Having resolved to endure the unjust imputations of my friend, and keep to my old faith in him without wavering or resentment, I decided to wait patiently until time should reveal to him Victorine's true character. I would take no further steps at present to break her influence over him. As to urging Mrs. Rutter to quit St. Barbe, that would, I knew, only make matters worse, and defeat the object in view. Besides, Kate seemed to think it advisable her mother should not be consulted in the matter as yet, and I well knew that she had enough to bear without this further addition to her trials. I could not help suspecting, however, that the quick instincts of a mother's love must have detected the attachment of her son ere this, though she never showed it by any word or allusion. In the vague hope that time would bring with it fresh revelations that would

convince Rutter of Mademoiselle de Longueville's unworthiness, I determined to wait the course of events.

Such was my decision as I rose from my bed on Christmas-day, and, an hour after I had made it, I rejoiced that I had not allowed my resentment of the previous night to drive me away from my friend in anger. I had not quitted my room many moments, when I heard a step in the gallery behind me, and, as I reached the bottom of the staircase, felt a hand placed on my shoulder.

'I spoke hastily yesterday. Let me plead the old influences of the season in my favour this morning, as you, last night. Shake hands. It's Christmas-day.'

Rutter looked as if he had not slept much better than myself. We shook hands, said not a word more, but silently entered the room where breakfast was prepared.

The impossibility of keeping Christmas after English fashion had demonstrated itself so clearly the evening before, when a laudable desire to sup on cake and ale had only resulted in our nearly poisoning ourselves with some vile concoction made by our French cook, that we had given up the attempt as a bad job, and intended to reserve our festivities for the New Year, according to the custom of the land where we sojourned. It was a wise decision. Had we ransacked every butcher's shop in St. Barbe, we could not have found a sirloin of beef that would not have been a downright insult to our national understanding. As for the mince pies, nothing would have induced our cook to soil her fingers with our '*lourde pâtisserie Anglaise*,' which she considered only fit for the digestions of Englishmen and ostriches. The sun and the temperature, moreover, were not in favour of fireside amusements. The festive side of Christmas we therefore resolved to put away from our minds during the day.

I was sitting on the terrace in the sunshine after breakfast, listening to the bells of St. Etienne, when I heard the clang of the great doors

that communicated with the street, and looking round, beheld a pretty, neatly-dressed young woman, with the whitest of caps and the snowiest of aprons, advancing to the house. It was Mam'selle Euphrasie, the sempstress, with a basket on her arm containing work she was bringing home for the ladies. No sooner did she espy me than, turning out of the path which led round to the back of the house, she made her way up to the terrace.

'Pardon me, monsieur,' began Mam'selle Euphrasie, making a charming little curtsy, 'it was you I desired to see. I bring you a letter, which I was told to place in your hands, and no others. Ah! where have I put it?'

'A letter for me, mam'selle? Why, who gave you it?' I asked, in surprise, whilst Euphrasie searched her pockets.

'Who gave me it? Ah, that I cannot tell monsieur. It was a stranger who was walking up and down yonder—outside. He followed me all the way from the street of the Little Apostle. Ah, here it is. Only a letter to ask alms of monsieur, probably. He had a wretched air, and looked like a sick person, this stranger. From his dress and little bundle, I should say, monsieur, he was a travelling workman. One sees many poor folks out of work at this season. But I keep monsieur waiting whilst I chatter here.'

With a manner that would have disgraced no drawing-room, Mam'selle Euphrasie made me a little salutation, wished me good morning, and left me to the perusal of the letter I was turning over with curiosity. It was carefully sealed up, and it took some time to get at its contents. For the first moment they surprised, then confused, and then alarmed me. The letter was written in English, and was couched as follows:—

'The promise I made, I fully intended to keep. I never meant to come within her presence any more, nor do I desire it now. Yet I am back again. I have been ill—well nigh dead. Ten weeks have I lain on a hospital bed. I rose from it



but three days ago, and have walked, crawled rather, some fifty miles since. I have only been in this town since the day broke. I leave it again to-night. But before I go, I *must* see you. It had better be you than any one else. Meet me half an hour before sunset, on the first bridge up the little stream, outside the town. It isn't money I want: I've got more than enough still left to carry me across the sea. But I am determined not to leave the country until I have made a certain disclosure. For God's sake, don't refuse to come.'

There was no signature to this document. But it needed none. There was only one person who could have written it. Lewis Hague was back again, then, and within a stone's throw of us, perhaps, at that very moment. The mere thought of his proximity filled me with uneasiness, and made me hot and cold by turns. Was he about, then, to betray Mrs. Rutter's secret, now that it could no longer benefit him? Or was this some new ruse for working on Mrs. Rutter's fears? Whichever it might be, I felt I had no alternative but to go and meet this man.

I thought the day would never have ended. The winter's sun seemed to stand stationary in the sky. With impatience I could ill conceal, did I await the hour for our interview.

At last the sun began to decline westwards, and leaving word with the servant that I was going for a long stroll, and might not return for dinner, I issued quietly from the house, and bent my steps towards the place indicated in the letter.

When I arrived at the bridge, no one was in sight but the blind beggar, with his dog and money-box, who sat there the year round, indifferent to the sunshine or the rain, asking alms in that same hoarse whine, and rolling round his eyeballs incessantly. I walked up and down for some time, anxiously looking out for the approach of the man I expected. But no one appeared on either bank of the river.

I began to grow uneasy and apprehensive. I fancied the blind man was watching me, and that there was suspicion of my errand in those sightless eyeballs turned vacantly to the sky. Even his presence was disquieting where witnesses were so little desired.

The sun began to near the horizon. Still no one came. The blind man, his dog, and myself had the bridge to ourselves. Ere long, the mists began to rise above the river, and the sun's disc to grow big and red as it descended over the town. Then it touched the towers of St. Etienne, set all the distant windows a-flame, and sank behind the church in a pomp of golden and purple clouds. Yet no one came.

I looked again at the letter. 'Half an hour before sunset.' Yes, that was the time appointed. Considering the urgency of his tone, I was surprised that the writer should be late. I traversed the bridge to and fro, feeling more and more uncomfortable at this prolonged absence.

The golden clouds grew grey, the mists deepened over the river, lights began to twinkle in the town below, the night was coming on; the blind man had gone off with his dog, his stool, and the money-box. I was alone on the bridge, with the waters rushing fast beneath me, and the stars overhead coming out grandly and silently in the Christmas twilight, as the star that 'stood over the place where the young child lay' had come out that same night, eighteen hundred years before. Pacing the bridge to and fro in the gathering gloom, I fell to thinking, as was not unnatural at such an hour, of bygone Christmas-days, and wondered that I should find myself in such a spot and on such an errand on this night of all others in the year.

The clock of St. Etienne, striking six, broke the chain of thought and recalled me to my position. It was now quite dark. More than two hours had passed away, and still Lewis Hague had not come. I was seriously uneasy. I began

to think some disaster had taken place—that he had been detected and seized by the authorities—that we were on the verge of an ignominious exposure. It was too dark to read his letter now, but I felt sure I had not mistaken the rendezvous. Still there were other bridges on the stream, and he might be waiting for me higher up, fearing to approach so near the town. I resolved to proceed further up the river when the moon rose. To and fro in the dark I wandered, with ever-growing anxiety, waiting for the rising of the moon.

After a time I noticed the darkness diminishing over the woods on the east. There came grey streaks of light in the clouds, then widening glimpses of a hidden radiance, and at length the moon sailed up in silvery splendour, and the river and plain below emerged from the night. I was on the point of setting off up the stream, when I observed two figures approaching along the path I was about to take. I waited till they drew nearer. They were conversing. I could plainly hear their voices in the silence. In the animated tones of one of the speakers I recognised the voice of Baptiste, the mule-driver. He was explaining, with much gesticulation, some occurrence which seemed to excite both him and his hearer considerably.

‘It must have been in this way, Mathieu,’ he cried, as they reached the bridge where I stood leaning over the parapet; ‘the stream, as thou knowest, is swollen by the rains of last week, and the water higher than usual. Thus the ford up yonder was not safe. He, being a stranger, probably, and—’

‘Good evening, Baptiste,’ I interrupted, turning round and laying a hand on the mule-driver’s shoulder; ‘what is it you relate, may I ask?’

‘Ah, monsieur, you here! Who would have thought it? Pardon me, I did not see it was you, monsieur. I was telling Mathieu here how—’

‘Yes, I heard. Pray go on.’

‘Well, then, he being a stranger,

probably, to these parts, did not know his ground (who but a stranger, Mathieu, would try it in the winter?), and attempting to cross the ford yonder where the current runs strong, missed his footing, slipped from one of the big stones, and fell into the stream. There is my opinion, at least. The pools are deep, Mathieu, and the eddies strong; even a swimmer would have a poor chance at this season.’

‘My faith, I believe thee,’ replied Mathieu; ‘didn’t Jean Bacot lose his two boys yonder last winter, though the eldest could swim like a trout?’

‘Yes, yes. Stranger or not, some poor soul has been drowned up yonder, that is certain,’ continued Baptiste. ‘His stick—a fine piece of oak—was left on one of the stones; his cap had floated down to the first bridge (I found it clinging to the net that hangs under the arch); but his body is by this time, I expect, far down the stream, on its way to the big river yonder in the plain.’

‘Where are the things you speak of, Baptiste—the cap and stick?’ I asked, with difficulty assuming an indifference I did not feel. ‘I should like to see them.’

‘Here they are, monsieur. I tied them up with the faggot of wood here. See, it is a fine stick, and, on my soul, vastly like the one monsieur used to carry on his strolls to the woods last summer. Look at the handle; one might almost swear it was yours, monsieur.’

I looked at the stick in the moonlight; it *was mine*—the companion of many a ramble at home and abroad. I recognised it instantly; and as I beheld it, the suspicions of the last few moments became suddenly confirmed. I had given it to Lewis Hague the night of his concealment, in the courtyard of the château. There, too, was the workman’s cap (devised by Mademoiselle Victorine out of my old travelling cap) which I had placed on his head with my own hands a few moments before his flight. I stood regarding these

things in the moonlight in silence. Had the wretched man whom I was awaiting met his doom already? Had he been accidentally drowned, as Baptiste suggested, or had some sudden desire to put an end to his miserable existence seized him to-night, and the fast-flowing stream, with its deep pools, furnished a ready means? I shuddered as I looked down upon the waters running swiftly past me.

'Baptiste, it is probably as you say. Some stranger has met his death not many hours ago in the stream beside us. You found this cap at the bridge yonder? Let us go back and mount the stream up as far as the ford. It is full moon, and will be light as day soon. We may find some further traces of this drowned man.'

'As you like, monsieur. I am at your service.'

Baptiste bade good night to his friend Mathieu, and we set off up the stream at once. We hastened along in silence. The absence of Lewis Hague at the time and place appointed, with the discovery made by Baptiste, seemed to point but to one conclusion. It was certainly possible that he might have only thrown away these things, and have had reasons for taking to sudden flight, or for concealing himself for a few hours; but the spot in which the cap and stick had been discovered scarcely favoured this supposition. My first suspicions seemed the more correct.

At length we reached a point where the stream grew narrower and the waters noisier. Large black rocks frowned on the opposite side, and huge stones peered out of the river. It was the ford, now impracticable, but, in the summer months, often capable of being traversed on foot. A bridge had stood there formerly, but the winter floods had long since carried it away, and nothing remained of it but a few great stones scattered around. A dexterous climber might perhaps have managed, even now, to cross the river by aid of the rocks and stones that jutted

out of the stream, but it would have been a perilous task. The waters foamed menacingly around, and there were eddies and currents further down that told of deep holes. No traces could we discover of the drowned man. We searched as well as we could along the bank and amongst the rocks; but the moonlight showed us nothing but the black rushing water streaked here and there with foam, and the weed-covered stones we stood upon. I was just about to give up the search, when, standing on one of the big boulders that advanced into the stream, I beheld in the moonlight something white lying amongst the weeds on an adjacent stone. With some little difficulty, I managed to reach it by the aid of my stick. It was a cambric handkerchief, ragged and torn, but of delicate texture and ornamented with lace; such an one, indeed, as that Mademoiselle Victorine had torn up for a bandage for the wounded man the night we spent in the courtyard, and the idea occurred to me as I looked at it. I held it up in the clear moonlight to examine it more closely, and detected embroidered in one corner the initials V. de L. It was the very handkerchief which Victorine had used to staunch the wound on Lewis Hague's temple. I had found enough.

'Let us go home, Baptiste,' said I, gazing down at a pool on which the moon threw the shadow of a neighbouring rock and made of it a well of blackness; 'let us go home.'

The place had suddenly grown terrible to me.

'Ay, monsieur, it is of no use searching more. Either the body lies at the bottom of one of the pools further down (deep enough some of them, they say, to cover the tower of St. Etienne from base to pinnacle), or else it is drifting away yonder miles and miles away.'

And Baptiste pointed to the plain below us lying vast and dim in the moonlight, as we turned our steps homewards.



## CHAPTER XIX.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

After some consideration, I determined to wait a few days to see if further evidence of Lewis Hague's death transpired, before I communicated my suspicions to Mrs. Rutter. In spite of the strong evidence to the contrary, he might still be living, and might reappear at any moment, to add to existing complications. Should we hear no more of him during the next ten days, I would then open my lips to Mrs. Rutter, but not until.

Another week passed away, and the New Year had come. The day broke brightly, and the winter's sun gladdened the birth of the year, as it shone on the plains below and the mountain heights behind, whitened with the first fall of snow. Friends called to wish us *la bonne année*, and left their *étrennes* behind them with graces of speech and manner that put our English bluntness in bestowing gifts to shame. Victorine had something for every one in the house—notably, a shawl of her own working for Mrs. Rutter, and a curious toy for me, which invited you to open it and then trapped your finger for your pains, disclosing the word 'Beware' before your astonished eyes.

But the event of the morning was the marriage *fête* of Baptiste and Euphrasie, which came off in the church of St. Etienne, with picturesque effects, before a goodly throng of friends and neighbours. Thanks to Mrs. Rutter's generosity, the nuptials of the young couple had been hastened some months; and when Baptiste and his bride quitted the church, they repaired to a neighbouring restaurant, where a wedding feast had been provided by the family at the château. The pretty looks and modest manners of the young sempstress, as she curtsied to our party on her way out of church, and the happy face of the handsome mule-driver, who led his poor idiot brother by the hand, blinking in the sunshine, were things pleasant to witness. My friends returned home amidst

a small ovation from the bridal party, decidedly the most popular people in St. Barbe.

The ceremony over, I adjourned to a little café on the Place, where I and Rutter occasionally spent an hour over the French newspapers. I was turning over the leaves of the journal of the *département*, when a paragraph caught my eye that instantly arrested my attention. It was an announcement stating that the body of a man, dressed in working clothes, had been discovered some days ago in the little river that joins the Allier some miles below St. Barbe. Whether the person had met his death by accident or had committed suicide, it was impossible to decide, wrote the journalist. There was a wound on one of the temples of the deceased, but it did not appear a recent one; neither had his pockets, which contained money, been rifled. The body had been conveyed to M——, the nearest town, and was lying at the Mairie, where it awaited identification.

Little doubting who it was thus described, I immediately resolved to go over to M—— without delay. I penned a hasty note to Rutter, telling him that I should probably be absent all day, despatched it to the château, and started out at once in search of a conveyance. As I passed the bureau on the Place, the diligence, standing there, was just about to start. On inquiry, I found that it went through M——, and that I should arrive there in three or four hours. I mounted to the banquette, and the next minute we were jingling and jolting over the rough pavement of St. Barbe.

It was late in the afternoon when I reached M——, and the short winter's day was drawing to a close. I made my way up to the Mairie to pursue my inquiries, but was disconcerted at the information that met me there. No one having appeared to identify the drowned man within the time appointed, he had been buried that day by order of the authorities. Upon explaining the object of my visit, I was permitted to inspect the clothing of the deceased, and the articles

found upon his person. Upon a wooden bench, in a dimly-lighted whitewashed lobby, where a couple of gendarmes in a cloud of smoke sat playing dominoes over a bottle of red wine, lay the dead man's clothes. I immediately recognised them as the same that I had myself selected from our theatrical wardrobe for Lewis Hague's disguise. There were the workman's blouse, the dark-blue linen trousers, and the leathern belt which Rutter had worn as the young Puritan soldier in the play. Moreover, in one of the pockets was a fragment of a letter, written in English. It was scarcely legible from immersion in the water, but it was the same handwriting as the note I had received; and I could make out from it that Lewis Hague had, a few hours before his death, commenced a letter to Mrs. Rutter, which he had never finished. It contained only a few wild words.

Thus, then, had this ignoble, misused life terminated. Unclaimed, unknown, with the shadow of suicide hanging over it, the dead body of Lewis Hague had found a bier on the rough wine-splashed table where gendarmes caroused, its last offices performed by careless hands, its grave dug in a neglected corner of a foreign cemetery.

I hastened from the spot, and in another half hour was on my way back to St. Barbe. When I reached home it was nearly midnight. The friends who had been spending the evening at the château were just taking their departure. I entered the house by a side door, and passed quietly to my own room. As soon as I had heard the hall doors closed on the guests, I wrote a few lines in pencil, and gave it to a servant to deliver to Mrs. Rutter. It was to request that she would let me have an interview with her alone that night.

I waited until I had heard the family retire, and then descended to the *salon*. Mrs. Rutter was standing waiting for me by the fireplace.

'What is it, Mr. Hamilton?' she asked, immediately, with an air of

anxiety. I disclosed to her all that had occurred since I received the letter on Christmas-day. She heard me to the end with absorbed attention.

'Dead!' she ejaculated, when I had done. 'Lewis Hague dead!' She looked shocked at the announcement, and stood for some moments regarding me with a serious face.

'You don't know whether—whether he met his death by his own hand or by accident?' she asked, after a pause.

I replied that it must ever be left to conjecture, but that I inferred the latter from all that had occurred.

'This is very dreadful, Mr. Hamilton. But I have often feared some such end as this. It is a wretched termination to a wretched life.'

Mrs. Rutter was silent again, and stood looking down at the wood fire on the hearth musingly. It was not unnatural that she should feel shocked at what she had just heard; neither was it unnatural that ere long a sigh should escape her that seemed to express relief. She looked up at me and said—

'When I recal what this man once was, and picture to myself what his life ought to have been, this end seems very terrible. It is the more so, as I cannot conceal from myself that I hear of his death with a feeling of—of relief. He has caused me *too* much misery for it to be otherwise.'

Mrs. Rutter sat down in the arm-chair by the fire, and, with her head resting on her hand, gazed ponderingly on the smouldering embers on the hearth. She remained thus for some minutes in deep thought. There was evidently some grave debate going on in her mind, from the anxious, irresolute expression of her face. She raised her head after a time, and said, in a firm, decided voice—

'Mr. Hamilton, I have resolved what to do. What you have just told me lessens, perhaps, the danger of my position, but I shall feel no happier than before. It is true that I have no longer anything to

hear from this quarter, but my secret will weigh upon me heavily as ever. My mind is now made up. You shall write to your father, tell him everything, and ask him to advise me. By his decision I will abide, whatever it may be. If it be necessary, this bitter secret I have so long striven to hide, shall go forth to the world. I can bear no longer these doubts and scruples. I am living a lie, and everything seems false and wrong around me. It is strange, but now that I hold this secret alone, I feel the obligation to disclose it more strongly than I did when it was shared with another. Yes, your father shall know everything, Mr. Hamilton. He is a good and wise man, and will counsel me aright.'

I assured Mrs. Rutter that I heard her decision with true satisfaction—that many a time I had been on the point of advising her to consult my father, and that I longed to ask her permission to do so the hour when she first confided her secret to me. Although Lewis Hague was dead, and the fear of exposure from that quarter at an end, I could not hide from myself that chance circumstances might any day lead to a discovery of everything that Mrs. Rutter desired to conceal. There was no security in her present position. Gladly, then, did I undertake to disclose to my father the secret that had been confided to me. That very night, I wrote home and put him in possession of all the facts concerning Mrs. Rutter's painful history.

The next day I disclosed to Rutter the death of Lewis Hague, and the occurrences of the last week. Mrs. Rutter had requested me to do so, to spare her the pain of alluding to the subject to her son. We were walking on the outskirts of the town, and had turned into the cemetery to take shelter, under a large cedar near the gate, from a storm of rain that had come down suddenly. Rutter could not conceal that he heard the news with relief. But he seemed more indifferent to it, I thought, than he would have been a few months ago.

'It is a terrible thing to hear of any human being's death with satisfaction,' he remarked; 'but it would be hypocrisy to pretend I don't feel a weight off my mind in knowing this man cannot injure or annoy us further. Probably my mother may now be able to tell me the secret of his influence over her. She will do so, if she can—that I know.'

'Yes; but I would not as yet mention the subject,' I replied, uneasily. 'It is too near, and is evidently painful to her.'

'Well, after all, I don't much care if I never hear his name again,' returned Rutter. 'He was a sorry scoundrel, this Wilson, or Hague, and oblivion is the best for his deeds, I have no doubt. His name stirs up bitter feelings; but he is a dead man now, and it's always ill work recalling a dead man's sins, especially when standing amongst dead men's graves.'

Rutter looked out through the rain from under the black boughs of the cedar, with a sombre face as he spoke. We stood in silence for some time listening to the drops falling heavily through the tree. Ere long the rain ceased, and the afternoon sun gleamed out wanly below us on the horizon. Rutter, with his back against the trunk of the tree, was gazing at the watery radiance in the west with the same sombre look upon his face. We were about to depart, when he suddenly turned round and said,

'Some men seem all bad, others all good, or nearly so. Your father and Lewis Hague, for example. And yet I suppose that there are specks on the former's virtues, of some sort or other, and that even the blackness of the latter's character is not unrelieved by some gleams of light. There may be extenuating circumstances about the wickedness even of a Lewis Hague, (though I confess I am not aware of any), and there may be flaws, we know, in the character of a St. Paul. Ay,' he went on, meditatively, after a momentary pause, 'it's only a difference of degree, I suppose. We are all erring, stum-



bling men and women, and when our good angels would draw us upwards, we beat them off and cling to this miry earth of ours, like bats to ruined walls. *Are there angels, by the way, good or bad? Have I one ever at my side, I wonder?*

And as he spoke and looked across the grave mounds towards

the sunset, there was a sad but half sarcastic smile upon his face, and his voice sounded as though he mocked himself.

I can still see him standing there, with the golden daylight shining on his face and figure, but with darkness and coming night impending in the black boughs overhead.

## DECEMBER'S JEWELS.

### I.

OFt she weaveth garlands rare,  
Strings of opals for her hair,  
Opals of prismatic light,  
Sparkling in the snow-drift bright:

### II.

Icicles she stringeth too  
On the churchyard boughs of yew,  
Diamonds of Nature's gems,  
Fit for monarchs' diadems!

### III.

Necklace she of sapphires fair,  
Glittering in the frosty air;  
Pendant earrings hanging low,  
Pearls from off the mistletoe.

### IV.

Bracelets of bright chrysolite,  
Diamond-clasped with studs of light,  
Hanging from the sapless tree,  
Master-work of jewellery.

### V.

Emeralds in her girdle shine,  
Ivy leaves that round her twine;  
Ruby circlet round her brow,  
Gathered from the holly-bough.

### VI.

Jewels sweet, jewels bright,  
Sparkling in December light;  
Jewels precious, jewels rare,  
Waving in December air!

### VII.

Month of our Redeemer's birth,—  
Greatest festival of earth,—  
Once more welcome, Christmas-tide,  
Winter decks thee as a bride!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

## PRESENT POSITION OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

DR. DÖLLINGER, in the very able and entertaining work which he has lately published in justification of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, has given a lively sketch of the Church of England. It will astonish most English readers to find a Bavarian Ultramontane know so much about us. It would be very difficult for an Englishman to tell Dr. Döllinger more about the English church than he knows already. He is acquainted with its history, its theory, or want of theory, and its present position. He knows how well it suits the upper classes of England, and he understands why it does so. He does justice to the dignity and learning of the higher ecclesiastics, and the honesty and good character of the lower. He gives, in short, a very fair and accurate account of it. But as a whole, it fills him with amusement and wonder, no less than with respect. It is, as he emphatically declares, 'a church of deportment.' Everything is so respectable, so comfortable, so cheering about it. There is no pretence of consistency in it. Its articles, as all the world knows, are Calvinistic, and its liturgy Catholic. But the English do not trouble themselves about the truth on the consistency of their theology. They do not even pretend to have any standard of truth. If an ecclesiastic is accused of heresy, he is not tried by judges who pronounce on the truth or falsity of his opinions, but by lawyers, who try simply to ascertain whether what he says is in accordance with certain legal documents.\* Yet the English do not mind this, because the general result suits them. They do not seem even to see what, in the eyes of a Continental Catholic, is so grotesque, the oddity of a church which is avowedly insular. The English, as Döllinger puts it, are quite content, and even proud to have a church and a theology which will not do for any other people. A church that is a church of deportment, and does not

even aim at theological truth, is necessarily, as this friendly German thinks, a very frail and temporary institution.

On the other hand, the Church of England has been lately pronounced by a competent authority to have no doctrine at all on many points which a large section of its members think of the utmost consequence, and to allow a latitude which those members consider to shake the foundations of all their belief. The modern criticism of the Bible does undoubtedly alter, if not the belief, at least the mode of believing, in the minds of a great many men; and Doctor Lushington has decided that a clergyman may carry Biblical criticism to the utmost lengths, provided he does not contradict certain propositions contained in the text of the Thirty-nine Articles and other legal documents. It has hardly as yet been realized, we believe, how very many things a man may say under the shelter of this judgment, which the ordinary half-educated members of the church would consider as damnable doctrines and positions as were ever started. These people may reasonably wonder what is to become of a church in which such horrible things may be said and taught by its ministers. A very different set of people are also led to the same speculation by this judgment, and by the history of the controversy which this judgment has in some degree determined. They believe, and assert, that it is impossible for honest clergymen to stop where they are, and that biblical criticism which has led them to go round the articles, must in time carry them straight through those fences of orthodoxy. It is impossible, they argue, that the church can go on much longer as it is, for it is incredible that men who are at once educated and honest should stay in its ministry.

We turn, however, to the facts that face us in the streets and in the newspapers, and to the current history of the church in its prac-

tical and external aspects, and we find that this tottering church has a very solid look. Lord Stanley, who is by no means a fanatical churchman, lately took occasion to express an opinion that the Church was never stronger than it is now, and that he saw no reason to suppose its position would be altered in any generation with which any one now living can have anything to do. We walk in the town and the country, and at every corner, or in every village, we see a new church rising or an old one repaired and decorated. We keep sending out more and more bishops and missions to the ends of the earth. Dissent is declining, and no one seems to have any other reason but habit and family tradition for being anything but a churchman. The clergy of this generation are notoriously a great improvement on the clergy of the last. They work harder and live better. The money market also pronounces the church safe, and the value of livings rather increases than diminishes. The church has also been able lately to make a display of strength in Parliament. The old majority against church-rates has faded away. The House of Commons declines to permit a clergyman to earn his bread in another calling. The proposals of people like Lord Ebury, to make tiny changes in the liturgy, are snuffed out with the greatest contempt. Looking at all these things, we might be inclined to say that the church just now is not only very strong, but that its strength is of the kind which is apt to produce arrogance and hardness in the less generous members of a successful party or institution.

We propose to discuss as briefly as possible, and with as little reference to theology as may be, some of the causes which produce this strange union of apparent weakness and apparent strength in the Church of England.

In the first place, the English Church is eminently English, and that is a great reason for its having a strong hold on Englishmen. It is not only that it has been inti-

mately bound up with all the actions of the English nation during all the time that has a distinct place in our traditions or recollections, but it is in harmony with a general way of thinking which exists among us, and which, probably because it does exist, we have learnt to think something eminently and permanently national. We do not think things out. There is a great deal to be said for thinking things out, and a great deal to be said for not thinking them out. The Continental nations that pretend to think at all, can see no use in thought which confessedly is more limited than it need be. If you do not think in order to arrive at true thoughts, why, they ask, do you take the trouble to think at all? We reply, that life imposes a great many practical limitations on all thought, and we had better accept the facts of the world in which we live. What is called thinking a thing out, means often nothing more than a pursuance of one line of thought, artificially abstracted from all other lines of thought. But the outer world does not correspond to this artificial abstraction. It presents endless subjects of thought cutting into each other, and if we realize that this is so, and trust to experience, or instinct, or common sense, or whatever else we conceive to be the practical guiding power of man in society, we are led to conclusions which are untrue, so far as they depart from the results of all pursuance of one line of thought artificially abstracted, but is true in so far as it keeps in tolerable harmony with many converging or conflicting lines of thought. This way of looking at things takes many curious shapes; and among others is that of speaking of many of the things which we most cherish as being at once general in their theory, and yet specially and intensely English. We believe in Constitutional Government as a general theory, and think other nations very foolish not to have Constitutions. But we also think that the English



Constitution is the only one worth mentioning, and that it belongs exclusively to England. In the same way the English Church, although we know it to be purely insular, satisfies in a rough way our general theories of what a church should be. We think that it answers as many of the aims of a church, and gives some sort of a reply to as many pertinent questions as we can reasonably expect it to do; and as the sphere in which this is done is England, we do not wonder that it should have a strong national tinge.

But it is part of our way of thinking, and an absolutely essential part, that there should be a large amount in what we accept which we hold to be absolutely true. Foreigners often think our compromises hollow, and our love of truth a mere sham. But we know and feel them to be wrong, because we feel that there is always a basis of truth in what we believe, which lies beyond doubt and compromise. The Church of England satisfies this want. It offers something which is the object of definite belief. What is this kernel of belief it might be difficult to say. But we feel that it is there. Men may be very good men, and derive the greatest benefit and comfort from Christianity, who do not think that anything definite and historical need be associated with it. But the great majority of Christians not only think that there must be a definite and historical character given to Christianity, or the religion ceases to be itself; but they assert that their own personal experience, as well as all they can collect of the general experience of the Christian Church, proves that the definite and historical character of Christianity gives it its power over the conscience. The English Church does give the nation something like definite doctrine, although to some extent in a confused and contradictory way. And it ought to be added, that there is a more profound conviction of the truth of the Church of England's teaching than is implied in the general acceptance of some-

thing definite and historical. It ought to be understood that the most thinking, the best read, the most honest clergymen of the Church of England, really think that the common creed of Christendom is essentially and historically true. They do not, perhaps, feel able or inclined to say how far or in what way this is so. But the end of thought—of honest, deliberate, scrupulous thought—to them has been the conviction that the truth of common orthodox Christianity is as true as any truth of the sort can be known or believed to be. This we regard as the real ultimate rock on which the Church of England stands at the present day. It is this that prevents educated laymen thinking the whole thing hollow. They are aware that the Church of England has many artificial props, but this to them is the main buttress. Of course there can be no formal proof of this. Men can only refer to what they know of their own friends and of the friends of those whom they trust; and it is because they find that the wisest and best and most studious thinkers over theology in England find no truth so true as the truth of the Church of England, that there is a basis of sincerity in the general endeavour of the educated laity to keep the Church up.

Then the Church, as Dr. Döllinger observes, suits the upper classes in many ways. Resting on the conviction that at the bottom there is something in the Church which answers to the belief of wise and learned men, and seeing that compromise in thought has a large practical justification, the ordinary English layman goes cheerfully to service, and gladly uses the ministry of the Church to hallow the great epochs of family life. Baptism, marriages, and funerals are all treated in a way by the English Church that exactly falls in with English notions of taste. There is decorum, there is a little spiritual excitement carefully limited by the respectabilities of this world, there is something at once social and solemn, and there is that mixture

of a little very intelligible poetry with a massive substratum of prose that is so dear to the Englishman in the bosom of his family. The collegiate and cathedral services are also a great source of pride and pleasure to most Englishmen familiar with them. There is not much spiritual ecstasy about those choral services. But in their hearts Englishmen do not much believe in spiritual ecstasy. They see that it is in nine cases out of ten the result of weak nerves and weak thought, and they do not trouble themselves to determine how in the tenth case this ecstasy came to form an essential part of the saintly characters which they hope to imitate while remaining within the region of common sense.

The clergy have also a great hold on the country. Theoretically the practice of putting up livings to sale seems absurd. That money can purchase the right to have a cure of souls, and that a Jew may appoint a Protestant Christian to a living, but that a Roman Catholic cannot, is one of those ludicrous anomalies which in England we pass over merely because they are English. But in practice this mode of appointing to livings works well, and saves a great portion of the clergy from having to toady bishops, or intrigue for Crown patronage. The clergy in daily life suit English society. The notion of a clergyman being a gentleman falls in with the English notion of the proper relations of the poor and the rich; and it is found in the highest degree useful to have a man with some education in every parish, who ought to proceed on something like principle in his dealings with others, and who, if his limited experience, his scrupulousness, and his sense of petty importance, often make him partial and unjust, can generally be relied on to import the belief in a future world into his actions in this world. The marriage of the clergy is also a source of the most powerful influence. A vast mass of women are interested in keeping up the Church; and it is their nature to think that they can best

keep it up by keeping it exactly as it is. And their zeal is not the fitful zeal of female enthusiasm; it is the zeal of women who are fighting for the honour of the men they love, or are ready to love, or for the bread and butter of their children. In many families the Church is guarded as a cat guards her kittens; and wise men hold their tongues, and let the cat be, when there is a chance of being scratched. But it ought in fairness to be said that the power of the clergy in England mainly rests on the great good they do—on the quiet, honest daily work they go through—on the services they render to education, and on their kindness to and consideration for the poor. Most laymen, although sincerely anxious to do what their religion enjoins on them as a duty, find intercourse with the poor such a bore, and such an unprofitable bore, that they are ready to stand by those of their friends who have undertaken to deal with the poor in a methodical and persistent manner.

We must also make allowance for rather lower motives, and for causes which are of a rather humbler sort. In the first place, it suits an infinite variety of people to have a church with a good social position. There are also the parents who want a profession for one of their sons, and who are glad of a means of sheltering under the friendly and respectable cover of the Church, the quiet and unpractical boy of their family party. Then there is also the semi-public life of England, the county gatherings, the agricultural meetings, the dinners of lord mayors and civic functionaries, at all which it is most convenient and proper that clergymen should be present, and should lend a little dignity and extra respectability to the occasion, and represent the place of religion in common life. Practically it is found that clergymen do this, and that the sort of persons who are wanted are to be got. The sense of the convenience of having them at call leads all those who are in any way called on to manage the

semi-public life of England to be very jealous of anything that will make the clergy less certain of a peculiar sort of select dignity, and therefore less available for semi-public purposes. It was this feeling, we believe, which led the House of Commons to reject Mr. Bouverie's proposal to allow clergymen to retire from their sacred calling and enter on lay occupations. The indelibility of orders is a dogma which rests upon assumptions which have no place in the belief of most English members of Parliament. It is exactly that kind of dogma which is adopted or rejected in England, not on its own merits, but because it happens to fall in with or oppose some general way of thinking. The class of people who sit in Parliament, and all the most influential of those who send them there, like to have a clergy who play a part in society at once peculiar and dignified. It would very seriously interfere with this if it were known that a clergyman might any day cease to be a clergyman. It would spoil the effect of an agricultural feast if the archdeacon who had been secured to say grace were suspected of an intention to retire from his archdeaconry and to set up a brewery.

The perfect liberty and absence of all interference which characterize the English Church, also harmonize with the strong desire to be let alone which marks all Englishmen who are provided with a decent and reliable maintenance. There never was any religious system set up in the world which left respectable families to do so exactly as they please. The ladies, if they wish to be thought real ladies, must go to church at least once a Sunday, and the men must behave with reasonable liberality in subscribing to the charities of the place, or they will be denounced by the parson and his friends as screws. But this is literally all. No priest or minister intrudes into drawing-rooms and dining-rooms where he is not welcome, or presumes to meddle with the servants of his neighbours; and yet in all

the happy or mournful occasions of life there is the clergyman quite ready to perform every ceremony without asking any questions. No man is questioned as to his belief, nor is there the slightest clerical control over his actions. This liberty is complete for all the upper and middle classes of society. The clergyman thinks it his duty and his right to lecture the poor, to walk into their cottages, to sting them, if he can, into going to church, to see that their children are taught the elements of Christian truth; but above a certain line this duty and power cease. What is the line, it is difficult to say; but we should not think there are many clergymen who would consider they had any business or call to meddle with the religious state of a family that paid £10 a year rent. This abstinence from interference greatly attracts Englishmen to the church. They enjoy having their hearth their own, and they do not feel sure, if the church was changed or any new theories of clerical power were permitted to spring up, whether they would not have greater encroachments on their privacy to repel.

The spread of religious education and the popularization of religion has also a very conservative effect on the church. A vast array of teachers has been reared up, and all have been taught on a particular pattern. An enormous mass of books, tracts, hymns, catechisms, manuals, tales, and other modes of instruction, has been composed, printed, and circulated, and all has been arranged to inculcate, or at any rate to fall in with, a certain set of doctrines. There is a deep though unspoken, and perhaps unrealized, feeling on the part of those who direct, who conduct, and who profit by the working of this machinery, that they cannot afford to have it changed. It has been contrived to produce a particular article, and that article must be produced. Much higher feelings also come in aid of this reluctance to interfere with the operation of a standing system. But every system that carries its activity low



down in society has an immobility that is inherent in it. Sunday-school teachers are not the sort of people to welcome new views, not only because their education is limited, but because they would not know what to do on Sundays. The pattern of religion on which Christian young men are desired to cut themselves cannot be altered from day to day. It was this feeling, we may be sure, that in a great measure dictated Lord Shaftesbury's passionate prayer to be delivered from the tyranny of professors. By professors he meant people who made holes in the system which he saw at work in the countless schools and societies under his control. It would never do to have the system itself called in question, when every effort must be directed to making it practically operative. In the days when the learned and the rich and the powerful alone debated and decided what should be believed, and when the rest of the nation followed humbly and blindly in their path, it was comparatively easy to alter religious systems that were once established. But the difficulty is vastly increased when a large body of the subordinate and feebly educated have been engaged to consider that the established system is the one they have to recommend and promote.

It ought also to be observed that although the church has now some difficulties to contend with, many of the difficulties that press on her are difficulties with which she is able to contend with an almost accidental ease. There is the standing opposition of Dissent, and there are all the quarrels and jealousies which the relations between the Church and the Non-conformists produce. The Dissenters have also now got a fair share of political power. In some boroughs they reign supreme, and in many they can virtually determine the election, and yet the Church holds up her head against Dissent with increasing success. This is due almost entirely to the conviction that Dissent is, not theologically, but socially, a mis-

take. The points which are the rallying cries of Dissent no longer interest men. It seems as if there was no reason whatever that people who practically believe exactly what their church-going neighbours believe should shut themselves off from the respectability and credit of church-going. If people debated with keenness and earnestness as of real vital interest the theological questions which once disturbed the English mind, the consequent differences of opinion would lead to corresponding differences of outward profession. But it is only in the most nominal and superficial way that the English mind now troubles itself about such matters as once vexed the righteous souls of Quakers, Baptists, and Independents with indignation. The consequence is that young Dissenters come to church, and the large number of people who waver have a secret preference for the institution which is most up in the world, which gives least trouble, and we fear we must add, at which the best bonnets can be best displayed. It is true that a favourite dissenting preacher is run after by church people; but then a favourite church preacher is run after by dissenters; and this community of interest and disruption of barriers is all in favour of the church; for it shows that the distinction that exists is mostly one of habit and of family feeling, and when no theological differences are really felt, the leaning of men will always be to the institution that socially is most in the ascendant.

The spread of biblical criticism was also treated as a great danger to the church; and it was quite evident to all who knew anything of the matter, that biblical criticism was leading honest and able men to results quite out of harmony with many of the common beliefs of a large portion of the teachings of the Church of England. But competent judges maintained that this portion of the common creed of English churchmen was not really a part of the doctrine of the English Church.

Most fortunately, the Bishop of Salisbury determined to have a legal decision on this part. Some quiet people regretted this, and said that the Bishop had much better have kept himself out of law-courts. On the contrary, the Bishop has rendered the church an inestimable service. He has provoked a discussion, and obtained a judicial sentence which has shown and declared that there are scarcely any of the results of biblical criticism which are not a matter of perfect indifference to the Church of England. Any one who will trouble himself to read the reprinted speech\* of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, will see set out with a learning, an ability, and a legal decisiveness which are a credit to the English bar, the extraordinary latitude which the great divines of the English Church have allowed themselves in dealing with the question of inspiration, and the extensive freedom which the silence of the Articles on this head permits. We entirely agree with Mr. Stephen that this silence, even if in some measure accidental, has been the greatest of blessings to the church of our days. It leaves her unfettered to deal with questions which no one dreamt of when the Articles were framed.

The church also, like most other persons and bodies on earth, runs some risk from her friends. There is always a set of people in every institution who wish to stretch it, to see how far it will go. There are plenty of churchmen and churchwomen who want to find an ideal church in the Church of England, who think that with a little management they can make it something like the church of Hildebrand. They like their church to be a church militant, and they glory in aggravating and plotting against Dissenters, in adoring and leading the world to adore bishops—not indeed all bishops, but the bishops of the right way of thinking—and in wrenching little children into a knowledge of the catechism and out of the custody

of sectarian parents. If we look only to the localities in which they flourish, these people seem to do the church a great deal of harm. But if we look to the whole of England, we see that English society manages to make these enthusiasts very insignificant. The pressure of sensible opinion forces moderation on the vast bulk of English clergymen and their friends. The young curates get older, and they find themselves insensibly led to face the real facts of life, and see the English Church and the English world as they are. As in the Romish Church there are enthusiasts, and reformers, and credulous innovators, who believe the church to be the true ally of democracy, and who yet in time are forced to bring themselves and their opinions in harmony with the exigencies of an elaborate ecclesiastical organization; so in time, and looking to the general result, we may say these dangerous friends of the church are brought into harmony with the abiding character of English thought.

Lastly, as Dr. Döllinger has observed, the English Church is not the church of the poor. In some sense, this is very true. The English Church does not accommodate itself to the poor, or instruct them in any very pleasant or intelligible way, or give them what they can make a part of their daily life. There are no open churches in English towns, where market-women go and pray, as abroad. There are no pictures and statues to tell the poor, through the eye, the leading incidents in the great story of their creed. There is no pastor of their own rank to hear their sins, to heal their sorrows, and to direct their goings. The English clergyman stands to the poor as all the rich stand, or try to stand, to the poor. We have inherited from feudal times, and our large landed properties have confirmed in us, a way of considering the poor as intended by Providence to be the humble dependents of the rich. Few squires and

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\* Published by Macmillan and Co.



country parsons really believe a cottager could go to heaven who had not touched his hat properly in life. A whole department of literature, that of religious novels, is in a great measure based on the assumption that the poor are a kind of raw material on which young ladies and curates are to try the experiments that are to confirm them in virtue. There is perhaps less apprehension of the possibility of dignity in the poor here than in any other Christian country. But all this does not come from anything in the church, so much as from the make of English society; and if English society changes in this respect, as it certainly will do, the church will change quite as easily. If the Church of England is not the church of the English poor, certainly nothing else is. Roman Catholicism can make no head against the inveterate dislike of the English to priests, and Dissenters scarcely ever try to reach the poor at all. They do great good, and are most benevolent within their own circle; but they seldom go beyond. The church does labour in its own way among the poor. We do not pretend to think it a very attractive way. It seems to us a very dull affair for a poor man to be asked to attend a book-service, beautiful in itself, but far away from the English of common life, and then to hear an essay, lasting exactly half an hour, and shaped always after the same pattern. There is a distance between the clergyman and the poor man, which shows that the former feels himself to be a very superior sort of being. But still the clergy are ready to protect and help the poor, and as a matter of fact, labour zealously among them. If the rich and the poor are brought nearer together in England, the clergy will be as ready to forward and take advantage of the reaction as anybody. We think, therefore, that any one who considers the whole matter attentively, will come to the conclusion that the Church of England is very strong at present, and that it is very deservedly

strong. As Lord Stanley says, there may be no one living who will see any material change in its position. Still there are some dangers which press on it, and which must be guarded against in time. We will notice two of these, which seem to us among the chief. The one is a danger against which it is tolerably easy to guard, but the other is much more serious.

There are some scandals in the church. In the first place, there is too much jobbing—there is too much intriguing to get the fat things for the dignitaries, to build palaces for bishops, and to accumulate nice quiet sources of income in the same hands. There is also too much Episcopal nepotism, and bishops are apt to shower the church's gold on their relations a little too freely. But this is not a grave matter. Englishmen are very indulgent to jobbing of all kinds, and then the jobbing is not very bad. Many great dignitaries never abuse their patronage at all. But there are scandals worse than that of jobbing in the church: more especially there is the scandal of an absurd system of church discipline. It is its wonderful strictness in some things, as compared with its wonderful laxity in others, that constitutes its absurdity. We have had plenty of examples lately. We have seen a poor, eccentric, deaf old man expelled from his living in spite of the entreaties of his parishioners, because he had published some incomprehensible vagary about justification, and could not understand his trial sufficiently to let his judges know what a queer harmless creature he really was. And almost at the very same time a clergyman who has been publicly found guilty of theft, and whose theft consisted in a very long robbery of his own poor parishioners, is, as the bishop of the diocese says, to be maintained inviolate in his living for the benefit of his creditors. Many other marvels of the same sort might easily be collected. But it is not necessary; for the Church can, without the slightest real difficulty, mend its discipline if it



likes. Everybody, except the few crotchety persons who oppose everything, would welcome any reform in church discipline that did not open a way for bishops to tyrannize over clergymen they disliked.

But there is something really perilous in the present position of the church, and it is the reluctance of the better kind and the more promising kind of young men to take orders. There is no dislike of the Church of England, no wish to separate from her, and no inclination to take up with any other form of Christianity among the young men of the present day; but they think that the ministers of the church pledge themselves to a definite system of doctrine, and they themselves do not wish to do this. How it comes that they shrink from doing it, will be tolerably clear to any one who studies Dr. Lushington's judgment in Mr. Wilson's case. The judge held that a clergyman was not legally at liberty to publish a hope that the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed were not to be taken strictly as stating a fact. An English clergyman may indeed think what he likes, so long as he does not publish it. But a young man who knows that he has in a very solemn manner, if he takes orders, to profess a belief in the statement of these clauses being a fact, and who knows that if he does not really hold this belief he must thenceforth conceal it, need not be accused of a sickly tenderness of conscience if he thinks this evasion of the law dishonourable and dangerous. A man of robust conscience might, of course, get over the difficulty. He might say that he accepted these clauses as having a historical truth, as expressing the feelings of the early church, as putting a great truth in a forcible way; and he might decline to lose the opportunity of leading a life of religious usefulness for what he might think a mere crotchet. This robustness of conscience is very common in England, and it helps us over a thousand difficulties. But when a well-meaning young

man sees the choice before him of training his conscience to this robustness, or of going into a lay profession which is itself by no means disagreeable to him, he not unnaturally lets the balance of his mind swing away from the choice of orders. More serious difficulties, too, may oppress him. He may see that men whose learning, and wisdom, and honesty he trusts implicitly, stay in the ministry of the Church of England; and he therefore has no hesitation about upholding and belonging to an institution in which they find satisfaction. But he may not quite see how they come to do so, and therefore he will not go so far with them as himself to take orders.

It is evident, however, that a crisis is at hand which will try the Church, although she may pass through it safely, if she is fortunate enough to have men at her head who know how to guide her. All the enormous deadweight of social interests and affections which steadies her and keeps her in her place will not be sufficient to arrest her downfall, if men of feeble intellect and strong party spirit are set to manage her. The race of promotion is now not to the strong, nor to the devout, but to the plausibly, ingeniously orthodox; and this is a bad sign. If the bigotry of England is once fairly opposed to the education and thought of England, the Church may nominally triumph for a time, but it will only do so by being greatly altered and immeasurably lowered. Biblical criticism, which has melted away so many ecclesiastical Alps on the Continent with its subtle vinegar, will every year make some little inroad on the ordinary English creed. The Church of England has many disadvantages which the Continental Churches have not had. She is protected by the strong wish of the educated to maintain her, and, as it happens, she can, as we have said, stand a vast amount of biblical criticism without her main doctrines being touched. The question of her future during the next quarter of a century, is

whether she has the power of slowly and cautiously absorbing such results of biblical criticism as are placed beyond a doubt. No human being can venture to prophesy confidently whether this will be so or not; but it is safe to say that if she has able and honest leaders, she has a better chance than any of her sisters have had.

The eagerness with which Bishop Colenso's book has been welcomed, and the interest it has excited, prove that the English public is now prepared to go some little way into the vast field which biblical criticism opens. The bishop has provoked the censure of two very different sets of people. Those who have without thought or inquiry accustomed themselves to believe the dogma of the literal inspiration of the Bible, are shocked and tormented by this unexpected battery of arithmetic being turned upon the Pentateuch. Those who have long given up all belief in literal inspiration, who live only in the belief of the great truths which the Bible reveals, think these arithmetical calculations babyish intellectually, and very likely to do great moral harm. We cannot agree with either opinion. The bishop wishes to show that the Bible is not literally inspired; he does not wish to assume it. He writes not for the people who think the verbal accuracy of the Pentateuch wholly immaterial, but for those who think that not to believe in this accuracy is not to believe in Christianity. Some people really do believe in the literal inspiration of the Pentateuch, and a vast number do not know whether they believe in it or not. Bishop Colenso says that he can show that there is no verbal accuracy in this part of the Old Testament. His proof is of a nature which educated people are apt to think trivial and ludicrous, but it has the merit of being, if right at all, perfectly conclusive. And his book is producing a great effect precisely because its arguments are exactly suited to the English mind. There are no theories or philosophies in it. A thing stated as a fact is shown by the

very thing stated not to have been a fact. The reader is forced at the end of it to ask whether he means henceforth seriously to believe that the Hebrew women for a long series of years had always, 'by the special blessing of God,' six children at a birth; and that the priests were really condemned to eat day after day and year after year above eighty pigeons a day. If he does not believe this, and if Bishop Colenso's arithmetic is right, then he cannot believe in the literal inspiration of the Pentateuch. It is an extremely small point, but it is a point on which a great deal turns to those to whom it is new.

We think that there can be no doubt that this book will be the beginning of popular biblical criticism in England, and that the Church allows much greater latitude to biblical criticism than is generally supposed. We find scarcely any, if any, passage in Bishop Colenso's book which could be made the ground of a legal prosecution with anything like a chance of success. It is, however, very important, in order that we may estimate exactly how far biblical criticism may go in the Church of England, to have as clear a conception of the law on the subject as possible. Dr. Lushington's judgment is now the great leading authority, and we will proceed to state as plainly and briefly as we can, what are the general results of his judgment, so far as it determines the sphere of biblical criticism.

It must be understood that Dr. Lushington, carrying out the previous decisions of the Privy Council to their utmost results, assumes that he has only one duty to discharge. He has to take the articles and formularies of the Church, and the impugned writing, and to compare the two on exactly the same principle and by the same rules which would guide a lawyer who undertook to pronounce whether a particular act of a tenant was a breach of a covenant in a lease. The words used are to be taken in their ordinary sense. If 'everlasting' appears in the for-



mularies, then everlasting is to be held to mean what it is taken to mean in common English. It is not open to say that the authors of the formularies were translating a Greek word, and that the Greek word meant something different from 'lasting for ever.' The judge has nothing to do with what they meant; he has only to see what they said, and to compare it with what the prosecuted clergyman has said; and if according to the interpretation of ordinary English the two tally, all is right. He has nothing to do with the consequences of his decision, or with inferences that may be drawn from it. He has only to construe his documents and to proceed exactly as a judge would proceed who had a lease binding the tenant to keep his land in grass, brought before him, and who, it being admitted that the tenant had used the ground for turnips, was called on to pronounce whether turnips were grass. That the cows in the neighbourhood were positively dying for want of turnips, and that this was the only piece of ground where they would grow, he would set aside as a fact wholly irrelevant. Nor would he listen to a skilled witness who offered to swear that turnips were really a bulbous sort of grass. He would go by the common meaning of the terms used, and he would hold that to plant turnips was not to keep the land in grass.

The question then, when it is alleged that a clergyman has written something about the Bible that he legally ought not to have written, is this: are his words inconsistent with the words of some article or formulary selected by the prosecution, in the sense that planting turnips is inconsistent with a covenant to keep the land in grass? There is no other question; and if no such legal inconsistency can be shown, it is immaterial that the clergyman's statement is calculated to shake the belief of the whole religious public of England.

This being understood, we can gather from Dr. Lushington's judg-

ment certain propositions as to what a clergyman may and may not say with regard to the inspiration of the Bible. And those propositions come under three main heads. They refer (1) to the meaning of the term inspiration and canonical, (2) to the statements as to the Bible which are or are not allowed, and (3) to the mode in which what the clergyman says is to be gathered.

Dr. Lushington lays down, that the main doctrine of the Church with regard to inspiration is, that 'in all matters necessary for salvation the Holy Scriptures emanated from the extraordinary and preternatural interposition of the Almighty, the special mode and limit unknown to man;' and he goes on to say, that these words 'extraordinary' and 'preternatural' exclude the supposition that the Holy Scriptures proceed from the same mental powers as have produced other works.'

By a 'canonical' book is meant 'a book' whose authority was never doubted in the Church; and by 'authority' is meant Divine authority, for there is no other authority which by possibility could cause them to contain all things necessary for salvation.

Two very important questions are here suggested—1. Is a clergyman bound to admit that every one of the books mentioned in the list contained in the Articles as canonical contains something necessary for salvation?

We think it clear that he is bound. He may not, for example, state that there is nothing in the Book of Esther, in which even the name of God is not mentioned, which is not necessary for salvation. Dr. Lushington lays down that a clergyman is not at liberty to reject a whole book as not written by Divine authority; and as the Divine authority only necessarily appears in matters necessary for salvation, there must be something in each book which permits it to appear.

2. Is a clergyman at liberty to say that other books than the Bible or its parts are inspired by God?



We think that he is at liberty. He must not say that he thinks anything contained in those other books is necessary for salvation; but the proposition that God by extraordinary and preternatural means revealed to some men other than the authors of the Bible some things not necessary for salvation, is not, so far as we can see, inconsistent with any proposition laid down by Dr. Lushington. A clergyman may not say that the author of any biblical book wrote as Luther wrote, for the presumption is that the reverse of Luther's writing was ordinary and natural; but he may say that Luther wrote by an extraordinary and preternatural direction, although he said nothing necessary for salvation.

We now come to the chief propositions which determine what a clergyman may or may not say as to particular books or parts of the Bible.

1. A clergyman may reject part of any book as spurious, but not the whole; that is, he may for critical reasons say that a verse or verses, or a chapter or chapters, have improperly got into the text. He is at liberty, for example, to say that half the Book of Esther has been introduced improperly into the text; but he must not say that the whole is spurious. Just as there must be a residue, the quantity of which he need not determine, which contains something necessary for salvation, so there must be an undetermined residue which is not the work of a forger. The one proposition, in fact, involves the other.

2. A clergyman may say that any book of the Bible is not the work of the man whose name it bears. He may attribute its composition to any person and to any age he pleases; but with this reservation, that he must not fix the date at a period which would be clearly inconsistent with its authority having been received by the Church. This is rather vague, and the only clue we get to the determination of the legal limits of the dating of the Biblical books is, that Dr. Lushington holds it legal to

say of a book that its composition was 'post-apostolic.' The writer of a book of the Bible may therefore be said to have written after all the apostles were dead, but he may not be said to have written so much after all the apostles were dead, that the Church could not have had his work before it. It is, for example, quite legal to say that the Book of Genesis was written at the beginning of the first century after Christ; but it would be clearly illegal to say that it was written at the beginning of the tenth century after Christ.

3. A clergyman may place any construction he pleases on any text of Scripture, unless the construction he puts on it is inconsistent with some article or formulary. He may interpret prophecies, for example, as general spiritual exhortations, or as recording past or current events, or as foretelling future events, or as dreams of a visionary, or as conscious fables, only he must not use language which will not tally with the language used in the standard documents of the Church. It makes no matter that he thereby destroys any of the accepted proofs of the truth of the Bible; or that he is at variance with the universal opinion of devout and learned men, or that his system of interpretation if applied to other texts, would lead him by an apparent necessity to impugn statements sanctioned by the authority of the Articles. A judge cannot take on himself to say that a tenant who has just kept within his covenants is the sort of man to go and plant turnips where grass ought to grow. The only thing to know is, whether turnips have or have not been planted.

4. Any of the precepts and any part of the teaching of any book of the Bible may be rejected as being morally unworthy of God, provided that no Article is violated, and that the whole of the book is not rejected on this ground. A clergyman may, for example, declare that the whole Levitical law is morally unworthy of God, except 'the commandments which are called moral.' The law would equally

permit him to reject the Sermon on the Mount; although, if he did so, common sense would wonder why he took the trouble to be a clergyman at all.

5. He may reject any of the statements of any book of the Bible as incredible, or as historically untrue, or as only true in a figurative sense, provided always that he does not in doing so express an opinion inconsistent with any of the Articles or formularies, or with the proposition that the book in which the statement is found contains an undetermined something which it is necessary for salvation to believe. A clergyman may say, for example, that the story of Abraham proposing to offer up Isaac is incredible on moral grounds, or that it is perfectly credible, but could never have occurred at the time and place alleged, or that its truth is only the spiritual truth of the blessedness of giving up our best to God.

Lastly, we come to those propositions contained in the judgment which refer to the mode in which the clergyman's expressions are to be gathered. We have here much less certainty in the judgment to guide us. We will state what appear to us to be the three principal questions, and give such answers as appear to us most consonant with Dr. Lushington's language.

1. Is a clergyman who states a proposition which is inconsistent with the Articles or Formularies, always bound to add that he disagrees with it?

Dr. Lushington, we think, holds that he is; as he says a clergyman would not be allowed to string together propositions from infidel writers, and leave them without any expression of dissent. It seems to be a question of fact in each case, whether, taking all the circumstances together, the dissent of the writer can be discovered or implied. For example, he might say that the epistle to the Philipians was the expression of St. Paul's feelings, 'and he need not add that it was such an expression under the direction of the Spirit,

because it is customary to speak of the inspired author simply as the author.' But Dr. Williams was not allowed to say that the Bible was the 'expression of devout reason,' and to leave these words standing by themselves. If he had said that it was 'an expression of devout reason under the direction of the Spirit of God,' he would clearly have said nothing legally wrong; for Dr. Lushington says that the mode of inspiration is unknown, and the mode may therefore be the devout reason, whatever that may mean. But the words as they stand would not do, because no one could be supposed to know from the ordinary language of theologians that devout reason, when said to be that which is expressed in the Bible, must be supposed to be under the direction of the Spirit. This is the most satisfactory account of Dr. Lushington's decision on this point which we can discover; but we own it seems to us to open the door to many subtleties.

2. If a statement of any book of the Bible is obviously referred to, although incidentally, in any Formulary, as being historically true, may a clergyman pronounce that statement to be historically false?

For example, the prayer for fine weather declares that God did once drown all the world except eight persons. The prayer for time of dearth states that God in the time of Elisha did suddenly, in Samaria, turn great scarcity and dearth into plenty and cheapness. The prayer in time of any common plague or sickness states that God, in the time of King David, did slay with the plague of pestilence threescore and ten thousand. May a clergyman say that the whole world was not destroyed, but only a part of Asia; that the narrative of Elisha at Samaria is not historically true; or that the real number of those slain by pestilence in David's time was really sixty-nine thousand?

We think he may not. The propositions do not tally. The turnip is not grass. It is true that the authors of the prayers never meant probably to affirm in



any special way the historical truth of the incidents they referred to. It is also true that the importance of the historical truth is not very great in the eyes of some persons. But the judge has nothing to do with either consideration. He has simply to look what is stated in the Formulary, and what is stated in the impugned writing. He cannot go into the estimate of the greater or less importance of matter contained in the standard documents. And it is obvious that if once we are to depart from the simple rule of construction from a wish not to apply it to small matters, we shall never find it of any use in greater matters. In the same way it is illegal for a clergyman to say that the human race springs from more than a single couple; for the Articles say by necessary implication that every person born into the world is engendered of the offspring of Adam. The only reason why a clergyman should not say that the human race is descended from two or more sources is, that the Article says the contrary; and we cannot go into the question whether the doctrine of original sin is or is not important.

Thirdly, May a clergyman deny the genuineness and inspiration of a passage in the Bible which happens to be the only, or nearly the only, ground on which a proposition in the Articles is known to rest—and if so, must he state his belief in the doctrine of the Article? We think he may deny the genuineness and inspiration of such a passage; for example, the passage in the First Epistle of St. Peter, which speaks of Christ preaching to the spirits in prison, is generally assigned as the principal proof of the Article which declares that Christ went down into hell. May a clergyman say that this passage is spurious? We do not see why he should not. The judge has only to look at the two propositions. Christ went down into hell. This verse in St. Peter's Epistle is spurious. There is nothing inconsistent in them. The judge cannot determine what pas-

sages do or do not prove an Article. In the same way it is legally open to a clergyman, we should suppose, to pronounce the introductory chapters of the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke to be spurious, although they are generally supposed to be the authority for a very important part of Christian doctrine. But then there is the principle stated above, that a clergyman using language which as a matter of fact would ordinarily lead to the supposition that he did not believe some doctrine of the Article, must state his belief in that doctrine. Does it apply here? We incline to think, on strictly legal grounds, that this principle does not apply. The two propositions are utterly distinct, and do not require any judicial interpretation. It is only by taking into account a third proposition, viz., that there is no other proof that they are connected, and of this third proposition the judge has no cognizance. But when a clergyman says that the Bible is the expression of devout reason, the proposition itself creates the necessity of interpreting it, and then the judge interprets it by usage.

Such are the main deductions, we believe, from this able and logical judgment, so far as it concerns the sphere of biblical criticism. In one or two places perhaps its language is scarcely consistent, but still its main drift is wholly beyond question. It is evident that while it allows biblical criticism enormous latitude generally, it subjects it to some curiously arbitrary and accidental restrictions. A man, therefore, as honest and with as little desire to guard himself as Bishop Colenso, may bring himself within the reach of the law on some minute point, although nine-tenths of the criticism with which he shocks his more unreasoning friends and enemies is perfectly legal. Whether or not advantage will be taken of every legal opening against him and other critics, is the great question for the Church at present. These hot and hasty ecclesiastical



prosecutions alienate and vex the ordinary educated layman, and the country has pronounced a sort of silent verdict against them. It has also reprobated the mean device lately adopted in the case of Professor Jowett, when the legal opinion of a partisan lawyer was obtained and published in the newspapers, not that any real proceedings might be taken, but that a detested name might be tainted with a certain odour of illegality. A few fanatics may easily defy every one else, and cause a breach

in the Church; but we scarcely think that they will practically go very far unless men in a high position set them on. If biblical criticism is allowed to go on slowly, and to alter gradually the theological thought of the nation, the Church will have an opportunity of showing how great is its inherent strength. Certainly Bishop Colenso is not a man whose expulsion from the Church can be desired by any one who loves a manly, honest, simple zeal for truth and for the honour of God.

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## LAWRENCE BLOOMFIELD IN IRELAND.

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### II.

#### NEIGHBOURING LANDLORDS.

THIS Irish county bears an evil name,  
 And Bloomfield's district stands the worst in fame  
 For agitation, discord, threats, waylayings,  
 Fears and suspicions, plottings and betrayings;  
 Beasts kill'd and maim'd, infernal fires at night,  
 Red murder stalking free in full daylight.  
 That landlords and their tenants lived as foes  
 He knew, as one a truth by hearsay knows,  
 But now it stands around where'er he goes.

Blue mountains, dusky moorlands, verdant plain;  
 A river winding to the distant main;  
 Bog, arable, and pasture; lake and pond,  
 And woody park; a little town beyond;  
 Wide-scatter'd human dwellings, great and small;  
 Glance round one rural scene; and let me call  
 Its roll of petty princes,—they are such,  
 If ruling little of our world, or much.  
 Laws and a suzerain above them stand,  
 But have they not dominion in the land?

The realm of Bloomfield, late his uncle's ward,  
 And that which owns Sir Ulick for its lord,  
 Pigot now governs, agent wise and great,  
 Rich man himself, grand juror, magistrate.  
 'Twas taught as part of Bloomfield's early creed,  
 'Pigot—in-val-u-able man indeed!  
 And though Sir Ulick loves to seem to reign,  
 Pigot's least whisper never falls in vain.  
 You find in old Sir Ulick Harvey's face,  
 The looks of long command, and comely race;  
 No small man sees a brother in those eyes  
 Of calm and frosty blue, like winter skies;

Courteous his voice, yet all the pride is there,  
 Pride like a halo crowns his silvery hair ;  
 'Tis unmisgiving pride that makes him frank  
 With humble folk, and dress beneath his rank.  
 Born in the purple, he could hardly know  
 Less of the tides of life that round him flow.  
 The Laws were for the Higher Classes made ;  
 But while the Lower gratefully obey'd,  
 To patronize them you had his consent,  
 Promote their comfort, to a safe extent,  
 And teach them—just enough, and not too much,  
 Most careful lest with impious hand you touch  
 Order and grade as plann'd by Providence.  
 An apothegm, no doubt, of weighty sense ;  
 Had he but ask'd, is prejudice of mine  
 A perfect measure of the Will Divine ?  
 Or, by how much per annum is one given  
 A seat as privy-councillor of Heaven ?

He sometimes took a well-meant scheme in hand,  
 Which must be done exactly as he plann'd ;  
 His judgment feeble, and his self-will strong,  
 He had his own way, and was always wrong.  
 And such the whim which seized his mind of late,  
 To 'square' the farms on all his wide estate ;  
 Tim's mountain grazing, Peter's lough-side patch,  
 This onion-field of Ned's that few could match,  
 Phil's earliest ridges, Thady's bog, worse hap !  
 By mere new lines across his Honour's map  
 From ancient holdings have been clipt away,  
 Despite the loud complaints, or dumb dismay.

My Lady Harvey comes of English blood,  
 Well-train'd in thoughts and manners, cold of mood ;  
 Her eldest son is in the Guards ; her next  
 At Eton ; her two daughters—I'm perplex'd  
 To specify young ladies—they are tall,  
 Dark-hair'd, and smile in speaking, that is all.

Joining Sir Ulick's at the river's bend,  
 Lord Crasher's acres east and west extend ;  
 Great owner here, in England greater still.  
 As poor folk say, 'The world's divided ill.'  
 Uncounted costly pleasures thinn'd his gold,  
 And now he lives abroad, diseased and old ;  
 While Messieurs Phinn and Wedgely, Molesworth Street,  
 Do as to their attorneyship seems meet ;  
 The rule of *sixty* properties have they.  
 Wide waves the meadow on a summer day,  
 Far spread the sheep across the swelling hill,  
 And horns and hooves the daisied pasture fill ;  
 A stout and high enclosure girdles all,  
 Built up with stones from many a cottage wall ;  
 And, thanks to Phinn and Wedgely's thrifty pains,  
 Not one unsightly ruin there remains.  
 Phinn comes half-yearly, sometimes with a friend,  
 Who writes to *Mail* or *Warder* to commend

These vast improvements, and bestows the term  
 Of 'Ireland's benefactors' on the firm,  
 A well-earn'd title, in the firm's own mind.  
 Twice only in the memory of mankind  
 Lord Crasher's proud and noble self appear'd;  
 Up-river, last time, in his yacht he steer'd,  
 With crew of seven, a valet, a French cook,  
 And one on whom askance the gentry look,  
 Although a pretty, well-dress'd demoiselle,—  
 Not Lady Crasher, who, as gossips tell,  
 Goes her own wicked way. They stopp'd a week;  
 Then with gay ribbons fluttering from the peak,  
 And snowy skirts spread wide, on either hand  
 The *Aphrodite* curtsied to the land,  
 And glided off. My Lord, with gouty legs,  
 Drinks Baden-Baden water, and life's dregs,  
 With cynic jest inlays his black despair,  
 And curses all things from his easy chair.  
 Yearly, the Honourable George, his son,  
 To Ireland brings his game-subduing gun;  
 Who labours hard and hopes he shall succeed  
 To make the pheasant in those copses breed.

Finlay, next landlord (I'll abridge the tale),  
 Prince of Glenawn, a low and fertile vale,  
 No fool by birth, but hard, and praised for wise  
 The more he learned all softness to despise,  
 Married a shrew for money, louts begot,  
 Debased his wishes to a vulgar lot,  
 To pence and pounds coin'd all his mother-wit,  
 And ossified his nature bit by bit.  
 A dull cold home, devoid of every grace,  
 Distrust and dread in each dependent's face,  
 Bullocks and turnips, mighty stacks of grain,  
 Plethoric purse, impoverish'd heart and brain,—  
 Such Finlay's life; and when that life shall end,  
 He'll die as no man's debtor, no man's friend.  
 Who duns?—who loves him? he can pay his way;  
 'A hard but honest man,' as people say.

Unlike this careful management (between  
 The two, Sir Ulick's townlands intervene)  
 Is that of Termon on the river-side,  
 Domain and mansion of insolvent pride,  
 Where Neyno, drawing from ancestral ground  
 One sterling penny for each phantom pound  
 Of rent-roll, lives, when all the truth is known,  
 Mere factor in the place he calls his own;  
 Through mortgages and bonds, one wide-spread maze,  
 Steps, dances, doubles round by devious ways,  
 While creditor, to creditor a foe,  
 Hangs dubious o'er the vast imbroglio.  
 And thus, minute in bargain where he can,  
 There, closing quick with ready-money man,  
 Despised for cunning, and for malice fear'd,  
 Yet still by custom and by name endear'd



To Celtic minds, who also better like  
 A rule of thumb than Gough's arithmetic,—  
 Neyno has shuffled on, to this good day,  
 Let creditors and courts do what they may.  
 The house is wondrous large, and wondrous mean,—  
 Its likeness year by year more rarely seen ;  
 A ragged billiard-table decks the hall,  
 Abandon'd long ago of cue and ball,  
 With whips and tools and garments litter'd o'er ;  
 And lurking dogs possess the dangerous floor.  
 Ghost, from Proconsul Rutland's time, show in  
 To this great shabby room, which heard the din  
 Of bet and handicap, oath, toast, and song,  
 From squires and younger sons, a vanish'd throng.  
 Who drank much wine, who many foxes slew,  
 Hunted themselves by creditors all through,  
 And caught at last, or fairly run to earth.  
 Ghastly and cold is now this room of mirth ;  
 Above a dusty fox's brush see hung  
 Our grandpapa, the Major, spruce and young,  
 In faded scarlet ; on that other side  
 The needy Viscount's daughter, his fair bride ;  
 And many portraits with once-famous names,  
 Of ancestors and horses, dogs and dames,  
 Now damp, or smutch'd, or dropping from their frames.  
 Big doleful house it is, with many a leak ;  
 With dingy passages and bedrooms bleak ;  
 With broken window-panes and mildew'd walls ;  
 With grass-grown courtyard and deserted stalls,  
 That proudly echoed to the hunting-stud ;  
 And still one stable shows its ' bit of blood.'  
 Tom is not wed ; long wed is brother Hugh :  
 They seldom meet, and quarrel when they do.  
 Tom is a staunch good Protestant by creed,  
 But half a Mormon, judged by act and deed ;  
 A dozen wives he has, but underhand,  
*Sub rosa*, not confess'd, you understand,  
 And this makes all the difference, of course.  
 His pretty little babes, except perforce,  
 He never knows, and never wants to know ;  
 Yet, clippings of his purse must that way go.  
 Pass on to Isaac Brown, a man elect,  
 Wesleyan stout, our wealthiest of his sect ;  
 Who bought and still buys land, none quite sees how,  
 Whilst all his shrewdness and success allow.  
 On Crasher's mortgage he has money lent,  
 He takes a quiet bill at ten per cent.,  
 The local public business much he sways,  
 He's learn'd in every neighbour's means and ways,  
 For comfort cares, for fashion not a whit,  
 Nor if the gentry to their ranks admit.  
 All preachers love him ; he can best afford  
 The unctuous converse and the unctuous board ;

Ev'n the poor nag, slow-rattling up the road  
In ancient rusty gig a pious load,  
Wags his weak tail, and strikes a brisker trot,  
Approaching Brownstown, Isaac's pleasant lot.  
For though at Poor-House Board was never known  
A flintier Guardian-angel than good Brown,  
As each old hag and shivering child can tell,—  
Go dine with Isaac, and he feeds you well.

And hear him pray, with fiercely close-shut eyes!  
Gentle at first the measured accents rise,  
But soon he waxes loud, and storms the skies.  
Deep is the chest, and powerful bass the voice,  
The language, of a true celestial choice;  
Handorgan-wise the holy phrases ground,  
Go turning and returning round and round;  
The sing-song duly runs from low to high;  
The choruss'd groans at intervals reply;  
Till after forty minutes' sweat and din,  
Leaving perhaps too little prayer within,  
Dear Brother Brown, athletic babe of grace,  
Resumes his bench, and wipes his reeking face.  
And if among his audience may be found  
One who received two shillings in the pound  
When merchant Isaac, twenty years ago,—  
Then talking pious too, but meek and low,  
Was chastened by the Lord,—with what delight  
Must he behold the comfortable plight  
And sacred influence of this worthy man.

Isaac can put in awe, no other can,  
The very preachers; oily though his lip,  
His will and temper have a stubborn grip.  
'A Radical' is he in politics;  
What more? his son has play'd some scampish tricks,  
And skulking sullenly about the place,  
Avoids his father's unforgiving face.  
A sickly, timid wife; stout daughters three,  
Attired as smartly as they dare to be,  
And reading stealthy novels; such the rest.  
Brown, of all neighbouring owners handles best  
Conacre and subletting; 'tis his boast  
That poorest tenants profit him the most.

One other Landlord, to conclude the list:  
O'Hara,—*The* O'Hara, some insist,—  
Of princely Irish race, which sounds full well;  
But what an Irish Prince was, who can tell?  
It more imports to study wisely how  
They rule the world who stand for Princes now.  
This present Chief, a thin-faced man of care,  
Keeps here his Bailiff, but resides elsewhere;  
A widower, some fifty-two years old,  
A rigid Catholic, dry, formal, cold.  
Children he had, but death removed his sons,  
He lock'd his youthful daughters up as nuns;

An heir for half his wealth he may select ;  
 His Clergy use him with profound respect.  
 Low-let, ill-till'd, and unimproved, his lands  
 Are left in lazy, sneaking flatterers' hands,  
 Most of them of his Bailiff-steward's tribe,  
 Nor any who withhold that rascal's bribe.  
 The weak O'Hara, disappointed, vain,  
 And indisposed for action, or for gain,  
 Long since disgusted with a public life,  
 Hates England's name, but censures noisy strife ;  
 Is partly antiquarian, partly monk ;  
 His only joy, to privately get drunk.

Why talk of these things ? This is life, my friend.  
 In each result a thousand causes blend.  
 Tedious and vain th' attempt to trace them all.  
 Nor may we mark the fibres, great and small,  
 In one square inch of broad society :  
 Not even this : how little we can see !  
 Take any mortal, one you know the best,—  
 And be your genuine ignorance confess'd.  
 Yet, principles are constant ; and what then ?  
 Something we learn of Man by reading men.

Lord Crasher, Finlay, Neyno, Isaac Brown,  
 Harvey, O'Hara,—you have here set down  
 Fairly (they might be fairer, it is true),  
 Bloomfield's chief neighbours, the controlling few ;  
 To whom add Pigot's name, and Bloomfield's own ;  
 Eight Lords of Land, eight Ruling Powers are shown.

The most of these, with others not so great,  
 Consulting on the country's dreadful state  
 Last week, Sir Ulick Harvey in the chair,  
 Resolved, impressively, that then and there  
 They sat assembled ; that resolved they were  
 That something should be done ; and what to do—  
 That this was more than any of them knew.  
 In one remark the meeting all agreed,  
 That tenants had been kindly used indeed  
 By every landlord round. Who justly blamed ?  
 With modest boldness for themselves they claim'd  
 Applause of men and angels. They had rights,  
 And were these half enforced ?

Warm days and nights  
 Fulfill'd the harvest to the reaper's hook ;  
 But souls of men dismay and passion shook.  
 It should have been a peaceful, grateful time ;  
 But o'er this landscape enmity and crime  
 Like shadow lay. The harvesting is done ;  
 That shadow stays, in spite of moon or sun.

(*To be continued.*)



## AUTUMN DAYS.

RIP VAN WINKLE was troubled in mind when, on removing his nightcap, he saw how the village of his childhood had been changed. Great 'progress' had been achieved, and one or two actual improvements had been effected. His grandchildren had erected an improved parish pump, and they talked largely about the extension of the suffrage and the perfectibility of the race. Yet, in the Patriarch's eyes, something ailed the place. I believe that he would have liked the old pump better—the old pump under which they used to duck each other when they were boys at Dame Trot's grammar-school. In a similar spirit a venerable friend of mine was accustomed to exclaim, 'This country is not worth living in. I have shot six couple of snipe in that very field—where the potatoes are growing. Now—God help me!—there is not a peat-hag for miles. I have lived too long. In ten years there wont be a wild-duck in the county.' A good deal might be urged in behalf of the complaint. Where do we expect to go when even the wild-fowl quit us? A planet where a snipe cannot find footing must be on its last legs. And so my venerable friend has laid his Manton aside. *Abiit ad plures*,—he has joined Nimrod and the rest of the mighty hunters of antiquity. Let us hope that he has found better hunting-grounds, and that the same destructive spirit of improvement has not pursued him into Eternity.

Around Lancelot's place in the North, ducks and snipe, however, are still plentiful. Ardarnan stands, as you know, on the shore of an inland loch,—an arm of the sea which runs in an irregular and capricious way far into the interior of the island. One is rather surprised at first to meet the sea in such an unlikely place. How has it contrived to insinuate itself into this mountain-locked valley? It is difficult to fancy the ocean apart from bluff headlands round which the white gulls wheel, or lonely

sandy beaches where the tarrock breeds, and on which the long wave breaks. Yet this is truly the sea. This quiet tarn, on which the hill-shadows rest so softly, and round which the crofter is now reaping his scanty harvest of oats, or herding his shaggy black-faced flock, is a branch of the great Atlantic. It is as salt as the sea. It ebbs and flows with the sea. At Venice they have the tide in their streets. Here we have it among bean-fields and corn-fields. The Viking has been tamed. He has beaten his spear and his battle-axe into agricultural implements, and leads a pastoral life.

I do not know any place where the sportsman and the naturalist ought to be happier than here. The hills are purple with heather, and the heather is thickly peopled. From your bedroom window, in these mild autumn mornings and evenings, you hear the muir-cocks crowing valiantly. The black game haunt the roots of the pines, and a brace of spotted ptarmigan can be had any day upon the crest up yonder. The marsh across the loch is a famous resort of the mallard, and the loch itself is loved by the Arctic wild-fowl. Already 'long strings of geese' are flying southward in double file from their northern breeding-places. A flock occasionally pauses in mid-air, and after describing a series of eccentric circles, plunges clamorously into the cool water. A pair of black-throated divers built their nest this summer among the reeds on the island, and they are now to be seen every afternoon—attended by a couple of diverlings, or little divers, the fruit of their industry—about the centre of the bay.

Your boyish tastes leave you as you grow old—as the grey steals into your hair, and the chill into your heart—but I am thankful that even yet I have not quite lost the early passion for 'the rod and the gun,' and that on occasion I can still handle either. It is worth living a twelvemonth to bring down a brace of grouse, right and left,

on the morning of the twelfth. A snap-shot at a woodcock in a young spruce-cover is almost too severe an enjoyment for creatures who are merely mortal. I fancy that there must be wild-duck in Paradise, and that they will rise out of the reeds there exactly as they do now, with this difference only, that they will be oftener within range. Let us return thanks for the mercies bestowed upon us. You and I have indeed good reason to be thankful that, while landing a sea-trout, or creeping on a wild-duck, our hearts still beat as anxiously and eagerly as when we were boys.

Yet I own that I am now rather inclined to leave the hard work to the younger men. They walk their twenty or thirty miles across the heather, and bring back their twenty or thirty brace of birds a-day; while, attended by Donald, I scramble across the moss for a chance shot at a mallard, or saunter about the burn-mouth, where the big sea-trout lie. Trout-fishing is a sport for the gods. Sportsmen wax eloquent upon the salmon. A battle-royal with a salmon, such as I read of the other day, which lasted from four o'clock of the afternoon till four o'clock of the summer morning, where the monster was five feet in length, and must have weighed fifty pounds, if an ounce, is fit for Homer's muse. One does not like to scrutinize too closely the blank feeling of dismay which the fisher must have experienced when, after that twelve hours' 'tug of war,' his line 'came in loose,' and the conviction flashed across his mind that the monster was off. Was it worth his while to continue in this perplexed and imperfect world any longer? But, upon the whole, I cannot help regarding salmon-fishing as vanity and vexation. You stagger about the river-bank with a piece of elm,

like the mast of a small schooner, in your hands. The labour of whipping the water with that gigantic flail is overwhelming. When you do hook a fish, it may be that you are in a measure repaid; but then you generally *don't*. Trout-fishing, on the contrary, is a pleasing and gentle excitement. You carry a light rod, which does not weary your arm—merely bringing the muscles agreeably into play; and you occasionally succeed in getting something more than the 'fine rise' on which the salmonist harps. You have leisure to relish your weed, and to enjoy the architecture of cloud and tree, of hill and river-bank. Even at its best salmon-fishing is a somewhat sorrowful amusement, a melodrama which keeps all the faculties on the stretch—

A tale divine of high and passionate thoughts,  
To their own music chanted;

whereas trout-fishing is like the light comedy, which assimilates peaceably with a bottle or two of the '44. 'It is,' as Walton says, 'that most honest, ingenuous, quiet, and harmless art of angling,' or, as Sir Harry Wotton found it, 'a rest to the mind, a cheerer of the spirits, a diverter of sadness, a calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentedness.'

Donald is engaged upon a captivating fly, so I lay my rod down upon the sand—for the tide flows to where we are stationed—and retreating under the shelter of the bank, spend the next half-hour with Mr. Izaak Walton. Don't you find that you relish the *Complete Angler* to-day more keenly than you did five-and-twenty years ago? I know that I do; and that I cherish quite a different feeling for the kindly, sweet-tempered,

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\* Dr. Franklin's story of the angler is eminently applicable to the majority of salmon-fishers. The Doctor left Philadelphia at six in the morning to walk fifteen miles. He passed a brook where a gentleman was angling. 'Have you had any sport?' he asked. 'No,' was the answer; 'but I have only been here *two hours*!' On his return in the evening, he found the fisher at the same spot. 'How many have you caught?' the Doctor inquired. 'None at all,' replied the enthusiast; 'but about the middle of the day, I had a most glorious nibble!'

studious, gentlemanlike old 'fogy,' than I did then. In truth, he rather bored us at first. We wanted to know directly what bait to select, or how to busk a particular fly, and we found that these pedantic courtesies and formal introductions rather came in the way. But no good fisher or good man can long resist the benevolent simplicity of his manners, the goodness and sweetness of his heart. We may smile occasionally at the high office which he assigns to his favourite art among the arts; at the virtues which it breeds, and the capacities which it demands. We may fancy that Walton, when he asserts that 'angling is something like poetry,—men are to be born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself,' is only a little less extravagant than Markham, who assures us, in his *Country Contentments*, that the angler must be 'a general scholar, and seen in all liberal sciences; as a grammarian to know how to write a discourse of his art, and in true and fitting terms. He should have sweetness of speech, to entice others to delight in an exercise so much laudable. He should have strength of argument, to defend and maintain his profession against envy and slander. Then must he be strong and valiant; neither to be amazed with storms, nor affrighted by thunder: and if he is not temperate, but hath a gnawing stomach that will not endure much fasting, but must observe hours, it troubleth his mind and body, and loseth that delight which maketh the pastime only pleasing.' But then we know that some of the best of men have been fishers,—from the time of the prophet Amos, 'concerning whom,' Piscator observes, 'I shall make out this observation, that he that

shall read the humble, lowly, plain style of that prophet, and compare it with the high, glorious, eloquent style of the prophet Isaiah (though they be both equally true), may easily believe Amos to be, not only a shepherd, but a good-natured plain fisherman: which I do the rather believe, by comparing the affectionate, loving, lowly, humble Epistles of Saint Peter, Saint James, and Saint John, whom we know were all fishers, with the glorious language and high metaphors of Saint Paul, whom we may believe was not.' We know that 'that holy poet, Mr. George Herbert,' loved angling; 'and,' as Venator adds, 'I do the rather believe it because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and those primitive Christians that you love, and have so often commended.' We know that Dr. Paley held it in high esteem,—so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham asked him when his great work would be finished, he answered innocently, as if fly-fishing and not philosophy were the business of his life, 'My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over!' And we know that glorious old Christopher North has written a book of wonderful idyls upon the craft of which he was so great a professor. Who are you, then, who dare to ridicule the vocation which prophets and apostles, which bishops, and poets, and philosophers,\* have held in honour?

I have always thought that Walton's account of his pet angler, Dr. Nowel, is one of the most charming bits of English in the language—sweet, simple, winning, and quaintly devout as a hymn by George Herbert. In these days of intricate passions and strong colours we need more of this quiet portraiture. Let me read it to you, Donald, ere we adventure this seductive cast.

The first is Dr. Nowel, sometime Dean of the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul's in London, where his monument stands yet undefaced—a man that in the

\* Not to mention the genial and invincible editor of the *Scotsman*, one of the best of fishers.



Reformation of Queen Elizabeth (not that of Henry VIII.) was so noted for his meek spirit, deep learning, prudence, and piety, that the then Parliament and Convocation both chose, enjoined, and trusted him to make a catechism for public use, such a one as should stand as a rule for faith and manners to their posterity. And the good old man (though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor hard questions), like an honest angler, made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old Service Book,—I say this good man was a dear lover and constant practiser of angling as any age can produce; and his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer (those hours which by command of the Church were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many pious Christians)—I say, besides these hours, this good man was observed to spend a tenth of his time in angling, and also (for I have conversed with those which have conversed with him) to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught, saying often that ‘charity gave life to religion;’ and at his return to his house, would praise God that he had spent that day free from worldly trouble, both harmlessly and in a recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an angler, as may appear by his picture now to be seen and carefully kept in Brazen-Nose College, to which he was a liberal benefactor; in which picture he is drawn leaning on a desk, with his Bible before him; and on one hand of him his lines, hooks, and other tackling lying in a round; and on his other hand are his angle-rods of several sorts, and by them this is written, ‘that he died 13th February, 1601, being aged ninety-five years, forty-four of which he had been Dean of St. Paul’s Church, and that his age had neither impaired his hearing nor dimmed his eyes, nor weakened his memory, nor made any of the faculties of his mind weak or useless.’ It is said that angling *and* temperance were great causes of these blessings. And I wish the like to all that imitate him, and love the memory of so good a man.

Is it not a charming picture of an English worthy?

The Teal-Moss is a capital locality for wild fowl; but there is another station which, for duck-shooting, an indolent man prefers. The

wild duck commonly pass a number of hours during the day at sea (where they are out of harm’s way), returning at sun-down to the stubbles and the inland marshes. They follow the same route with great punctuality—across a ridge of sandy bents, then across the barley-fields, and so up to the lonely sides of the valley. Donald and I conceal ourselves among the long grasses on the downs as ‘the gloaming’ approaches, and wait the evening flight. Nothing can well be pleasanter during these soft autumn afternoons. You smoke, of course—everybody does. You hear the reapers at their work, the laughter of children and sweet-hearts, the tramp and neighing of the horses as they wend home from the watering-place—all the cheerful sounds of farm life. The shrill and plaintive call of the partridge sounds from the fields, and now and again a covey sweeps swiftly past to its roosting-place on the links. The hoarse rattle of the corncrake—no, the corncrake has lost his voice by this time, not to recover it again till spring returns, and the earth ‘renews its ancient rapture.’ Then, while the soft mist rises from the heated ground, and the lark ‘in a privacy of glorious light’ chants his evening song, but ere the rosy flush has faded from the sky, or ceased to rim with gold the phantom island-shores that float along the horizon, the wild ducks, in companies of twos and threes, begin to whistle overhead, and ever and anon a brace come within range of our fowling-pieces. And as we sit and watch, Donald favours me with his notions on men and manners, old-world stories, and ‘the clash’ of the country-side. Donald is a great institution. He is as old and as wiry as the Prime Minister. He has consumed oceans of whisky in his time. I believe, had it been properly mixed, that, like the Celtic son-in-law of Noah commemorated in the famous ballad, he might have drunk up the deluge. Donald was a mighty poacher in his youth—the dread of all the game-keepers and game-preservers in the neighbourhood.

But he has become a privileged character in his old age, and is permitted to land his salmon or bring down his brace of 'deuks' without molestation. His fly falls on the water like a midge, he is a dead shot at a seal, and in the less reputable branches of the craft I have heard that he is as accomplished as his namesake, Sir Walter's friend.

Donald Caird can wire a maukin,  
Kens the wiles of dun-deer stalkin'  
Leisters kipper, makes a shift  
To shoot a moorfowl in the drift.  
Water-bailiffs, rangers, keepers,  
He can wauk when they are sleepers;  
Not for bountith or reward,  
Daur they mell wi' Donald Caird.

A shrewd, douce, 'pawky' old gentleman is Donald, not without a vein of romance either. Moon-lighted nights, forays after wild duck and ptarmigan, the moan of the western sea on the shore, or its whisper among the reeds, have enriched his character. Like all sea-born and sea-bred men, he is a bit of a poet. The ballads of these sea people, you must have noticed, are seldom coarse in feeling or prosaic in expression. There is a natural melody in them; they rise and fall with the waves. But their sympathy with nature, though intense, is not cheerful. It is touched with the sadness and the dread of men who know what death on the winter sea is like. They love, but they fear her.

'There's a loon,' said Donald yesterday afternoon, as we lay in our hidingplace among the bents—a hidingplace, however, from which a glimpse of the bay could be obtained. 'Shall I gie him a shot? He's no aboon a hundred yards, and I've a charge o' heavy leads in.'

John never shoots with anything smaller than No. 2, so that his 'heavy leads' must be like small cannon-balls.

'For the Lord's sake, sir, haud doon your head; there's a seach makin' this way. It's a pity I've no a bullet in my pouch.'

'Gaudebant carina phocæ. Try him with a song, Donald.'

'The brute's aff,' said the old

man, after a pause and a long look. 'I ken that fellow's nose weel; he's as keen as a whitret, and as wily as the Laird o' Braxy.'

'Don't speak evil of dignities, Donald. I thought you and Braxy—Braxy is a neighbouring laird—were fast friends.'

'Hoot, sir,' he replied, 'I canna thole him. He's racked the rents, and turned a wheen o' the puir bit cottar bodies into the muir. Ye'll mind Andrew McTavish? A canny auld chiel is Andrew; sair hudden doun wi' the rheumatiz, and aye grumblin', as he micht indeed, and his leg as stiff as the funnel o' the loch steamer, but wi' sense and spunk eneuch, and likin' his snuff verra weel,' said Donald, as he took out his 'mull,' and thrust a huge spoonful or two up either nostril. 'Andrew was sair to gang. He had lived in the place for forty year. The wife had deed in it; and three o' his bairns; guid bairns they were, and weel liket in the country. So Andrew puts on his shoon, and hirples across to the Laird. "Deed, Laird," says Andrew, "I canna look to bide lang noo, and ye'll let me dee in the auld hoose." But he wudna, for he's a dour and greedy body, and wanted a langer rent; so Andrew was forced to pack. Faith! I wish we had the auld Laird back; he was a *raal* gentleman. Deil a berry from the Ha' garden was selt, as lang as he was maister. They didna mind then if a lad was whiles seen in the gloamin', wi' a maukin at his belt and his gun under his shouther. But the law's changed noo. New maisters, new men; and troth, sir,' Donald continued, waxing confidential, 'if Braxy fa's our the back o' the pier ane o' thae mirk nights, he wunna be lang missed. What think you tried he last? He wanted the fisher-bodies doun at Norburn to sell him their fish *cheap*, so he gets Sawney to ring the bell, and when they are a' seated in the Kirk—for public worship, ye wud jalouse?—he begins and bargains wi' them like a travellin' packman. Heard ye ever the like? But they wudna bite. Ae lad—Fluke they ca' him



—asked him for a sang; anither wud hae a sermon on greed. And auld Browney gaed up to the pulpit and began a discoorse—for Browney can speak like a buik when he's no blin' fou—on the money-changers in the Temple, and what was dune till *them*.

Donald chuckled over this reminiscence, and took another spoonful ere he resumed.

'And there was Elspit Gray,—ye've seen her aften, I'll warrant?—she was a servant lass at the castle lang syne. Weel, sir, she deed yestreen. She was a gran' auld wife, and keepit up her head till she gaed. The yerl aye said she was a born gentlewoman, wi' her saft hands, and her white mutch, and her glitterin' een, like a kite's. She was blin' for lang, and did na hear muckle forby. So she wud sit ben the hoose for weeks without speaking a ward to her ain dochter, as gran' as a queen wi' her crown on. It was gruesome whiles, though—she's gaured me loup aften when I've come on her at orra times—her head turned up, a licht on her face, and her een glowerin' oot into the mirk.'

I had seen old Elspit often, and had been struck by her grave and almost solemn cast of beauty. As a girl, she must have been strikingly handsome: but even as a girl her expression could never have been other than stern. The features had not grown hard as she grew old: they must have been petrified in girlhood. The story of some cruel wrong was vaguely associated with her in my mind; a story which I had once heard, but had long forgotten. So I asked Donald if he knew the details.

'I ken it weel,' he said, 'and guid richt I have—nane better noo. I was a wean at the time, and she was a bit lassie hersel—a bonnie lassie, wi' bricht een, and curly red hair, that happed her roun' like a hood. It was in the hard time afore the war, when the hail country was fairly wicked wi' hate and hunger. Her feyther was verra chief wi' the yerl,—a strang, stout chiel, that spoke his mind freely. But he was hard on the starvin'

folk, and "the boys" swore that he shudna live past Marymas. Sae it chanced that ae mirk nicht in the fa' a band o' them cam to his hoose—he was a fearless man, and wudna steek the door for a' the deevils oot o' hell, he wad say—and into the room where he was sittin' wi' his wife Marion, and little Elsie upon her lap, beside the fire. There was a dull licht, for the peats were low, and they dragged him oot, and never a word spoken; for man and wife kent what was come upon them, and that it behoved not to pray to them that shed innocent bluid. They stickit him like a stirk at his ain door. Weel, the wife jaloused that they wad finish wi' her (for she had ever backed her man up—he was aye richt, the rest were aye wrang); and when they were awa, she grippit little Elsie, and steekit her into a closet in the wa'. There was a chink in the buird, and she says to her—"Noo, lass, they are killin' your feyther ootside, and when they hae kilt him, they will come back and kill me. Look weel at them when they come, and mind you swear to them when you see them in coort. I'll cast a peat on the fire the last thing to raise a bleeze, and struggle hard that you may take a guid look." Marion Gray was a keen-spirited wife; she was ane o' the auld Leslie clan, and married her man for luv, but she was noo clean daft, and her last thocht on earth was to hang the loons. Auld Elspit had a picture o' her mither, that was painted by a foreigneer when she was a lass,—a lauchin face, safter-like than Elspit's. The bairn keeked thro' the chink, and saw them murder her mither. It's a terrible but true story,' said Donald, wiping his brow, over which the sweat was running. 'But she had marked them weel, and swore to them afore the lords. I was there mysel; and weel I mind it, tho' I was but a wean at the time,—it's sixty year this very fa'. There were the twa lords, sitting crackin' in their red gowns like twa howdies, and a wheen glib lads wi' horsehair wigs, and the prisoners ahint them. There was unca little against them,



though; and the writer body—a  
 at man, wi' a red roun' face like a  
 aerst moon—was cock-sure they  
 vad wun aff, till the lass was fetched  
 n. Her face was deadly white,  
 ut her een burned like live peats.  
 The writer-bodies were no for lat-  
 in' her speak at first; but she was  
 ae quiet, and douce, and keen, that  
 he lords pit her in the box, and  
 peert at her about the catechism,  
 and the Testament, and the ten  
 ommandaments, and she answered  
 every word freely and fairly. Then  
 he looked lang at the men, and  
 ays quite quiet, pointing to ane  
 and anither o' them, "You were  
 here, and you were there, and you  
 vere there." It was like as if she  
 ad spoken in a dwam, or aff a  
 ouik: there was nae dauntin' her.  
 The three loons were hangit, and  
 Elspit gaed hame wi' Whitey, that  
 was sib to her feyther's gude  
 orither. She grew lang and bonny,  
 and Sandy Gray courted her; but  
 hey say she never leuch again.  
 And 'deed, sir,' he concluded, 'it  
 was a burnin' trouble for a young  
 pairn.'

Having finished his narrative,  
 Donald took a pull at the capacious  
 lask which I handed to him.  
 There are no abstainers among  
 the northern hills. The sportsman  
 takes his dram' after he has slain  
 his stag on Ben Vorlich. The  
 isher 'takes his dram' when his  
 twenty-pound salmon lies on the  
 grass at his feet. The pastor 'takes  
 his dram' after his Gaelic discourse.  
 The bard 'takes his dram' when he  
 has recounted the exploits of Fin-  
 gal and the Fairshon. And each  
 in succession 'blesses' the Chan-  
 cellor of the Exchequer, and  
 tamns ta whisky tuty.'

Then, of course there are in-  
 numerable other methods of con-  
 suming time. The tide rises to the  
 drawing-room window, so that  
 Ardarnan is an admirable place for  
 boating; and all day long the water  
 is covered with tiny craft, manned  
 (if I may use the word) by angelic  
 beings in crinolines and wide-  
 awakes, who stir the echoes of the  
 lonely hills—

With silken murmurs and elastic sounds  
 Of lady-laughters light.

A turf that is softer than velvet  
 and 'greener than emeralds newly  
 broken,' is (as Dante observes)  
 peculiarly suited for croquet, and  
 that seductive pursuit—which  
 seems to have been beneficently  
 invented to invite public attention  
 to a neat ankle; for a pretty foot  
 under an artfully tucked-up petti-  
 coat, never looks prettier than when  
 placed on a croquet-ball—occupies  
 the hour after breakfast and the  
 hour before dinner very judiciously.  
 Then besides the sea-trout in the  
 burn, and the grouse and ptarmigan  
 on the mountains, there is a famous  
 hill-side seamed by alder and fern-  
 fringed *glenlets*, adown whose  
 pebbly bottoms the purest water  
 in the world gushes, where a shot  
 at an old black-cock may be had of  
 an autumn afternoon. Did you  
 ever shoot a patriarchal black-cock?  
 If you have, go down on your  
 knees and thank the gracious Im-  
 mortals; for few joys in this bad  
 world are more ravishing than the  
 spectacle of an 'heroic black-a-  
 moor' (to use the words in which  
 Sir Charles Napier commemorated  
 his enemy, Hoche Mohamed Seedee)  
 wrestling with death in mid-air,  
 and then descending, with a mighty  
*thud*, on the heather. Such a joy  
 was vouchsafed to the present  
 writer not many days since; and  
 it is needless to add that, having  
 bathed his face in the clear stream  
 (for the day was oppressively  
 sultry), he laid his victim out in  
 tender state at his feet, and smoked  
 a pipe of thanksgiving over the  
 illustrious dead. A day whose  
 characters are traced in gold! And  
 then—as he went home that even-  
 ing down the woody glen and  
 across the lake—what magical  
 blues and purples and violets upon  
 the mountain peaks, behind which  
 the sun had newly sunk, and what  
 a glory of mystical light—mystical  
 as the light in the *Morte d'Arthur*,  
 the light with which poets and  
 painters have invested Arthur, and  
 Guenevere, and Lancelot—upon the  
 mountain sides! And then—when  
 the other shore was reached—what  
 welcome from friends, old and new,  
 who waited him on the beach!—  
 foremost among them, of course

(Scotch blue-bells twisted through the sashes of their bonnets, and their hands filled with brilliant sea-shells), two twin maidens six years old—the daintiest little angels out of heaven—whose blessing rests continually on that happy innocence and spotless purity. Cannot we recover the blameless life? Is there no Bethesda pool

in which to bathe the stained soul and the wearied body? Let us lie down, my pets, on this grassy bank, and you shall teach me the innocent secret of childhood. In vain: in vain. Even the great and wise Paracelsus, who was uncorrupted by the logic of the schools, did not believe that such a cure could heal.

A spotless child sleeps on the flowering moss—  
'Tis well for him; but when a sinful man,  
Envyng such slumber, may desire to put  
His guilt away, shall he return at once  
To rest—by lying there?

Such are the autumn days of the sportsman; but if you are not a sportsman, sit down by the autumnal sea, and muse over the autumnal moralists. There are a set of books that I always keep for autumn, that harmonize well with the yellow fields, and the ripe berries, and the noise of rooks 'that gather in the waning woods.' Some writers never grow old. They have discovered that *elixir vitæ* for which the Alchemist strove as eagerly as he did for gold. Sydney Smith was one of them. He enjoyed perpetual youth. The letters written by him in advanced years are as bright and buoyant as those he wrote when at college. His animal spirits never flagged—his boyish spring and *abandon* never wearied. The same may be said of the tender and whimsical humanity of Charles Lamb. Lamb does not *age*. All his life he is like a boy in a man's coat. It would seem, in fact, as though there were some ethereal quality in wit which embalms the faculties, and prevents decay. These wise witty men—Thomas Hood, Lamb, Sydney Smith (and Sydney Smith was as wise as he was witty, being, in truth, one of the shrewdest and soundest thinkers of his day)—are perennial springs which do not dry up. There are other virtues, no doubt, which keep one young. We cannot fancy Charlotte Brontë, for instance, growing old; nor is it easy to associate that keen, bright, eager, passionate, anxious, inquiring spirit with grey hairs and a wrinkled brow. The soul would

have retained its youth. The blade would have remained sharp and luminous to the last, whatever became of the scabbard.

I know scarcely any letters more delightful than those written by some of those wonderfully witty people to children and grandchildren. They do not unbend for the nonce; were they to unbend the charm would depart; but they do not need to unbend, for they are children at heart, and the language of childhood is their native tongue. The trenchant faculty is seen at play,—like sheet lightning, which carries no bolt or sting, and whose flashes do not hurt. I fancy that a certain great legendary historian must have written many such letters, kind, wise, happily and quaintly nonsensical; but until the time for publication arrives (may it be long deferred!), we must be content with those we have already stored. There are some very pleasant specimens of the style in Jeffrey's correspondence—one, for instance, to his little granddaughter, 'Nancy,' which commences with a choice page of nonsense verses in prose.

But Thomas Hood was the master of the craft. Have we even yet rendered full justice to Thomas Hood? There was an element in his genius—a severe and almost tragic element, which renders him somewhat out of place in the throng of witty and ingenious idlers. Not that he was deficient in the lighter graces and accomplishments that are there imperatively required. On the contrary,

or happy and apparently inexhaustible wit, many of his poems are quite unrivalled. But it points moral as often as it adorns a tale. Few men have looked at so many of the social cankers of the time with such keen insight, and so much remorseful sympathy. And even when this purpose is not expressly or avowedly set forth, through the pleasant irony of his lighter humour, we can often detect a tone of exquisite and unconscious pathos, as though the strong genius of the satirist were never altogether wanting in earnest tenderness. I love Hood as the brave and honest gentleman, the upright and unaffected reformer, the enemy, to the death, of malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness; but he is never more entirely loveable than when 'babbling o' green fields' to the children of his friends. His daughter has published half-a-dozen of these charming letters, addressed to Dr. Elliot's boys and girls—instinct with fun, tenderness, good-nature, and a lovely purity and uprightness. 'I promised you a letter,' he writes to May, 'and here it is. I was sure to remember it; for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was! only so prickly, I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time before we kiss the earth we will have its face well shaved.' 'Dunnie' and 'Jeanie' are at the sea-side, and so he discourses to them of its wonders in a style that smacks of the sea-breeze, for he loved the sea. 'Of course you have bathed,' he says to Dunnie, 'but have you learned to swim yet? It is rather easy in salt water, and diving is still easier, even, than at the *sink*. I only swim in fancy, and strike out new ideas! Some people say that every ninth wave is bigger than the rest. I have often counted, but never found it come true, except with sailors, of whom every ninth is a nan. Then there's fishing at the sea-side. I used to catch flat-fish with a very long string line. It was like swimming a kite! The

best plan if you want flat-fish where there are none, is to bring codlins and hammer them into dabs. Once I caught a plaice, and seeing it all over red spots, thought I had caught the measles.' 'If you do catch a big crab with strong claws,' he tells Jeanie, 'and like experiments, you can shut him up in a cupboard with a loaf of sugar, and you can see whether he will break it with his nippers. I have heard that you bathe in the sea, which is very refreshing, but it requires care; for if you stay under water too long, you may come up a mermaid, who is only half a lady, with a fish's tail, which she can boil if she like. You had better try this with your doll—whether it turns her into half a "doll-fin." I hope you like the sea; I always did when I was a child, which was about two years ago. When the sea is too rough, if you pour the sweet oil out of the cruet *all over it*, and wait for a calm, it will be quite smooth—much smoother than a dressed salad. Some time ago exactly, there used to be, about the part of the coast where you are, large white birds with black-tipped wings, that went flying and screaming over the sea, and now and then plunged into the water after a fish! Perhaps they catch their sprats now with nets or hooks and lines. Do you ever see such birds? We used to call them "gulls," but they didn't mind it! Did you ever taste the sea-water? The fishes are so fond of it they keep drinking it all the day long. Dip your little finger in, and then suck it to see how it tastes. The water of the sea is so saline I wonder nobody catches salt fish in it. By the bye, did you ever dive your head under water, with your legs up in the air like a duck, and try whether you could cry "quack?" Some animals can! I would try, but there is no sea here, and so I am forced to dip into books. Did you ever try, like a little crab, to run two ways at once? See if you can do it, for it is good fun; never mind tumbling over yourself a little at first.' 'Well, how happy you must



be! Childhood is such a joyous, merry time; and I often wish I was two or three children! But I suppose I can't be, else I would be Jeanie, and May, and Dunnie Elliot.' And so he runs on in a vein of happy playfulness, not without a sigh for the childhood

which has passed away, 'about two years ago.' This is 'child's play,' no doubt; but it is the 'child's play' of a great natural wit.

But there are other men who assume old age with cheerfulness, and on whom it sits well, like the cloak of a Venetian noble.

The clouds that gather round the setting sun,

Wordsworth has said,

Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.

The attractiveness of the autumnal moralist depends on this 'sober colouring.' Age has mellowed him. The pensive light of sunset lies on his page. Tacitus, who chronicles decay, is the historian; Cowper and Vaughan, the poets; Cervantes and Henry Taylor, the dramatists; Walton, Montaigne, Burton, Sir Thomas Browne, the philosophers—for autumn. *Don Quixote*, like *The Complete Angler*, is never thoroughly understood before middle life. The boy scorns the crazy steed and his crazier rider. But *we*—old men, that is, like ourselves—hold in high honour the benevolent visionary, and feel that that heroic wilfulness, that mild, and garrulous, and upright simplicity, merit the meed that has not been withheld from many meaner martyrs. I am not certain which part of Mr. Henry Taylor's admirable *Philip Van Artevelde* I prefer. In the first we have pure love, stainless honour, the confident audacity of youth: in the other, a saddened and somewhat sullied manhood. But the subdued, mellow, complex lights that touch the sinful passion, and the moody hero, as he nears 'his disastrous journey's doubtful close,' are profoundly interesting, more subtly and intricately picturesque, perhaps, than the unclouded blaze of noonday.

But of all the autumnal moralists commend me to Sir Thomas Browne. The *Religio Medici* is a ripe book—like the peach just ready to fall, which a single touch will dislodge—but it is not a mature book. This is rather enigmatical, perhaps: but I mean that while

there is none of the harshness or rawness of youth in the writer, his character has not matured through a consistent and orderly growth. On the contrary, he has 'ripened' into chronic wilfulness and quaint disfigurement. Yet the charm of the book is inexhaustible. It bears repeated perusal better than any other English writing, Shakspeare's alone excepted, that I am acquainted with. Sir Thomas's egotism—though its display is scarcely so sincere—is as perfect as Montaigne's. 'I know pages of the book by heart,' Lancelot said to me the other day, 'yet I have not the least idea of what it is all about.' Many of us, I suppose, are in the same predicament. It is difficult to disengage the argument from the riotous paradoxes and eloquent epigrams in which it is wrapt up. The style, indeed, is so entirely the writer's own, that it is hard to characterize it aright. It is distinguished chiefly, perhaps, by a singular verbal audacity—a perfect fearlessness in the use of words. 'A happy fraud against excessive lamentation;' 'nor any propitiation for the covenant of the grave.' In this respect a modern painter sometimes recalls the Old Master. Both Sir Thomas Browne and Mr. Ruskin use words which other men would hesitate to use,—in unusual situations and in an unlooked-for connexion; thereby attaining the pointedness of surprise and the force of epigram. Apart from the richness, colour, and subtle music of the *Religio Medici*—apart from felicity of epithet and fertility of allusion—there is remarkable majesty and natural loftiness in its

diction. The writer is perfectly familiar: yet he condescends like a king. One experiences a sensible pleasure in reading such sentences as these, a pleasure which does not depend in any measure upon the sense which they convey:—

Nor must a few differences, more remarkable in the eyes of man than perhaps in the judgment of God, excommunicate from heaven one another, much less those Christians who are in a manner all martyrs, maintaining their faith in the noble way of persecution, and serving God in the fire, whereas we honour him in the sunshine. . . . Death is the cure of all diseases. There is no catholicon or universal remedy I know but this, which, though nauseous to queasy stomachs, yet, to prepared appetites, is nectar, and a pleasant potion of immortality. . . . Sleep is that death by which we may be said to die daily—in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and a half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God. This [he continues, after quoting some verses of a sacred hymn] is the dormative I take to bedward: I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep: after which I close my eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection. . . . Pagan vain glories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. . . . Happy are they whom privacy makes innocent, who deal so with men in this world, that they are not afraid to meet them in the next, who, when they die, make no commotion among the dead, and are not touched with that poetical taunt of Isaiah.\* . . . That mystical metal of gold exposed unto the violence of fire, grows only hot, and liquifies, but consumeth not: so when the consumable and volatile pieces of our body shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper, like gold,

though they suffer from the actions of flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortal in the arms of fire.

‘Lie immortal in the arms of fire!’ There is nothing grander in *Paradise Lost*.

Yet when we come to consider the meaning attentively, we find that in spite of the paradoxical attitude, there is often sagacious insight and sound sense at bottom.

‘I can hardly think there was any ever scared into heaven: they go the fairest way to heaven that would serve God without a hell. Other mercenaries that crouch unto him in fear of hell, though they term themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty . . . There go so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that it is a lesson to be good, and we are forced to be virtuous by the book.’

These are the sober words of a sober thinker. That he should immediately afterwards arrive at the conclusion that ‘Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain,’ is, no doubt, rather startling: but, after all, not a little of the charm of the book is owing, it must be owned, to this quaint and whimsical logic.

“‘Before Abraham was, I am,’ is the saying of Christ: yet it is true in some sense if I say it of myself: for I was not only before myself, but Adam,—that is, in the idea of God, and the decree of that synod held from all eternity. And in this sense I say the world was before the Creation, and at the end before it had a beginning: and thus was I dead before I was alive: though my grave be England, my

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\* ‘Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols: the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! . . . They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof; that opened not the house of his prisoners?’—Isaiah xiv. 9-17.

dying place was Paradise: and Eve miscarried of me before she conceived of Cain.'

So let us all, during these autumn afternoons, read the *Religio Medici* and the *Urn Burial* once again. You must like the good knight of Norwich. Sir Thomas is not, indeed, a very lively writer; for, like most moralists, he loves to wander among the

tombs. Shakspeare dallies with death through the mouths of clowns and kings (as in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and that wonderful scene in the fourth act of *Measure for Measure*), and his fooling is more effective than direct and serious treatment could be: yet it is not more effective than the grand and solemn trifling of the *Religio Medici*.

SHIRLEY.

## LAUREL AND CYPRESS:

### A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION.

OUR ancestors, Celtic and Saxon, gave simply appropriate names—so graphically appropriate sometimes as to become picturesque—to the prominent features of their new and our old country, to their settlements on its coasts and their cleared townships in the British Bush: names which indicate the patch of snow lingering in summer on the top of the mountain and the granite or sandstone outcropping from its sides; names which make you see the stillness of the leaden lake or hear the rush of the torrent, which tell you that this town must stand at the mouth of a river, that far inland, where once for miles around might be heard the whisper of the oak leaves, that other beside a stream to which the deer used to come down to drink by moonlight. At any rate in modern times, the colonizing descendants of these sensible godfathers seem, with few exceptions, to have lost the art of framing a fit, forcible, homogeneous local nomenclature. We will not find fault with the very old custom—a custom which has transferred *Carthago* from Africa to Spain, and thence, with a slight modification, across the Atlantic—of christening settlements abroad after places in the old country. The natural sentiment which prompts the practice atones for the incongruities to which it often leads—inland Liverpools, consisting of little more than a public house, a general store, and

a lock-up—and also for the geographical uncertainties it occasions—

Certus enim promisit Apollo  
*Ambiguam* tellure novâ *Salamina* futuram.

But what is Hecuba to the United States, that they should have called one of their cities Troy? Cairo, Memphis, Corinth, Cincinnati, again, alternating with Brownsvilles and Popkinsburgs,—what an eyesore to any one who hates linguistic hotch-potch, and loves to discover meaning in the names of places; a meaning beyond the bald facts that this township was named after one nobody who was an official, long ago forgotten, in the State or Territory, and that after another who was the first to 'locate' himself in the forest—what a chart of offence does the horrid jumble make of the map of the United States, hideous enough already through the lack of the curve of beauty in its boundary-lines. Why were not our transatlantic cousins wise enough to retain more of the musical, expressive Indian names? When these were wanting, why could they not have invented something to ear and mind a good deal more like an equivalent?

The rich reduplications, the brook-like gurgle of clustered vowels and liquids of the native names—pregnant with artless pictures of nature—are still to a certain extent used by the white settlers in Australia. Their only attempt at nomenclature after the



nanner of the ancients is, we believe, the not very grammatical name they have bestowed on a property in New South Wales, known as 'the Ultimo Estate.' We will not stop to inquire why Mr. Wentworth's estate on the shores of Port Jackson has been called Vacluse, but—to say nothing of downright barbarisms like Bendigo and Blackguard's Gully, for which rowdyish liggers are responsible—we must protest against the appellations with which the vanity of proprietors and the friendly or fulsome flattery of discoverers and surveyors have spotted the map of Australia. Some of these commonplace-looking names, however, have a meaning that is interesting, or at any rate sufficient to warrant them. For instance, just as Natal was so called because it was discovered on Christmas-day, Florida because on Palm Sunday the eastern boundary of the Gulf of Mexico was first seen by sailors, and Ascension Isle because upon Ascension-day European eyes detected that tiny dark mole upon the bright face of the Southern Atlantic; so Patrick's Plains derive their name from the fact that on the festival of Ireland's patron saint their discoverers rode into the long grass, high as the saddlebow, which covered them. As a specimen of commonplace which is also common sense, Maiden's Punt—already written Maidenspunt—upon the Murray, may be taken. A man of the name of Maiden kept a 'public' and a punt for the accommodation of 'overlanders' who wished to convey their cattle, bred in New South Wales, but wanted in Victoria, across what has been too grandiloquently termed 'the Australian Mississippi.' Around the aforesaid nucleus a township is fast crystallizing; or perhaps, considering its amorphous appearance, we ought rather to say encrusting itself. Perchance, in days far distant, the real origin of the name will be forgotten, and a St. Mary Overy (o' the Ferry) legend be evolved from Maidenspunt.

When the first settler in a place was also its discoverer—a discoverer

who had braved danger and hardship—he had, of course, a full right to call his city after his name. Such names pleasantly but far too sparsely diversify the dull assemblage of titles derived from stay-at-home English statesmen—often those whose memory, it might be thought, democratic colonies would have no desire to keep green—Australian officials, for the most part obscure, and private Australians who in town or bush have done nothing to warrant the cutting of their names upon their country, which disfigures the Australian map. There can be no doubt, moreover, as to the propriety of another class of the names that fringe the coast and dot the interior of the chart of the great island continent—those which immortalize men of the breed of Cabot and Columbus, Bruce and Burton.

The Portuguese appear to have been the first Europeans who ever saw the dusky Australian bush looming dreary beyond walls of frowning crags or wearisome reaches of bright sand and dismal scrub; but since they chose to keep their discovery to themselves, they have themselves to thank for the length of time during which they have been deprived of the fame their navigators had earned. Explorers are needed to discover their discoverers. One, Heredia, has been found by the industry of an Englishman, and in honour of him we hope soon to see marked upon the map an Heredia head or bay. The Spaniard Torres, again, may thank the English for a lasting record of his Australian discoveries. A copy of the account of them which he addressed to his king he deposited at Manila. With Manila it fell into English hands, and in consequence the strait between Australia and New Guinea—a passage rediscovered by Captain Cook—is now called after Torres. Not only its old name—New Holland, about as inappropriate one for so parched a country as could have been devised—but many a quaint Dutch appellation bristling or sprawling along

its north, north-west, west, and south-west shores bears witness to the important part which the Mynheers took in tracing the outline of Australia. Two of these—Dirk Hartog Island and Endragt Land (so called from the vessel Hartog commanded)—from the days when we first read *Guy Mannerling* and used to pore over the blank map of the new New World, little dreaming that in years to come we should tread in shoe-leather, instead of fancy, the soil it symbolized, have had a mysterious fascination for us. They have called up visions of that other Dirk—broad-shouldered, belted, booted, shaggy-capped and flinty-hearted—who, enraged at the burning of his lugger, flung Kennedy over the ‘gauger’s loup’ and a rock after him, carried off Harry Bertram, shot Meg Merrilies in the Point of Warrock cavern, strangled Glossin in prison, and then hanged himself. Doubtless we have done Dirk Hartog great wrong in making him a twin brother of Dirk Hatteraick; we must refer his shade for satisfaction to the laws, or rather the caprices, of mental association. With one Dutch name that figures on the Australian map there is associated a little bit of the ‘romance of real life,’ romance of an agreeable nature. Abel Jansen Tasman, whose name has been given to other portions of the ‘fifth quarter’ of the world, has recently, as is well known, been made name-giver to the island which, when he discovered it, not knowing it to be an island, he called Van Diemen’s Land, in honour of Anthony Van Diemen, Governor-General of Batavia, ‘our master who sent us out to make discoveries.’ So runs the common chronicle; but a glorifying gloss has been added, to the effect that Abel loved the daughter of the said Anthony, and strove to win the damsel by propitiating the father. What a pretty story this would be if one could but get rid of the conviction that the lovers must both have been, in nautical phrase, excessively broad in the beam. The love-story is darkened

in a far more serious way by the remembrance that the island afterwards became a hell on earth,—Von Demon’s Land, as the Frenchman called it, intending no parody, but thinking that he was making use of the name which its owners had very fitly given it. The best known stream of the only convict colony at present existing in Australia, is indebted for its title to the surprise of Vlaming when he saw squadrons of black swans—no *rare aves* in Australia—floating on its bosom, and called it after them. Passing on to English navigators, we find that Dampier, ‘the bold buccaneer,’ has given his name to an archipelago and a district on the north-west coast of Australia. Not much respect has been shown to the memory of Cook by those who have entered into the fruits of his labours. A county in New South Wales, a ward in the city of Sydney, and a small stream falling into Botany Bay, are, if we remember rightly, the only bearers of his name in the great country of which he was the practical discoverer. By the bye, what a different place is ‘the Bay’ from what used to be the Old Bailey, indeed the general English, notion of it. Brightly blue are its waters, whose loneliness is only enlivened by sea-birds, a few fishing-boats, one or two small coasters, and now and then a steamer freighted with Sydney holiday-makers bound to the hotel and Zoological Gardens, which are the chief social ‘feature’ of its shores. Dazzlingly white is the sand upon its beaches; melancholy are the bush and scrub which fringe its sides, their solitude sparsely broken by a slab hut or a weather-boarded cottage. Most melancholy is the waste of swamp and sandhills which divides the Bay from Sydney. Beholding the bright loneliness, the bright barrenness of Botany Bay, you marvel whence you got your notion of its crowded heaps of festering crime, its lush and lovely vegetation. Bass and Flinders’ circumnavigation of Tasmania in a decked boat, Bass’s previous explorations in a whale-boat, Flin-

ders' subsequent discoveries in his ship, well entitle them to be remembered in the seas and on the shores of Australia. The French did something towards the examination of those shores, but verily the nation which plumes itself upon its chivalrous honour was miserably represented by Baudin, who stole and paraded Flinders' discoveries, whilst the Englishman for seven years was kept a prisoner in Mauritius, to prevent him from unmasking the imposture. There is not a more unsailorlike trick on record.

Of the land-explorers whose names spangle the map of Australia, those are peculiarly interesting who perished in the wilderness. Our space will only permit us to mention a few of the most prominent of these in days gone by. In the Sydney Botanic Gardens there is a little obelisk, islanded in a pond over-arched with tall, graceful weeping willows, and bearing this inscription: 'Erected to the Memory of Allan Cunningham, Botanist, 1844.' Nine years before that date, whilst attached to an expedition under the command of Sir Thomas Livingstone (then Major) Mitchell, Cunningham, the enterprising son of the pleasant writer of the same name, was killed by the blacks as he gathered plants on the banks of the Bogan River. Captain Barker met with a similar fate at Encounter Bay. Naked and carrying a compass, he had swum across a swift current for exploring purposes, when he was set upon by the aborigines, who pierced him with their spears as he plunged again into the stream, which swept his lifeless body out to sea. Of Kennedy's party of thirteen, which started in 1848, only a black fellow came back. In the same year Leichhardt set out on his last expedition. It was long before the colonists would relinquish all hope of seeing him, and at least a remnant of his gallant band, once more; but vainly have they been sought for. The precise nature of their fate remains one of the many secrets of the silent bush. There can be little doubt, however,

that long since they reached *that* undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns.

The map of Australia has recently been inscribed with the names of two more martyrs in the cause of science—Burke and Wills, who, with their followers, King and Gray, were the first white men by whom the Australian continent was ever crossed. The feat had almost been accomplished by Macdougall Stuart, the gallant, sagacious, experienced South Australian explorer; but Victoria was destined, in exploration as in many other respects, to take precedence of her colonial sisters. A narrative of the Victorian expedition, which, starting excellently appointed from the Yarra Yarra, had been reduced, by misunderstanding, mismanagement, disease, and death, to only four men when it reached the Flinders—of whom only one survived to tell by word of mouth of the success of the enterprise—can scarcely fail to interest. So glorious is the courage to be recorded—so very, very sad is the suffering that must be revealed.

On the 20th of August, 1860, the exploring party left Melbourne. The commander was Robert O'Hara Burke, a Galway man, and a relative of Sir Richard Bourke, who has been called the 'most statesmanlike and liberal-minded' Governor New South Wales has been fortunate enough to welcome, and whom she has singled out for the honour of a statue, which, with a green bloom upon its bronze, is the first object which attracts the attention of those who enter by the principal gates the romantic jumble of lawn, wood, and sea-o'erhanging cliff which forms the 'Outer Domain' of Sydney. Mr. Burke studied at the Woolwich Military Academy, but eventually entered the Austrian service. His regiment, one of Hungarian hussars, having been disbanded in 1848, he obtained an appointment in the Irish constabulary. In 1853 Mr. Burke emigrated to Victoria, and was at once made an inspector in the colonial police. When the Crimean war broke out he returned to



Europe, hoping to obtain a commission, in, we presume, the irregular forces which then were raised on the side of the allies. Being disappointed, he went back to Victoria, and resumed his police duties, in the discharge of which he appears to have attained great popularity. The second in command was Mr. G. J. Landells, a gentleman who had been employed to purchase camels in India for the expedition, and who was engaged to accompany it for the sake of his experience in the management of those animals. Third, afterwards second, in command, was William John Wills, the son of a Devonshire medical practitioner, and himself a distinguished student at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The 'gold rush' of 1852 carried Mr. Wills across the world. His father and other members of his family joined him at Ballarat, and for some time he assisted his father in his practice amongst the diggers. Astronomy, meteorology, and *wanderings over virgin soil*, were, however, Wills's pet pursuits. He became a land-surveyor under Government; was afterwards assistant in the Magnetic and Meteorological Observatory of Victoria; and finally, had his fondest wishes gratified by his appointment to the post of observer and surveyor in Burke's expedition. Its medical officer and botanist was Dr. Herman Beckler; its artist, naturalist, and geologist, Dr. Ludwig Becker. A foreman and nine carefully-selected associates were appointed to look after the stores, horses, &c. To three natives of India, under the supervision of Mr. Landells, the care of the camels was consigned. King, we may mention, was originally a soldier. Gray, whom Burke engaged on his route, had been a sailor.

The costly equipment of the Victorian expedition contrasts strikingly with the couple of followers with whom Stuart reached a point within two hundred and fifty miles of the shores of Carpentaria. He had more men with him (having found the natives hostile in his former trip), when impenetrable

forests and failing provisions compelled him to return without shouting *θάλαττα*, after getting within ninety miles of the gulf; but his party seems still to have been far more manageable and moveable than the Victorian. After a journey performed with his usual rapidity, he brought back every man he took out, alive and well. Of the fifty horses he had taken he had lost but four. In consequence of the large quantity of stores Mr. Burke was furnished with for the formation of a *depôt* in the interior as a *point d'appui*, his progress to the Murray, which divides Victoria from New South Wales, and thence to Menindie, on the Darling, in the latter colony, was very slow. On the Darling, unfortunately, disputes arose between the leader of the expedition and two of his subalterns, Mr. Landells and the Doctor. The former malcontent's connexion with the expedition ceased; the latter tendered his resignation. Burke resolved to divide his party. Taking with him Wills, six men, sixteen camels, and fifteen horses, he pushed on for Cooper's Creek, in Queensland, leaving the rest of his band to follow more leisurely with the heavy portion of the stores. Mr. Wright, an experienced bushman with whom he had fallen in on the Darling, and whom he had recommended to the committee under whose auspices the expedition was fitted out, as a most eligible person to be appointed third officer, *vice* Wills promoted, *vice* Landells retired, accompanied the pioneer party for more than two hundred miles. He piloted them through a well grassed and watered country to Torowoto Swamp (half way between the Darling and Cooper's Creek), which they reached on the 29th October, and whence Wright returned to bring up the party left at Menindie. Burke reached Cooper's Creek on the 11th of November, and on the 20th fixed upon a spot for a *depôt*, but he was driven from it by rats on the 5th of December. The *depôt* was permanently established lower down. Here he again divided his

party, leaving a Mr. Brahe in charge of the reserve stores, until Wright should arrive, at the head of three subordinates, two European and one Indian; six camels and twelve horses were also left at the dépôt. With Wills, King, Gray, six camels, one horse, and twelve weeks' provisions, Burke started on Sunday, the 16th of December, bound for the Gulf of Carpentaria. The diaries, &c., of Wills, which display a cool courage that makes us proud to share with him the name of Englishman, and the narrative of King, the sole survivor, given to his rescuer, Mr. Alfred Howitt, together with a scrap or two of poor Burke's, to whom, probably, the sabre-hilt was a far pleasanter object to handle than the penholder, are the sources from which we learn the most memorable success of the outward journey, the most melancholy close of the return.

At twenty minutes to seven on the summer Sunday morning—that is, when a foggy or frosty December night was nipping noses in England—the little party left the dépôt-camp, accompanied until four P.M. by Brahe. They followed Cooper's Creek to a point where sandstone ranges cross it, down to which spot its banks are very rugged. Grass and 'saltbush,' however, grow pretty freely on both sides. A large tribe of black fellows pestered the adventurers with interested proffers of hospitality, inviting them to witness a 'corroborree,' in order to be able to pilfer them. The importunity of these would-be hosts could only be quieted by the somewhat *brusque* expedient of a threat to shoot them unless their biddings became less pressing. According to Wills, the black fellows in the neighbourhood of Cooper's Creek, although a fine race physically, are very cowardly. 'Something real, cool, and solid, lies before you,' writes Currer Bell in *Shirley*, 'something unromantic as Monday morning, when all who have work wake with the consciousness that they must rise and betake themselves thereto.' When the lonely four arose next morning and saddled their long-

necked, long-lipped beasts, their last attenuated connecting link with civilization lost, although they did not dream of the desertion in store for them, *their* 'Monday morning' must have been anything but 'unromantic.' They still followed the Creek, finding its course very sinuous, and here and there its channel dried up. The expanses of water they met with, however, in this, in Australian phrase, 'chain of ponds,' are described as 'magnificent,' and 'abounding in waterfowl of all kinds.' If the waterfowl literally 'abounded' and were 'of all kinds' known to Victorians, the plumed collections must have been almost as magnificent as the pluvial, even in a water-worshipping Australian explorer's eyes. 'I do not believe,' says the author of that unpretending but very interesting little book, *Bush Wanderings of a Naturalist*, 'that any country in the world is better adapted by nature as a home for waterfowl, than Australia.' Oozy oases, fringed with reed, and rush, and tea-tree, dot its general aridity, and although in proportion to the extent of the country in which they occur, these oases are insignificant, yet in proportion to the extent of many other countries they are large; and a rarely ruffled tranquillity broods over them, which can be rarely equalled in busier lands amid whose marsh-flags float little mallard infants in no need of watching Miriams. Having run, apparently, Cooper's Creek to earth, the explorers camped at the end of one of its last water-holes, large, but shallow. The temperature of this water was remarkably high. Two pannikin-fulls taken from a shaded portion of the sheet, gave a mean temperature of more than ninety-seven degrees. The thermometer plunged in some artificially cooled, which to the experimenters' palates appeared 'almost cold,' registered seventy-eight degrees. Later, a south wind (the cold wind of Australia, since it comes with a very decided chill on from the Antarctic regions) blew strongly. The temperature of the air fell to eighty degrees, but the



temperature of water which for several hours had been exposed to the cooling process, was still seventy-two degrees. Such water, however, made its tasters dread toothache—so 'positively cold' did it fall upon their tongues. On the 19th of December a start was made, in the hope of striking one of the creeks which the veteran explorer Sturt crossed in his expedition of 1845. Leaving on their right the flooded flats in which the branch of Cooper's Creek, which they had followed, wastes itself, the party came upon a series of sand ridges; the country round still bearing plenty of grass and saltbush, and many of the valleys giving signs of inundation caused by the flooding of the main current of the creek. Passing polygonum flats, and riding over a country sprinkled with box and gum-trees, cracked by heat like a fever patient's lips, and, notwithstanding, veined with 'innumerable channels,' carrying off the water of a large creek, the explorers reached a pleasanter district, whose valleys were 'beautifully green' with young plants springing from a soil the sun had not been able to bake. A halt was made at the junction of two plains. Flights of red-breasted cockatoos and other birds had raised a hope that water might be found in the neighbourhood. A claypan rapidly drying up was, however, the only waterhole discoverable, and accordingly about seven P.M. a course was shaped N. W. by N. for Eyre's Creek. A long night journey, to be made up for by a good rest during the next day's heat, was intended, but waterholes containing 'good milky water' having been discovered after a march of a mile or two, the camp was pitched beside them. This milky water the travellers found much more palatable and 'satisfying' than clear water. No doubt they were hungry as well as thirsty when they scooped up the un-transparent mixture with their pannikins and 'Jack Sheas,' or went down on their knees to lap it. As to their preference of it to pure water as pleasanter to the

taste, any one who has ridden or tramped long in the Australian bush beneath a broiling sun, vainly peering with throbbing eyes for the slightest sign of water, can easily understand *that*. At length the wanderer comes upon a puddle in a hollow made by horse's hoof or wheel of bullock dray. In colour and consistency it may resemble—in flavour it may really even surpass in vileness—London coffee-house coffee; but to him the stinking stuff is more precious than pearls. Just cooled, just strengthened by his dirty draught, let him jot down his record of it, and the distant recollection of even a *fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro* from which he may have quaffed with the tame thirst which is felt in districts wherein such fountains can be found, will of course appear poor beside the present enjoyment of his nasty nectar. Wills made use of the milky water to quench his mental as well as corporeal thirst, employing it instead of mercury as an 'horizon' for some astronomical observations. Next night the party camped near the junction of a creek with a beautifully wooded, wildfowl-haunted lagoon, near also an encampment of black fellows, who gave the white strangers some fat fish, and wished to lend them some skinny wives. Notwithstanding a common complexion, there is next to nothing of Othello's disposition in the Australian black. What will Cassio in the cabbage-tree hat give me? is the only question that must be satisfactorily answered before he will permit a flirtation with the dark Desdemona. On Friday, December 21st, a miniature water-melon and a hobbledehoy between a gherkin and a cucumber were discovered. The pulp of the former gourd, about the size of a large pea, proved most nauseously acrid. Beside a splendid waterhole in the midst of luxuriant pasture, the camp was pitched in the evening. Still pursuing a N. W. by N. course, the explorers on the morrow crossed high sand ridges sparsely spotted with patches of porcupine grass. The



eastern sides of these ridges were almost precipitous; the western were so mined by rats that the camels were constantly stumbling as they descended them. The ridges crossed, a far pleasanter country was found, undulating, timbered not too thickly with box-trees, waving with succulent grass, and swarming with all kinds of birds. This fair land having been traversed, sand ridges once more were struck. At the foot of one of these, jutting out on the Stony Desert, which was so long the mysterious horror of Australian geography, Burke, after passing a dry salt lagoon, encamped. Of the much dreaded Desert, when he had just for the first time beheld it, Wills—manifestly a born explorer, half angry that he had not greater hardships to brave—wrote thus: 'I was rather disappointed, but not altogether surprised, to find it nothing more nor less than the stony rises that we had before met with, only on a larger scale.' After a closer examination of it, Wills jotted down these impressions of the Australian Sahara. 'I do not know whether it arose from our exaggerated anticipations of horrors or not, but we thought it far from bad travelling ground; and as to pasture, it is only the actually stony ground that is bare, and many a sheep-run is, in fact, worse grazing than that.' On Gray's Creek—called after the sailor who discovered it—the explorers rested the whole of Monday, December 24th, keeping Christmas a day before the holiday was due. Their Christmas fare was meagre; but if they had no turkey, they were fortunately free from ants, and an exemption from the flies and mosquitoes which also generally pestered them in their camping-places, made them bear very contentedly their lack of plum-pudding and mince-pies. To enable our readers to guess the nature of the brave fellows' Christmas dinner, we give a list of the provisions which Mr. Burke took with him from Cooper's Creek: 3 cwt. of flour, 50 lbs. of oatmeal, 50 lbs. of rice, 100 lbs. of jerked horseflesh,

100 lbs. of bacon and salt pork, 30 or 40 lbs. of biscuit, and some sugar. There was abundance of grass and water, however, for the cattle, and this fact would give a zest to the explorers' simple feast. From the 25th to the 29th of December the course of a fine creek, at first supposed to be Eyre's, was followed; but on the 30th, it having been found to trend considerably to the east, its guidance was relinquished. On the 5th of January another creek was struck. In the bed of this, next day, a native trap for fish was discovered—a mud oval about 12 feet by 8, with walls 9 inches high, thinly thatched with long grass, the inner ends of which extended droopingly several inches over the enclosure. On the same day a clayey plain, generally bare, was observed to be spangled with patches of vivid verdure. The soil of these was found to be far lighter than that which surrounded them. Acting on this lighter soil, recent rains had called up, as if by magic, luxuriant crops of glowing grass and *portulac*. Two specimens of the native companion—a tall, shy, slate-coloured, bald-headed, trumpet-toned, swamp-frequenting crane (the first that had been seen since the Darling was left)—were feeding near the creek which the party camped beside on the 6th of January. Next night the camp was pitched almost exactly on the Tropic of Capricorn. Mr. Wills, on taking out his instruments, made the unpleasant discovery that one of his thermometers was broken and the glass of a barometer cracked, the camel laden with the scientific cargo having taken it into his unscientific head that he might as well have a roll before as after he was unsaddled. On the 8th, on a large plain, a very remarkable mirage was observed. It seemed as if the travellers, whether pursuing a straight course or turning right or left, must, within a yard or two, ride into wide sheets of water. It was not mock moisture only, however, they saw that day. As they advanced they found the country fretted with

little creeks containing secret treasures of water, shaded by rich grasses and small bushes. Parrots and cockatoos and pigeons once more flashed between the grey branches and specked the sapphire sky. The farther the travellers went, the greener the country grew. Some fresh variety of vegetation could be seen from every mounted hill. The horse licked his lips and tried to break away to have a glorious graze. That night the camp was pitched beside plenty of water in a 'stony pan' in the midst of as magnificent feed as Wills had ever seen in Australia. 'In the excitement of exploring fine well-watered country,' through more of which the party proceeded on the 9th, 10th, and 11th, he chanced to forget that he had been appointed *astronomer* to the expedition. He no more than his companions thought of the eclipse of the sun on the 11th, until the suddenly chilled air and darkened skies reminded him of the phenomenon. In the third week of January, ranges, some of very rugged auriferous quartz, others thickly dotted with lumps of rich iron ore, had to be crossed. These were a sore trial to the poor camels. Fear made them sweat profusely. They groaned as they stumbled on with bleeding feet. A tepid bath which they obtained in one of the creeks to which they came recruited them for a time, but they were in doleful plight when at length they reached ground more fit for them to travel. This seems to have been on the 20th of January.

The arrival at Carpentaria, *viâ* what was first supposed to be the Albert River, but has since been proved to be the Flinders, which enters the gulf in (about) 141° E. long., 18° S. lat., shall be described in the explorers' own words. Burke laconically scribbles in his memorandum-book:—

18th March.—At the conclusion of report, it would be well to say that we reached the sea, but we could not obtain a view of the open ocean, although we made every endeavour to do so.

Wills writes:—

Sunday, February, 1861.—Finding the ground in such a state from the heavy falls of rain that the camels could scarcely be got along, it was decided to leave them at Camp CXIX., and for Mr. Burke and I to proceed towards the sea on foot. After breakfast we accordingly started, taking with us the horse and three days' provisions. Our first difficulty was in crossing Billy's Creek, which we had to do where it enters the river, a few hundred yards below the camp. In getting the horse in here, he got bogged in a quicksand bank so deeply as to be unable to stir, and we only succeeded in extricating him by undermining him on the creek side, and then lunging him into the water. Having got all the things in safety, we continued down the river bank, which bent about from east to west, but kept a general north course. A great deal of the land was so soft and rotten that the horse, with only a saddle and about twenty-five pounds on his back, could scarcely walk over it. At a distance of about five miles we again had him bogged in crossing a small creek, after which he seemed so weak that we had great doubts about getting him on. We, however, found some better ground close to the water's edge, where the sandstone rock runs out, and we stuck to it as far as possible. Finding that the river was bending about so much that we were making very little progress in a northerly direction, we struck off due north, and soon came on some table land where the soil is shallow and gravelly, and clothed with box and swamp gums. Patches of the land were very boggy, but the main portion was sound enough; beyond this we came on an open plain covered with water up to one's ankles. The soil here was a stiff clay, and the surface very uneven, so that between the tufts of grass one was frequently knee deep in water. The bottom, however, was sound, and no fear of bogging. After floundering through this for several miles, we came to a path formed by the blacks, and there were distinct signs of a recent migration in a southerly direction. By making use of this path we got on much better, for the ground was well trodden and hard. At rather more than a mile the path entered a forest, through which flowed a nice watercourse; and we had not gone far before we found places where the blacks had been camping. The forest was intersected by little pebbly rises, on which they had made their fires, and in the sandy ground adjoining some of the former had been digging yams, which seemed to

be so numerous that they could afford to leave lots of them about, probably having only selected the very best. We were not so particular, but ate many of those that they had rejected, and found them very good. About half a mile further we came close on a black fellow, who was coiling by a camp fire, whilst his gin and picaninny were jabbering alongside. We stopped for a short time to take out some of the pistols that were on the horse, and that they might see us before we were so near as to frighten them. Just after we stopped, the black got up to stretch his limbs, and after a few seconds looked in our direction. It was very amusing to see the way in which he stared, standing for some time as if he thought he must be dreaming, and then having signalled to the others, they dropped on their haunches and shuffled off in the quietest manner possible. Near their fire was a fine hut, the best I have ever seen, built on the same principle as those at Cooper's Creek, but much larger and more complete. I should say a dozen blacks might comfortably coil in it together. It is situated at the end of the forest, towards the north, and looks out on an extensive marsh, which is at times flooded by the sea-water. Hundreds of wild geese, plover, and pelicans were enjoying themselves in the watercourses on the marsh, all the water on which was too brackish to be drinkable, except some holes that are filled by the stream that flows through the forest. The neighbourhood of this encampment is one of the prettiest we have seen during the journey. Proceeding on our course across the marsh, we came to a channel through which the sea-water enters. Here we passed three blacks, who, as is universally their custom, pointed out to us, unasked, the best part down. This assisted us greatly, for the ground we were taking was very boggy. We moved slowly down, about three miles, and then camped for the night. The horse Billy being completely baked, next morning we started at daybreak, leaving the horse short hobbled.

A more theatrically-effective climax of success for the gallant enterprise would have been a broad expanse of blue water bursting on the sight of the noble pair who had last seen the sea in Port Phillip; but that, to use Sir Henry Barkly's words, 'to Burke and Wills exclusively belongs the honour of first crossing the Australian continent from sea to sea,' there can be no doubt. When the party turned on

their tracks they had only 83 lbs. of flour, 3 lbs. of pork, 35 lbs. of dried meat, 12 lbs. of biscuit, 12 lbs. of rice, and 10 lbs. of sugar left. There was, therefore, little time to tarry for the sake of a more striking finish to what was already 'an accomplished fact.' The return journey to Cooper's Creek is a mournful one to read of. One of the camels left on the journey to the gulf was recovered, but it was soon found necessary to give him up again. Another camel and the horse, knocking up, were killed and jerked. The scanty and in-nutritious food that formed their rations told on the strength of all of the party—first on that of Gray. The poor fellow was suspected of shamming, and received chastisement from Burke as a punishment for a theft of flour, which he had stolen to make 'skilligolee' when suffering from dysentery. The entry in Wills's diary in reference to this painful affair runs thus:—

. Sent him to report himself to Mr. Burke, and went on. He having got King to tell Mr. Burke for him, was called up, and received a good thrashing. There is no knowing to what extent he has been robbing us. Many things have been found to run unaccountably short.

We regret to think that there should have been need for this punishment, and to remember that the brave Burke raised his hand against a sick man who about three weeks afterwards died. We must bear in mind, however, that Burke did not believe Gray to be so ill as he made himself out to be, and no doubt really was; and that the poor fellow had been detected in one act of pilfering from the scanty common stores, and was suspected of having plundered them extensively. We sincerely hope that he was wrongfully suspected; but it is not wonderful that Burke, acting under the influence of such a suspicion, should have considered a severe exercise of discipline necessary. As commander, he felt himself responsible for the lives of all the members of his party, and was



righteously angry at finding, as he believed, those lives endangered by the treacherous greediness and suicidal selfishness of Gray. In justice to Burke's memory, we should add that King is reported by the *Castlemaine Advertiser* to have made the following statements, in indignant refutation of a rumour which, set afloat by some most cowardly and malignant slanderer of the dead, and actually claiming King as its authority, represented that Gray had been 'knocked down, kicked, and so ill-used that King would have shot the leader if he had had a pistol':—

Never from the day of my being placed under the command of Mr. Burke had I reason to complain of his conduct to myself or others; on the contrary, his bearing towards the whole of the party was of such a character as made him a universal favourite. On the occasion in question, I was standing close to Mr. Burke and Gray, and heard and saw all that passed. Mr. Burke, after asking Gray why he had taken the flour (I having previously informed Mr. Burke of the theft at Gray's request), and if he had ever been refused anything he required that was in the possession of the party. Gray returned no answer; Mr. Burke boxed his ears several times with both hands, and followed him up a few steps as he retreated. I had then in my belt, as I invariably had, my revolver, and the only feeling I experienced was surprise at the leniency of the punishment.

\* \* \* \* \*

Any difference that may appear in my account of the punishment and of Mr. Wills's journal, arises from the fact that Mr. Burke described the affair to Mr. Wills, and the latter gentleman must have misunderstood the extent of the punishment, whilst I was looking on, and took particular notice of the whole transaction.

When the stronger three of the party were reduced to an exclusively animal diet of such an inferior description as that offered by the flesh which had been cut from poor worn-out Billy's bones, they felt as Gray had felt long before. 'Poor Gray,' writes Wills, 'must have suffered very much many times when we thought him shamming.' An indescribable lassitude came over them. Onwards,

however, they struggled, buoyed up with the hope of succour at the depôt. So weak and leg-bound that, without the slightest load, they found it almost impossible to ascend the slightest hill, their two remaining camels knocked up, they reached the depôt at last, on Sunday, April 21st, and found it deserted. It was evening when they entered the camp. Their visions of comrades crowding around them to hear the story of their sad sufferings, but grand success—of hot damper, perchance, and soothing, exhilarating tea, of which they could at once partake, without any trouble of fire-lighting, boiling, and baking—of the long pipe-in-mouth yarn, and the sound secure sleep that were to follow—vanished dismally as they limped into the silent solitude of the place they expected to find so noisily busy. They looked round for some sign of their departed whilom companions, and saw 'DIG, April 21,' cut upon a tree. Had they arrived a few hours sooner, had the depôt party deferred their departure for a few hours, the two parties would have met. Only fourteen miles intervened between their respective camps that night. The lonely three dug, and discovered a bottle containing the following letter:—

Depôt, Cooper's Creek,  
21st April, 1861.

The depôt party of V.E.E. leaves this camp to-day to return to the *Darling*. I intend to go S.E. from Camp LX. to get into our old track near Bulloo. Two of my companions and myself are quite well; the third—Patton—has been unable to walk for the last eighteen days, as his leg has been severely hurt when thrown by one of the horses. No person has been up here from the *Darling*.

We have six camels and twelve horses in good working condition.

WILLIAM BRAHE.

They found also a small *cache* of provisions, a few horseshoes and nails, some 'castaway odds and ends,' but no clothing, of which they were greatly in want. Only twice, we think, does anything like an approach to a murmur occur in Wills's manly diary. These occasions are when he has to speak of

Brahe's departure from the dépôt, which, shortly before his death, he characterizes as having been taken 'in spite of the explicit instructions given by Mr. Burke that the dépôt party should await our return.'

A supper of oatmeal and sugar hastily snatched from the exhumated stores, gave Burke's dwindled and done-up party much relief. On the Tuesday after their arrival, contrary to the original advice of Wills and King, who wished to return upon the old track, Burke led them in the direction of Mount Hopeless, in South Australia, having been informed that there was a cattle station within one hundred and fifty miles of Cooper's Creek in that direction. The name proved of too correct bad omen; and yet had the weary wanderers not turned back when they did, the sight of Mount Hopeless, not fifty miles off, would next day have doubtless so inspirited them as to give them strength to reach their desired haven. Before leaving the dépôt Burke buried the following despatch:—

Dépôt No. 2, Cooper's Creek,  
Camp No. LXV.

The return party from Carpentaria, consisting of myself, Mr. Wills, and King (Gray dead), arrived here last night, and found that the dépôt party had only started on the same day. We proceed on to-morrow slowly down the creek towards Adelaide, by Mount Hopeless, and shall endeavour to follow Gregory's track, but we are very weak. The two camels are done up, and we shall not be able to travel farther than four or five miles a-day. Gray died on the road from exhaustion and fatigue. We have all suffered much from hunger. The provisions left here will, I think, restore our strength. We have discovered a practicable route to Carpentaria, the chief portion of which lies on the 140th meridian of east longitude. There is some good country between this and the stony desert. From there to the tropic the country is

dry and stony. Between the tropic and Carpentaria a considerable portion is rangy, but it is well watered and richly grassed.

We reached the shores of Carpentaria on the 11th February, 1861. Greatly disappointed at finding the party here gone.

R. O'HARA BURKE, Leader.

22nd April, 1861.

P.S.—The camels cannot travel, and we cannot walk, or we should follow the other party. We shall move very slowly down the creek.

Refreshed by rest, recruited by better rations than they had for a long time enjoyed, meeting occasionally with blacks who gave them fish, and received a little sugar, a few matches, straps, &c., as an acknowledgment of their kindness, the three—whose return, to us at any rate, seems quite as interesting as that of the Ten Thousand—got on very well until the 28th of April, their only suffering arising from the scanty nature of their clothing, owing to which they were very cold by night. On the Sunday named one of the camels was bogged. He would not assist in any of the efforts made to extricate him; and still remaining fast upon the Monday, was shot. A halt was made upon the Tuesday for the purpose of drying as much of his flesh as his masters had been able to cut off him. On the Wednesday the sole surviving camel was laden with a portion of his dead comrade's load, each man carrying a pack—or 'swag,'\* to adopt the convict-derived colonial phrase—of bedding, &c. On the 2nd of May more hospitable blacks were fallen in with, who gave the whites, besides plenty of fish, some bread, which they called *nardoo*, made from 'the spores of a species of *marsillea*.' The camel's strength began to fail, and on the 6th he was completely knocked up. At

\* 'Swag,' we believe, in London thieves' slang, signifies 'plunder.' Its almost universal colloquial application in the Australian colonies to Mr. Wemmick's idol, 'portable property,' is, like the *κρήναρα* of the *Iliad*, as contrasted with the *χρήματα* of the *Odyssey*, a curious illustration of the state of society in which the phrase originated. Fortunately that state of society is extinct. The majority of Australians, although they still use the word which their prig 'Pilgrim Fathers' have handed down to them, no longer regard every moveable as something which has been, or ought to be, stolen.

this time the party's provisions were fast failing, and their clothes were in tatters and their boots falling from their feet. On the 7th Burke and Wills went down the creek to reconnoitre. They came upon some black fellows fishing. The blacks gave fish as usual, and invited the white men to visit their camp. Having acknowledged their inviters' courtesy by presenting them with some 'Macintosh stuff' which Wills happened to have with him, the white men went. They were received very kindly, their hosts literally gorging them with fish and *nardoo*. They were also supplied with what the blacks called *bedgery*, or *pedgery*—apparently the dried leaves and stems of some shrub—which, like the coca-leaf of Peru, has an intoxicating effect when chewed. The lighting of a fire by means of matches greatly amused the black fellows, but they did not care to possess the mysterious combustibles. Next night his sable Amphitryons feasted Wills (Burke had gone back to King) on a couple of 'delicious' fat rats, baked in their skins.

On the 10th of May, Burke and King were occupied in jerking the flesh of the camel which had been shot, and then cut up with 'two broken knives and a lancet,' whilst Wills wandered vainly seeking for the *nardoo* plant. He boiled, as a temporary substitute, some very abundant beans, called *padlu* by the blacks, which were found to be very palatable. Burke and King went on the 11th in search of blacks from whom they might learn where to obtain *nardoo* seed. They were unsuccessful both on this and on a subsequent occasion; and accordingly the bulk of the little property the little party still possessed having been 'planted,' a fresh start for Mount Hopeless was made. On the 17th King caught sight of a flat, covered with the clover-like leaves and black seeds of the *nardoo* plant. This discovery greatly raised the spirits of the adventurers, since they then believed that it would be possible for them to live where they were

until rescuers should arrive from Melbourne. On the 27th of May Wills started, at Burke's request, to deposit in the *cache* at the *dépôt* a note, describing the condition of the party, and the field-books of the journey to the Gulf. He was stopped on his road by a number of blacks, who insisted on making him their guest, one carrying his 'swag,' and another his shovel for him, with most hospitable politeness. On the following day he resumed his journey. Next day he writes, 'Saw a lot of crows quarrelling about something near the water; found it to be a large fish, of which they had eaten a considerable portion. Finding it to be quite fresh and good, I decided the quarrel by taking it with me. It proved a most valuable addition to my otherwise scanty supper of *nardoo* porridge.' On the 30th of May Wills reached the *dépôt* and buried the documents. On the 2nd of June, on his way back to his white friends, he hoped to breakfast with the black friends who had been so kind to him on his road up, but found to his disappointment that they had left their camp. He was compelled to break his fast on a few fishbones; but in the course of the day he was fortunate enough to find in a water-hole a fish, 'about a pound and a half in weight, which was just being choked by another which it had tried to swallow, but which had stuck in its throat.' A fire was soon lighted, and both fish were soon eaten. The day after the blacks were discovered by the Englishman, or rather one of them discovered him, and called him to their new camp with a loud, long 'cooey.' Here he was set down to a feast of fish, which he imagined had been cooked for half a dozen, but found, to his astonishment, that they were meant for him—found, to his farther astonishment, that he could easily dispose of them, three of his hosts politely picking out the bones for him! There was '*nardoo* to follow,' first in the form of cake, and then of hasty-pudding. During Wills's absence, Burke and King had had a



little quarrel with the blacks in their neighbourhood, but no serious consequence had resulted. After his return to his companions, Wills made one or two attempts to live with the blacks, but they appear to have been disinclined to exchange occasional for permanent hospitality. Whilst Burke was cooking some fish, the wind beat the flames of his fire upon the 'gunyah' in which the party's small remnant of stores was placed. The dry bark burst into a blaze, and everything except a gun and a revolver was destroyed.

The three set out in company on the 7th of June for the blacks' camp, but when they reached it on the 8th, it was deserted. From the 8th to the 24th of June, the entries in Wills's diary show that in spite of apparently an abundant supply of *nardoo*, he and his companions grew weaker and weaker, Wills failing first; King, who held out longest, at last being obliged to say that he could not keep up the work of seed-collecting and pounding for all three. On Tuesday, the 25th of June, which poor Wills dates as the 23rd, throwing back by two days also the three other days on which he was still able to make entries in his journal (only to this extent did the fine fellow's mind fail him to the last), he writes—

The cold plays the deuce with us, from the small amount of clothing we have. My wardrobe consists of a wideawake, a merino shirt, a regatta shirt without sleeves, the remains of a pair of flannel trousers, two pairs of socks in rags, and a waistcoat, of which I have managed to keep the pockets together. The others are no better off.

The following is the last entry in the diary, which up to this point has been our leading authority:—

*Friday, 26th June (sic).*—Clear cold night, slight breeze from the E., day beautifully warm and pleasant; Mr. Burke suffers greatly from the cold, and is getting extremely weak; he and King start to-morrow up the creek to look for the blacks, it is the only chance we have of being saved from starvation. I am weaker than ever (*sic*), although I have a good appetite, and relish the *nardoo*

much; but it seems to give us no nutriment, and the birds here are so shy as not be got at. Even if we got a good supply of fish, I doubt whether we could do much work on them and the *nardoo* alone. Nothing now but the greatest good luck can save any of us; and as for myself, I may live four or five days if the weather continues warm. My pulse is at forty-eight, and very weak, and my legs and arms are nearly skin and bone. I can only look out, like Mr. Micawber, 'for something to turn up;' but starvation on *nardoo* is by no means very unpleasant, but for the weakness one feels, and the utter inability to move oneself, for as far as appetite is concerned, it gives me the greatest satisfaction. Certainly, fat and sugar would be more to one's taste; in fact, those seem to me to be the great stand-by for one in this extraordinary continent; not that I mean to depreciate the farinaceous food, but the want of sugar and fat in all substances obtainable here is so great that they become almost valueless to us as articles of food, without the addition of something else.

(Signed)

W. J. WILLS.

What an attitude a Frenchman, if he had retained pluck enough to write at all, would have struck on paper in such a position. We must leave the gallant young Englishman to die alone, quietly cheerful even when face to face with death.

It was with great reluctance Burke and King left him. Eight days' supply of pounded *nardoo* seed, water, and firewood were placed within his reach; and then, having buried his remaining field-books near his gunyah, and taking with them his watch and a letter for his father, Burke and King started with heavy hearts in search of a black fellow's camp. Burke's strength soon failed. He gave King his watch for the Exploration Committee, and a pocket-book, in which he wrote a little, for Sir William Stawell, the President of the Victorian Royal Society. 'He then said to me' (we quote from King's narrative), "'I hope you will remain with me here till I am quite dead—it is a comfort to know that some one is by; but when I am dying, it is my wish that you should place the pistol in my right hand, and that you leave me un-

buried as I lie." That night he spoke very little, and the following morning I found him speechless, or nearly so, and about eight o'clock he expired.' Poor King, as he says, with simple pathos, 'felt very lonely.' He went back to the gunyah in which Wills had bidden him goodbye, and wished him good speed, and found a corpse. Some of the scanty clothing which Wills had on when he died, the blacks had carried off. King covered up the corpse with sand, and soon afterwards fell in with the blacks who had stripped it. When they discovered from his duplication of a sign for death which he had learnt from them—the covering up of a finger with sand—that he was the only white man left, they manifested great compassion; but after four days' kindness, they grew tired of him. He would not, however, take their broad hints to leave them. By an application of caustic to the sore arm of a 'gin,' he secured the good opinion and services of herself and her husband, which he recognised by shooting for them every now and then a crow or hawk. At last the tribe came to understand that King wished to become one of themselves, and supplied him regularly with fish and *nardoo*. 'They were very anxious, however, to know where Mr. Burke lay, and one day when we were fishing in the water-holes close by, I took them to the spot. On seeing his remains, the whole party wept bitterly, and covered them with bushes. After this they were much kinder to me than before.' King encouraged this kindness by intimating, as well as he could, that they would soon be rewarded, since white men would speedily arrive in search of him. Living with this tribe, King was found by Mr. A. W. Howitt, son of William. Guided by King, Howitt proceeded to Wills's grave, read over it the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians, heaped more sand upon it, covered it with branches to make the blacks respect its sanctity—that, as we have seen, being the mode in which the

Cooper's Creek natives show honour to the dead—and cut upon a tree hard by the following inscription:

W. J. WILLS.

XLV. YDS.

W. N. W.

A. H.

King was too feeble to point out the spot in which Burke expired. Howitt discovered it, and wrapping the remains in a Union Jack, buried them beneath a box-tree, on which he carved:—

R. O'H. B.

21/9 '61.

A. H.

We are sorry that we have not space for a summary of Mr. Howitt's interesting account of his journey in search of his brother explorers. We must content ourselves with briefly indicating how it was that that journey was taken.

Just when Burke left Menindie, tidings reached Melbourne of the former of Stuart's feats we have mentioned. As soon as definite information in reference to the country Stuart had traversed could be procured, it was sent off to the Darling. Burke had departed long before it arrived there. The police trooper who was entrusted with the news, in company with the saddler of the expedition and a black-fellow, pushed on in pursuit. The black-fellow came back with a report that his companions were lost. Dr. Beckler and others went out in search of them, and rescued them from starvation. They had gone far beyond the goal for which they started, Torowoto, and had knocked up their horses. Late in December the rescuers and rescued returned to the Darling. They had lost three of their horses, several more were good for nothing. Wright sent down his store-keeper to Melbourne to explain the position of affairs, and to request permission to purchase ten horses and one hundred and fifty sheep. The permission was granted, but in reference to the sheep, Wright did not avail himself of it, fearing

that he should not fall in with enough grass and water for them on his road to Cooper's Creek. His party wandered on until the end of April, without reaching Cooper's Creek. Two of them being dead and one on the point of death, Wright was just about to return to the Darling, when he fell in with Brahe and his three companions, who were coming from the depôt with twelve horses and six camels. Wright and Brahe revisited the depôt in company, but, unfortunately, did not examine the *cache*, no alteration having, through an oversight, been made in the inscription which indicated it when Burke's last despatch was deposited. On the journey back to Menindie, one of Brahe's party died. Howitt, who had been commissioned to track the expedition, alarm being felt in Melbourne at the long time which had elapsed without tidings of it, met Brahe, who had been sent on by Wright with despatches. He returned with Brahe to Melbourne; his party was strengthened, and at its head he made the discoveries we have already related. He was then commissioned to convey the remains of Burke and Wills to Melbourne—a mistaken manifestation of respect, we must think—the noble fellows should

have been left to slumber in the soil they had consecrated by their heroism.

The commissioners appointed to report upon their fate have saddled Wright with the main responsibility of the 'whole of the disasters of the expedition, with the exception of the death of Gray.' Howitt's was not the only expedition organized to search for the missing explorers; one sent out by South Australia discovered the graves and remains of several Europeans who had been killed after a sharp conflict, and partially eaten by the blacks. The South Australian leader naturally thought that the picked skeletons were those of Burke's party. Under this impression he was led on to fancy that he could detect traces of camels in the neighbourhood of the place in which the graves were found. Who *were* their tenants is, we believe, still a mystery.

In conclusion, the good land which Burke and Wills discovered is rapidly being settled, and a new colony, with a capital on the Gulf of Carpentaria, will probably soon be formed. Its 'anniversary day' should be made that on which the brave wanderers from the Yarra Yarra first found the waters of the Flinders salt.\*

R. R.

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\* Landsborough and M'Kinlay, two of those sent out in search of the Victorian explorers, have, like them, completely traversed Australia; one starting from the north, the other from the south. The flood which turned M'Kinlay from his prescribed course proves that sudden liquidity, rather than permanent aridity, is the real characteristic calculated to deter squatters from settling in Central Australia. According to the last Australian advices, Howitt was expected to reach Melbourne in November, bringing with him the remains of the two gallant fellows whose feats and fates we have chronicled.





## ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Being a Sequel to Papers which appeared in the 'Cornhill Magazine.'*

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

IT will be seen by reference to the last paper that our present task is to examine the relation of holders of store to holders of currency; and of both to those who hold neither. In order to do this, we must determine on which side we are to place substances such as gold, commonly known as bases of currency. By aid of previous definitions the reader will now be able to understand closer statements than have yet been possible.

The currency of any country consists of every document acknowledging debt which is transferable in the country.

This transferableness depends upon its intelligibility and credit. Its intelligibility depends chiefly on the difficulty of forging anything like it;—its credit much on national character, but ultimately always on the existence of substantial means of meeting its demand.

As the degrees of transferableness are variable, (some documents passing only in certain places, and others passing, if at all, for less than their inscribed value), both the mass and, so to speak, fluidity, of the currency, are variable. True or perfect currency flows freely, like a pure stream; it becomes sluggish or stagnant in proportion to the quantity of less transferable matter which mixes with it, adding to its bulk, but diminishing its purity. Substances of intrinsic value, such as gold, mingle also with the currency, and increase, while they modify, its power; these are carried by it as stones are carried by a torrent, sometimes momentarily impeding, sometimes concentrating its force, but not affecting its purity. These substances of intrinsic value may be also stamped or signed so as to become acknowledgments of debt, and then become, so far as they operate independently of their intrinsic value, part of the real currency.

Deferring consideration of minor forms of currency, consisting of documents bearing private signature, we will examine the principle of legally authorized or national currency.

This, in its perfect condition, is a form of public acknowledgment of debt, so regulated and divided that any person presenting a commodity of tried worth in the public market, shall, if he please, receive in exchange for it a document giving him claim to the return of its equivalent, (1) in any place, (2) at any time, and (3) in any kind.

When currency is quite healthy and vital, the persons entrusted with its management are always able to give on demand either,

A. The assigning document for the assigned quantity of goods. Or,

B. The assigned quantity of goods for the assigning document.

If they cannot give document for goods, the national exchange is at fault.

If they cannot give goods for document, the national credit is at fault.

The nature and power of the document are therefore to be examined under the three relations which it bears to Place, Time, and Kind.

1. It gives claim to the return of equivalent wealth in any Place. Its use in this function is to save carriage, so that parting with a bushel of corn in London, we may receive an order for a bushel of corn at the Antipodes, or elsewhere. To be perfect in this use, the substance of currency must be to the maximum portable, credible, and intelligible. Its non-acceptance or discredit results always from some form of ignorance or dishonour: so far as such interruptions rise out of differences in denomination, there is no ground for their continuance among civilized nations. It may be convenient in one country to use chiefly copper

or coinage, in another silver, and in another gold,—reckoning accordingly in centimes, francs, or sequins: but that a French franc should be different in weight from an English shilling, and an Austrian zwanziger vary in weight and alloy from both, is wanton loss of commercial power.

2. It gives claim to the return of equivalent wealth at any Time. In this second use, currency is the exponent of accumulation: it renders the laying up of store at the command of individuals unlimitedly possible;—whereas, but for its intervention, all gathering would be confined within certain limits by the bulk of property, or by its decay, or the difficulty of its guardianship. ‘I will pull down my barns and build greater,’ cannot be a daily saying; and all material investment is enlargement of care. The national currency transfers the guardianship of the store to many; and preserves to the original producer the right of re-entering on its possession at any future period.

3. It gives claim (practical, though not legal) to the return of equivalent wealth in any Kind. It is a transferable right, not merely to this or that, but to anything; and its power in this function is proportioned to the range of choice. If you give a child an apple or a toy, you give him a determinate pleasure, but if you give him a penny, an indeterminate one, proportioned to the range of selection offered by the shops in the village. The power of the world’s currency is similarly in proportion to the openness of the world’s fair, and, commonly, enhanced by the brilliancy of external aspect, rather than solidity of its wares.

We have said that the currency consists of orders for equivalent goods. If equivalent, their quality

must be guaranteed. The kinds of goods chosen for specific claim must, therefore, be capable of test, while, also, that a store may be kept in hand to meet the call of the currency, smallness of bulk, with great relative value, is desirable; and indestructibility, over at least a certain period, essential.

Such indestructibility, and facility of being tested, are united in gold; its intrinsic value is great, and its imaginary value greater; so that, partly through indolence, partly through necessity and want of organization, most nations have agreed to take gold for the only basis of their currencies;—with this grave disadvantage, that its portability enabling the metal to become an active part of the medium of exchange, the stream of the currency itself becomes opaque with gold—half currency and half commodity, in unison of functions which partly neutralize, partly enhance each other’s force.

They partly neutralize, since in so far as the gold is commodity, it is bad currency, because liable to sale; and in so far as it is currency, it is bad commodity, because its exchange value interferes with its practical use. Especially its employment in the higher branches of the arts becomes unsafe on account of its liability to be melted down for exchange.

Again. They partly enhance, since in so far as the gold has acknowledged intrinsic value, it is good currency, because everywhere acceptable; and in so far as it has legal exchangeable value, its worth as a commodity is increased. We want no gold in the form of dust or crystal; but we seek for it coined, because in that form it will pay baker and butcher. And this worth in exchange not only absorbs a large quantity in that use,\* but

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\* The waste of labour in obtaining the gold, though it cannot be estimated by help of any existing data, may be understood in its bearing on entire economy by supposing it limited to transactions between two persons. If two farmers in Australia have been exchanging corn and cattle with each other for years, keeping their accounts of reciprocal debt in any simple way, the sum of the possessions of either would not be diminished, though the part of it which was lent or borrowed were only reckoned by marks on a stone, or notches on a tree; and the one counted himself accordingly, so many scratches, or so many notches, better than the other. But

greatly increases the effect on the imagination of the quantity used in the arts. Thus, in brief, the force of the functions is increased, but their precision blunted, by their unison.

These inconveniences, however, attach to gold as a basis of currency on account of its portability and preciousness. But a far greater inconvenience attaches to it as the only legal basis of currency. Imagine gold to be only attainable in masses weighing several pounds each, and its value, like that of malachite or marble, proportioned to its largeness of bulk ;—it could not then get itself confused with the currency in daily use, but it might still remain as its basis ; and this second inconvenience would still affect it, namely, that its significance as an expression of debt, varies, as that of every other article would, with the popular estimate of its desirableness, and with the quantity offered in the market. My power of obtaining other goods for gold depends always on the strength of public passion for gold, and on the limitation of its quantity, so that when either of two things happen—that the world esteems gold less, or finds it more easily—my right of claim is in that degree effaced ; and it has been even gravely maintained that a discovery of a mountain of gold would cancel the National Debt ; in other words, that men may be paid for what costs much in what costs nothing. Now, it is true that there is little chance of sudden

convulsion in this respect ; the world will not rapidly increase in wisdom so as to despise gold, and perhaps may even desire it more eagerly the more easily it is obtained ; nevertheless, the right of debt ought not to rest on a basis of imagination ; nor should the frame of a national currency vibrate with every miser's panic and every merchant's imprudence.

There are two methods of avoiding this insecurity, which would have been fallen upon long ago, if, instead of calculating the conditions of the supply of gold, men had only considered how the world might live and manage its affairs without gold at all.\* One is, to base the currency on substances of truer intrinsic value ; the other, to base it on several substances instead of one. If I can only claim gold, the discovery of a golden mountain starves me ; but if I can claim bread, the discovery of a continent of corn-fields need not trouble me. If, however, I wish to exchange my bread for other things, a good harvest will for the time limit my power in this respect ; but if I can claim either bread, iron, or silk at pleasure, the standard of value has three feet instead of one, and will be proportionately firm. Thus, ultimately the steadiness of currency depends upon the breadth of its base ; but the difficulty of organization increasing with this breadth, the discovery of the condition at once safest and most convenient† can only be by long analysis, which must for the present be deferred.

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it would soon be seriously diminished if, discovering gold in their fields, each resolved only to accept golden counters for a reckoning ; and accordingly, whenever he wanted a sack of corn or a cow, was obliged to go and wash sand for a week before he could get the means of giving a receipt for them.

\* It is difficult to estimate the curious futility of discussions such as that which lately occupied a section of the British Association, on the absorption of gold, while no one can produce even the simplest of the data necessary for the inquiry. To take the first occurring one,—What means have we of ascertaining the weight of gold employed this year in the toilettes of the women of Europe (not to speak of Asia) ; and, supposing it known, what means of conjecturing the weight by which, next year, their fancies, and the changes of style among their jewellers, will diminish or increase it ?

† See, in Pope's epistle to Lord Bathurst, his sketch of the difficulties and uses of a currency literally 'pecuniary'—

'His Grace will game—to White's a bull be led,' &c.



Gold or silver\* may always be retained in limited use, as a luxury of coinage and questionless standard, of one weight and alloy among all nations, varying only in the die. The purity of coinage, when metallic, is closely indicative of the honesty of the system of revenue, and even of the general dignity of the State.†

Whatever the article or articles may be which the national currency promises to pay, a premium on that article indicates bankruptcy of the government in that proportion, the division of its assets being restrained only by the remaining confidence of the holders of notes in the return of prosperity to the firm. Incontrovertible currencies, those of forced acceptance, or of unlimited issue, are merely various modes of disguising taxation, and delaying its pressure, until it is too late to interfere with its causes. To do away with the possibility of such disguise would have been among the first results of a true economical science, had any such existed; but there have been too many motives for the concealment, so long as it could by any artifices be maintained, to permit hitherto even the founding of such a science.

And indeed, it is only through evil conduct, wilfully persisted in, that there is any embarrassment either in the theory or working of currency. No exchequer is ever embarrassed, nor is any financial question difficult of solution, when people keep their practice honest, and their heads cool. But when governments lose all office of pilotage, protection, scrutiny, and witness; and live only in magnificence of proclaimed larceny, effulgent mendacity, and polished mendacity: or when the people, choosing Speculation (the s usually redundant

in the spelling) instead of Toil, pursue no dishonesty with chastisement, that each may with impunity take his dishonest turn; and enlarge their lust of wealth through ignorance of its use, making their harlot of the dust, and setting Earth the Mother at the mercy of Earth the Destroyer, so that she has to seek in hell the children she left playing in the meadows,—there are no tricks of financial terminology that will save them; all signature and mintage do but magnify the ruin they retard; and even the riches that remain, stagnant or current, change only from the slime of Avernus to the sand of Phlegethon;—quicksand at the embouchure;—land fluently recommended by recent auctioneers as ‘eligible for building leases.’

Finally, then, the power of true currency is fourfold.

1. Credit power. Its worth in exchange, dependent on public opinion of the stability and honesty of the issuer.

2. Real worth. Supposing the gold, or whatever else the currency expressly promises, to be required from the issuer, for all his notes; and that the call cannot be met in full. Then the actual worth of the document (whatever its credit power) would be, and its actual worth at any moment is to be defined as being, what the division of the assets of the issuer, and his subsequent will to work, would produce for it.

3. The exchange power of its base. Granting that we can get five pounds in gold for our note, it remains a question how much of other things we can get for five pounds in gold. The more of other things exist, and the less gold, the greater this power.

4. The power over labour, exercised by the given quantity of the

\* Perhaps both; perhaps silver only. It may be found expedient ultimately to leave gold free for use in the arts. As a means of reckoning, the standard might be, and in some cases has already been, entirely ideal.—See Mill's *Political Economy*, book iii. chap. 7, at beginning.

† The purity of the stater and sequin were not without significance of the state of intellect, art, and policy, both in Athens and Venice;—a fact first impressed upon me ten years ago, when, in daguerreotyping Venetian architecture, I found no purchasable gold pure enough to gild them with, but that of the old Venetian sequin.

base, or of the things to be got for it. The question in this case is, how much work, and (question of questions) *whose* work, is to be had for the food which five pounds will buy. This depends on the number of the population, on their gifts, and on their dispositions, with which, down to their slightest humours, and up to their strongest impulses, the power of the currency varies; and in this last of its ranges—the range of passion, price, or praise, (*converso in pretium Deo*), is at once least, and greatest.

Such being the main conditions of national currency, we proceed to examine those of the total currency, under the broad definition, 'transferable acknowledgment of debt;\*' among the many forms of which there are in effect only two, distinctly opposed; namely, the acknowledgments of debts which will be paid, and of debts which will not. Documents, whether in whole or part, of bad debt, being to those of good debt as bad money to bullion, we put for the present these forms of im-

posture aside (as in analysing a metal we should wash it clear of dross), and then range, in their exact quantities, the true currency of the country on one side, and the store or property of the country on the other. We place gold, and all such substances, on the side of documents, as far as they operate by signature;—on the side of store as far as they operate by value. Then the currency represents the quantity of debt in the country, and the store the quantity of its possession. The ownership of all the property is divided between the holders of currency and holders of store, and whatever the claiming value of the currency is at any moment, that value is to be deducted from the riches of the storeholders, the deduction being practically made in the payment of rent for houses and lands, of interest on stock, and in other ways to be hereafter examined. At present I wish only to note the broad relations of the two great classes—the currency-holders and store-holders.† Of course they are

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\* Under which term, observe, we include all documents of debt which, being honest, might be transferable, though they practically are not transferred; while we exclude all documents which are in reality worthless, though in fact transferred temporarily, as bad money is. The document of honest debt, not transferred, is merely to paper currency as gold withdrawn from circulation is to that of bullion. Much confusion has crept into the reasoning on this subject from the idea that withdrawal from circulation is a definable state, whereas it is a gradated state, and indefinable. The sovereign in my pocket is withdrawn from circulation as long as I choose to keep it there. It is no otherwise withdrawn if I bury it, nor even if I choose to make it, and others, into a golden cup, and drink out of them; since a rise in the price of the wine, or of other things, may at any time cause me to melt the cup and throw it back into currency: and the bullion operates on the prices of the things in the market as directly, though not as forcibly, while it is in the form of a cup, as it does in the form of a sovereign. No calculation can be founded on my humour in either case. If I like to handle rouleaus, and therefore keep a quantity of gold, to play with, in the form of jointed basaltic columns, it is all one in its effect on the market as if I kept it in the form of twisted filigree, or, steadily amicus lammæ, beat the narrow gold pieces into broad ones, and dined off them. The probability is greater that I break the rouleau than that I melt the plate; but the increased probability is not calculable. Thus, documents are only withdrawn from the currency when cancelled, and bullion when it is so effectually lost as that the probability of finding it is no greater than of finding new gold in the mine.

† They are (up to the amount of the currency) simply creditors and debtors—the commercial types of the two great sects of humanity which those words describe; for debt and credit are of course merely the mercantile forms of the words 'duty' and 'creed,' which give the central ideas: only it is more accurate to say 'faith' than 'creed,' because creed has been applied carelessly to mere forms of words. Duty properly signifies whatever in substance or act one person owes to another, and faith the other's trust in his rendering it. The French '*devoir*' and '*foi*' are fuller and clearer words than ours; for, faith being the passive of fact, *foi* comes straight through tides from *fio*; and the French keep the group of words formed from the infinitive—*fieri*,

partly united, most monied men having possessions of land or other goods; but they are separate in their nature and functions. The currency-holders as a class regulate the demand for labour, and the store-holders the laws of it; the currency-holders determine what shall be produced, and the store-holders the conditions of its production. Farther, as true currency represents by definition debts which will be paid, it represents either the debtor's wealth, or his ability and willingness; that is to say, either wealth existing in his hands transferred to him by the creditor, or wealth which, as he is at some time surely to return it, he is either increasing, or, if diminishing, has the will and strength to reproduce. A sound currency therefore, as by its increase it represents enlarging debt, represents also enlarging means; but in this curious way, that a certain quantity of it marks the deficiency of the wealth of the country from what it would have been if that currency had not existed.\* In this respect it is like the detritus of a mountain; assume that it lies at a fixed angle, and the more the detritus, the larger must be the mountain; but it would have been larger still, had there been none.

Finally, though, as above stated, every man possessing money has usually also some property beyond what is necessary for his imme-

diately wants, and men possessing property usually also hold currency beyond what is necessary for their immediate exchanges, it mainly determines the class to which they belong, whether in their eyes the money is an adjunct of the property, or the property of the money. In the first case the holder's pleasure is in his possessions, and in his money subordinated, as the means of bettering or adding to them. In the second, his pleasure is in his money, and in his possessions only as representing it. In the first case the money is as an atmosphere surrounding the wealth, rising from it and raining back upon it; but in the second, it is as a deluge, with the wealth floating, and for the most part perishing in it. The shortest distinction between the men is that the one wishes always to buy, and the other to sell.

Such being the great relations of the classes, their several characters are of the highest importance to the nation; for on the character of the store-holders depends the preservation, display, and serviceableness of its wealth;—on that of the currency-holders its nature, and in great part its distribution; on that of both, its reproduction.

The store-holders are either constructive, neutral, or destructive; and in subsequent papers we shall, with respect to every kind of wealth, examine the relative power of the store-holder for its improve-

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'se fier,' 'se défier,' 'défiance,' and the grand following 'défi.' Our English 'affiance,' 'defiance,' 'confidence,' 'diffidence,' retain accurate meanings; but our 'faithful' has become obscure from being used for 'faithworthy,' as well as 'full of faith.'

\* His name that sat on him was called Faithful and True.

Trust is the passive of true saying, as faith is the passive of due doing; and the right learning of these etymologies, which are in the strictest sense only to be learned 'by heart,' is of considerably more importance to the youth of a nation than its reading and ciphering.

\* For example, suppose an active peasant, having got his ground into good order and built himself a comfortable house, finding still time on his hands, sees one of his neighbours little able to work, and ill lodged, and offers to build him also a house, and to put his land in order, on condition of receiving for a given period rent for the building and tithe of the fruits. The offer is accepted, and a document given promissory of rent and tithe. This note is money. It can only be good money if the man who has incurred the debt so far recovers his strength as to be able to take advantage of the help he has received, and meet the demand of the note; if he lets his house fall to ruin, and his field to waste, his promissory note will soon be valueless: but the existence of the note at all is a consequence of his not having worked so stoutly as the other. Let him gain as much as to be able to pay back the entire debt; the note is cancelled, and we have two rich store-holders and no currency.



ment or destruction; and we shall then find it to be of incomparably greater importance to the nation in whose hands the thing is put, than how much of it is got; and that the character of the holders may be conjectured by the quality of the store, for such and such a man always asks for such and such a thing; nor only asks for it, but if to be bettered, betters it: so that possession and possessor reciprocally act on each other through the entire sum of national possession. The base nation asking for base things sinks daily to deeper vileness of nature and of use; while the noble nation, asking for noble things, rises daily into diviner eminence in both; the tendency to degradation being surely marked by *ἀραξία*, carelessness as to the hands in which things are put, competition for the acquisition of them, disorderliness in accumulation, inaccuracy in reckoning, and bluntness in conception as to the entire nature of possession.

Now, the currency-holders always increase in number and influence in proportion to the bluntness of nature and clumsiness of the store-holders; for the less use people can make of things the more they tire of them, and want to change them for something else, and all frequency of change increases the quantity and power of currency; while the large currency-holder himself is essentially a person who never has been able to make up his mind as to what he will have, and proceeds, therefore, in vague collection and aggregation, with more and more infuriate passion, urged by complacency in progress, and pride of conquest.

While, however, there is this obscurity in the nature of possession of currency, there is a charm in the *absoluteness* of it, which is to some people very enticing. In the enjoyment of real property others must partly share. The groom has some enjoyment of the stud, and the gardener of the garden; but the

money is, or seems shut up; it is wholly enviable. No one else can have part in any complacencies arising from it.

The power of arithmetical comparison is also a great thing to unimaginative people. They know always they are so much better than they were, in money; so much better than others, in money; wit cannot be so compared, nor character. My neighbour cannot be convinced I am wiser than he is, but he can that I am worth so much more; and the universality of the conviction is no less flattering than its clearness. Only a few can understand, none measure, superiorities in other things; but everybody can understand money, and count it.

Now, these various temptations to accumulation would be politically harmless if what was vainly accumulated had any fair chance of being wisely spent. For as accumulation cannot go on for ever, but must some day end in its reverse—if this reverse were indeed a beneficial distribution and use, as irrigation from reservoir, the fever of gathering, though perilous to the gatherer, might be serviceable to the community. But it constantly happens (so constantly, that it may be stated as a political law having few exceptions), that what is unreasonably gathered is also unreasonably spent by the persons into whose hands it finally falls. Very frequently it is spent in war, or else in a stupifying luxury, twice hurtful, both in being indulged by the rich and witnessed by the poor. So that the *mal tener* and *mal dare* are as correlative as complementary colours; and the circulation of wealth, which ought to be soft, steady, strong, far-sweeping, and full of warmth, like the Gulf stream, being narrowed into an eddy, and concentrated on a point, changes into the alternate suction and surrender of Charybdis. Which is indeed, I doubt not, the true meaning of that marvellous fable, ‘infinite,’ as Bacon said of it, ‘in matter of meditation.’\*

\* It is a strange habit of wise humanity to speak in enigmas only, so that the highest truths and usefulest laws must be hunted for through whole picture-galleries

This disease of desire having especial relation to the great art of Exchange, or Commerce, we must, in order to complete our code of first principles, shortly state the nature and limits of that art.

As the currency conveys right of choice out of many things in exchange for one, so Commerce is the agency by which the power of choice is obtained ; and countries producing only timber can obtain

of dreams, which to the vulgar seem dreams only. Thus Homer, the Greek tragedians, Plato, Dante, Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Goethe, have hidden all that is chiefly serviceable in their work, and in all the various literature they absorbed and embodied, under types which have rendered it quite useless to the multitude. What is worse, the two primal declarers of moral discovery, Homer and Plato, are partly at issue ; for Plato's logical power quenched his imagination, and he became incapable of understanding the purely imaginative element either in poetry or painting, he therefore somewhat overrates the pure discipline of passionate art in song and music, and misses that of meditative art. There is, however, a deeper reason for his distrust of Homer. His love of justice, and reverently religious nature made him dread, as death, every form of fallacy ; but chiefly, fallacy respecting the world to come (his own myths being only symbolic exponents of a rational hope). We shall perhaps now every day discover more clearly how right Plato was in this, and feel ourselves more and more wonderstruck that men such as Homer and Dante (and, in an inferior sphere, Milton), not to speak of the great sculptors and painters of every age, have permitted themselves, though full of all nobleness and wisdom, to coin idle imaginations of the mysteries of eternity, and mould the faiths of the families of the earth by the courses of their own vague and visionary arts : while the indisputable truths respecting human life and duty, respecting which they all have but one voice, lie hidden behind these veils of phantasy, unsought and often unsuspected. I will gather carefully, out of Dante and Homer, what of this kind bears on our subject, in its due place ; the first broad intention of their symbols may be sketched at once. The rewards of a worthy use of riches, subordinate to other ends, are shown by Dante in the fifth and sixth orbs of Paradise ; for the punishment of their unworthy use, three places are assigned ; one for the avaricious and prodigal whose souls are lost (Hell. Canto 7) ; one for the avaricious and prodigal whose souls are capable of purification (Purgatory. Canto 19) ; and one for the usurers, of whom none can be redeemed. (Hell. Canto 17.) The first group, the largest in all hell, (*gente piu che altrove troppa*), meet in contrary currents, *as the waves of Charybdis*, casting weights at each other from opposite sides. This weariness of contention is the chief element of their torture ; so marked by the beautiful lines beginning *Or puoi, figliuol, &c.* : (but the usurers, who made their money inactively, *sit* on the sand, equally without rest, however, '*Di qua, di la toccarri,*' &c.) For it is not avarice but *contention* for riches, leading to this double misuse of them, which, in Dante's light, is the unredeemable sin. The place of its punishment is guarded by Plutus 'the great enemy,' and '*la fièra crudele,*' a spirit quite different from the Greek Plutus, who though old and blind, is not cruel, and is curable, so as to become far-sighted. (*ὁ τρυφλὸς ἀλλ' ὁξὺ βλέπων*.—Plato's epithets in first book of the *Laws*.) Still more does this Dantesque type differ from the resplendent Plutus of Goethe in the second part of *Faust*, who is the personified power of wealth for good or evil ; not the passion for wealth ; and again from the Plutus of Spenser, who is the passion of mere aggregation. Dante's Plutus is specially and definitely the spirit of Contention and Competition, or Evil Commerce ; and because, as I showed in my last paper, this kind of commerce 'makes all men strangers,' his speech is unintelligible, and no single soul of all those ruined by him has recognizable features.

(*La sconscente vita—*

*Ad ogni conoscenza or li fa bruni*).

On the other hand, the redeemable sins of avarice and prodigality are, in Dante's sight, those which are without deliberate or calculated operation. The lust, or lavishness, of riches can be purged, so long as there has been no servile consistency of dispute and competition for them. The sin is spoken of as that of degradation by the love of earth ; it is purified by deeper humiliation—the souls crawl on their bellies ; their chant, 'my soul cleaveth unto the dust.' But the spirits here condemned are all recognizable, and even the worst examples of the thirst for gold, which they are compelled to tell the histories of during the night, are of men swept by the passion of avarice into violent crime, but not sold to its steady work.

The precept given to each of these spirits for its deliverance is—Turn thine eyes

for their timber silk and gold; or, naturally producing only jewels and frankincense, can obtain for them cattle and corn. In this function commerce is of more importance to a country in proportion

to the limitations of its products and the restlessness of its fancy;—generally of greater importance towards Northern latitudes.

Commerce is necessary, however, not only to exchange local pro-

to the lucre, (lure) which the Eternal King rolls with the mighty wheels. Otherwise, the wheels of the 'Greater Fortune,' of which the constellation is ascending when Dante's dream begins. Compare George Herbert,

Lift up thy head;  
Take stars for money; stars, not to be told  
By any art, yet to be purchased.

And Plato's notable sentence in the third book of the *Polity*:—'Tell them they have divine gold and silver in their souls for ever; that they need no money stamped of men—neither may they otherwise than impiously mingle the gathering of the divine with the mortal treasure, for through that which the law of the multitude has coined, endless crimes have been done and suffered; but in theirs is neither pollution nor sorrow.'

At the entrance of this place of punishment an evil spirit is seen by Dante, quite other than the 'Gran Nemico.' The great enemy is obeyed knowingly and willingly; but this spirit—feminine—and called a Siren—is the 'Deceitfulness of riches,' ἀπάτη πλοῦτος of the gospels, winning obedience by guile. This is the Idol of Riches, made doubly phantasmal by Dante's seeing her in a dream. She is lovely to look upon, and enchants by her sweet singing, but her womb is loathsome. Now, Dante does not call her one of the Sirens carelessly, any more than he speaks of Charybdis carelessly, and though he had only got at the meaning of the Homeric fable through Virgil's obscure tradition of it, the clue he has given us is quite enough. Bacon's interpretation, 'the Sirens, or pleasures,' which has become universal since his time, is opposed alike to Plato's meaning and Homer's. The Sirens are not pleasures, but Desires: in the *Odyssey* they are the phantoms of vain desire; but in Plato's vision of *Destiny*, phantoms of constant Desire; singing each a different note on the circles of the distaff of Necessity, but forming one harmony, to which the three great Fates put words. Dante, however, adopted the Homeric conception of them, which was that they were demons of the Imagination, not carnal (desire of the eyes; not lust of the flesh); therefore said to be daughters of the Muses. Yet not of the muses, heavenly or historical, but of the muse of pleasure; and they are at first winged, because even vain hope excites and helps when first formed; but afterwards, contending for the possession of the imagination with the muses themselves, they are deprived of their wings, and thus we are to distinguish the Siren power from the power of Circe, who is no daughter of the muses, but of the strong elements, Sun and Sea; her power is that of frank, and full vital pleasure, which if governed and watched, nourishes men; but, unwatched, and having no 'moly,' bitterness or delay, mixed with it, turns men into beasts, but does not slay them, leaves them, on the contrary, power of revival. She is herself indeed an Enchantress;—pure Animal life; transforming—or degrading—but always wonderful (she puts the stores on board the ship invisibly, and is gone again, like a ghost); even the wild beasts rejoice and are softened around her cave; to men, she gives no rich feast, nothing but pure and right nourishment,—Pramnian wine, cheese, and flour; that is, corn, milk, and wine, the three great sustainers of life—it is their own fault if these make swine of them; and swine are chosen merely as the type of consumption; as Plato's ὄων πόλις, in the second book of the *Polity*, and perhaps chosen by Homer with a deeper knowledge of the likeness in variety of nourishment, and internal form of body.

'Et quel est, s'il vous plait, cet audacieux animal qui se permet d'être bâti au dedans comme une jolie petite fille ?

'Hélas ! chère enfant, j'ai honte de le nommer, et il ne faudra pas m'en vouloir. C'est . . . c'est le cochon. . . Ce n'est pas précisément flatteur pour vous ; mais nous en sommes tous là, et si cela vous contrarie par trop, il faut aller vous plaindre au bon Dieu qui a voulu que les choses fussent arrangées ainsi : seulement le cochon, qui ne pense qu'à manger, a l'estomac bien plus vaste que nous, et c'est toujours une consolation.' (*Histoire d'une Bouchée de Pain*, Lettre ix.)

But the deadly Sirens are in all things opposed to the Circean power. They promise pleasure, but never give it. They nourish in no wise; but slay by slow



ducts, but local skill. Labour requiring the agency of fire can only be given abundantly in cold countries; labour requiring suppleness of body and sensitiveness of touch only in warm ones; labour involv-

ing accurate vivacity of thought only in temperate ones; while peculiar imaginative actions are produced by extremes of heat and cold, and of light and darkness. The production of great art is limited

death. And whereas they corrupt the heart and the head, instead of merely betraying the senses, there is no recovery from their power; they do not tear nor snatch, like Scylla, but the men who have listened to them are poisoned, and waste away. Note that the Sirens' field is covered, not merely with the bones, but with the *skins* of those who have been consumed there. They address themselves, in the part of the song which Homer gives, not to the passions of Ulysses, but to his vanity, and the only man who ever came within hearing of them, and escaped untempted, was Orpheus, who silenced the vain imaginations by singing the praises of the gods.

It is, then, one of these Sirens whom Dante takes as the phantasm or deceitfulness of riches; but note further, that she says it was her song that deceived Ulysses. Look back to Dante's account of Ulysses' death, and we find it was not the love of money, but pride of knowledge, that betrayed him; whence we get the clue to Dante's complete meaning: that the souls whose love of wealth is pardonable have been first deceived into pursuit of it by a dream of its higher uses, or by ambition. His Siren is therefore the Philotimé of Spenser, daughter of Mammon—

‘Whom all that folk with such contention  
Do flock about, my deare, my daughter is—  
Honour and dignitie from her alone  
Derived are.’

By comparing Spenser's entire account of this Philotimé with Dante's of the Wealth-Siren, we shall get at the full meaning of both poets; but that of Homer lies hidden much more deeply. For his Sirens are indefinite, and they are desires of any evil thing; power of wealth is not specially indicated by him, until, escaping the harmonious danger of imagination, Ulysses has to choose between two practical ways of life, indicated by the two *rocks* of Scylla and Charybdis. The monsters that haunt them are quite distinct from the rocks themselves, which, having many other subordinate significations, are in the main Labour and Idleness, or getting and spending; each with its attendant monster, or betraying demon. The rock of gaining has its summit in the clouds, invisible, and not to be climbed; that of spending is low, but marked by the cursed fig-tree, which has leaves but no fruit. We know the type elsewhere; and there is a curious lateral allusion to it by Dante when Jacopo di Sant' Andrea, who had ruined himself by profusion and committed suicide, scatters the leaves of the bush of Lotto degli Agli, endeavouring to hide himself among them. We shall hereafter examine the type completely; here I will only give an approximate rendering of Homer's words, which have been obscured more by translation than even by tradition—

‘They are overhanging rocks. The great waves of blue water break round them; and the blessed Gods call them the Wanderers.

‘By one of them no winged thing can pass—not even the wild doves that bring ambrosia to their father Jove—but the smooth rock seizes its sacrifice of them.’ (Not even ambrosia to be had without Labour. The word is peculiar—as a part of anything is offered for sacrifice; especially used of heave-offering.) ‘It reaches the wide heaven with its top, and a dark-blue cloud rests on it, and never passes; neither does the clear sky hold it in summer nor in harvest. Nor can any man climb it—not if he had twenty feet and hands, for it is smooth as though it were hewn.

‘And in the midst of it is a cave which is turned the way of hell. And therein dwells Scylla, whining for prey: her cry, indeed, is no louder than that of a newly-born whelp: but she herself is an awful thing—nor can any creature see her face and be glad; no, though it were a god that rose against her. For she has twelve feet, all fore-feet, and six necks, and terrible heads on them; and each has three rows of teeth, full of black death.

‘But the opposite rock is lower than this, though but a bow-shot distant; and upon it there is a great fig-tree, full of leaves; and under it the terrible Charybdis sucks down the black water. Thrice in the day she sucks it down, and thrice casts it up again; be not thou there when she sucks down, for Neptune himself could not save thee.’

The reader will find the meaning of these types gradually elicited as we proceed.

to climates warm enough to admit of repose in the open air, and cool enough to render such repose delightful. Minor variations in modes of skill distinguish every locality. The labour which at any place is easiest, is in that place cheapest; and it becomes often desirable that products raised in one country should be wrought in another. Hence have arisen discussions on 'International values' which will be one day remembered as highly curious exercises of the human mind. For it will be discovered, in due course of tide and time, that international value is regulated just as inter-provincial or inter-parishional value is. Coals and hops are exchanged between Northumberland and Kent on absolutely the same principles as iron and wine between Lancashire and Spain. The greater breadth of an arm of the sea increases the cost, but does not modify the principle of exchange; and a bargain written in two languages will have no other economical results than a bargain written in one. The distances of nations are measured not by seas, but by ignorances; and their divisions determined, not by dialects, but by enmities.

Of course, a system of international values may always be constructed if we assume a relation of moral law to physical geography; as, for instance, that it is right to cheat across a river, though not across a road; or across a lake, though not across a river; or over a mountain, though not across a lake, &c.:—again, a system of such values may be constructed by assuming similar relations of taxation to physical geography; as, for instance, that an article should be taxed in crossing a river, but not in crossing a road; or in being carried over a mountain, but not over a ferry, &c.: such positions are indeed not easily maintained when once put in logical form: but one law of international value is maintainable in any form; namely, that the farther your neighbour lives from you, and the less he understands you, the more you are bound to be true in your dealings with him; because your

power over him is greater in proportion to his ignorance, and his remedy more difficult in proportion to his distance.

I have just said the breadth of sea increases the cost of exchange. Exchange, or commerce, as such, is always costly; the sum of the value of the goods being diminished by the cost of their conveyance, and by the maintenance of the persons employed in it; so that it is only when there is advantage to both producers (in getting the one thing for the other), greater than the loss in conveyance, that the exchange is expedient. And it is only justly conducted when the porters kept by the producers, (commonly called merchants) look only for pay, and not for profit. For in just commerce there are but three parties—the two persons or societies exchanging and the agent or agents of exchange: the value of the things to be exchanged is known by both the exchangers, and each receives equivalent value, neither gaining nor losing (for whatever one gains the other loses). The intermediate agent is paid an equal and known per-centage by both, partly for labour in conveyance, partly for care, knowledge, and risk; every attempt at concealment of the amount of the pay indicates either effort on the part of the agent to obtain exorbitant per-centage, or effort on the part of the exchangers to refuse him a just one. But for the most part it is the first, namely, the effort on the part of the merchant to obtain larger profit (so-called) by buying cheap and selling dear. Some part, indeed, of this larger gain is deserved, and might be openly demanded, because it is the reward of the merchant's knowledge, and foresight of probable necessity: but the greater part of such gain is unjust; and unjust in this most fatal way, that it depends first on keeping the exchangers ignorant of the exchange value of the articles, and secondly, on taking advantage of the buyer's need and the seller's poverty. It is, therefore, one of the essential, and quite the most fatal, forms of usury; for usury means merely taking an exorbitant sum for the use of any-



thing, and it is no matter whether the exorbitance is on loan or exchange, in rent or in price—the essence of the usury being that it is obtained by advantage of opportunity or necessity, and not as due reward for labour. All the great thinkers, therefore, have held it to be unnatural and impious, in so far as it feeds on the distress of others, or their folly.\* Nevertheless, attempts to repress it by law, (in other words, to regulate prices by law so far as their variations depend on iniquity, and not on nature) must for ever be ineffective; though Plato, Bacon, and the First Napoleon—all three of them men who knew somewhat more of humanity than the ‘British merchant’ usually does, tried their hands at it, and have left some (probably) good moderate forms of law, which we will examine in their place. But the only final check upon it must be radical purifying of the national character, for being, as Bacon calls it, ‘concessum propter duritiem cordis,’ it is to be done away with by touching the heart only; not, however, without medicinal law—as in the case of the other permission, ‘propter duritiem.’ But in this, more than in anything (though much in all, and though in this he would not himself allow of their application, for his own laws against usury are sharp enough), Plato’s words are true in the fourth book of the *Polity*, that neither drugs, nor charms, nor burnings, will touch a deep-lying political sore, any more than a deep bodily one; but only right and utter change of constitution: and that ‘they do but lose their labour who think that by any tricks of law they can get the better of these mischiefs of intercourse, and see not that they hew at a Hydra.’

And indeed this Hydra seems so unslayable, and sin sticks so fast between the joinings of the stones of buying and selling, that ‘to trade’ in things, or literally ‘cross-give’ them, has warped itself, by the instinct of nations, into

their worst word for fraud; for, because in trade there cannot but be trust, and it seems also that there cannot but also be injury in answer to it, what is merely fraud between enemies becomes treachery among friends: and ‘trader,’ ‘traditor’ and ‘traitor’ are but the same word. For which simplicity of language there is more reason than at first appears; for as in true commerce there is no ‘profit,’ so in true commerce there is no ‘sale.’ The idea of sale is that of an interchange between enemies respectively endeavouring to get the better one of another; but commerce is an exchange between friends; and there is no desire but that it should be just, any more than there would be between members of the same family. The moment there is a bargain over the pottage, the family relation is dissolved:—typically, ‘the days of mourning for my father are at hand.’ Whereupon follows the resolve ‘then will I slay my brother.’

This inhumanity of mercenary commerce is the more notable because it is a fulfilment of the law that the corruption of the best is the worst. For as, taking the body natural for symbol of the body politic, the governing and forming powers may be likened to the brain, and the labouring to the limbs, the mercantile, presiding over circulation and communication of things in changed utilities, is symbolized by the heart; which if it harden, all is lost. And this is the ultimate lesson which the leader of English intellect meant for us (a lesson, indeed, not all his own, but part of the old wisdom of humanity), in the tale of the *Merchant of Venice*; in which the true and incorrupt merchant,—kind and free, beyond every other Shakspearian conception of men,—is opposed to the corrupted merchant, or usurer; the lesson being deepened by the expression of the strange hatred which the corrupted merchant bears to the pure one, mixed with intense scorn,—

‘This is the fool that lent out

\* Hence Dante’s companionship of Cahors, *Inf.*, canto xi., supported by the view taken of the matter throughout the middle ages, in common with the Greeks.



money gratis ; look to him, jailor,' (as to lunatic no less than criminal) the enmity, observe, having its symbolism literally carried out by being aimed straight at the heart, and finally foiled by a literal appeal to the great moral law that flesh and blood cannot be weighed, enforced by 'Portia' ('Portion'), the type of divine Fortune,\* found, not in gold, nor in silver, but in lead, that is to say, in endurance and patience, not in splendour ; and finally taught by her lips also, declaring, instead of the law and quality of 'merces,' the greater law and quality of mercy, which is not strained, but drops as the rain, blessing him that gives and him that takes. And observe that this 'mercy' is not the mean 'Misericordia,' but the mighty 'Gratia,' answered by Gratitude, (observe Shylock's learning on the, to him detestable, word *gratis*, and compare the relations of Grace to Equity given in the

second chapter of the second book of the *Memorabilia*); that is to say, it is the gracious or loving, instead of the strained, or competing manner, of doing things, answered, not only with 'merces' or pay, but with 'merci' or thanks. And this is indeed the meaning of the great benediction 'Grace, mercy, and peace,' for there can be no peace without grace, (not even by help of rifled cannon),† nor even without triplicity of graciousness, for the Greeks, who began but with one Grace, had to open their scheme into three before they had done.

With the usual tendency of long repeated thought, to take the surface for the deep, we have conceived these goddesses as if they only gave loveliness to gesture ; whereas their true function is to give graciousness to deed, the other loveliness arising naturally out of that. In which function Charis becomes Charitas ;‡ and has a name and praise even greater than

\* Shakspeare would certainly never have chosen this name had he been forced to retain the Roman spelling. Like Perdita, 'lost lady,' or Cordelia, 'heart-lady,' Portia is 'fortune' lady. The two great relative groups of words, Fortuna, fero, and fors—Portio, porto, and pars (with the lateral branch, op-portune, im-portune, opportunity, &c.), are of deep and intricate significance ; their various senses of bringing, abstracting, and sustaining being all centralized by the wheel (which bears and moves at once), or still better, the ball (spera) of Fortune,—'Volve sua spera, e beata si gode : ' the motive power of this wheel distinguishing its goddess from the fixed majesty of Necessitas with her iron nails ; or ἀνάγκη, with her pillar of fire and iridescent orbits, fixed at the centre. Portus and porta, and gate in its connexion with gain, form another interesting branch group ; and Mora, the concentration of delaying, is always to be remembered with Fora, the concentration of bringing and bearing, passing on into Fortis and Fortitude.

† Out of whose mouths, indeed, no peace was ever promulgated, but only equipoise of panic, highly tremulous on the edge in changes of the wind.

‡ The reader must not think that any care can be misspent in tracing the connexion and power of the words which we have to use in the sequel. Not only does all soundness of reasoning depend on the work thus done in the outset, but we may sometimes gain more by insistence on the expression of a truth, than by much wordless thinking about it ; for to strive to express it clearly is often to detect it thoroughly ; and education, even as regards thought, nearly sums itself in making men economise their words, and understand them. Nor is it possible to estimate the harm which has been done, in matters of higher speculation and conduct, by loose verbiage, though we may guess at it by observing the dislike which people show to having anything about their religion said to them in simple words, because then they understand it. Thus congregations meet weekly to invoke the influence of a Spirit of Life and Truth ; yet if any part of that character were intelligibly expressed to them by the formulas of the service, they would be offended. Suppose, for instance, in the closing benediction, the clergyman were to give its vital significance to the word 'Holy,' and were to say, 'the Fellowship of the Helpful and Honest Ghost be with you, and remain with you always,' what would be the horror of many, first at the irreverence of so intelligible an expression, and secondly, at the uncomfortable entry of the suspicion that (while throughout the commercial dealings of the week they had denied the propriety of Help, and possibility of Honesty,) the person whose company they had been asking to be blessed with could have no fellowship with knaves.

that of Faith or Truth, for these may be maintained sullenly and proudly; but Charis is in her countenance always gladdening (Aglaia), and in her service instant and humble; and the true wife of Vulcan, or Labour.\* And it is not until her sincerity of function is lost, and her mere beauty contemplated instead of her patience, that she is born again of the foam flake, and becomes Aphrodité; then only capable of joining herself to War and to the enmities of men, instead of to labour and their services. Therefore the fable of Mars and Venus is chosen by Homer, picturing himself as Demodocus, to sing at the games in the court of Alcinous. Phæacia is the Homeric island of Atlantis; an image of noble and wise government, concealed, how slightly! merely by the change of a short vowel for a long one in the name of its queen; yet misunderstood by all later writers, even by Horace in his 'pinguis, Phæax que,' &c. That fable expresses the perpetual error of men in thinking that grace and dignity can only be

reached by the soldier, and never by the artizan; so that commerce and the useful arts have had the honour and beauty taken away, and only the Fraud† and Pain left to them, with the lucre. Which is, indeed, one great reason of the continual blundering about the offices of government with respect to commerce. The higher classes are ashamed to deal with it; and though ready enough to fight for, (or occasionally against) the people,—to preach to them—or judge them, will not break bread for them; the refined upper servant who has willingly looked after the burnishing of the armoury and ordering of the library, not liking to set foot in the larder.

Farther still. As Charis becomes Charitas on the one side, she becomes—better still—Chara, Joy, on the other; or rather this is her very mother's milk and the beauty of her childhood; for God brings no enduring Love, nor any other good, out of pain; nor out of contention; but out of joy and harmony.‡ And in this sense, human

\* As Charis becomes Charitas, the word 'Cher,' or 'Dear,' passes from Shylock's sense of it (to buy cheap and sell dear) into Antonio's sense of it: emphasized with the final *i* in tender 'Cheri,' and hushed to English calmness in our noble 'Cherish.'

† While I have traced the finer and higher laws of this matter for those whom they concern, I have also to note the material law—vulgarly expressed in the proverb, 'Honesty is the best policy.' That proverb is indeed wholly inapplicable to matters of private interest. It is not true that honesty, as far as material gain is concerned, profits individuals. A clever and cruel knave will in a mixed society always be richer than an honest person can be. But Honesty is the best 'policy,' if policy mean practice of State. For fraud gains nothing in a State. It only enables the knaves in it to live at the expense of honest people; while there is for every act of fraud, however small, a loss of wealth to the community. Whatever the fraudulent person gains, some other person loses, as fraud produces nothing; and there is, besides, the loss of the time and thought spent in accomplishing the fraud, and of the strength otherwise obtainable by mutual help (not to speak of the fevers of anxiety and jealousy in the blood, which are a heavy physical loss, as I will show in due time). Practically, when the nation is deeply corrupt, cheat answers to cheat; every one is in turn imposed upon, and there is to the body politic the dead loss of the ingenuity, together with the incalculable mischief of the injury to each defrauded person, producing collateral effect unexpectedly. My neighbour sells me bad meat: I sell him in return flawed iron. We neither of us get one atom of pecuniary advantage on the whole transaction, but we both suffer unexpected inconvenience;—my men get scurvy, and his cattle-truck runs off the rails.

‡ 'τὰ μὲν οὖν ἄλλα ζῶα οὐκ ἔχειν αἰσθῆσιν τῶν ἐν ταῖς κινήσεισι τάξεων οὐδὲ ἀταξιῶν, οἷς δὲ ῥυθμὸς ὄνομα καὶ ἁρμονία· ἡμῖν δὲ οὗς εἰπομεν τοὺς θεοὺς (Apollo, the Muses, and Bacchus—the grave Bacchus, that is—ruling the choir of age; or Bacchus restraining; "sæva tene, cum Berecynthio cornu, tympana," &c.) συγχορεύτας δέδοσθαι, τούτους εἶναι καὶ τοὺς διδόνοντας τὴν ἐν ρυθμῷ τε καὶ ἐναρμόνιον αἰσθῆσιν μεθ' ἡδονῆς . . . χρόνους τε αναγόμεναι παρὰ τῆς χαρᾶς ἔμφυτον ὄνομα.'—Laws, book ii.

and divine, music and gladness, and the measures of both, come into her name; and Cher becomes full-vowelled Cheer, and Cheerful; and Chara, companioned, opens into Choir and Choral.

And lastly. As Grace passes into Freedom of action, Charis becomes Eleutheria, or Liberality; a form of liberty quite curiously and intensely different from the thing usually understood by 'Liberty' in modern language: indeed, much more like what some people would call slavery: for a Greek always understood, primarily, by liberty, deliverance from the law of his own passions (or from what the Christian writers call bondage of corruption), and this a complete liberty: not having to resist the passion, but making it fawn upon, and follow him—(this may be again partly the meaning of the fawning beasts about the Circean cave; so, again, George Herbert—

Correct thy passion's spite,  
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy  
light)—

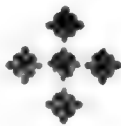
not being merely safe from the Siren, but also unbound from the mast. And it is only in such generosity that any man becomes capable of so governing others as to take true part in any system of national economy. Nor is there any other eternal distinction between the upper and lower classes than this form of liberty, Eleutheria, or benignity, in the one, and its opposite of slavery, Douleia, or malignity, in the other; the separation of these two orders of men, and the firm government of the lower by the higher, being the first conditions of possible wealth and

economy in any state,—the Gods giving it no greater gift than the power to discern its freemen, and 'malignum spernere vulgus.'

The examination of this form of Charis must, therefore, lead us into the discussion of the principles of government in general, and especially of that of the poor by the rich, discovering how the Graciousness joined with the Greatness, or Love with Majestas, is the true Dei Gratia, or Divine Right, of every form and manner of King; i. e., specifically, of the thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, and powers of the earth:—of the thrones, stable, or 'ruling,' literally right-doing powers ('rex eris, recte si facies:') of the dominations, lordly, edifying, dominant and harmonious powers; chiefly domestic, over the 'built thing,' domus, or house; and inherently twofold, Dominus and Domina; Lord and Lady: of the Principedoms, pre-eminent, incipient, creative, and demonstrative powers; thus poetic and mercantile, in the 'princeps carmen deduxisse' and the merchant-prince: of the Virtues or Courages; militant, guiding, or Ducal powers: and finally of the Strengths or Forces pure; magistral powers, of the More over the less, and the forceful and free over the weak and servile elements of life.

Subject enough for the next paper, involving 'economical' principles of some importance, of which, for theme, here is a sentence, which I do not care to translate, for it would sound harsh in English, though, truly, it is one of the tenderest ever uttered by man; which may be meditated over, or rather *through*, in the meanwhile, by any one who will take the pains:—

Ἄρ' οὖν, ὥσπερ ἵππος τῷ ἀνεπιστήμονι μὲν ἐγχειροῦντι δὲ χρῆσθαι ζημία ἐστίν, οὕτω καὶ ἀδελφός, ὅταν τις αὐτῷ μὴ ἐπιστάμενος ἐγχειρῇ χρῆσθαι, ζημία ἐστί;





## TO WORK AGAIN.

**I**F you had slept last night in any one of the row of houses which forms the north side of a certain street in a certain city, you would almost certainly have been awakened up a little before six o'clock this morning by a most dreadful squall, which was the culmination of a stormy night. It was quite dark. The rain was driven in bitter splashes against the windows. The windows rattled, the doors creaked; the very walls seemed to tremble; and there was a dismal howling in the chimneys. For though the street I have mentioned has the city all round it, yet the ground on which it is built slopes so much, that the houses catch the unbroken force of the wind from the not distant sea. And from the upper windows, if you look to the north, beyond the gleam of a frith six miles in breadth, you may discern a range of hills, not far enough distant to seem blue.

It was a time in which to remember those who are at sea; and to be thankful that you were safe on shore. But there is farther association with such a time, which would probably be present to the mind of many who in former days studied at a certain ancient University which the writer will never cease to hold in affectionate remembrance. For this morning was one of the latest mornings of October: and on the selfsame morning in time, and on just such a morning for pleasantness, has many a student risen at six from his bed, that he might be present in the lecture-room, a mile and a half away, at half-past seven. On the previous day, he had gone at a comfortable forenoon hour to the Common Hall of the University, and assisted at the ceremony of opening the session. The ceremony was a simple one. Several hundreds of students, arrayed in gowns of flaming scarlet, assembled in that plain Hall; and heard the Principal give a short address on academic dignity and duty. And if the student were one who had studied at the University in former sessions, he would be

cheered up somewhat in the prospect of resuming his studies by the sight of some familiar and kindly faces. But that ceremony in the early forenoon was but the gentle introduction to college work: here is its stern reality. I am well aware that human beings in this world have oftentimes very dark and repulsive prospects to face, on rising from their bed in the morning: and I could think of things so grave as awaiting worthier men, that they make me almost ashamed to chronicle lesser trials. Yet I can say, from sorrowful experience, that duty and work seldom look more gloomy and disheartening than they do to a student of that ancient University of which the writer is an unworthy son, when he gets up in darkness and cold and hurricane; and hastens through mud and sleet along the gloomy streets to the lecture at half-past seven.

One happy result follows. During all the remainder of his life, the man who for three long winters in succession, each beginning about the twenty-eighth of October, and reaching on till the end of April, has undergone that discipline, can never cease to have a special feeling of thankfulness when on a morning of late October or early November he awakes at half-past five in the morning, and hears the rain outside; and then reflects that he need not get up and go out. The remembrance of many mornings past may send a chill through his frame; and various worries and cares which must be faced at rising may painfully suggest themselves: yet at least there is not that dismal rising before he has gathered heart to face the dreary day.

Things which were very far from pleasant when they occurred, are sometimes very pleasant to look back on. I remember well how through months of over-work at College, anything but enjoyable while they passed over, I kept written on a piece of paper, always before my eyes, Virgil's line which

says so. I can see it yet, in large letters on my table: I used to look at it, in the silent house, at half-past three in the morning before going to bed, and to repeat it over when getting up wearily at half-past six again. *Forsitan olim hæc meminisse juxabit*: which was the graceful classic way of saying that there is a good time coming, and of advising sensible folk to wait a little longer. That time has come to the writer, and to many of his friends. We like to talk, when we meet, of the old days with their dismal mornings. It rejoiced me, between five and six this morning, to remember these things; and to feel the force of the anniversary. And now, when a new generation is gathering, on this very day, within the gloomy courts so well remembered, the recollection does no worse than call up in the writer many thoughts of the varied ways in which men take to work again. Suffer me to say here, my friendly reader, May the City and the University flourish together; according to the simple and straightforward wish of the pious burghers who first inscribed the motto on the scutcheon of the ancient town. And let me confess that I have already grown so old, that not without a certain mist that dims one's eyes, I can look on the crowd of lads and boys (for most of them are no more) in the Hall on the day of the opening of a session. You look back yourself, my friend: and from a record, not far to seek, you are able to discern a little of the mistakes, the follies, the repentances, the humiliations, the mortifications, the labours, the manifold takings-down, which await those hopeful young fellows, before they are battered, rudely enough, into trim for sober life. The Duke of Wellington said that all war was a series of blunders: it is not too much to say that blunders and repentances make up great part of the career of every mortal, especially in the days when he begins first to think for himself.

The winter session, which is the only one of the year in that Uni-

versity which is not to be named here, begins, as has been said, about the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth of October. The vacation has lasted since the first of the preceding May. It need not be said, that to the more industrious students, that long vacation is in great part given to diligent study: yet it is always study to which your own sense of duty fixes the times and limits. Now, you begin to be under authority, and to have your task allotted to you from day to day. And at this season, it is a curious thing to come from the country to that city. You pass at a step from autumn, still rich with colour, into winter, gloomy and gray. In an inland country region, late October is often a charming time; and the landscape has its own touching and even glowing beauty. Though many leaves have fallen, and make a dry rustle under your feet as you go through woodland ways, yet many of the trees are thickly clad: some wonderfully green; some touched by decay into beauty and glory, in the still sunshine of those beautiful days that come. And the dahlias and hollyhocks are blazing: for as the season advances, the colours of nature deepen; and the pale and delicate hues of the early snowdrops, primroses, and lilies, pass through the gradation of summer blossoms and roses into the glow of the late autumn flowers. It is as gentle maidenhood passes into blooming matronhood, with all its qualities more pronounced. And coming away from the country, at such a season, I dare say you have thought it still looking almost its best. But all these things are not in the great city of that ancient University. The leaves are gone: all the country round is bare and bleak. The College gardens, large and black-looking, are the most dismal scene that ever bore the pleasant name. You will find no winding walks through thick masses of evergreens, which in winter rain or winter frost look so life-like and warm and cheering. The trees, poor and stunted, are

all deciduous : and their leaves are not merely capable of falling, but have fallen in fact. The air is thick, and smoke abounds — the smoke that makes the wealth of that wealthy city. And though you may be willing enough to set to work, and indeed rather weary of idleness or desultory study for some weeks past, you will probably confess that, even apart from the dismal lectures at half-past seven in the morning, it is rather a sad setting to work again.

Let us be thankful, my friend, if our work be such, that, after some escape from it, we can take to it again cheerfully and willingly. When we read in the newspapers about the re-assembling of Parliament, the general effect conveyed to one's mind is a pleasant one. The impression left with us is that the members come back to their work willingly; they have been free from it so long that the appetite for the kind of thing has revived; and each man rises that morning with a positive feeling of exhilaration as he looks on to the event of the day. It is not as it was with Napoleon, even when he was Emperor. You remember how he enjoyed his Saturday and Sunday in the country quiet : and how on Sunday night he was accustomed to say, thinking of his return next morning to Paris and the cares of state, 'To-morrow I must put on the yoke of misery again.' Many people, young and old, feel as Napoleon felt. There is the heartsinking of the nervous little boy, going back to school after the holidays, with vague fears of evil. There is the apprehension of a great mercantile man, entering upon a season in which he foresees many painful difficulties and complications, and does not know how things may turn out. It is as with the little bark, which, from a sheltered nook where it was lying snug and safe, puts out unwillingly into the full fury of winds and waves. And even coming back to work which you like, and to which you thankfully feel yourself in some degree equal, there is a certain shrinking from putting the shoul-

der to the collar again, and going stoutly at your task. There is a certain inertia, a certain nervous timidity, to be overcome. You would like to quietly sit still where you are, and hide your head in a hole.

You will feel this, I think, in coming back from your autumn holiday-time ; especially if you live and work in town. Human beings are never content. When you lived entirely in the country, it is very likely you used to think how pleasant and cheerful it would be to spend the dead months of the year in town ; and just as the season is darkening down to winter, and the country beginning to look bleak and desolate, to get in among the warm dwellings and multitudes of your fellow-men. But now, if your home be in the city, you probably think, about this season, how enjoyable a thing it is to stay on in the country still, watching the stages through which it passes into its winter aspect ; feeling the weather so much nearer you, and so much a greater part of your life, than it is in the town ; looking for the days of the Martinmas summer, beautiful as any in all the year ; waiting for the exhilaration of the frost, and the silence of the snow ; and finding a value in the dreariest aspect of fields and hills and roads, for the hearty thankfulness with which it teaches you to enjoy the warm fireside, and light and books and music. It is October that gathers many men into town to work again, the yearly holidays over. And if you be a working man, who must earn your family's support by your labour, you may be pleased if you have had six weeks or two months of rest. If you have been away from work during the chief part of August and September, Nemesis might well be angry if you were to complain of coming back now as a hardship. Still you shrink a little. Nobody quite enjoys the idea of setting to work again ; unless, indeed, his vacation have been so long that it has ceased to be enjoyed as rest, and come to be felt merely as the misery of idleness.



I suppose it is in human nature, that, after living a while in a pleasant place, you should shrink from leaving it. Many people find it costs them a painful effort to go away from their home ; but, once away, they can quite easily stay away a long time. Inertia is unquestionably a property of mind as well as of matter. We don't like to move. Likely enough, my friend, in the autumn of this year, we have each been in half a dozen places, in any one of which we should have been content to have stayed all our days. And though no one can be fonder of his duty than yourself, my friend, or more pleased with the place where God has cast your lot : though it was a great strain and exertion to you to go away from both : yet it was a considerable strain and exertion to rise and come back.

Yes, it is a curious feeling you have, in coming away from any place which has been your home for even a short time ; and there are not many things, besides actual physical pain, to which it does not cost a little pang to say Good-bye. The thoughtful reader has probably remarked how different a place looks when you are coming away from it, from what it ever looked before. You observe, almost with a start, a great many little things and relations of things about it, which you never previously observed. All the familiar objects seem dumbly asking you to stay. And you must know the feeling by your own experience before you can rightly understand it. You cannot evolve it, *à priori*, out of your own consciousness. You may try to imagine what it would be like ; but you cannot. Well does this writer remember how, in the days when he was a country clergyman, he used sometimes to pace

up and down a certain little walk, every shrub by whose side had the look of an old friend ; and to wonder what the feeling would be, and what the place would look like, if he should ever go away from it. But in those days he never thought he would ; and his imagination would not serve him. And when the day, vaguely anticipated, came at last, every familiar holly and yew wore a new face ; and the aspect of the whole scene was one never beheld before. In a lesser degree, but still a very appreciable degree, you feel all this in quitting a place where you have been staying for even six weeks. And you will be aware of a certain cheerlessness and desolateness, till your roots, thus torn up, get buried anew in the earth of your familiar home and its interests. Once fairly amid your own belongings and duties again, and you are all right. Your home seemed misty and unsubstantial while you were far away from it ; but here it is again, real and warm, and with a general look of not unpleased recognition. And if you and I, my reader, in any degree deserve them, some kind looks and words of welcome, in the first busy days of somewhat confused occupation, may probably warm and cheer our spirit, and make us set with all the more hope and heart to work again.

I trust it has been so with you, my friend ; as it has been with me. And now let us, cheerfully and hopefully, take to our duty. We are going down into the depths of winter ; and the early darkness, and the wind that strikes chill, make us feel that we are. All the pleasanter is the warm fireside : all the more welcome the returning *Fraser* !

A. K. H. B.

## A D R I A N.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## CATHERINE.

Thou hast deceived me—thou in whom I trusted,  
 To whom my heart lay open as a flower  
 That courts the sun to gaze upon its face ;  
 Thou who didst make my love for other things  
 Seem poor and weak and childish. Still I seek  
 For some reproach to sting thee to the core ;  
 But in my wonder at thy cruelty  
 Find only this word—Thou !

I HAVE no faith in what we call presentiments. It may sometimes happen that a sorrow or a misfortune overtakes us at a time of depression, and we fancy the one to have some connexion with the other ; but if people in general were at all in the habit of analysing their inner life, they would find that usually heaviness of spirit is followed by no particular misfortune ; while on the contrary, great griefs for the most part come suddenly, like those heavy storms of summer which overspread the sky at once with clouds and thick darkness, while we were looking only for warmth and sunshine.

Such was certainly the case with Catherine Vernon on this day, the turning-point of her life. Lady Medway's silence and preoccupation during their afternoon drive passed as unnoticed by her as did the long conversation that Laura held with Mrs. Harrison after making an elaborate effort to get rid of Catherine which would have roused suspicion in most people. This interview, it may be remarked, was eminently unsatisfactory. Mrs. Harrison—a good, plain-spoken woman—was uncomfortably conscious of possessing a secret concerning Rachel Denborough, which she was too trustworthy to divulge ; and Lady Medway, labouring under a preconceived impression which did as much wrong to Adrian as to poor Rachel, had all her suspicions confirmed. She perplexed and distressed Mrs. Harrison by the dignified tone of rebuke in which she warned her to be very particular for the future, and recom-

mend no one about whose story there was any kind of mystery, and pondered in silence during the drive home as to how she should dissuade Catherine from engaging the 'young person' without letting her share in her fancied discovery.

Catherine saw nothing of all this. She was rather glad of the unusual silence by which Laura left her at liberty to pursue her own happy fancies ; and on their return to the house she hastened to dress for dinner that she might be ready to receive Adrian on his arrival. She chose a dress he admired, and twisted some ribbon of his favourite colour in her hair, and went down in the soft summer twilight with a happy smile on her lips, and murmuring in a low voice the burden of one of the songs he liked best.

The drawing-room looked to the west, and the striped awnings were lowered to keep out the evening sun, so that the room was quite dusk. A letter lay on the table, and Catherine took it up. It was in Adrian's well-known hand, and she knelt down by one of the windows to get light enough to read it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Eustace had come up from Witheringham to be present at the marriage, and was engaged to dine that day in Grosvenor-square. On being shown into the drawing-room, she at first thought it empty ; but a low shuddering sigh made her look round, startled. Catherine Vernon was lying crouched up in an unnatural attitude near one of the windows, and made no answer to her friend's astonished exclamation.

'Catherine, dearest, what are you doing?'

Mrs. Eustace went hastily to the window, not knowing what to fear.

Catherine looked up, with a face from which every vestige of colour and expression had faded, save a blank wan look of utter despair. Mrs. Eustace knelt beside her and spoke soothingly, though her heart trembled at the sight of that rigid countenance.

'Something has happened, dearest. Speak to me, Catherine; tell me what it is.'

Catherine looked helplessly at her hands. Crushed up between them was a letter. She tried to unclasp the clenched fingers, but they would not obey her.

In great alarm, Mrs. Eustace was about to ring for assistance, when Lady Medway came in. Her alarmed exclamation, her tears and caressing entreaties, were as ineffectual in rousing the poor girl from her stupor as Mrs. Eustace's quieter efforts had been. Turned to stone she literally seemed, with only life enough left to resist their attempts to raise her from the ground. Laura looked up with a blanched face.

'This is something dreadful, Lucy; had we not better send for Adrian?'

A sudden change passed over the wan features at which they were gazing, the rigid lips unclosed, and gasping out, 'Oh, no, no—never, never more!' she fell forward with her face on Laura's shoulder in an agony of tears and sobs which seemed as utterly beyond control as her previous insensibility.

'Thank God for that!' said Mrs. Eustace. 'Whatever it may be, she can bear it now.'

And when the storm of weeping had spent itself, Catherine rose quietly and said,

'Let me go to my room, please; I shall be better alone.'

As she moved, the letter fell to the ground. She stooped to pick it up, and carefully smoothing it with her trembling fingers, she gave it to Laura, and added,

'Read this, you and Lucy; but do not let us speak of it. Remem-

ber that I say he has done rightly, and I do not blame him.'

With these words she walked with a quiet steady step from the room, leaving Laura and Mrs. Eustace gazing at each other. The letter ran as follows:—

'I must write, though I know my words will give you pain. Would that I could think otherwise. Would to God, above all, that we had never met.

'Catherine, I came to see you this morning, and Lady Medway told me you were engaged, so I waited. A trifling circumstance—the sight of a little dog who remembered me well—made me desire to see the person who was with you. I saw her; it was Rachel Denborough.

'I followed her in the street, and made her tell me all. Her father is dead by his own hand; and Lilian, deceived, heartbroken, ruined—I cannot tell you the story now; you will know all too soon—Lily has gone mad with shame and misery. Rachel has told me where to find her, and there I am going. With what object I know not; but as long as the same world holds us both, my place must be near her.

'Catherine, you see how utterly unworthy I have ever been of you; surely it will be no pain to you to renounce and forget me. It will be a revenge worthy of you, if you will show some compassion to poor Rachel. She has no idea of what she has done. I could not add to her wretchedness by telling her. If you can be generous enough to take some care of her desolate loneliness, try to forget that it was I who asked you to do so.

'Farewell for ever. May God continually bless and keep you.

'ADRIAN.'

'So it is even worse and more hopeless than I thought,' was Laura's exclamation. 'I fancied, when he rushed out like a madman this morning, that it was some old *liaison*, and that the girl had come here, not knowing of his marriage. That would have been bad enough to a mind like Catherine's; but



now that he makes it an affair of conscience, or principle, or whatever he may be pleased to call it, there is no hope, as far as I see.'

'None,' answered Mrs. Eustace, sadly, 'though I am far from agreeing with you that your suspicions were not worse than the reality. He has been grievously wrong, pitifully weak, no doubt; but until we know the whole truth, we cannot judge, and I am old-fashioned enough to think that it is better, rather than worse, than you thought it.'

Lady Medway shrugged her shoulders, and saying, 'In any way, there must be a terrible row,' suggested that they should go and see Catherine. Her door was locked; but she answered so calmly that she was well and wanted nothing, that her two friends were forced to leave her to the solitude she sought.

Disconsolately they wandered back to the drawing-room, when Lady Medway suddenly remembered that she had had no dinner, and felt very faint. So dinner was ordered, and they went drearily through the form of eating it, studiously talking on indifferent topics before the servants, and trying to cheat themselves into the belief that they did not know (as servants always do) all, and more than all, that was to be known on the subject uppermost in their thoughts. When this dreary farce had been played out from the soup to the grapes, they adjourned to the drawing-room, to talk on the plan of action it would be necessary to adopt in these unforeseen circumstances. To telegraph at once for Lord Medway and Mr. Pierrepont seemed the only thing to be done; and relieved at the prospect of having some one to share the burden which had so suddenly fallen upon her, Lady Medway sent to the Albany for Darcy Pierrepont's address.

His servant did not know it; and an inquiry at all the clubs he frequented was equally fruitless. So there remained only the resource of sending for Lord Medway, who arrived the next morning.

His lordship was annoyed at losing a week's yachting; and by his fury against the unfortunate Adrian, his snappish fault-finding with his wife, and his lavish abuse of Darcy Pierrepont for leaving him to bear alone the onus of the business, made Mrs. Eustace wish a thousand times that he had remained at Cowes.

If a man is kind, helpful, and considerate in trouble, there is no solace so great to a woman as his companionship. She feels her own weakness supported, her strength doubled, her perplexities lightened tenfold. In short, a woman feels in her proper place when she is acting a secondary part in the affairs of life, and looking to a man as the prime mover in all its important business. But is there any woman so blest as not to know the heart-wearing worry of a selfish, fussy, unsympathizing male creature? If any such there be, let us leave them in their blissful ignorance, and refrain from drawing Lord Medway's picture in these troublous times. It will be sufficient to say that he made himself as disagreeable as a man well could do under the circumstances, and no power of description could convey much more.

Catherine bore it all with calm, steadfast patience. She would wince, as from a touch on a bare nerve, when Lord Medway said anything particularly irritating about Adrian L'Estrange, and bemoaned himself in her presence over the gossip which the affair would create among their acquaintance. But she said nothing; and it was not till the evening of the second day, after Lord Medway had worked himself into a paroxysm of ill-humour at Darcy Pierrepont's non-appearance, that she whispered wearily to Lucy Eustace, as they parted for the night,

'Do you think I might escape from all this, Lucy? Would it be selfish if I asked you to take me to Witheringham with you for a little while, and left poor Laura to bear it alone?'

The thought had already occurred to Mrs. Eustace; and on a reference

to Laura herself, it appeared that she would decidedly prefer being left to manage her 'dearest Medway' after her own fashion. So it was arranged that Catherine should go with Mrs. Eustace to Witheringham, where she would at least be free from the hourly trials she must have experienced in London, and beyond even the echo of

That small, small, imperceptible  
Small-talk, which cuts like powdered  
glass  
Ground in Gehenna,

and which even her brave, enduring spirit was scarcely fit to cope with in the keenness of its fresh agony.

But as they sat together in the twilight of the evening before their departure, Mrs. Eustace saw there was something unspoken that weighed on her mind, and presently it came out.

'Lucy, I scarcely like to ask you, but I think so much of that poor girl, Rachel. *He* said she was unhappy and friendless. It would be a comfort to me to do something for her, and yet——'

'I will see her, if you like, dearest, and find out in what way we can assist her.'

'Oh, thank you! that is what I wished, for I do not feel as if I could talk to her just now.'

Mrs. Eustace went; she would

have refused nothing to the soft pleading eyes and sweet patient face she so dearly loved. But the interview was far more painful than she had imagined it. Rachel Denborough had already discovered that Adrian was the affianced husband of Catherine, and that her revelations had been the means of breaking off their marriage. In the tumult of feeling caused by this discovery, she told all to Mrs. Eustace, who thus learned for the first time the base part that Darcy Pierrepont had played. Her first object on hearing Rachel's story, was to get Catherine out of the way before these disclosures were made public; and having arranged with Mrs. Harrison that Rachel should wait for nothing till some plan could be devised for her future life, she hastened to carry off poor Catherine, resolved to keep her safely in her own secluded home, where the report of all that followed reached them with a dull and deadened sound, like far-off artillery. In the weary weeks that passed there, the pale cheek of Catherine Vernon grew paler still, and the light of hope and happiness faded from her eyes, though no murmuring or reproachful word ever escaped her. Alas! hearts are not like glass: though they may be shattered by a blow, they make no noise in breaking.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DARCY TOWER.

How sour sweet music is  
When time is broke, and no proportion kept :  
So is it with the music of men's lives.—SHAKESPEARE.

THE night-train that left London for the North on the eventful day of his meeting with Rachel Denborough, bore Adrian L'Estrange towards the lonely spot where Lily was wearing away her life. His mind was in a state of confusion which mingled together images the most unconnected: and even while he was trying to imagine how Catherine Vernon would receive his letter, and what would be its effect, his thoughts wandered off to the

most trifling and irrelevant subjects. It is a common resource of minds not of the highest order, when they are burdened with an overpowering load. Doubtless it is wisely ordained, and spares us frail mortals much acute suffering; but is there not something humiliating in the way that most people recoil from facing a great sorrow or a serious perplexity, and hide themselves, as it were, beneath any flimsy veil that comes to hand, as

a wild animal creeps under covert when it meets the gaze of man? It is from that awful, never-sleeping Eye of Fate—Providence—let us reverently say God—that we seek to escape—how vainly!

During the night, Adrian L'Estrange scarcely noticed that he had a fellow-traveller in the same carriage; but as the early dawn lighted up the bleak scenery of the northern counties with a chill, pale gleam, he became aware of a stout, elderly gentleman, who was sitting nearly opposite to him, and looking every now and then into his face with a quick, observant glance. Adrian was not in a humour to take the sharp inspection of the stranger patiently. He fidgeted, changed his position repeatedly, and slouched his travelling-cap over his face. The elderly gentleman did not or would not understand these symptoms, and immediately began with some remarks on the surrounding country, to which Adrian scarcely replied.

Nothing daunted, the stout stranger entered into a long and rather prosy account of an accident which had lately occurred in a coal-mine, the situation of which he pointed out. He informed Adrian that he had been called, in a professional capacity, to the spot, and detailed several surgical experiences with great animation.

'And then, sir,' he continued, 'when the overseer made his appearance—I believe the fellow ate his breakfast before he put his nose out of doors—and I had attended to all the worst cases before he came—but when he did come at last, what do you think he said?'

Adrian, roused from a very different train of thought, had allowed the stream of his companion's discourse to mingle unheeded with the rushing and grinding of the train, and now looked up, puzzled at being appealed to.

'I really beg your pardon, but I did not quite understand——'

'I dare say not, sir,' flared up his companion, rudely shaken in the belief that he had met with an attentive and interested listener. 'Very probably you did not. I

have been supplying you with facts, but Providence only can endow you with comprehension.' With this Johnsonian thunderbolt, the stranger subsided, with an angry snort, into his own corner, and left Adrian, alike unconscious of his transgression and its chastisement, to pursue his own sad thoughts.

Day had fully dawned when the train stopped at the Hathington station, to which Adrian was bound, and which proved to be also the destination of his irritable fellow-traveller.

As the latter drew a portmanteau from under the seat, Adrian's eye caught the name of Pigott, and remembering that Rachel had so called the physician who was attending Lilian, he became more than ever anxious to avoid his late companion, and waited till he had bestowed himself and portmanteau in a gig, and started on his homeward way, before he ventured to inquire his own road to Drumliedale.

A drive of five miles over a rough cross-road brought him to the little hamlet of Drumlieston at the mouth of the glen he sought. He engaged the only two spare rooms of which the inn could boast; and having recourse to his old stratagem, unpacked his sketching materials, and carelessly inquired of the landlord what points of interest the neighbourhood offered to an artist.

The landlord of the White Hart, Drumlieston, had peculiar and rather limited views on this subject.

'Many folks,' he said, 'ladies as well as gents, went up Drumlie Water with their pictur' books and took off rocks and trees and such like; but for his part, when there were real rocks and trees enough and to spare, he could see little good in them kind o' picturs; and as for a house, or anything sensible-like o' that kind—though he said it as should not—there was nothing to come up to the White Hart between Hathington and Carlisle.'

As the architecture of the White Hart was of that style whose idea must have been born in the



builder's mind by the steadfast contemplation of a cat's face—the windows representing the eyes, the door taking up the position of the mouth, and a chimney at each end of the roof occupying the place of ears, it could not, artistically speaking, be regarded as 'an available passage.' So Adrian conquered the repugnance he felt at naming directly the object of his search, and suggested that he had heard of an old place somewhere in that neighbourhood called, he believed, Darcy Tower.

'Darcy Tower!' exclaimed the landlord, 'a poor tumble-down, ramshackle old rat-trap as ever you saw, sir, and in a disgraceful state. The master never comes a-nigh it from year's end to year's end; and him that rents the farm—Mark Gresley—knows how many pence go to a shilling far too well to lay out any money on repairs which he is not bound to make. You see, he have got a long lease of it, sir; and the land—why the land is in that state that it's my belief Mark would make a better thing of the farm by selling the rushes for mats and chair-bottoms, and such like, than by pretending to grow Christian crops.'

To what branch of agriculture the landlord alluded, Adrian did not inquire, but begged to be told the way to Darcy Tower. A path winding up into the moorland, now glowing with the rich purple of blossoming heather, was pointed out to him; and scarcely listening to the landlord's directions, he set off, trusting to the instinct which had once before led him to Lilian, to be his guide now, under circumstances how widely different!

The moorland lay basking in the golden glow of an August sun; the rich perfume of blooming gorse and heather filled the air, and the indescribable murmurs of insect life and gently-rustling grass, had a soothing effect on the mind of Adrian, though he noticed none of the wild beauty that surrounded his path. As he pursued the track pointed out to him, he came upon a neglected-looking cross-road, beyond which the heather gave place

to some ineffectual attempt at cultivation. Bleak-looking fields, fenced with ruinous dykes of loose stones, and full of thistles and rag-weed, seemed to indicate the farm described by the innkeeper.

Taking the road to the right, Adrian came suddenly upon a cottage so surrounded by thickly-planted, straggling trees, guiltless of any knowledge of the axe or pruning-hook, that it was only by stumbling over a half-naked child, asleep in the middle of the road, that he became aware of the neighbourhood of a human habitation.

The little savage, half angry and half frightened at the unwonted apparition that disturbed his slumbers, refused to answer any questions; but yielding to the potent influence of sixpence, pointed with a very dirty finger to another road, overgrown with weeds and rushes, and winding in among the dank half-dead plantation.

Adrian followed the mute direction, and soon found himself at one end of a long marshy field, bordered on each side with straggling trees, which, in their anxiety to escape from the bleak north wind to which they had been exposed during the greater part of their neglected existence, looked as if they had almost twisted themselves out of the ground. Here and there one had succeeded in escaping from a life which was only a lingering death, and lay, a shapeless and moss-covered mass, on the rushy sward. The road, such as it was, ended here; and only a devious cart-track marked the way to a dwelling of considerable size, which filled in the background of this dreary picture, and looked as forlorn and dismal as the rest.

This was Darcy Tower, where Lilian Denborough was wearing away her life in cheerless captivity. Adrian made his way through wet, tangled grass and over marshy ground, where his feet sank at every step, to the door of the house.

It stood partly open, and propped up, for lack of one of the hinges, with a cracked milk-pan. The roof was green with lichens, the

windows broken in many places, and from one of them protruded a long pole, bearing some of Mark Gresley's inner garments to dry in the soft summer air. This was the only sign of human occupation to be seen; and after knocking and calling for some time in vain, Adrian L'Estrange turned to a small door in a side-wall, and endeavoured to gain admittance there.

Though bolted and nailed up, the door was in such a state of decay that it yielded at once to a vigorous push; and Adrian found himself at one end of a low vaulted passage, beyond which the sun was shining brightly on the boughs of a flowering lime-tree.

The change of scene on emerging from this dark passage was a very refreshing one. A small paved terrace extended for about fifty feet between two projecting towers, one small and round, and the other a square, massive, loop-holed building of some architectural pretensions, built by a Border baron of the time of Henry VII. This was Darcy Tower *par excellence*; the rest of the building being in a totally different style and of later dates. Along the outer edge of the terrace connecting the two towers, a crenelated wall, falling, like everything else about the place, into unheeded decay, overhung a wild and picturesque ravine. Masses of grey rock, clothed here and there with ivy and trailing plants, rose from a wooded bank so abruptly that, standing on the terrace above them, you looked down upon the very tops of the trees, and could, if so minded, become acquainted with the private domestic affairs of a colony of rooks which inhabited their topmost branches. Far below, a rippling murmur told of the unseen course of the Drumlie Water over its rocky bed; and lighted by the slanting beams of an August evening sun, the whole scene was full of quaint and attractive beauty. One glance enabled Adrian L'Estrange to take in these details; at the next, his heart gave a bound, or, seated in the far corner of the

terrace, near the ruined wall, was a slight attenuated figure which riveted his eyes and thoughts at once.

She was dressed in pale grey, with a broad-leaved straw hat which shaded the upper part of her face, as she sat with her head bent downwards, and her hands crossed listlessly in her lap. A black silk scarf had fallen from her shoulders, and her fragile bending figure had about it an expression of weariness and melancholy which thrilled to the heart of him who gazed on her, himself unseen.

Adrian's heart throbbed wildly. Would she recognise him? how far had the mind shared in the ruin of that poor faded form, so unlike the glowing youthful beauty of his early love? He leant against the arched doorway, to recover his self-possession and decide on the best method of making his presence known without alarming her. In a few moments, the sense of being no longer alone roused her from her sad musings. She started up and came towards him, at first with a look of wild, unrecognising terror; but instantly light flashed into her eyes, and colour to her cheek, and she was in his arms, sobbing and smiling all at once, and murmuring soft words of love and welcome. Adrian could not speak, but while he covered her cheeks and lips with kisses, she leaned her head against his shoulder and nestled to him like a child, whispering with a sigh of ineffable happiness, 'at last! at last!'

Presently Adrian led her tenderly to the seat she had quitted, and for some time they sat there together, exchanging only a loving word or a silent kiss. Both had reached the goal of their lives—there seemed nothing beyond. Yet it was scarcely as lovers that they met. His feelings towards her, from the moment when he first saw her sitting pale and silent by her prison-wall, were of the purest tenderness, no trace of passion lingered there; an infinite loving pity had usurped its place. But one thought filled his mind regard-

ing her—to free this poor young creature, so heavily afflicted, from the unrighteous bondage in which she was held, and place her in safety, beyond the reach of her persecutor. If any warmer feelings, any tender hope for the far-distant future lay deep in his heart, like spring violets beneath the dead leaves of autumn, he did not even confess it to himself.

And to Lily this reunion was a dream of bliss from which she asked only not to be awakened. What mattered it how he had discovered her, why he was there? To feel him near her was all she asked; and every thought of the past and the future alike yielded to the unspeakable bliss of his presence.

This could not last very long. Those fatal words, 'why' and 'how' will never grant us more than a short respite from their tyranny. Man is so constituted that he cannot take either joy or sorrow as they come to him, but must examine, and inquire, and analyse, and brush the bloom off his happiness even before he tastes it.

'How did you find me here, my Adrian?' Lily murmured. 'I despaired of ever seeing you again.'

'Rachel told me where to find you, and I came. Oh Lily, my own Lily, why did we ever part?'

Suddenly Lilian started away from him, and stood with dilated eyes and blanched cheeks, gazing at him wildly. Then throwing up her arms with a gesture of despair, she cried, 'Oh my God, I had forgotten! it is too late, too late!'

She flew to the further end of the terrace, and crouching there on the ground, laid her head against the wall, and faintly moaning, repeated over and over again the words, 'too late!'

Adrian bent over her in dread. There was a look on her face, an expression in the attitude in which she lay, like a frightened animal, which smote his heart with the terrible recollection of all that Rachel had told him of her state. He tried to raise her, but finding she resisted, he knelt down beside

her and drew her gently towards him.

'It can never be too late to be happy, my darling, while we live and love each other. Now I have found you we will never part again.'

'Hush, hush; you do not know what you are saying. There is a barrier that must divide us for ever! Oh my God, and I love you so dearly!'

A burst of weeping calmed her; and gently Adrian let her know that he was acquainted with all the piteous details of her story, and had followed her to Darcy Tower for the express purpose of devoting his life to her, the innocent victim of a base wrong. She listened, soothed by the sound of his voice, happy to lay her head on his shoulder, and taste, if but for a moment, that unutterable blessedness of repose which is inspired by the presence of one we love entirely. But as he went on, a change came over her. Lower and lower drooped her head, till her face was hidden in her clasped hands; and when he ceased to speak, and tried to draw her towards him again, she lifted her sorrowful eyes to his and shook her head.

'No, Adrian, no; I must not deceive myself. I meant to marry him, and in the sight of God I must be his wife.'

He tried to interrupt her, but with recovered calmness, and a kind of dignity in her manner, she imposed silence on him.

'I must tell the truth as it stands. I was wretched, heart-broken; I fancied you had deserted me, and I cared only for releasing my father from that dreadful man's power. He swore to me, Adrian, that if I would be his wife, my father should be free, and I consented. If he deceived me, his was the sin. I pray God to forgive me if I shared it—but I cannot deny that I consented to marry him, and so I must for ever be unworthy of you. Go, Adrian, leave me while I have strength to say that though I will never see that man again, I can never, never be yours.'



'No, darling,' answered Adrian; 'I will not leave you yet. My object in seeking you is to place you beyond his reach; so you are quiet and at peace, I care not what becomes of me. You owe no wifely duty to the man who deceived you by an unholy mockery; and if there is wrong anywhere, it would be in your continuing to eat his bread and live under his roof, while any other shelter in the wide world is open to you.'

Lilian raised her head at these words, and was about to reply, when a small door in the Tower opened, and Lisette appeared with a plate and a glass of milk. Of course she screamed at the sight of Adrian; and endeavouring to cross herself in the extremity of her surprise, let the glass fall. Lilian flew up to her and put her hand over her mouth.

'Hush, hush! do not let Mrs. Gresley hear you!' she said rapidly, in French. 'Oh, Lisette! he is here once more; he loves me,—he says I may yet be happy! But if Mrs. Gresley knows, she will never let him come again.'

'And how was it that he arrived this time? What is this Monsieur L'Etranger, who falls upon us from the clouds after this fashion? Take care, madame; he will go off again—pouf!—as he did before! But as she spoke, the dark expressive face of the faithful Frenchwoman was dimpled all over with smiles, and she patted Lilian on the shoulder, and called her 'poor dove' with unfeigned affection.

Adrian explained to her how he had obtained an entrance into the Tower; and Lisette, who entered at once into the spirit of the affair with all the love of adventure and intrigue which seems born in most Frenchwomen, promised to arrange *cette bien-heureuse vieille porte*, so that Mrs. Gresley, who appeared to act as Lilian's gaoler, should not discover that it had been *enfoncée*.

'But now, chérie,' she said, turning to her mistress, 'you must take your little repast. Here, Monsieur the apparition! hold this plate while I repair the disaster you

caused by your unexpected presence.'

She returned in a few minutes with a jug of fresh milk and two glasses; and seated together on the ruined wall, Lily and Adrian shared the milk and bread with a happy security, a thoughtlessness for the future, which made them appear and feel like two children. Lisette stood by, a broad grin lighting up her honest face; and as soon as the slight meal was over, she seated herself unceremoniously beside them, and smoothing her apron over her knees with her spread hands, said—

'Maintenant nous allons tenir un conseil de guerre, et faire notre petit plan de campagne.'

Her quiet assumption of the fact that Adrian had come to take away Lily, and that as a matter of consequence Lily was to go, and she, Lisette, with her, did more towards encouraging the poor girl, and leading her to forget the obstacles that lay in her path, than all Adrian's persuasions had been able to effect. The Frenchwoman's energy and decision even affected Adrian himself. He had obeyed the blind impulse which urged him towards Lilian without any clear notion of what was to follow; and even now, he was far from having decided on any course of action. To place Lily at liberty, to be able to watch over her life and guard her from her persecutor, was a vision that floated before his eyes, to be realized somehow and somewhere, he knew not yet by what means. Always impressionable, easily acted upon by outward circumstances, the quick decision of Lisette infected him at once, and he entered into all the plans she rapidly formed for his repeating his visits at the Tower, until matters could be safely arranged for the flight of Lilian. She showed him a pathway in the apparently inaccessible rock below the terrace, leading down the giddy face of the precipice to the bank of the stream below, and proposed that a handkerchief, waving from a certain window of the Tower, which she pointed out to him, should be a

signal to let him know he could come without fear of being surprised.

Lily's face brightened as she sat between Adrian and her faithful friend, and looked from one to the other, till it bore almost its former look of sweet child-like beauty; but when Lisette declared that Monsieur L'Etranger must be gone, for the work-people would soon be returning from the harvest field, she clung to him with a wild energy which recalled to his mind the fearful malady of which Rachel had warned him that she was the victim. A dread of coming evil—a presentiment that the affair in which he was engaged could never

be brought to a happy issue—fell like ice on his heart. But who could have resisted the loving caresses, the pleading looks of the beloved being who clung to him as to her all of good and happiness on earth?

Adrian put from him all thought, save that she loved him, and that he could make her happy. He promised to return on the following day; and for that and some few days to come the little lonely terrace became to him, as well as to Lilian, an abode of perfect happiness—the paradise of two blindly-loving hearts, who asked nothing of the world but to be allowed to beat together.

## CHAPTER XX.

### LILIAN.

Not long, not long! The spirit-wasting fever  
Of this strange life shall quit each throbbing vein;  
And this wild pulse flow placidly for ever,  
And endless peace relieve the burning brain.

DR. H. BONAR.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost  
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.—SHAKESPEARE.

**T**HERE they sat, in the rich golden after-glow of sunset, on the day that was to have been the marriage-day of Adrian and Catherine Vernon. In spite of the blind infatuation that possessed him, this thought, like a haunting wail of melancholy music, possessed his soul, and made him restless and dissatisfied with himself; but the only outward result of this state of mind was an increased earnestness in his determination to escape at once with Lilian from all that reminded him of the past, and to build upon its ruins, like the Italians on those of Herculaneum,\* the frail fabric of an earthly bliss which, even while it filled his being, he felt must be as evanescent as it was lovely.

But meanwhile his coming, and the repose of soul which he had brought her, had operated like a charm on the shaken spirit of Lilian. She became, under the influence of this renovated life, all

and more than he had ever known her; and day by day she grew to his heart with an intensity of love and devotion as great as his for her.

So they sat together on this August evening; or rather, Lilian occupied her usual place on the ruined wall, while Adrian, seated a little below her, leaned his head against her arm, and looked up into the sweet tender eyes that were bent downwards to him, brimming over with love and happiness.

Suddenly, so gazing, he saw a fearful change come over her. Every vestige of colour left her face, her eyes dilated, and her whole form seemed to shrink and collapse into a crouching attitude of abject terror. At the same moment a shadow fell on the ground before them; and looking up, Adrian L'Estrange saw Darcy Pierrepont.

There was a momentary silence

\* *Margaret Percival*, by Miss Sewell.

as the two men stood gazing into each other's faces. Darcy Pierrepont was the first to speak, with a slight tone of mockery in his voice of studied calmness.

'I am agreeably surprised, Mrs. Pierrepont, to find that you are well enough to receive your friends. Perhaps you will extend your welcome to your husband.'

A shrill cry interrupted him. Lilian sprang up, flushing all over with a crimson glow, and stood confronting her tormenter.

'You are not my husband! You told me so yourself! Thank God, thank God, you have no power over me!' She shivered from head to foot in the wildest excitement.

'As you please,' he answered carelessly, with a mocking smile on his handsome evil countenance. 'I fancied you had a preference for the title, when we last spoke on the subject. Permit me, then, to inquire of my mistress how long she has been in the habit of receiving visitors in my house.'

'You will drive her mad again,' said Adrian, hurriedly, as he saw the same terrible expression he had before noticed, steal over the unhappy girl's countenance. 'I am ready to abide by the consequences of all I have done, when you please; but, for pity's sake, do not let us discuss these things in her presence.'

'It was you who sought her presence first, I believe,' the other answered, with imperturbable calm. 'If you remember, I had every reason to expect to meet you in a different place to-day; but though it has suited you to forget that at this time you ought to have been the husband of my niece, I, as her uncle and guardian, may be allowed to remember the fact, and to ask an explanation of your presence here.'

'For God's sake, let us talk elsewhere!' exclaimed Adrian. But Lily had caught the words, and now came up to him very quietly, and laid her hand on his arm.

'Adrian! he said that once before, you know; and though it was false, it nearly drove me mad. Now he says it again, it sounds so

like truth that I do not think I can bear it. Tell him it is a wicked lie, as all the rest was. And oh, do make him go away! My head burns when I look at him.'

'I am sorry to produce so unpleasant an effect,' said Darcy Pierrepont, with difficulty restraining his passion; 'but at this moment I do not think I can go, even at Mr. L'Estrange's bidding. You had better listen to what I have to say, Lilian, since it no longer suits you to feign madness. My statement will be short, and easily comprehended, and you can appeal to your friend to confirm its accuracy——'

'Have you the heart of a man?' cried Adrian, as Lily cowered and clung to him, trembling. 'I will answer you when and where you please, so that it is not before her. You will kill her on the spot.'

'Permit me to be the judge of my own actions,' answered the other, with forced and sarcastic coolness. 'When I wish for a lesson, either in manners or morals, I shall scarcely choose you for my master. I think you had better make up your mind to listen to the truth, Lilian—a second mistake might be rather awkward. But if, when you have heard all, you prefer this gentleman's protection to mine, you are perfectly free to make your choice.'

'What is it?—what does he mean? Oh, Adrian, tell me, I am so frightened!' Lily shivered.

'I will tell you, Lilian, my Lily, whom I love better than life,' said Adrian, very pale, but speaking quietly, in hopes of calming her by the tones of his voice. 'Deceived by him, unable to discover what had become of you, thinking you dead or lost to me for ever, I suffered myself for a while, *not* to forget you, my own—I have never done that—but to try to believe that I might find peace with another. The first sound of your name, uttered by Rachel, convinced me not only that this would be impossible, but that I should not be acting fairly and loyally by either of you, if I did not follow the dictates of my heart and con-



science. I took counsel of both, my Lily, and here I am.'

'Scarcely a fair statement of the facts,' said Darcy Pierrepont, 'though I must allow it to be an ingenious one. Now hear my version of the case. This gentleman, Lilian, has been engaged for some time to marry my niece, Catherine Vernon. All the arrangements were concluded; the wedding was to have taken place to-day, when, owing to your sister's infernal folly, he discovered your place of abode, and came here, deserting and insulting a lady whose nearest relation I am, and doing me the honour to steal into my house and carry on clandestine interviews with —. Since you seem particular as to terms, you may fill up the blank with anything you please.' He shrugged his shoulders, and looked at his victim with an evil smile of triumph. But Lilian seemed to heed him little; all her thoughts were centred in Adrian.

'Adrian, Adrian, is this true? Did she love you, and have you made her miserable too?'

'God help me!' exclaimed Adrian. 'I scarcely know what I have done. I thought only of you, my Lily, my first love.'

'But it is true,' reiterated Lilian, drawing away from the arm he had thrown round her. 'She loved you; you were going to marry her—this pure happy creature—and you left her. Oh, false and cruel to both as you are, go, and let me never see you again!'

'Lily, Lily, have mercy on me!' implored Adrian.

But she turned from him, and slowly walked away a few steps, the very intensity of her suffering lending her an apparent calmness. Darcy Pierrepont came between them.

'I am glad to find you take so sensible a view of the case, Lilian, and that I can agree with you in requesting this gentleman to leave us.'

As he spoke, he drew near to Lilian, who was standing, with drooping head and clasped hands, in an attitude of hopeless suffering.

His approach roused her afresh; and as he attempted to lay his hand on her arm, she started away from him. Adrian saw the same wild, desperate change pass over her features that he had noticed more than once before, and ran towards her. Suddenly she threw her hands up with a frantic gesture, and uttering a scream that rang in the ears and hearts of those that heard it long after the brief scene was over, she darted to the farther end of the terrace, sprang on the ruined wall, and stood on the very parapet. The stones were loose and crumbling, and even her slight weight might easily displace them; and beneath, the rock went sheer down some fifty feet or more before it was hidden by the tops of the trees which grew along the banks of Drumlie Water.

Adrian saw the imminence of her peril, and knew that any attempt to go near her would only increase it. He commanded his voice to a clear steady tone, and said,

'Lily, come to me. You need not fear; whatever happens, I will take care of you.'

She looked at him, and a softer, more human expression stole over her countenance. Already one foot was on a lower part of the wall, and she was about to descend, when Darcy Pierrepont, mistaking Adrian's motive, and heedless of her danger, came hastily between them, and said, sharply,

'You will do no such thing. Lilian, let us have an end of this folly; come down at once.'

'Don't come near me; don't touch me. I will die sooner than be touched by you,' she screamed, shrinking yet nearer to the 'perilous verge.'

A bitter, fearful oath escaped the lips of Darcy Pierrepont, and he took two or three hasty strides towards the spot where Lilian stood. As she saw him coming, she strove in her blind frenzied terror to get still farther from him without moving her eyes from the object of her insane dread. The crumbling wall gave way beneath her feet; she tottered, and threw out her arms wildly.

'Help, Adrian! help, help!'

There was a rush of falling stones and a cloud of dust. A long, shrill, ringing shriek, and the sound of a heavy body crashing through the branches of the trees below. Then all was still.

The two men looked at each other for a moment aghast. Then Adrian, with a cry of despair, sprang over the ruined wall, and disappeared also.

At this moment Lisette, who had been detained by Mrs. Gresley on some pretext, and knew nothing of Darcy Pierrepont's arrival, came flying towards them. Lilian's shriek had reached her ears, and she rushed to the help of one who would never need human help again.

'Oh, my God! Monsieur Pierrepont here. Oh, holy Virgin! where is my dear mistress?'

He clutched her by the arm, and pointed.

'He is gone down there after her.'

Something like the truth burst upon the faithful girl's mind, and she filled the air with cries and lamentations. People came crowding in from the farm, and a scene of confusion followed.

In the midst of it, while some were running hither and thither without aim, and others trying in vain to discover from Lisette's broken cries what had happened, a groan escaped from Darcy Pierrepont, who had remained gloomily gazing down the precipice. All rushed to the wall, and the figure

of Adrian L'Estrange was seen emerging from the trees, and bearing *something* in his arms, with superhuman exertion, up that perilous path in the face of the cliff.

It lay soft and unresisting, drooping down over his arm with a piteous helplessness. No need to guard those crushed limbs from the sharp projections of the rocks; yet he did so tenderly, as though he were carrying a sleeping child. Once when her foot caught in a trailing briar, he stopped and disentangled it gently, as if the thorns could have hurt her.

All made way for him in awe-struck silence as he gained the terrace, bearing his sad burden. All, even those rough, uncouth men, felt instinctively that no arm save his should touch those poor remains. A low sound of pitying murmurs accompanied him across the little court; and silently, but for her tears and broken prayers, the faithful Lisette led the way up the Tower stairs to her mistress's room. Adrian followed, and laid the corpse on the bed.

Then Lisette sobbed out, with a bitter, shuddering cry—

'Ah, mon Dieu! que c'est affreux! Qu'elle est brisée, pauvre ange!'

Adrian staggered back against the wall, and clutched wildly at his throat, as if he were suffocated. Blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils, and he fell down beside the corpse of Lily, apparently as lifeless as the shattered form that had been so dear to him.



## FEMALE CHARITY—LAY AND MONASTIC.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

WHATEVER else may be doubtful respecting woman's 'general worth and particular missionariness,' it is pretty well conceded that she is in her right place teaching the young, reclaiming the sinful, relieving the poor, and nursing the sick. Her pursuit of the True and the Beautiful in literature, science, and art may be (however unjustly) derided as a failure or denounced as an invasion of fields which she can never adequately cultivate; but her pursuit of the Good, her efforts to ameliorate and brighten human life, have never been repudiated, and are daily more warmly recognised. Also, on the part of women themselves, there is a tendency in nine out of ten to choose one or other line of benevolent action rather than any path of science, art, or learning. They love the beautiful, they distantly reverence the true; but a class of little children is better to them than a picture, and the recovery of a sick patient more interesting than the solution of a problem. Of the three great equal revelations of the Infinite One, the Good is open to all women at all times, the True and the Beautiful only exceptionally and by special grace. Of this pursuit, then, of the Good—or in other words, of woman's philanthropy generally—we purpose to write a few pages, and notably of the prospects of such work in England at this time.

In a preceding article (*Fraser's Magazine*, November, 1862) we endeavoured to demonstrate that strenuous efforts ought to be made to open wider and more useful labours of different kinds to young women, thereby rendering their lives serviceable to the community and happy to themselves, and leaving them with no other motive to enter on marriage than the sole one which *ought* to decide them—namely, affection. We proceeded briefly to mention the manner in which such useful labours were

now being opened to the humbler classes by the Society for the Employment of Women, the Victoria Press, Emigration Society, and other undertakings; and we then at greater length examined the prospects of the higher class of women pursuing, freely and with all needful instruction, the Beautiful in all the forms of art, and the True in the paths of science (especially of medical science) and of literature. The larger subject of their pursuit of the good in philanthropy claimed full treatment by itself, and to this the present paper will be devoted. So large, indeed, is this theme, that we can do little more than indicate its general bearings, and then discuss the character of that important movement which promises shortly to revolutionize the charity of England—namely, the introduction of sisterhoods or deaconesses as recognised branches of the national church.

That Divine law which for ever evolves good out of evil, and makes the good durable and the evil evanescent, has never perhaps met a more remarkable realization than in the history of the Crimean War and its results in Russia and England. Of that terrible struggle which once filled all our thoughts and covered our land with mourning, what now remains? Some doubtful political results, a few headstones growing mossy already on Cathcart's Hill, and some tender memories in silent hearts. The world's interest has passed to other struggles and other climes, and the names of the Crimean martyrs, once in all men's mouths, are almost forgotten for those of the heroes of India and of Italy. But one result *has* survived, and is daily gaining wider significance. Those sanguinary battles, those far more terrible mismanaged lazaret houses and transports for the wounded and plague-stricken, were the origin of a movement whose limit it is hard to calculate. The



hospital of Scutari was the cradle of a new life for the women of England, and (marvellous to relate) the hospital of Sebastopol served the same noble purpose for the women of Russia. In both countries up to that period the adoption by ladies (not members of Romanist or Greek orders) of any philanthropic tasks of a public kind had been altogether exceptional. Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Hannah More, and Miss Carpenter had carried on their labours here, and for all we know there were parallels for them in Russia; but till the cry of agony from the Crimea came to call forth Miss Nightingale's band and their sister nurses in the hostile camp, the 'public function of woman' was still to be sought. A thousand prejudices did that gallant little army break down for ever. A new and noble lesson for all their sex did they bring back from that holy Eastern pilgrimage—that Woman's Crusade. When the Russian ladies returned to St. Petersburg and the English to London, they did more than keep up their own devotion to the sick and suffering and found new institutions. They spread through the length and breadth of both lands a thought which we need not fear will ever be suffered to die out again—the thought that it is woman's province to do good, to devote herself (when no home duty or special gift call her elsewhere) to relieve the miseries of mankind, and that it is to be *more* and not *less* a woman to go forth bravely to the task undeterred by the cobweb conventionalities of an age which is rapidly passing away. We are persuaded that there is not a parish in broad England which somehow has not benefited by this thought; and in Russia we have been assured it is the same. Everywhere women have been inspired to perform their duties in relieving poverty, nursing the sick, and educating children; and a Russian lady who twenty years ago never dreamed of entering the cottage of a serf, now visits her poor and teaches in her schools as naturally as the wife or daughter

of an English squire. We know of few things in history more beautiful than this legacy of charity left us by miserable and sanguinary war.

From the departure of the nurses to the Crimea we thus date the beginning of English modern female philanthropy. Of course it existed in a measure before that time, and of course other causes have combined to aid its development since that period; but a new era very manifestly then commenced. With this modern phase of the subject we have to concern ourselves now—its present state and future prospects. It is no longer the work of half a dozen exceptional women labouring unaided save by men; it is the chosen life-task of hundreds—perhaps we should say of thousands—of women seeking to co-operate with one another. It is no longer small departments of the great field which are being worked by district visitors and Sunday-school teachers and young ladies going their rounds in their fathers' villages; it is the whole vast realm of suffering and want and sin in our land, wherein women are praying to be permitted to labour, and where they already are beginning to labour not wholly ineffectually. What chances may there be of good result from these efforts? Will the aid of woman essentially strengthen the hand of man in the battle—or, as some would tell us, only hamper and shackle him? We think there are fair grounds in the nature of the case for no small hopes.

It is not often those who concern themselves deeply with theories of evil, more or less good or sound, who practically do much in the world to lift its weight: the simple nature which takes no wide view of the universe, and grapples with no profound problem of existence, is often touched to its depths by some sight of actual misery, some individual or half-score cases of want, oppression, or suffering, brought before it; straightway the effort to relieve the pain

or redress the wrong becomes the first step in a path of charity which opens out wider and wider for the rest of life. We believe this to be almost the invariable *rationale* of all successful schemes of beneficence. They have not originated from wide philosophic views and broad plans for the relief of mankind. Such things of course sometimes exist, and prosper and accomplish their noble ends. But far more frequently it is the other way—the grain of mustard-seed brings forth a ‘tree,’ while ‘the mountain falling cometh to naught.’

Thus, the ordinary propensity of women to concern themselves with the concrete rather than the abstract—to care deeply for persons and little for theories, tends to direct them to practical philanthropy with special advantage. They start from the right end—from small beginnings, whereby experience may be acquired step by step, and where the grand requisite is present of *individual* care and sympathy for each person concerned.

It would be a vain task to attempt to give any definite account of the work which women have been doing in England since the date of the Crimean war, which we have fixed as that of the new era of female philanthropy. Every few months some book like *English Hearts and Homes; Ragged Homes, and How to Mend Them; Haste to the Rescue*, and many more, appears to open up some new field in process of culture. Criminals, old and young, male and female; released prisoners; the ragged school class, the industrial school class, drunkards, fallen women; girls in danger of falling to be saved by preventive missions; mothers who can be made to attend work meetings; the night school class, the adult school class, the class accessible by Bible women; navvies, factory girls, able-bodied paupers; the insane; idiots; blind, deaf, and dumb; the sick in free hospitals, the sick poor in their homes; the sick in workhouses; the incurables; the convalescents; women

needing employment, women desiring to emigrate;—all these have the devotion of bands of philanthropists, of whom a large portion are women.

Now, if we consider the two terms of the question—a vast amount of new and untried work, and a vast number of new and unpractised workers—it will be clear enough that at the outset much confusion must exist, and much difficulty in getting ‘the right woman in the right place.’ Some work will need aid, and for a time be unable to obtain it; some women will desire to work, and be unable to find it to do. Bad machinery will be tried, to the injury of much earnest labour; and wisely planned systems will fail from the employment of bad tools. The marvel to any one who knows a little of the present condition of philanthropy in England, is, not that there are failures and imperfections, and schemes starting up and dying down like mushrooms every year; it is that, amid all the elements of confusion, all the ignorance and prejudice, all the direful sectarian jealousies, all the poor selfish vanities and interests which, alas! must taint the holiest of human efforts, there is so *much* done—so much hopefully and steadily falling into order.

But the inevitable imperfections and delays in the new philanthropy cause bitter impatience among some of the most earnest workers. The modern principle of association, by which most of the schemes are carried on—the machinery of committees, secretaries, subscription lists and reports, provokes them continually by its grinding and clogging, and occasionally by its stopping and breaking up in the hands of the all unpractised engineers. Nay, worse! To carry on our simile, the stokers who have engaged to feed the engine, too often absent themselves on one pretext or another; and the whole train comes to a stand-still while the ladies of the acting committee are gone to Switzerland and Italy, the principal subscribers have transferred their donations to a



new charity, and the honorary secretary is going to be married. The ladies' committees alone seem to be a source of inextinguishable worry—all parties seeming to forget that some knowledge of the working of such things, some general habit of business *versus* aimless talk, is needful to make such meetings useful; and that even with such knowledge and business habits, the committees of gentlemen (*e.g.*, of the boards of guardians) are not always models of sagacity and moderation. Out of this discontent and impatience with the present machinery of philanthropy, comes the desire to introduce a different one, to substitute regular troops for volunteers who may be missing or married when most needed, and the good firm rule of a recognised Mother Superior for the vagaries of ladies' committees and the illicit omnipotence of an honorary secretary. The old argument between freedom and absolutism, between constitutional and despotic governments, has to be fought out here also. The failures of the self-governed will be brought up as testimonies to the superiority of 'paternal' rule for many a year to come, before it be finally recognised that the failures of the one, ever tending to correct themselves, are better than the successes of the other, ever tending to deteriorate all concerned, whether the rulers or the ruled.

Other causes aiding, this desire of enthusiastic philanthropists to exchange the machinery of lay association for that of monastic orders, seems in process of being realized before long. The few Protestant convents established some years ago, and regarded with very general distrust and even odium, are now being rapidly multiplied;

and the principle on which they are founded has met with an approbation perfectly astonishing to those who recal the former prejudice against them of all except the extreme section of the High Church party. In the Convocation of Canterbury for 1862, all orders of the clergy and all shades of theologic opinion were for once unanimous, and passed their solemn approval on the proposal that women adopting the vocation of charity should receive the formal sanction of the Church. Again, in the Church Congress at Oxford, in July of this same year, emphatic applause was lavished on the scheme. We have every reason to suppose that ere long some order, whether of nuns or deaconesses, will form a recognised branch of the National Church.

Should these anticipations prove true, a revolution must take place in philanthropic work in England. The principle of Lay Association and of Monasticism will not, we apprehend, work well side by side; and in any case the monastic system will introduce enormous changes. Hitherto the work has been advancing with marvellous rapidity, and (in our humble opinion) with a constant progress towards more perfect organization of its own kind—such organization, namely, as is consistent with the principle of lay association. On the question of whether such lay organization would ever reach the point of being actually the *best* possible machinery for effecting the work to be accomplished, it is vain now to speculate. At least no one can be justified in affirming that it would never do so; nay, that it would not ere long become better than any other yet tried.\* But it would appear that

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\* A striking instance of the results which may be expected from the principle of Lay Association will be found in a book shortly to be published, a *Life of Miss Sieveking*, of Hamburg, edited by Miss C. Winkworth. It is the more remarkable because Miss Sieveking's own preferences had been in favour of the opposite principle, and her most cherished early dream had been that of founding a Protestant Sisterhood of Mercy. Yet the practical force of circumstances induced her in after life to relinquish this scheme and found in its place a Lay Society, which carried into action some of the largest and best-worked plans of philanthropy in existence, and became the parent of similar associations in Denmark, Germany, Switzerland, and Russia.



a different experiment is to be tried by those who are impatient of the slow adaptation of the modern machinery. We are to go back to an older system—try the stage coaches again, since the railways so often break down. For the present, we are called off from examining the results and prospects of lay association, to consider the probabilities of greater success in the monastic system. It is certainly a remarkable and anomalous attempt thus to reproduce it, and will perhaps be one fraught with important consequences. Let us endeavour to give the subject the fairest investigation in our power. To do this we must go somewhat far back.

The fundamental principle of monasticism is not charity, but *asceticism*. Monasteries were not originally started to enable the monks to benefit the world, but to secure their own sanctification. This may be proved historically. The further back we ascend the less we find of charity, and the more of asceticism, till in the first centuries of Christian monasticism we come on no trace of charity at all. When the deserts of the Thebaid were peopled by Anthony's hermits and Cyril's monks; when the Syrian plains could show their hundred Stylites, and their Boskoï or 'grazing monks,' who fed in the fields like cattle; when Jerusalem possessed its madhouse (probably the first in the world) destined solely for monks driven crazed by austerities; when St. Synclética and St. Marcella had filled east and west with nuns imitating all the savage mortifications of the monks, there was yet no Charitable Order, and no attempt to turn monastic fraternities to purposes of charity. In other creeds beside the Christian it was the same. The Brahmin Sunnyasi, the Buddhist Fakir, the Jewish Essene, the Peruvian Mamaconas of the Sun, the Arab Dervish, all seek their own beatitude—*Nirwana*, Paradise, not any benefit to their fellows. Not till the Crusades called forth the Religieuses Hospitalières and the nuns of the

Holy Trinity contemporaneously with the chivalric orders of men, was there any monastic order devoted to the purposes of charity. And to the present day, among the ostensibly charitable orders the ascetic spirit is never wholly absent. On this we shall have more to say hereafter. At present all we desire is to call attention to the fact that monastic institutions were not primarily founded on philanthropy (as Protestants often imagine), but on the wholly opposite principle of asceticism. Whether this original principle can ever be eliminated from the system is an open question. The experience of the existing Protestant convents looks the other way.

To understand the importance of this distinction of principles on which we desire to insist, a few words must be said regarding Asceticism generally, and the reasons will then be manifest why we so urgently deprecate its intervention in English philanthropy. Asceticism is logically founded on the doctrine of two moralities, an exoteric morality for the multitude, consisting of adherence to the eternal moral law, and an esoteric morality for those who aspire to special sanctity, consisting of self-denial in things lawful, and supererogatory 'works' over and above the demands of the law. The doctrine that any such double morality exists, is in itself false and baneful in the highest degree. The eternal and immutable moral law of the universe, which is identical with the Will of God, demands of every moral agent the very best and highest action and sentiment possible in each particular case. No better or higher *can* exist, for the moment any one is apprehended to be so, it becomes imperative duty. It is to degrade the law of absolute right, absolute truth, absolute purity, to suppose a higher right, or truth, or purity. This is the theoretical error of asceticism. Practically it has two aspects, the religious and the moral. On the religious side it assumes such supererogatory works and mortifications to be especially

pleasing to God. Our Maker, it is supposed, demands of all men justice and truth, and to refrain from murder, adultery, and the like. But he who would really please God and prove his devotion to Him, must go beyond such moral duties, and *give God something*—his own life, or that of his children, his cattle, or his gold. In early times and barbarous countries, where God was believed to be a cruel and sanguinary being, it naturally followed that the more cruel were the sacrifice, the more pleasing it was supposed to be in His sight. Here was the origin of the bloody rites of Moloch and Juggernaut, and of the self-tortures of the priests of Baal and the Flagellants. In later and milder creeds the sacrifice was mitigated, and the nun in our day sacrifices her affections, the Jesuit his free will. One and all give to the Lord of Goodness oblations which are abominations in His sight.

On the moral side, asceticism represents self-mortification as a species of spiritual exercise or gymnastic conducive to self-conquest and excelling sanctity. Here has been the origin of perhaps even wider, though less glaring, evils than religious asceticism, by tempting thousands of the noblest souls in all lands and ages to strive to climb up to virtue by a path which never has led thither, and from whose barren and herbless cliffs they either rise into clouds of spiritual pride, or fall down and are lost in gulfs of sensualism below. Both the religious and moral sentiments on which asceticism takes hold, are in themselves noble and holy, and the aberrations to which they have given existence are too sad and mournful to be calmly contemplated. It is a noble thing to desire to please God at the cost of pain and suffering to ourselves; a holy and *true* feeling that we ought to sacrifice body and soul to Him. The instinct is so pure and strong, that in lives of great ease and happiness it often seems as if some mode of expressing it in self-denial *must* be found. But the error is in imagining that

that rightful sacrifice *can* be paid in any other way than 'the reasonable, holy, and acceptable sacrifice' of a life of love to Him and to our neighbour;—that we can please Him by breaking the laws He has given to our bodies and minds, and not by cheerful obedience to them all. Cicero said well, 'Men think to please the gods by mutilating their bodies, but if they desired to anger them, what else could they do?' Shall we please a mechanist by shattering his machine; a musician by untuning his instrument? But vainly have prophets and apostles proclaimed what pure religion and undefiled really demands, while the old idolatrous and demonolatrous ideas still linger on and are preached on every side. After three thousand years, Christendom still believes that God *does* desire more of man than 'to do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly with his God.'

And the moral sentiment of asceticism is no less noble than the religious. The 'thirst after righteousness,' the desire to stretch out after the very purest holiness, and not resting content with ordinary goodness, to achieve perfection even through any sufferings and privations, to struggle on

Till the lordly will o'er its subject powers  
Like a thronéd God prevail—

this is a glorious thing—an ambition worthy of an immortal soul. To seek this perfection of holiness—this absolute self-conquest *by self-mortification*, is the error of the intellect which chooses the wrong path, not of the will which has chosen the right end.

Even in its gloomiest phases, when asceticism fixes itself on guilt, and becomes the longing for expiation, it is a sacred thing. He who has never known what it is to desire his own punishment, knows but little of repentance. But here also there is error. There is enormous presumption (though the ascetic sees it not) in the idea that man may be his own judge and executioner—his own physician in the sickness of his soul.



Such, then, is the principle of asceticism, and such, we conceive, the errors on which it is founded. There is indeed extant historical evidence that the doctrine of the higher and lower morality was the proximate cause of Christian monastic asceticism.

In the second century [says Mosheim, *Eccles. Hist.* B. 1, Cent. 2, Chap. iii.] was started a principle in morals, radically false and most injurious to the Christian cause, but one that has in every age, even to our own, been infinitely prolific in evil. Christian doctors maintained that Christ had prescribed a twofold rule of holiness and virtue: the one ordinary, for men of business; the other extraordinary, for men of leisure and such as sought to obtain higher glory in the future world. They applied the name of *Precepts* to those laws which are universally obligatory; but the *Counsels* concerned only those who aimed at a closer union with God. On a sudden there arose, accordingly, a class of persons who professed to strive after that higher and more eminent holiness than common men can attain. They thought many things forbidden to them which are allowed to other Christians, such as wine, flesh, matrimony, and worldly business. They supposed they must emaciate their bodies with watching, fasting, toil, and hunger. Both men and women imposed these hard conditions on themselves. They thus obtained the name of ascetics, eclectics, she-philosophers. [Clemens Alex. calls them *ἐκλεκτῶν ἐκλεκτότεροι*, the more elect among the elect.] Those of this century who embraced this life did not altogether withdraw from society. In process of time, however, they retired into the deserts, and afterwards formed associations, taking pattern by the Essenes and Therapeutæ.

The results of the acceptance of the ascetic principle in religion are twofold—the desecration of common life and natural relations, on the one hand; and on the other, the mistaken pursuit of superior holiness by a method which leads to no such result.

It is a good observation of Archbishop Whately, that the boast of the sanctity and learning preserved in the monasteries during the Middle Ages, amounts to much less than at first sight appears. When every man and woman inspired with a little more

piety than usual was invited to display it, *not* by performing the natural duties of family and station, and so improving society, but by renouncing family and station, and leaving society to shift for itself, it is small marvel that the world, forsaken by all its best spirits, appeared exceedingly bad, and the monasteries, where all such spirits were congregated, exceedingly good in comparison. A gentleman having gone round his house, and taken the lamps and candles out of the drawing-room, the library, the picture gallery, and the kitchen, and collected them all in the cellar, might with equal justice call on his neighbours to remark how dark was the house, how beautifully illuminated the cellar!

Nor is it solely by taking the best spirits out of it that monasticism desecrates society. It leaves those who remain in it with the impression that no such high standard of goodness is demanded of them as of those formally dedicated to piety or charity. Thus family ties come to be looked on, not as the most blessed helps which God has given us on our upward path, but almost as hindrances, as clogs upon the soul, which may rise higher by casting them off. Thus all necessary industry or pursuit of art or science, instead of being ennobled by the belief that it is 'that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us,' and as fit as any other, therefore, to be religiously followed, come, on the contrary, to be placed in antithesis to a religious vocation, and are desecrated accordingly.

On the other hand, those who renounce the natural joys and duties of life, to follow out the principle of asceticism, find themselves no nearer to virtue or peace of mind. The principle is of illimitable application. It is better to fast all day than half the day, to watch all night than half the night, better to be a Trappist than a priest, better a Stylites than a Trappist. At every stage of self-mortification there is another yet stricter and more savage, appeal-



ing with the same motive to the devotee. The condition of a conscience which should logically carry out such a principle is too piteous to think of; and though this is doubtless rather the theoretical than the actual result of asceticism in all save exceptional cases, yet much of the evil must exist. No one who thinks it better and more pleasing to God to deny himself natural pleasures than to enjoy them, can ever know the peace of heart of a simple thankful acceptance of the order of Providence alike for pain and pleasure. Nor is the spiritual condition of the ascetic in other ways a healthful one. The constant self-inspection which his system enforces, is as little likely to produce soundness of mind and conscience, as the habits of the hypochondriac to produce soundness of body when he shuts himself in his heated chamber with his finger on his pulse trying his own fanciful remedies, when all he needs is air and work. All that is noble in human nature comes from the *centrifugal* force within us carrying us out of and above ourselves in pure love of God or man, for goodness, beauty, truth. All that is mean and false and sickly comes of the centripetal force of *selfism*, bringing us back to our own poor feelings and interests. Instead of ascending to a higher virtue through a training which forces us to think of ourselves continually, we are clipping the wings by which God meant us to soar. Let us ponder the judgment of the system of one who tried it in all the severity of discipline of the Devonport Sisterhood, and gave it up at last, because, in the true and noble work of the Eastern hospitals, she had learned to understand its fallacy. After describing the extreme austerities of the order, Miss Goodman says (*Experiences of an English Sister of Mercy*, p. 7):\*

Setting aside the question whether such a life causes us to neglect social duties, it is doubtful whether it really trains the soul to any high degree of holiness or is elevating to the character. It appeared to some who watched it to have the effect of narrowing the sympathies, of engendering ignorance, self-conceit, and spiritual pride, and of altogether destroying simplicity and self-forgetfulness. . . . I have heard ladies acquainted with the conventual life remark that nuns as a class exhibit much petty selfishness and self-complacency; yet the nun's waking hours are supposed to be spent almost entirely in thinking over her sins. She examines herself and re-examines herself—in short, so trains her mind to dwell upon herself, that at last she has no control of her thoughts. Thus all her little concerns become so magnified that she will shed floods of tears if her cap be starched too stiffly.

And again, regarding abstinence from natural food, which is always, by some fatality, made the first merit of asceticism, as if the Gnostic blasphemy were true, and the Creator of the world were an evil being whose bounteous gifts we should please the true God by rejecting with disdain,—Miss Goodman says of its moral results (and we believe that the experience of all who have tried it will corroborate her judgment):—

I cannot tell why it is supposed that fasting, besides being a mortification, is likely to prove a means of making us indifferent to the promptings of the flesh; why it is thought that under such circumstances the soul should be less dragged down by the body, and therefore capable of higher flights. I have heard those who have tested this by experience say that during a severe fast, when walking the streets, engaged in work, in church, or wherever they might be, their thoughts would run off from that in which they ought to be occupied, and in imagination they were counting the loaves in some baker's shop, or something of that kind. —p. 6.

A friend of our own who once carried such practices extremely

\* Several attempts have been made by the friends of monasticism to detract from the value of Miss Goodman's testimony on the subject. The facts and opinions, however, quoted in the present paper, have never been answered in any way. We have no doubt that Miss Goodman's forthcoming book will meet all other objections satisfactorily.

far, gave this very remarkable testimony of their results :

I think the chief effects were that I thought only of myself, and that I grew very hard-hearted towards my fellow-creatures. Instead of feeling for the poor and suffering as I used to do, I came to think, 'Well, after all, they are not more uncomfortable than I am.'

Nay, the results of the dire mistake of asceticism are not merely negative—the privation of natural joy and progress towards a healthy virtue—they have produced under the Romish system evils too dreadful to be spoken of now, evils which are hardly to be studied in the books which have ventured to disclose them. We will but quote one testimony—that of Blanco White—speaking of the years during which he was confessor to many nunneries in Seville :

I have in the course of my life come in contact with characters of all descriptions. I have seen human nature at various stages of elevation and debasement, but *souls* more polluted than some of the professed vestals of the Church of Rome never fell within my observation. (*Life*, vol. i. p. 70.)

If such be the moral results of asceticism, if it fail thus deplorably to produce that high virtue at which it aims, what shall we say of its results on the *happiness* of mankind? If that high virtue were really attained, we might perchance be enabled to contemplate with some mournful assent the pain it has wrought. But as the case stands, what shall save the whole system from bearing the execration due to the source of all that mass of misery which has

been accumulating in the convents of Europe for thirteen centuries! What have the warm, loving hearts of women suffered in their nunneries, cut off not only from life and freedom, but from all those affections which are the life of life to woman? We are not speaking now of penances and tortures, of 'in paces,' where the victims were buried alive, or of tremendous 'Rules' whereby the poor weak frames are kept in constant pangs of hunger and sleeplessness, all the Divine laws of health being set aside, where the bodies God has so 'wonderfully' made to praise Him by their beauty and do His work with willing hands, are degraded by uncleanness, torn by the lash, or excoriated by the penitential *cilicium*,\* where the minds themselves of the devotees are destroyed by perpetual silence, till, as in the old heathen fable, the hideous transformation is repeated, and women are changed into the likeness of gibbering birds.† We are not speaking now of these more severe excesses, only of the ordinary convents, with their life-long imprisonments and separation from all human interests and affections.

It has been truly said, there is a worse hell than the hell of suffering—it is the hell of ennui; the endless, hopeless, leaden monotony of a living grave like this. Who may guess the agonies with which a human being, awakened out of the fanaticism or the despair which drove it into such a dungeon, should clamour for escape, should beat its bars like a prisoned brute struggling for liberty! But no!

\* Here is a cell of a nun of St. Theresa (Carmelite), described by an eye-witness: 'Each bed consists of a wooden plank raised in the middle, and on days of penitence crossed by wooden bars. The pillow is wooden. The nun lies on this couch with her feet hanging out, as the bed is made too short on principle. Round her waist she wears a band with iron points turned inwards. After having scourged herself with a whip with iron nails, she lies down for a few hours on the wooden bars, and rises at four o'clock.'—*Mexico*, p. 223, by Madame C. de la Barca.

† In the *Sepolte Vive*, in Rome, the recluses observe almost eternal silence. Of the results we are enabled to form an estimate from the testimony of a lady who obtained the Pope's permission to spend six hours in their convent, during which their rule was relaxed. It appeared that among young and old a sort of dotage had supervened. They were not so much unhappy as idiotic. For the six hours they all jabbered incessantly, simultaneously, without listening to anything, and nearly without meaning.

There is no tyrant's dungeon better guarded, with higher walls and stronger locks, than this 'happy' convent of holy women! The effort, nay, the wish, to escape (confessed as it soon must be) will but bring tenfold penance. And then the poor wretch turns in despair—to whom? Not to her once smooth-tongued superior. She is her tyrant now. Not to her fellow-prisoners; a nun has no right to have a friend, and can rarely trust one not to betray her. Not to the loving hearts outside—the sister, father, mother, who would give their lives for hers; who are only a few miles, perhaps a few paces, away. The walls rise up before her eyes and shut them out for ever. Shall she turn to God? But who is that dread Being whom to propitiate she has cast herself into this gulf of misery, and in whose name she is chained in its depths? That is not God—not the God any heart can love.

And all this wretchedness unspeakable has been going on for ages in tens of thousands of souls, for whom life has been one long agony. And now we are called on to revive Monasticism!—to look to its restoration as an event of happy augury!

How does all this apply to English Protestant nunneries? Simply so far that we believe, though in the minds of their advocates the *utility* of such institutions is their recommendation, yet latent beneath there must always survive that asceticism which was the origin of the system, and which may at any moment crop out again, and cause evils as nearly parallel to those of old as the free laws of England may render possible. We believe that we are justified in this assertion by the actual history of the more important of the convents yet tried in this country. Again we must quote the revelations in Miss Goodman's admirable book. Here is the instructive history of the Devonport Anglican convent—

Miss Sellon, deeply moved by the wretchedness of the poor, determined to devote her little fortune, together with what other talents God had given her, to

the relief of misery. With this intention, in 1847 she came to Stoke, part of Devonport, where she lived in humble lodgings. After a short time, being joined by another lady, a small house was taken, and the two continued working among the poor in all simplicity. . . . In 1859 the Society consisted of about twenty ladies (divided into three orders). The sister of the order of the Sacred Heart wore but one under garment, a long rough flannel chemise, no stockings, and sandals in the place of shoes. The daily rule was as follows—Rise at three A.M. (then alternations of prayer, work, and self-examination till ten), when came the long looked-for breakfast, in which dinner was included. . . . I have said that this rule was modified with regard to the outer orders; yet it was elevated above all usefulness, and held up as the perfection of holy living, the rule of almost perpetual silence being evidently in view for both orders. One lady arrived at such a perfection of speechlessness that she had not spoken for several years, except to the superior or senior sister, at rare intervals. . . . One of the strictest rules of a nun's life is, that she walk loose to all human friendships; she must consider all ties of relationship severed when she becomes a recluse, and therefore she drops her surname and often assumes a new Christian name. Whether at Miss Sellon's or any other nunnery, if a friendship between two of the members be discovered, they are at once carefully separated. But in sickness I have often observed that the love of her childhood's home, and the brothers and sisters who dwelt there with her, often rushes back to the heart of the nun with tenfold force on account of the isolation hitherto imposed. A dying sister at Plymouth said, 'I sit and think of home till I fear I am going mad; go and request Sister — to come to me, that I may ask the Lady Superior to let me go home while I have strength: I cannot die without seeing my father.' She *did*, poor creature, about a month after the declaration.—*Experiences*, pp. 2, 13.

Who will dare to tell us, after this, that the convents of England are secure from the curse of Romish asceticism?

There are other though less important sides of the Monastic question, beside asceticism, which it now behoves us to consider. With reference to its introduction on a large scale in England, it is manifest that several results would follow, especially concerning the



state of things here, and the character and position of English-women. Of these we must speak as briefly as possible.

One of the greatest achievements of modern philanthropy has been the obliteration of much sectarian prejudice and rancour. Men united in the same heartfelt desire to relieve human misery, cease in a degree to remember their theologic differences; and we have at last beheld in our Social Science Congresses the truly blessed sight of Churchmen and Dissenters, Protestants and Catholics, Calvinists and Unitarians, working cordially hand in hand. It cannot but be dreaded that the establishment of charitable orders in the Church of England will introduce fresh difficulties and bring out differences which might have become forgotten. The work of a *society* needs only co-operation; the work of an *order* needs uniformity. A new spirit of party and cabal may rise up to disturb the new hopes of harmony among English philanthropists. Already, as we have learned, in France the fraternity of St. Vincent de Paul exercises a most obnoxious sway throughout the country, placing a social stigma upon any lady who refuses to subscribe to their funds. And in Germany a significant incident proves that Protestant fraternities will not be exempt from the same spirit of cabal. The 'religious interest' of Berlin was at once brought to bear in favour of the nomination of a Kaiserswerth deaconess to the position of professor in the hospital of the *Charité*, notoriously earned by the most laborious study by that most remarkable woman, Marie Zakrzewska (vide *A Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labour*, p. 60). But in truth we need no instances to convince us of results too accordant with all experience of confraternities.

Again. Communities and families are naturally antithetic to each other. There is for ever a tendency in each to break up the other. Wherever the natural and excellent association of two friends or sisters enlarges itself into a community,

the evil begins, and others are tempted to join those whose family duties should have kept them at home. We would not exaggerate this objection. So many women remain helplessly when youth is past in homes where they are not wanted, to the loss of all usefulness in life, that it would even seem as if the opening of nunneries for them would in some respects cut the knot of their small difficulties, and prove a benefit. But there is all the difference imaginable between a woman leaving her home for free work, and leaving it to join a community where all her ties of blood are changed for the ties of an artificial community. Perhaps this *need* not be so; but assuredly the tendency has never hitherto been escaped. What has been the result of every convent in the world but this transference? What does it mean to give up the father's or husband's name, which ought to be dear and sacred to every daughter or widow, and become henceforth only Sister Mary or Sister Catherine, as if the family was to be nothing, and the community everything? What does it mean using all these old words to distinguish the convent from the home, with its mother-superior, and sisters, and cells, and refectory, and all the rest of the paraphernalia of a system which was founded on the ascetic distinction between the world and the church? What does it mean, the adoption of the special garb which shall mark the sister as having ceased to hold the social position to which she was born, and to belong to a community? We would not speak hastily of these things. If to romantic imaginations there are certain false attractions about convent names and rules and dresses, of a puerile and contemptible kind, there are, doubtless, on the other hand, very real ones to a devout mind in the idea of a definite and complete dedication of the whole life to God in a manner so manifest to all as to leave no loophole for the worldly spirit ever to claim them again. The abode, the name, the garb, which should at every

moment recal such dedication, would seem dear as to a soldier his flag and uniform. But there is another side of the question which ought not to be forgotten. That garb and name which should stamp the wearer as dedicated to God's service, sets up at once that claim of special holiness which is false in itself and the poison of all simplicity of action. It is sad enough that *religion* should be a professional matter with our clergy, with its conventional dress and conventional morals, destroying, as they so often do, the influence of the most honest among them. But grievous will be the pity if *charity* also becomes a profession, and dons its garb and assumes its conventional style. We are not advocating affected secrecy about philanthropic work. If much good is to be done, some publicity must needs attend it. The right hand must keep itself to its own pocket, if it may never take the left into council. But there is a long way between this and the formal adoption of philanthropy as a sacred profession, an experiment which cannot fail to be fraught with many perils.

We are called on to admire the propriety and modesty of conventual attire. Surely Englishwomen need not go back to the morality which should stigmatize all beauty and variety of costume (as the Fathers did), as if it were the result of evil desires? It is an insult to the honour of all women to be told that a veil and black robe are more 'modest' than their ordinary dress. It is a piece of rank asceticism to mark off the supposed special sanctity of the task by the special gloom of the attire. We have heard of a great artist, the most simple-minded of men, solemnly remonstrating with an Anglican nun on the ugliness of her dress, its concealment of her hair, &c. He evidently imagined that proving it to be *ugly* was sufficient to condemn it. That any one could of *malice prepense* make a dress gloomy and unbecoming, was a thing undreamed of in his philosophy. And was he not right?

Why *should* human creatures render themselves disagreeable to the sight of their fellows, or renounce any natural charms or graces? If this question be pressed home, we apprehend some startling views of the origin of all such practices will come to light. It is a suspicious feature in any religious system when it tends to throw the minds of its votaries into antagonism with the order of Providence. The Creator of this world assuredly loves beauty, and lavishes it over all His works in endless variety. The worshipper who should be most fully imbued with His spirit would hardly choose in preference either a gloomy and monotonous garb or abode. God clothes no flower in black, and teaches no bird to build itself a cell.

Conventual dress seems a very trivial matter, but there is no point of the system which more betrays to a thoughtful mind the ascetic principle of the whole, and none which would serve more effectually the part of a cobweb to hold fast for life the feeble flies which may be caught therein. To abandon a costume publicly adopted with high pretensions, would be an act of courage of which not many women perhaps are capable. Let it not be said that such distinction of dress is needful to allow ladies to pass safely through low districts for purposes of charity. Our English populations (brutalized, as, alas! they too often are) deserve not to be taunted with such obtuseness as to need a black robe and veil to make them recognise a woman to be respected. We happen to have intimately known a lady who for years together traversed, on her way to a ragged school, nearly alternate nights, in ordinary costume, one of the very worst districts of any city in England. Never once was she disturbed in any manner; nay, the poor creatures who often thronged the street, in their wildest excitement made way civilly and silently for her to pass on her errand. The supposed imposing effect of the monastic attire seems



rather of a different nature, if we may credit Miss Goodman :—‘ On a wet day, when it was necessary to hold up the dress, our great enemies, the little boys, were in a state of considerable excitement.’

Again, let us consider the two classes of nuns in every convent—the strong-willed and the weak. To the first, it is quite possible that a convent may prove to her a theatre whereon she may develop wonderful abilities for the government of the community and the direction of noble enterprises. In whatever line may lie the bent of her disposition, she may find a field wider than the private life of a woman can often supply, and female saints, from every point in the compass of asceticism or philanthropy, beckon her to follow their example, and rise to their glory. We have all heard somewhat of these powerful lady-abbesses, Anglican no less than Romanist. But is there no danger in all this, no peril that enthusiasm shall kindle into fanaticism, that fasts and vigils will result in spiritual delusions and spiritual pride, and that the government of a mother-superior shall degenerate into the tyranny of the hardest of despots? To stop in the career of enthusiasm at the moment when the feelings are beginning to lift us off the ground in their heated course, this is an act of self-control which assuredly needs no ordinary strength—strength of a kind rarest among woman’s gifts. And to forbear to stretch guidance into government, and government into tyranny, is not this also a difficult task? Woman is assuredly not constituted to exercise outward legislative power. Her natural sphere of action is all inward. Even over children she best rules by winning, not by commanding. She loses somewhat of her womanhood when she subdues any one whatever by force of authority, and makes her will *dominate* theirs. She *can* do this. There are few women worth anything who cannot at sufficient call exercise that mysterious potency of volition which bears down before it the feeble wishes which

are the substitutes for wills in weak natures. There is even perhaps something especially and portentously remarkable in the exertion of this moral force by one who is physically weak and delicate. A woman with a despotic, invasive will is quite a terrible being, before whom the gentle, the indolent, and the vacillating inevitably succumb. But such a woman is no true representative of her sex; her power is no more the true power of woman than a love-philtre’s charm would be the same as the charm of beauty and goodness. Enough has been revealed to us of the secrets of convents, to leave no doubt that the possession of unnatural authority by the superiors has continually proved too strong a temptation; and the woman who in her natural domestic sphere might have been the gentlest of guides, has become in a convent the cruellest of petty despots.

For the woman of weaker fibre, who never attains to supremacy in her nunnery, what a crushing down of her whole nature must the system effect! To say that a woman accustomed to all the liberty of an English lady in our time, returns at thirty to her boarding-school, and remains there for the rest of her life in pupilage, is to give but a faint idea of the trammels of every convent life. The absence of the invigorating influence of freedom of movement—of intercourse with the sound strong minds of men—or even of women mixing freely in the world—the endless monotony of life causing each little daily molehill of annoyance to become a mountain when multiplied by all the days it has to be endured,—all these things must tend to make the mind weaker, and duller, and smaller every day. Perhaps the advocates of asceticism will tell us all such privations and annoyances are nothing when voluntarily incurred and endured *en esprit de pénitence*. Fully, indeed, must we admit that under high religious excitement, not only such things as these, but positive sufferings, are either unfelt or transmuted into a



superhuman pleasure. Like the beautiful old legend of Pisa, the saint hugs thorns to his breast and they become roses. And if any endurance whatever be really demanded of us by God, I cannot doubt that the grace to bear it is never taken away, but grows into that celestial peace we may see on the countenance of many a poor victim of agonizing disease or bereavement. But when the suffering is all voluntary and arbitrary, then we believe that, when the enthusiasm which prompted it has subsided with the inevitable ebb of all human feelings, then there is nothing to replace it, nothing to prevent the laws of our nature from asserting themselves, calling out for the natural food of the affections and the intellect, and growing starved and sick as it is denied.

There is but too much reason to fear, that on women of this class the effects of conventual discipline is to freeze even the spirit of charity itself into the hard character of a duty of routine. There is an ever-present danger in perfect *organization*, that it should degenerate into perfect *mechanism*. The nun who, under orders from her superior, goes the round of so many beds at stated hours, must in the long run find it hard not to perform her duty with the same sense of monotony as a housemaid who dusts so many chairs against a wall. Let her struggle as she will against weariness and the depression of servitude, nature will still in a degree assert itself. No one can retain the fresh feelings of free work followed intelligently and from spontaneous sympathy, with the constrained attitude of mechanical obedience. This is a hard saying, and we would not dwell on it too strongly in face of the evidence of the great and noble devotion of hundreds of Sisters of Charity in all parts of the world. We should not have mentioned it at all, but that our own experience in Italy and France, corroborated by the testimony of physicians of many nations, assured us that such dangers to the feeble sort of

minds among nuns were by no means visionary. Happening to witness an instance of hardness and even cruelty shown to a dying woman in the hospital of St. Maria Novella, at Florence, by a Sister of Charity, we were led some years ago to institute all the inquiry in our power, and the result is as we have stated. As it is for these feeble women especially that monastic direction claims to be so peculiarly useful, it is well that we should at the same time remember how much it is calculated to depress them into machines, the gain of whose outward service is more than counterbalanced by the loss of that genuine sympathy and tenderness, without which 'to give our bodies to be burned profiteth nothing.' Soldiers may possibly do their work very well as *fighting machines*, but a nun who becomes a *nursing machine* is worse than useless.

We shall not soon forget the impression made on us by the recital of a friend who was nursed through a fever in Paris by a Sister of Charity, who tended her much as an indolent groom might tend a horse. 'Do you imagine' (the Sister said to her one day) 'that I serve you *for your sake*? No; I do it only *pour faire mon salut*.' For days and weeks of pain and helplessness she was obliged to receive every service rendered in this inhuman spirit. A warm-hearted and most loveable woman, she bore during her whole illness the presence of this devout automaton, feeling that even such ill-performed attentions as she received were all so many additions to the nun's spiritual capital earned out of her helplessness—a drink might be a day out of purgatory, the arrangement of her pillow a step towards Paradise. We hope that among Protestant orders no such spirit of what Coleridge called 'otherworldliness,' such spiritual selfishness, would ever be authorized. But we rather 'hope' so than feel any great security in the matter.

We have left ourselves no space to speak of the proposal which has been made as an amendment to

that of sisterhoods—namely, that of the establishment of *deaconesses* in England. Some of the arguments in the preceding pages will apply to the case, others will pass it by. On the whole, perhaps it may be looked on as a suggestion of greater value than the other, yet fraught with its own special difficulties. Let the Church of England be given never so high an estimate, and its clergy credited with never so great prudence, the relation of such a female order as that of deaconesses to the Church, and of such an individual as a deaconess to a parochial clergyman, is not exempt from difficulties and objections. Grievous would it be if the field of philanthropic labour were to be made the arena of sectarian strife or of petty local jealousies and cabals. Will the world have no patience to try the association principle a little longer? Must steam give way to stage coaches, or stage coaches to the still earlier good practice of the horseman with a lady *on a pillion*?

In conclusion, we earnestly commend to those who seek the re-establishment of monasticism in England, the careful and solemn consideration of the dangers which such a scheme involves. We do not affirm that these dangers may not be averted. It may be possible to build our new institutes of charity upon the very ground for ages filled with the malaria of asceticism, and yet so perfectly to thorough drain it as that no taint of the old poison may remain. It *may* be possible, albeit a dangerous experiment; but if there is to be any hope of success, the whole

peril must be understood on all hands, and the future Anglican sisters of charity must enter their vocation with a full comprehension that their purpose is different, and that their motives and principles must be different, from that of their predecessors. They must bear in mind that their object is not to earn *salvation for themselves* by penitential practices and meritorious 'works,' but *to do good to others*; that the poor may be more effectually relieved, the sick better nursed, the sinful better reclaimed. They must bear in mind that instead of enfeebling their bodies by fasting and watching, and thus (as old Zoroaster well said) 'sinfully weakening the powers entrusted to them for good,' they are bound more than other women to hoard the life and strength they have devoted to their fellow-creatures. They must bear in mind that despotic power and blind obedience are both of them in their nature immoral, and that no vow can be justified or binding which, in matters of conscience, would control the actions of a rational free agent. And lastly, they must bear in mind that although charity is a holy and noble cause for devotion, it is not exclusively or super-eminently sacred, but that the natural duties of life are before all voluntary dedications, that the names of mother, daughter, wife, are holier than that of nun; and that all faithful work—be it in the fields of art or science, or disinterested labour of any kind—is as truly *work for God*, as the toil of the most devoted of philanthropists.



## 'SIPPURIM.'

IT would not perhaps be easy to find a spot more calculated to excite a profound and melancholy interest than the old burial ground of the Jews at Prague. After threading the narrow streets and alleys of the Ghetto, the stranger finds himself suddenly standing at the entrance of a spacious but gloomy yard, in which are heaped up the ashes of the countless dead. The air of desolation, the strange unknown characters on the decaying gravestones, the tangled undergrowth of weeds, combine to create an impression most sad and solemn. As we stand lost in dreamy reverie, memory slips back to days long past and gone. Imagination peoples the space with dim phantoms of a vanished race. Visions of grey-bearded Rabbis, of Jewish youths and maidens, of Rachels weeping for their children, arise in swift succession, and

The air is full of farewells for the dying.

For the dust of centuries lies here. The Jews, indeed, have now for many years been compelled to seek elsewhere a resting-place for their dead. It had become impossible any longer to find vacant room within the crowded, overflowing precincts of the old cemetery. But if we would recal the day when the first fresh sod was turned, when the first occupant of this holy ground was carried forth to burial, we must look back for almost a thousand years.

The early history of the Bohemian Jews is enveloped in profound obscurity. The most learned antiquaries differ as to the exact time when they first settled in the country, and all the ancient records have perished in the various conflagrations with which the Jews' town has from time to time been visited. Passing over an old tradition, which would refer the foundation of the colony to a still more remote antiquity, we find it stated upon the authority of an old manuscript, formerly in the library at Oppenheim, that Lybyssa, who built the city of Prague in the year

750, and was herself accounted a prophetess, called her son to her upon her death-bed, and thus addressed him—'I go home to my forefathers, and before my departure would reveal the future to you. When thy posterity are ruling over my people, an alien, fugitive, oppressed race, which prays to one God alone, will seek a refuge in our forests. I would that they may be hospitably received, that thy posterity may vouchsafe them protection, for they will bring a blessing on the fields of this country.' She died, but the memory of her prophecy survived; and more than a century after her death, when Hostiwit was on the throne, she appeared to him in a dream, and said, 'The time has arrived when my prophecy shall be fulfilled. A people, few in numbers, and oppressed, which prays to one God alone, will appear before the steps of thy throne, imploring succour. Receive them hospitably, and graciously accord them refuge and protection.'

In the year 850, when a horde of Wends poured over Lithuania and Muscovy, chasing away the original inhabitants and establishing themselves in their place, a Jewish community was expelled with the rest. For ten years these unfortunates wandered, houseless and homeless, over the land, and at length arrived in Bohemia. Weary and worn out, they implored an audience of Hostiwit. Their request was granted, and they were ordered to send two of their old men as their representatives. The Duke received them graciously, and asked, 'Who are you? What do you desire?' The ambassadors fell on their knees and said, 'Mighty Duke! We come of a race few in numbers, and call ourselves after the founder of our tribe, Abraham, Hebrews. We are, with our women and children, but one hundred and fifty souls. We were living peacefully in Muscovy when a potent enemy invaded us, conquered the land, and expelled its inhabitants. We have been wandering without rest over the



wide world. The cold heath was our bed, the hard rock our pillow, the blue sky our covering. We are a peaceful people, few in numbers, weak in strength. We follow the law of Moses. We believe in one God alone, who is omniscient, almighty, all-just, and all-merciful, whose glory filleth the whole earth. We make our humble supplication before thee, O Duke, that it may please thee to allow us to settle here, and to build ourselves houses to dwell in. Your land is broad enough, and your subjects seem faithful and honest. Accord us thy mighty protection, O Duke, and we will be faithful to thee, and will pray our God to grant glory and victory to thy people.' When they had made an end, the Duke perceived that this was the people whose arrival had been foretold. He bade them tarry for two days, when he would give them an answer.

After consultation with his nobles and advisers, the Duke determined to grant the petition of the Jews, and assigned them a district on the left bank of the Moldau. The Jews faithfully observed their promise; and the most ancient Bohemian chronicler, Cosmos, relates that the Jews of Prague so powerfully assisted Hostiwit when at war with the Germans, with money and forage, that he succeeded in driving them out of Bohemia.

Thus it would seem that the Jews were established in Bohemia even in heathen times. Under Boriwoj, who was baptized in the year 900 (or, according to Palacky, in the year 871), their numbers had multiplied so exceedingly that the space originally allotted to them had become too small. They petitioned, therefore, for another quarter, and the Duke conceded to them that district on the right bank of the Moldau which is occupied by the Jews' town even to this day. The building of the city was commenced in the year 907. Later on a large adjoining field was added as a burial-ground.

Innumerable traditions, as we can well believe, have grown up

and gathered round the sacred soil. Every stone in the graveyard would furnish matter for some tale of thrilling horror. No history, indeed, is so tragical and romantic as was that of the Jews, whether considered collectively or individually, during many centuries. Tragical: for they were after all but strangers and sojourners in lands that they might never really call their own. They were despised, persecuted, exposed to every lawless caprice of princes or people. They were cut off from all equal intercourse with their fellow men, confined within the narrow boundaries of a quarter set apart for them, as though they were so many noisome beasts. Romantic—for in proportion to the total want of other interests, to their entire sequestration from all active share in the affairs of the State or community within which they dwelt, was the intensity of the affection, the passion with which they clung to their own brethren, their own law,—to the hopes of a future triumphant restoration of their race. Sublime indeed was the confidence with which, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, they clung to this hope. Generation after generation might pass away, might drop unheeded into the grave, but the promises would surely never fail; and trust in their fulfilment was as oil and balm in the wounds of many a poor broken-hearted Jew;—a confidence that as God had promised, He would surely perform, gilded his last moments with a ray of hope, as he breathed out his soul under the tortures of some ruthless Christian baron, or the flames of a Holy Inquisition. Take the following short history as an illustration of one of those sudden persecutions to which the Jews were at any moment exposed, and of the heroic courage with which they were encountered. The massacre alluded to was perpetrated within the walls of the Old-new (Alt-neu) synagogue at Prague:—

It happened in the days of Wenceslaus the *Slothful*, that a knight was inflamed with lust for a Jewish maiden. She repelled his shameful proposals with vir-

tuous indignation. The arts of seduction were foiled by the maiden's steadfast determination. The knight therefore resolved to attain his purpose by violence. The day of the Feast of the Atonement seemed to him the best suited for the accomplishment of his plan. He knew that Judith—so the maiden was named—would on that day be staying at home with her blind mother, while all the other members of the family were detained by prayer and pious exercises in the house of God. On the evening of that day Judith was softly praying by the bedside of her slumbering mother. The door of her chamber opened, and her detested persecutor entered with sparkling eyes. Unmoved by her prayers, or tears, he already held Judith fast embraced in his powerful arms, when a lucky chance brought her brother home to inquire after the health of his mother and sister. The terrible unutterable wrath that took possession of him gave the man, naturally powerful, the strength of a giant. He wrenched the sword out of the villain's hand, who had only the women to thank that he did not pay for the attempted infamy with the forfeit of his life. With kicks and grim mockery the outraged brother drove the dissolute fellow from the house. The knight, exposed to the scorn of the people, who had assembled in considerable numbers, swore a bloody, deadly revenge against the Jews. He kept his word.

Long ago expelled from the ranks of the nobility on account of his worthless behaviour, the knight had cultivated a connexion with some discontented idle burghers of the city, and these he hoped to make the ministers of his cruel vengeance. Some short time afterwards he put himself at the head of a mob, wrought up by frivolous pretexts to a frenzy of fanaticism, to murder the Jews, and plunder their town. The first who, frightened out of their peaceful dwellings, went to meet the robbers, were cut down. Determined as they were, the rest were overwhelmed by a superior force, and being unarmed were compelled, after a heroic struggle, to take refuge in the synagogue, which was already crowded with old men, women, and children. Mighty blows sounded heavily on the closed doors of the synagogue. 'Open, and give yourselves up!' yelled the knight from outside. After a short pause of consultation answer was made, that the Jews would deliver over their property to the mutineers, would draw up a deed of gift of it, and only reserve for themselves absolute necessaries. They also promised to make

no complaint to king or states, in exchange for which the honour of their wives and daughters was to be preserved, and no one compelled to change his religion.

'It is not your business,' a voice from outside again resounded; 'it is ours to dictate conditions. If you desire life and not a wretched death, open at once, and abjure your faith. I grant but short delay for reflection: let the time of grace pass by, and you are one and all given over to destruction.'

No answer followed. Further resistance could not be thought of; and a hope that the king would at length put a stop to this unheard-of, unparalleled iniquity, grew every moment less. The battle in the street—if the desperate resistance of a few unarmed men against an armed superior force could be called by that name—had lasted long enough to have enabled King Wenceslaus to send to their assistance. As no help came, the Jews were at length constrained to admit that he did not trouble himself about their fate. A silence as of death reigned in the synagogue. Only here and there a suppressed sobbing, only here and there an infant at the breast that reminded its mother of her sweetest duty, was heard. Once more the voice of the knight thundered, rough and wild—'I demand of you for the last time, which do you choose, the new faith or death?' There was a momentary silence. Then a cry of thousands, 'Death!' broke with a dull sound against the roof of the house that was consecrated to God. The rioters now began to demolish the doors with axes and hatchets. But the besieged, in their deadly agony, lifted up their voice in wonderful accord, and sang in solemn chorus the glorious verse of the Psalmist:

'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will not fear the crafty wiliness of the evil doer;  
For Thou art with me! Thou art in all my ways;  
The firm staff of faith is my confidence!'

The aged rabbi had sunk upon his knees in prayer upon the steps that led up to the tabernacle. 'Lord!' he implored, 'I suffer infinite sorrow. Yet, oh that we might fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercy is boundless—only not into the hand of man—Ah! we know not what to do: to Thee alone we look for succour. Call to remembrance Thy mercy and gracious favour, which has been ever of old. In anger be mindful of compassion; let Thy goodness be showed unto us, as we do put our trust in Thee.'

But God at this season did not succour his children ; in his unsearchable counsels it was otherwise ordained. The first door was burst open ; the mob pressed into the vestibule of God's house. A single frail barrier separated oppressed and oppressors. 'Lord,' cried the rabbi, in accents of deepest despair, 'Lord, grant that the walls of this house, in which we and our fathers with songs of praise have glorified and blessed thy name, that the walls of this thy temple may fall together, and that we may find a grave under its ruins ! But let us not fall alive into the hands of the barbarians, let not our wives and maidens become a living prey to the wicked.' 'No,' now exclaimed a powerful voice, 'that shall they not, Rabbi. Wives and maidens, do you prefer death at the hands of your fathers, husbands, brothers, death at your own hands, to shame and dishonour ? Would you appear pure and innocent before the throne of the Almighty, instead of falling living victims into the hands of these bloodthirsty, inhuman men outside, would you ? Speak : time presses.' And again resounded from a hundred women's lips, 'Rather death than dishonour !'

His lovely blooming wife pressed up close to the side of the man who had thus spoken, her baby at her breast. 'Let me be the first ; let me receive my death at thy loved hands,' she murmured, softly. With the deepest emotion of which a human soul is capable, he clasped her to his breast. 'It must be done quickly,' he said, with hollow, trembling voice. 'The separation must be speedy. I never thought to part from you thus. Lord, most merciful, forgive us ; we do it for thy holy name's sake alone. Art thou ready ?'

'I am,' she said ; 'let me only once more, but once more, for the last time, kiss my sweet, my innocent child. God bless thee, poor orphan ; God suffer thee to find compassion in the eyes of our murderers. . . . God help thee ! We, dear friend, we part but for a short time ; thou wilt follow me soon, thou true-hearted.' With the most infinite sorrow that can thrill a man's heart, the husband pressed a fervent parting kiss, a last touch of the hand upon the loved infant, that absolutely refused to leave its mother, and her bared and heaving breast. One stroke of the knife, and a jet of blood sprinkled the child's face, and spouted up against the walls of God's house. The woman sank with a cry of 'Hear, oh Israel, the Everlasting, our God is God alone !' and fell lifeless to the ground.

All the other women, including Judith, followed the brave and gallant example. Many died by their own hands, many received their death strokes from their husbands, fathers, brothers ; but all of them without a murmur, silent and resigned to God's will. They had to tear away tender children, who, weeping and wringing their hands, climbed on to their fathers' knees, and piteously implored them not to hurt their mothers. It was a scene horrible and heartrending ; a scene than which the history of the Jews, the history of mankind, knows none more agonizing. It was accomplished : no woman might fall alive into the hands of the persecutors. The last death sigh was breathed, and the few stout men, who had desired to defend the inner door only till then, stepped backward. A fearful blow, and the door, the last bulwark, fell in, sending clouds of dust whirling over it. The knight, brandished battle-axe in hand, stood on the steps that led up into the house of prayer. His countenance was disfigured by fury. Behind him crowded an immeasurable mass of people, armed with spits and clubs and iron flails. 'Yield your women and children !' he shouted, in a voice of thunder, at length betraying his real intention, 'and abjure your faith.'

'Look at these blood-dripping, steaming corpses,' said a man who stood nearest to the door ; 'they are women and maidens : they have all preferred death to dishonour. . . . Do you think that we men fear death at thy hands and the hands of thy murderous associates ! Murder me, monster, and be accursed here and hereafter, in this world and the next, for ever and ever !' A moment afterwards, the bold speaker lay on the ground weltering in his blood. At sight of the countless corpses of the women, the beastly rage of the populace, that saw itself thus cheated of the best part of its booty, mounted to absolute madness. Hyenas drunk with blood would have behaved with greater humanity. Not a life was spared ; and even infants were slaughtered over the bodies of their mothers. Blood flowed in streams. One boy alone was later on dragged still living from under the heaps of dead. As they approached the tabernacle, in order to inflict the death-stroke on the rabbi, who was kneeling on the steps before it, they found him lifeless, his head turned upwards in the direction of the East, a soft smile upon his death-like features. Death had anticipated them. His pure soul had passed away in fervent prayer.

The mob surveyed the work that had



been accomplished ; and now that the thirst for blood was stilled, shrunk in terror before the crime that had been perpetrated. The tabernacle remained untouched, the house of God unplundered. Discharging oaths and curses on the knight, their ringleader, the wild troop dispersed in apprehensive awe of the divine and human judge.

Environed by perils, holding his possessions, whether small or great, by the most frail and precarious of tenures, the momentary good-will or sufferance of the ruler, devoted to the cultivation of all domestic virtues, to the study of the Talmud, to trading with, perchance to spoiling, the Egyptians—such was very commonly the life of a Jew during the Middle Ages. Brighter times for them and all of us have since arisen. Intolerance, when it seeks to realize itself by cruelty and persecution, is no longer endured. But a modern Jew no doubt looks back upon the long dark periods of protracted persecution with the same bitter feelings as a Christian does to the shorter early persecutions of the Church, and studies his *Acta Judæorum* with the same reverence that we might feel towards the *Acta Sanctorum* or *Acta Martyrum*.

A very curious collection of what we may thus be justified in denominating the *Acta Judæorum*, has recently been published in Germany, under the title of *Sippurim*, by Dr. Wolf Pascheles, himself a learned Jew of Prague. To this work we are indebted for the eloquent narrative which we have already given, and for most of the facts relating to the advent of the Jews in Bohemia. It contains a large and varied store of popular traditions, mythic legends, chronicles, memorials, and biographies of the renowned Jews who have flourished in ancient times, but especially of those who dwelt at Prague during the Middle Ages. The stories are of very various merit and interest ; but, taken together, afford considerable insight into the history, life, feelings, and customs of the Jewish people. In time, they range from Solomon to Napoleon ; in character, from the

most fantastic Arabian-Night fiction to the gravest chronicle ; in style, from the wildest expression of passionate eloquence to the simplicity of the humblest narrative ; and make up as a whole one of the most entertaining story-books that it has ever been our good fortune to fall in with. It is difficult by any example to give a fair idea of the attractive and varied nature of the work. The most striking story, 'Gabriel,' from which the preceding account of the massacre is taken, is too long for insertion, and too intricate to be comprehensible in any abridged form. The following specimens may, however, perhaps serve as some, if not the best, proof of the wonderful picturesqueness and vigour of the language in which these tales are told, while they will at the same time afford a further illustration of that precarious condition of the Jewish societies in the Middle Ages to which we have alluded, and will show how, in seasons apparently most prosperous and peaceful, the Jews were always liable to the most calamitous vicissitudes of fortune. The events which we are about to relate are believed to have occurred in the reign of the Emperor Ferdinand I., and the narrative of them will be found in this compilation, under the title of 'Der Retter, the Preserver.'

It was the eve of the first day of the Passover, in the year 1559. Afternoon service was just over, and large crowds of people streamed out of the synagogues in the Jews' town at Prague, and hurried home to perform the other religious offices prescribed for that night. Gradually the streets became empty, but from the windows came a friendly light and the loud voices of worshippers who were singing devout hymns of praise, or saying their prayers. One house was especially conspicuous for the blinding beams of light that shone from its windows, and fell upon the street. It was the house of Reb. Mordechai Cohen Zemach. Mordechai was the only son of Reb. Gerson, a wealthy goldsmith, and had in his earliest youth evinced

signs of extraordinary talent. His father had given him an excellent education, and had sown upon a fruitful soil. Till far on in his childhood, the life of Mordechai had been calm and prosperous. Suddenly, however, circumstances changed. Reb. Gerson, by a rapid succession of unmerited misfortunes, lost the whole of his property, and found himself unable to meet the liabilities which he had incurred. Sorrow at the loss of his good name stretched the honest man on a sick bed, from which he never rose again. At the age of seventeen, Mordechai was left an orphan. He was alone in the world, for his mother he had already lost when a child. His first resolution, when the first stupor of grief had passed, was to restore the honoured name of his departed father. He took to business, and pursued it with unwearied assiduity; so that scarce five years had elapsed before he had paid off all his father's creditors. In the meantime, he had fallen in love with a maiden, the daughter of his neighbour; but he had nothing to offer her. He was poor; he had sacrificed the rewards of his industry to the sacred memory of his father. Suddenly, however, she too became an orphan, and as a royal edict soon afterwards expelled the Jews from Bohemia, and the poor girl did not know whither to turn her steps, Mordechai proposed to her to become the partner of his fate. Bela followed him, after they had been married, to Poland, where most of the exiles found a refuge. Eight years afterwards, in the year 1551, King Ferdinand I. recalled the Jews home. Among those who pined for the land of their birth and returned to Prague were Reb. Mordechai and his wife. He again established himself in Prague. His vast knowledge won him the highest esteem and regard; his noble heart, the love of his neighbours. By industry and economy, too, during his residence in Poland, he had succeeded in acquiring a property by no means inconsiderable for that age. About a year

after his return from Poland, Reb. Mordechai, with a full and clear consciousness of what he was doing, had sacrificed all this wealth for the preservation of a person entirely unknown to him, of whose very name he was ignorant. For the occasion of this sacrifice, we must refer to the beautiful description in the text. For our present purpose, it will suffice to say, that the person in whose favour it had been made, and who had been saved by it from shame and dishonour, had now become the private secretary of the Emperor, who placed in him the most unbounded confidence. We return to the night of the Passover. Reb. Mordechai and his assembled family were celebrating the festival. The evening meal was just over, and all were uniting in one great hymn of praise, when a sudden knock was heard at the door, and a stranger craved an instant interview with the master of the house. As soon as the stranger was alone with Reb. Mordechai, he flung off his hat and cloak, and threw himself into his arms. It was the young man whose honour and life he had once saved. The young man came to warn Reb. Mordechai of a calamity which impended over the Jews, and to point out the only way in which it might be averted. The Emperor had vowed in a dream that he would expel the Jews from Bohemia, and was resolved to perform what he had sworn. Except his secretary, none, not even his most confidential ministers, as yet knew anything of the imperial resolution. It was necessary, therefore, that the most inviolable secrecy should be preserved as to the means by which the information had been obtained, and as to the mode in which an attempt was to be made to countermine the intended cruelty. After an interview of many hours, the secretary took leave. Mordechai accompanied him to the gate of the Jews' town, which was opened. The two men pressed each other's hand in sign of leave-taking, and after a few last words of whispered counsel, the secretary



stepped through the gate, and walked on to the hostelry.

Mordechai lifted his glowing face to the heavens. 'Lord of the world,' he cried, 'thou art all-merciful, all-knowing, almighty. Why, then, should we despair? Can it be thy pleasure that thy children should be driven into adversity? They wish to banish, expel us. Why? By what right? They say that we are strangers in this land, in this beautiful Bohemia. Has not God made the whole world, and are not we too his children? We are strangers, and yet the graves of our fathers lie in this land. We are strangers, and yet we have already for centuries suffered and endured in this country. We are strangers, yet we dwell as long in the land as its other inhabitants. We are strangers; where, then, is our fatherland? Can men exist without a fatherland? No, no; and yet the Jew has nothing, nothing on this vast spacious earth that he can call his own—not the clod on which he rests his head, weary of this life. He cannot bequeath his grave to his son, for he does not even know whether the weeping orphan will be driven from his grave, as himself had been chased away from the grave of his father.' Mordechai might have remained standing still longer in the street, lost in these thoughts. But the atmosphere was suddenly agitated by a sharp gust of wind. Then a warm breeze of spring came gently whispering through the air. The fragrant breath of the wind which fanned Mordechai's hot face roused him from his dreams. It seemed to him as though it were a morning salutation from the Father of all men to his sons, which proclaimed 'Peace, peace to far and near—to all my children, peace!'

Mordechai then proceeded to the house of the chief rabbi, and imparted to him the secret which he had learnt that night, and also his resolution instantly at break of day to set off for Vienna, that he might there endeavour to prevent the impending calamity in the manner which had been suggested to him by the secretary. The chief rabbi approved the plan, and Reb. Mordechai returned home in order to get ready for the journey and to bid his family farewell. As morning dawned on the first day of the Passover, Mordechai passed through the Wischerheder gate, vaulted upon a horse

that stood ready saddled outside, pressed his spurs into its flanks, and fled swift as lightning on the road leading to Vienna.

After morning service on the same day, the chief rabbi invited the leading members of the community to a secret meeting, and informed them of what had taken place—that Mordechai, namely, had the night before received from a sure source the unexpected intelligence that the Emperor intended to banish all the Jews from Prague and Bohemia, and had hurried off to Vienna to pursue the course pointed out by his secret informant as the only one which might possibly effect a change in the Emperor's sentiments. The rabbi impressed upon the meeting that Reb. Mordechai, who, by his rare intellectual powers, his learning, and especially by the fact that he must be favoured by some high personage, since he had before any one else been put in possession of so important a secret, was without doubt the fittest representative of their community; at any rate, that it would be best quietly to await the end of the affair, and on no account to allow the inauspicious tidings to be too soon noised abroad among the people.

It was not, therefore, till about midway between Easter and Pentecost that dark rumours began to spread abroad in the Jewish community of Prague about some terrible news which the chief rabbi had communicated to the leading persons of the society on the first day of the Passover. The narrow circle, indeed, who had heard it from the rabbi's own mouth preserved the profoundest silence; but several Jews, who carried their wares from house to house in other quarters of the city, were recommended to sell at a moderate price, as they were soon to be sent into banishment, and would then be unable to sell anything. At first the poor Jews paid no attention to what they heard, and looked upon it as mere mockery, to be patiently endured; but by degrees they were satisfied that it was no joke, and that in very truth tidings



had arrived from Vienna that, in pursuance of an Imperial decree, all the Jews were to leave Bohemia. Presently nothing was talked about but this impending calamity. The absence of Reb. Mordechai Cohen had already been observed, but it was not yet known that his journey had been undertaken for the common weal. Now, however, the chief rabbi and authorities assured every one that they had long been informed of the circumstance, that they would make every effort in their power, and that Reb. Mordechai had gone to Vienna as their advocate. This knowledge had at first a soothing effect. But their hopes, alas, soon became clouded. No letter had arrived from Mordechai. Information at length was received, and they learnt that Mordechai had left Vienna. Whither he had since betaken himself, what had been the result of his representations—of all this the community was absolutely ignorant. At a full meeting it was proposed that a deputation should be sent to Vienna in order to lay their righteous cause at the foot of the throne. The majority voted with the proposer, but the chief rabbi opposed the measure. 'If salvation,' he said, 'is possible—if any human being is able to induce the Emperor's Majesty to recede from a resolution that he has formed—it is Reb. Mordechai Cohen. I was, moreover,' he added, 'perfectly satisfied by Reb. Mordechai that there was but one way of salvation, and that he will try. If he fails, all is irreparably lost.'

The chief rabbi at Prague had ever exercised the greatest influence over his community. The assembly besides perceived that he had deeper insight into the matter than themselves. Nothing, therefore, remained for them but to confide in his wisdom and experience, to let him have his way, and to await the end in sorrow. It was a painful situation. In order to appreciate its full significance, a little more light must be thrown upon it. The idea of banishment has in recent times, owing to the large number of German emigrants who send themselves, so to say, into voluntary exile, lost so much of its original horror that we are very likely to be misled in

our conception of it. Yet how different was the situation of a banished Jew in the middle ages from that of an emigrant in these days! The latter *voluntarily* forsakes his home after he has realized his immovable property. He is protected by the government, and hopes to better his condition. He has found a new country, where he is hospitably received. And if he feels a longing for his fatherland, if he is grown rich and prosperous in the distant country, and would return back again, if he would die at home, be buried in the grave of his forefathers; then the ship carries him back, he is again welcomed home, again becomes his country's child: he has two homes. The Jew, on the contrary, was compelled to tear himself with bleeding heart from the spot which he had perhaps for centuries called home. The Jew was cast forth poor and wretched, for even the wealthiest was impoverished by exile. His houses became worthless; for who would purchase a property that was from the necessity of the case to become shortly without an owner? The stored-up wares also which could not be carried with them in their wanderings in their search for a place of refuge, became valueless to the proprietors, especially as so large a number of Jewish merchants could not dispose of their effects at one and the same time. The debts due to them in the country could not be levied. The banished Jew of the middle ages was without protection, for the home government refused him its protection, its sanction. The banished Jew of the middle ages could not but fear that his grey-haired parents, his wife, his tender children, would perish under the unwonted fatigues of the journey; for how could he tell how long it might not be? The banished Jew of the middle ages was constrained to tear himself from the arms of his weeping betrothed when their roads separated, and knew not whether he should ever see her again in this life. The banished Jew of the middle ages might die in a remote foreign land of longing for the graves of his loved ones, might die, but not return.

The Jews were soon, however, to be relieved from this tormenting state of uncertainty, but only to obtain the most entire assurance of their misfortune. Some days after Pentecost, the Imperial edict reached Prague, and was proclaimed on the same day in the Jews' town by the Royal Governor. Thus it ran: 'The Jews must leave Prague in eight days, the country in four weeks.'

At dawn on the day fixed, morning service was celebrated in all the syna-

gogues. In the Synagogue the chief rabbi officiated. As soon as the sun's first ray pierced through the narrow windows of the Synagogue the service was commenced. The temple was overflowing with worshippers. Many of the pious devotees had sunk on their knees, and lifted their clasped hands to heaven. The profound touching agony to be obliged to quit the holy spot for ever had mastered the whole assembly, and had driven for a short time all care for the future out of their hearts. The prayers abounded in wonderfully striking passages, and soon nothing was heard in the entire building but the heartrending sobs of the congregation. The service came to an end. The chief rabbi stood before the holy tabernacle to take leave of that consecrated place, which he had so often trodden, to take leave of his beloved congregation, and to strengthen and refresh them with the words of Holy Scripture for the dark uncertain future which was approaching. 'Friends and brethren,' he began. The words died away on his trembling lips—a boundless emotion took possession of him. In vain he endeavoured to recover himself, his quivering lips refused to utter a word. A pause of profoundest silence for some minutes ensued. The rabbi kissed the veil of the holy tabernacle, opened the sacred ark of the covenant, and took a roll of the law out of it. The head overseers and the warders of the synagogue followed him unbidden. Then came the principal Talmudists, until all the rolls of the law had been removed. The rabbi muttered a few more words of prayer in a low voice; then all left the Synagogue in tears. The chief rabbi was the last but one; the head overseer of the community the last to retire from it. As the latter came out of the Synagogue he locked the gates, and handed the keys to the rabbi. Both of them desired to speak, as might be seen from the nervous twitching of their lips; but both were silent. The last priest cannot have quitted the temple on Sion's hill with a heart more penetrated by grief. Once more, as though he could not tear himself away, the rabbi kissed the lintels of the temple; then the procession betook itself to his residence, there to deposit the rolls of the law till the moment of departure arrived. After that, the rabbi went to the burial-ground. The whole community, impelled by one and the same noble feeling, had here assembled to take leave of those who had gone to their long home before them, of the graves of their dead. No sound of sorrow disturbed the sacred quiet of the spot. Nought could

be seen but a kneeling multitude, pale faces, and graves bedewed with tears. Bela, among the rest, Mordechai's wife, was kneeling on the grave of her father, while hot tears trickled down her face. A twofold grief divided her heart. Where was Mordechai, her husband, the prop of her life?

Gradually the vast burial-ground was deserted. Each one had still preparation to make for the long, weary journey. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon a gate of the Jews' town was thrown open through which they were all to defile. On the square facing the Jews' town two regiments of infantry and some troops of cavalry were drawn up. A vast multitude had assembled to assist at the strange spectacle. The viceroy had commissioned a superior officer to see to the execution of the decree. Each family on its departure was ordered to give satisfactory proof that it had satisfied all claims of the royal treasury, and to declare by which gate of the city it wished to leave. The confused stir in the Jews' town offered a melancholy sight. Before many doors stood a small cart, drawn by a lean hack. They were intended to convey out of the country the old and sick who could not travel on foot. A group was standing before every door. Men with a wanderer's staff in their hands, a bundle which contained all their transportable wealth on their backs. Women with children at their breasts. At half-past eleven the officer in command ordered a trumpeter to ride through the streets and proclaim that they had only half an hour more, and that every one must make ready to depart. Friends and relatives now bade one another farewell in open street. A warm pressure of the hand, a brotherly kiss, and then they would set out. The chief rabbi had stationed himself at the gate of exit to comfort and bless the departing. At length the word of command rung out. Swords clashed as they were drawn from the sheath. The infantry ranged itself in line. The clock in the old Rathaus began to strike twelve. The rabbi whispered words of encouragement and resignation into the ears of those who were to be the first to leave the Jews' town. Not a breath was audible; a funereal silence prevailed. The clock struck one, two, three, four, five, up to twelve.

\*     \*     \*     \*

At the last stroke a sound of horses' hoofs was heard, all eyes were turned in the direction of the Jesuits' College. A horseman was flying towards the Jews' town; the smoking steed was covered with foam and blood, the rider's face was

convulsed and pale. He waved a roll of parchment in his hand, and cried,

'Grace . . . in the emperor's name.'

In front of the commandant he drew rein, and as he handed him the parchment, sunk swooning to the ground. The horse reeled, staggered, and fell at his side.

At the same moment, an imperial officer, accompanied by a mounted trumpeter, galloped up at full speed. He waved a white flag, and cried, 'I confirm it, in the name of his Apostolic Majesty ! Grace !'

When the commanding officer perceived the Imperial signet, he uncovered his head and read the revocation of the edict. This was all the work of a minute. At the same instant a loud scream was heard, 'Mor-de-chai ! . . . Father !' . . . and Bela, with her children, forced her way through the crowd up to her husband, their father. The multitude assembled before the Jews' town had taken the warmest interest in the events of the morning. The unexpectedly fortunate issue excited the most joyful sympathy, and amidst the flourish of trumpets a thundering shout was raised, 'Long live the Emperor ! Long live Ferdinand the First !'

What passed in the hearts of men delivered from so great a peril cannot be described, cannot be conceived, can only be sympathized with by one who, threatened by the same danger, has obtained the same deliverance. Every one now pressed round the unconscious Mordechai. Those nearest to him kissed the hem of his raiment. He was borne in triumphal procession to his house. Arrived there, the chief rabbi said, 'We will now leave Reb. Mordechai to the care of his family ; but before we ourselves do anything else, let us go into the synagogue and render thanks to the Lord for this unexpected salvation.' 'Yes, to the synagogue ! to the synagogue !' all joyously shouted, and the whole multitude followed the rabbi to God's temple with hearts overflowing with gratitude.

For the mode in which this salvation was wrought, for the details of Mordechai's swift journey to

Vienna, to Rome, where he obtained letters from the Pope absolving the Emperor from the rash vow made in his dreams, we can but refer to the story. Mordechai Cohen has long been gathered to his fathers, his tomb is overgrown by luxuriant moss, but his memory still survives in the grateful recollection of his people.

Attracted by the strange interest that still cleaves to the old burial-ground at Prague, we have directed our attention mainly to such stories as relate to the history of the Bohemian Jews. But there is scarcely a country in Europe which is not the scene of some curious history or adventure contained in this collection. We might have stood in the streets of Frankfort and watched the furious march of the Flagellants, who atoned, as they believed, for their sins against God by plundering and murdering the Israelites. We might have placed ourselves in the Mahometan city of Cordova, and read the wild traditions which group themselves round the name of Maimonides—the second Moses, as he was called, and most learned of mediæval Jews. Or, forsaking historic ground, we might have plunged into the regions of absolute fiction, and studied the miraculous powers which were imparted by the possession of the wonder-working seal of King Solomon. Whatever portion of this work, however, may be selected for more particular consideration, whether that which deals with history, myth, or legend, much curious information may undoubtedly be gleaned respecting Jewish customs, manners, and opinions ; and with this view, independently of any interest that attaches to it as a mere story-book, *Sippurim* will well repay an attentive perusal.



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